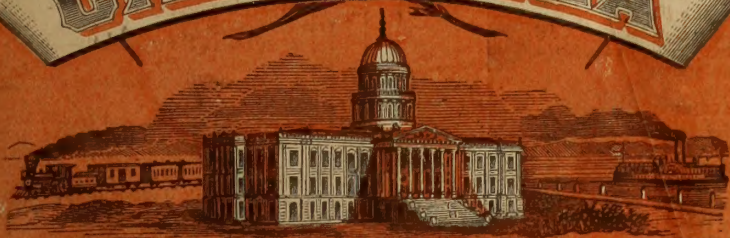


# CALIFORNIA



## MAIL BAG.

MAY, 1877.

*Illustrating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly issues of the*

### NEWS LETTER

SAN FRANCISCO

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

DISPATCHED ONCE A MONTH WITH

"To be poor  
is to be weak;  
to be rich is to  
be strong."



"Our true in-  
terest is all for  
your delight."  
Shakespeare

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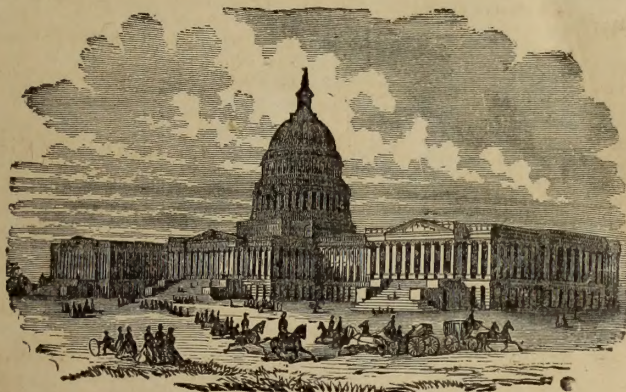
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## MAIL BAG.

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## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

### "LITTLE SECRETS."

The other day the confidential and affectionate female friend of almost the only woman I have ever really loved came toward me smiling sadly, and holding in her hand a slip of paper, partaking of the nature of a label. She had obtained it "off a bottle," she said, in the dressing-room of my "beloved object," and had felt it her duty to inform me of some of the arts which had been employed against me, out of friendship for us both, as she "thought it such a dreadful pity that dear Araminta should 'do up.'" I now know the meaning of the expression "Defend me from my friends!" a phrase to which I had hitherto attached no importance, classing it with "O that mine enemy would write a book!" "In the name of the Prophet, figs!" and many others, which convey very little to modern ears. Here is an exact copy of the printed label, and the bottle must have resembled that of the African magician in the story-book, if it could have contained all these abominations. It was, however, probably only one of many

#### LITTLE SECRETS.

Mouches pour bal; Kohl for the Eyelids; Blanc de Perle, pâte et liquide; Rouge de Lubin, does not wash off; Eau de Violette, pour la bouche; Powder Bloom, pour blonde et brunette; Persian Antimony and Egyptian Henna; Bleu pour veines; Rouge, of eight shades; Sympathetic Blush; Poudre pour polir les Ongles; Pestachio Nut Toilet Powder; Florimel of Palm; Opoponax Oil; Belladonna, fascination to the eyes; Arsenical Lotion from Styria."

Now, although I could hardly believe one-half of this terrible revelation, my feelings toward Araminta underwent a considerable change at first. I had been duped, deceived, made a fool of; and by whom, *juste Ciel*? By the being I had trusted and admired upon earth; and I don't think I ever remember a nastier feeling. On the spur of the moment I declared that, confidence being once destroyed, all relations had better immediately cease between us; and the confidential friend, old and hideous as she is, seemed to me at first less revolting than did Araminta, with her powders and pigments, veneered all over, as it were, with her deceptions; for I felt that whatever I caressed or fondled in the future might really be no part of Araminta at all, but only some abominable "little secret" set there for my destruction. Now, however, I am undergoing a certain feeling of reaction. I am not at all sure that this accusation may not partly proceed from feminine jealousy. I am told, indeed, that this deluded woman, this friend of Araminta, has even actually had the madness to form designs— But enough! Let me not lay myself open to the imputation of vanity. Araminta, I will say, was the dearest, softest, pussiest of creatures; she had the most fuzzily eyelashes, the most delicious of dimples (*that* must have been real, at any rate!), and the touzliest of fringes; and life without her is a Westminster Aquarium of desolation. I would implore her to discontinue the use of these perfidious aids to what must be without them a perfect beauty, deploring that she should gild refined gold or paint the lily; but I have a horrid feeling that she may perhaps, after all, look less lovely without them, and that she might even cease to be what she still is, in spite of everything, the Araminta of my dreams. Yes (and what can be more affecting than a strong man's confession of weakness?), Araminta is "made up;" she is painted, powdered, patched, touzled, tinted, tightened, tied-in, and built up—very likely she unscrews; but I love her all the same, and had she only done all these things *openly*, or told me that she did them, I think I

could still take her back again to my heart. At any rate, I have begun to make excuses for her, believing that she erred chiefly from an amiable desire to please, and above all, to please *me*. Besides which, women—nay, *human beings*—from the earliest ages have “done themselves up,” since the time when the Ancient Britons walked about painted blue, and even long before that. I have been racking my brain for examples, but I shall have to notch them down rather in a “hugger-mugger” manner, just as they occur to me, as I am too agitated to arrange them chronologically.

To begin with, then, I have not the slightest doubt that Eve painted, though we have no direct evidence of the fact, and though we cannot tell from what tree she extracted the knowledge which has since proved so destructive to our peace. Jezebel was certainly so much “done up” that her name has become a byword. Teeth also have been discovered among the ruins of Pompeii, the “fillings” of which might summon a blush of envy to the cheek of many of our Transatlantic torturers. Cleopatra (whose needle we shall soon have in our midst, brought hither at the sole expense of one who must know many—too many—of these “little secrets”) was painted. Semiramis was painted, and wore horrid little *ac-croche-cœurs* gummed all over her forehead. Lucretia Borgia (I mention her name in the same breath, while I think of it, having assisted at these two operas at about the same time), whenever I have seen her on the stage, was painted. Socrates’ little friends, the Hetairæ, must have been painted. Then, to take a great leap downward—“to usward” (as one of our modern poets would probably express it)—Mary Queen of Scots painted, as we all know, and she had, to suit every one of her dresses, a different-colored wig, touzly as Araminta’s fringe. Besides this she took baths made of beef-tea and claret-cup; and I have even heard some ill-natured women declare that this was the only reason why she was so much admired, joined to the fact that she had never had the small-pox, and was one of the few persons in those days who understood the mysteries of the toothbrush. Charles II.’s beauties were not *only* painted by Lely; and, as we all know, the wife of Sir Kenelm Digby was in the habit of using adder-broth for her complexion. The De Montespons, De Pompadors, Du Barrys reveled in paint, powder, and patches; and it was about this time also that ladies adopted the custom of sewing raw mutton chops inside their nightcaps in order to preserve the freshness of their cheeks. Why, however, should I lengthen out the long list of individual instances? French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian women are in the habit of painting. Turkish women paint, and generally “do themselves up;”

“The henna should be deeply dyed to make  
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair.”

American, Chinese, and Japanese women are painted. The Abyssinian maiden wears a pat of butter on her head, which, as it gradually melts, runs down and adds lustre to her skin; and the Nubians smear themselves all over with castor-oil, not to count the Red Indians, and all the other nations that are tattooed as well. It was only during the early part of the reign of her present Majesty that Woman for a short time, probably from an excess of assurance, generated by the accumulated triumphs of ages, mercifully vouchsafed, with some few less foolhardy exceptions, *to be natural*, and we must not be surprised if this fit of self-abnegation did not endure forever. What I complain of, however, is, that they should make any secret at all of their arts, or imagine for a moment that these can remain a secret to other people. It is the old story of the ostrich again, that buried its head in the sand, only with this difference—that these ladies bury their faces in the “bloom of Ninon.” I don’t suppose that when the Ancient British maiden presented herself, painted blue, at the Court of Queen Boadicea, she for a moment pretended this was her natural color, any more than, centuries later, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire would have pretended that she was born in her Gainsborough hat, both being equally artificial. Art, however, can only become second nature when she does not pretend to be nature at all, but stands honestly on her own merits; and did our foolish fair ones only confess their amiable desire to please us, and the trouble they take about it, none but a monster could well feel offended, and the time might come when the most artistically “got up” lady’s face would command, like the best painted canvas, the highest meed of praise and admiration.

I do not see why women should deny now that they paint and powder their faces, any more than they used to deny that they powdered and piled-up their heads, during which process (to judge by some of those old French prints which are now the rage) the adorer generally assisted at the toilet of his mistress, so that he must have been prepared for the worst. Besides which, Florimel was in those days as much



"made up" as Florinda, which of course made a great difference. Don Juan, seeing that each one of Haidee's little finger-nails was dyed with henna, and knowing it was the received custom of the country, could no more take umbrage at it than might the modern observer of the wonderful eyebrows of Nazli Khanum. When, during my travels, I visited the wigwams of my friends, the Sitting Buffalo and the Son of the Sister of the Thunder, I saw their war-paint all honestly laid out on their dressing-table, where brushes and combs *brille d par leur absence*. They made no concealment of it, and their tattooing and general "doing up" were known and approved of by the whole tribe. About all this, therefore, there is "no deception." But when I "sport with Amaryllis in the shade," and find my dress-coat all over whitewash, "or with the tangles of Neera's hair," the greater part of which is left in my hand, I am naturally disgusted, and, being totally unprepared for it, it seems at first almost more than I can bear. Had I known of it, however, nor sun nor shade should have seen me sporting with either one or other of them, and I should have retained my illusions.

Araminta has replied by letter to my remonstrances, and the gist of her argument, when boiled down, is as follows: "We paint, first of all, because we like it, because it makes us look better, and because you like it yourselves. When you don't like it, it is because it is badly done. When it's well done, you don't find it out. You are, indeed, very hard to please. We have tried Nature, and you didn't like that. We have tried Art, and you didn't like *that*; and we are now giving you a dose of Nature and Art combined, and you don't like that. We wore crinolines once, and distorted our heads with the baked hair of convicts and impecunious Bretons (which, when submitted to the microscope, was found to contain animalcules called gregories), and you didn't like *that*. We now screw up our hair as if we were going into our tubs, tie strings tightly round our legs, and walk upon cotton reels. A moment more, and, like our great-aunts (for they rarely, if ever, lived to be grandmothers), we shall damp our chemises every morning in order that they may stick more tightly; and still you are not happy!" *What ever are we to do?"*

You can do this, Araminta, you and the rest of the painted and powder-puffed daughters of perfidious Albion; you can openly confess your misdeeds, and say honestly that you paint, have painted, and will continue to paint; but, *de grace*, let us have no more of these "little secrets." Yes, we are a nation that paints; there is no denying it; let us then grasp our nettle and take our bull by the horns. If Araminta is false, it is at any rate some consolation to me to think that most women are the same. Our wives paint, our daughters paint, our sisters paint, our "beloved objects" paint, even our very mothers paint, and more especially our grandmothers. But they paint secretly and mysteriously, in the dead of night, in the dew of the morning, in the privacy of their chambers, and declare they *don't*; and the worst of it is that we men cannot always find out at a glance when they do and when they do not. This is what is making me feel so dreadfully miserable and unsettled, and let her of the touzly fringe deny it if she dare.—*The World*.

### SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

Young America has an instinctive dislike to anything that seems in any way to interfere with or hamper his much-vaunted liberty. He has an idea that corporal punishment at school is degrading to his dignity and manhood. The case that has just been brought into the Public Courts of one Brown, a Principal of the West End school, charged with beating one of his pupils, gives rise to the question as to how far this mode of punishment is advisable. The old fashioned spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child theory is now hardly carried to the extent of days gone by, when the progress of a child's education was estimated by the number of floggings he had undergone. A schoolmaster's position is by no means an enviable one. He is placed in charge of a number of children of all ages and temperaments, whom he is supposed to keep in a state of perfect control. Should he find it necessary at times to resort to mechanical means to force a refractory child into obedience, the chances are that the provocation and [the punishment will be both grossly misrepresented at home, and an indignant protest lodged by an aggrieved parent. On the other hand, were he to allow for a single instant his authority to be set at naught, all school discipline would cease from that instant. In trying to avoid the Scylla of mutiny amongst his pupils, he may fall into the Charybdis of disgrace with the parents. In the instance alluded to, however, the dominie seems decidedly to have been in the wrong, as he is accused of having administered the whipping in question whilst in a state of intoxication, which, according to numerous witnesses, was not an unfrequent occurrence. This is, in itself, sufficient cause for the dismissal of any teacher.

They who dwell in Vermont are entitled "Vermontrosities."

## HIS SATANIC MAJESTY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Ugh! Ugh! What dust! I'm nearly choked! Your streets would take the prize

For filth and dirt! It blinds me quite! I cannot use my eyes!

What are your Supervisors at? or don't they care a straw,

Because their term is nearly up, and think all work's a bore?

I believe the whole's a put-up job! the result of some intrigue,

And that the Doctors and the Board have formed a sort of league

A joint-stock compact 'twixt themselves, in which they both agree

To help each other these hard times, and then—divide the fee!

'Twere strange indeed, with such a chance, if fevers didn't breed;

They've every show to do their worst, and no one seems to heed!

Dead cats and dogs, foul sewers—all are only so much fuel

To feed the flames of sickness—tho' the idea is mighty cruel!

At every turn some loathsome stench nigh takes away one's breath,

From rotten garbage—refuse stuff—bad cesspools full of death!

It's good for th' undertakers, though! they drive a roaring trade

In polished coffins *a la mode*, and shrouds of every grade!

It is indeed an "ill wind that blows no one any good;"

These sable "gents" are getting rich, and are in their happiest mood!

Lone Mountain lots, too, look at them! They're at a fabulous price;

The demand has been so great of late, they couldn't help but rise!

What a funny fish that Tyler is! The way he proves his case

Is by his *muscle*, not his *brain*—a second Jemmy Mace!

His argument's really *weighty*, when it's forced home with a blow,

Though to outsiders his new plan *might* seem a trifle low!

To plug a Judge's eye is not the usual mode of pleading;

Whate'er a *client* has to bear, a *Judge* objects to *bleeding*!

He's well up, though, in Law! That's what you cannot say for most;

That he's got it at his *finger-ends* has been his constant boast!

I just raised H—I the other night at Taylor's House of Prayer

(The Revival that I told you of)—I often drop in there!

I turned the Gas out! Then what fun! Such cries of "Don't! you hurt!"

"How can you, Edward! I'm ashamed!" "Oh! George! you horrid flirt!"

Such whispered titterings 'mid the sound of strange, mysterious snacks,

Would almost make a *stranger* think their religion's rather lax!

And when 'twas light again you'd see crushed bonnets all awry,

And boys and girls both blushing hard! (though I can't imagine why!)

Poor Anna Enig! jilted maid! fat, fair, and forty-six,

Complains that *Fella's* played her false and deceived her with his tricks.

A few thousands though *might* heal her heart, and then she'll snare another,

Who'll prove a better "*fellah*," and perhaps not give her so much bother!

At last Webb Howard's shut right down, and says that "Credit's played!"

"The city'll have to pay its bill or fight! *he's* not afraid!"

"That corporations can be forced to pay a lawful debt

"Just like a private citizen,—if not, he'll make 'em sweat!"

Meanwhile, until the Courts decide if the city *is* exempt,

Official hands must go unwashed, official heads unkempt!

The water'll be shut off! to *me* it seems a *lection ruse*

To plead, when charged with *unclean hands*—"No water's our excuse"!

The Mayor tho' chuckles to himself, and vows it's all a hoax

Got up on April Fool's day, like the rest of foolish jokes!

Though who's the fool, the Courts will show! the tables *may* be turned

And the laugh be on the other side, when the facts have all been learned.

What! *Women* turned stock-gamblers! here is Laura Fair come babbling

'Bout what she's lost in "Baldwin pools"! it serves her right for dabbling!

Why don't they mind the Baby, stay at home and learn to sew and cook?

Who wants a wife that "knows the odds" or keeps a betting book?

Or if they *wish* to change with men—why! say so right away!

'Twould do no harm! they'd soon get sick of working hard all day!

That saucy jade, Dame Rumor, says there's going to be a row

About that whisky that came here,—tho' no one quite knows how!

I hear 'twas all the Deacon's fault—(he has a taste that way)

But as he is a Churchman, why!—it can't be as they say!



EXTRACTS FROM "THE MODERN CHILD'S CATECHISM."

**Question.** Pretty little girl, what is your name? *Answer.* Tottles.

**Q.** Who gave you this name?

**A.** Mamma's chums and my pals at Prince's.

**Q.** What did your proposer and seconder promise for you?

**A.** That I would be presented at Court at seventeen, would always, if possible, observe the ordinances of society, and would always keep my men to myself.

**Q.** Do you propose to fulfill their promises?

**A.** Yes, if I cannot improve upon them; and I am duly thankful that I came into the world when it had become sufficiently enlightened to know that girls were only born to amuse themselves, and supremely pity those hapless infants who are dressed in brown Lolland, made to sit in the schoolroom learning lessons, and do not know how to flirt.

**Q.** Perhaps you will tell me your Social Creed?

**A.** I believe the first person in the world to be considered is myself; secondarily, any man I fancy at the moment; thirdly, my parents when they are not in the way. I believe that beauty is the trump-card for a woman, and that if she has not got it she must be *chic*, say *hasarde* things, and dress extravagantly. I believe that money is the only one thing in the world worth caring for.

**Q.** What do you mean by the ordinances of society that you promised to keep if possible?

**A.** 1. To muzzle Mrs. Grundy, if it is not too much trouble. 2. To remember that it is always a case of self first, and the rest nowhere. 3. To remember that strong expressions sound best in foreign tongues. 4. To go to the church where there is the best music and the smartest bonnets in the morning when I am up in time on a Sunday, to be at home only to men, or to go to All Saints in the afternoon, and to dine out or have a dinner at home. 5. As a child, to watch how my mother manages her admirers, and to snub my father unless I think he will whip me; when I grow up to draw my mother's favorite from her, and to coax my father that he may increase my allowance. 6. Wishing a rival to break her leg at the rink is not murder. 7. Elective affinities are not yet thoroughly understood. 8. It is not stealing to take anything that belongs to a man, or to neglect to pay gambling debts, if one is a woman. 9. To tell every ill-natured story I can, which I 'know for a fact,' because somebody told me. 10. To wish for everything nice I see, and to get it if I can.

**Q.** And these ordinances contain—?

**A.** My duty toward society and myself.

**Q.** Toward society?

**A.** To respect it because it is all I live for; to dissimulate anything I may do contrary to its laws, lest it should turn against me; to be rich, well-dressed, *chic*, to entertain largely, and to have no absurd sentimentalities about domestic happiness.

**Q.** And toward yourself?

**A.** To love myself devoutly, and sacrifice every one to my own convenience without remorse; to expect a great deal from all, and to do nothing for them; to snub and avoid my parents when they become old and cease to be amusing; to discuss freely, and with additions, any gossip I may hear about Royalty or any of the great ones of the earth, in the hope that I may be supposed to be intimate with them; to think myself infinitely wiser than any of my pastors and masters, and specially to ridicule any sermon I may hear; to think myself as good as any one else, and better, but yet to worship rank; to hurt no one by deed, because it comes within the letter of the law, or openly by word, because an action for libel is expensive; to tell the truth when it is convenient, and never to pay my bills till I am obliged; never to forget an injury or affront, or to rest till I have repaid it with interest; to annex whatever I can without absolute robbery, and to deal freely in the innuendoes that mean more than meet the eye. Not to eat or drink anything that will hurt my digestion or impair my complexion, but within these limits to enjoy as much champagne and as many good things as possible; to envy every one who has anything I want; to manage so discreetly as to marry a very rich husband, who will go his way and let me go mine.

### TO THE LIFE.

The blindest chance that ever cursed a State,  
 This man, from out his bestial brotherhood,  
 Uplifting, led through seas of human blood,  
 To work, (how long!) the dark behests of Fate;  
 Some shallow Casuists call this creature—great—  
 Yet, truly, since the old-world flood  
 Ebb'd down the slopes where rising Ararat stood,  
 Have Vice and Cunning found a worthier Mate.  
 Consistent only in malign self-love,  
 In dogged hate of all things brave and free,  
 His creed brute-power, himself his Deity,  
 Earth groans beheath him. Heaven is sick above;  
 Time! speed the hour which drags the monster down,  
 A would-be Caesar, with a harlequin's crown!

—Paul H. Hayne.

### ANECDOTE OF BOOTH.

The following thrilling anecdote of Junius Brutus Booth seems new, which is a miracle, considering the number of "anecdotes" afloat on that actor:

One evening, when the elder Booth was playing *Richard III.* in a Baltimore theater, in his maddest mood, just as the second act was about to commence, a messenger covered with dust rushed behind the stage, and, before he could be stopped, was in conversation with the tragedian. "What!" said Booth, as he pressed his long fingers on his broad white temples as though he had tried to clutch the brain beneath, "dead, say you? My poor little child—my loved, my beautiful one?" And then, seeing the curtain rise, he rushed on. The scene between "Ann" and "Gloster" was never better played. The actor gave the words of the bard with thrilling effect, but there was a strangeness about his manner that told his mind was not upon his character. Still the multitude applauded till the old roof rang again, and those behind the scene stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came out, but Booth was nowhere to be found. \* \* \* It was a bitter cold night, and a farmer, as he drove his wagon to market, was startled from his reverie as he saw a horseman wrapped in a large cloak (and it opened and displayed a glittering dress beneath) ride rapidly past him.

It was Booth in his *Richard III.* costume. Madness had seized him, and, regardless of everything, at the still hour of midnight he was going to pay a visit to his dead child. Drawing his flashing sword and throwing his jeweled cap from his head, he lashed his horse's flank with the bare weapon until the animal snorted in pain. The tall, dark trees on each side of him touched his heated brow with their silver-frosted branches, and, thinking that they were men in pursuit, the mad actor cut at them with the sword and cursed them as he flew rapidly by. At last, after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country graveyard, and, as he saw the white tops of the monuments peeping through the dark foliage like snowy crests upon the bosom of the dark billows, he raised a shout wild enough to have scared the ghosts from their graves. He dismounted, and away sped the riderless horse over hill and dale. It was the work of a moment (and the insane are cunning beyond all imagining) to wrench the wooden door from the vault containing the body of his child. He seized the tiny coffin in his arms, and with the strong arm of a desperate man he tore open the lid, and in a moment more the cold blue lips of the dead child were glued to the mad actor's! The next morning some member of the tragedian's family heard a wild strain of laughter that appeared to come from his sleeping room. The door was forced opened and Booth was discovered on his bed gibbering in idiotic madness, and caressing the corpse of his little one.

Deaf ladies now wear blue glass earrings. Then they are sure of their 'earing.



[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter. ]

**The late lion and tiger fight**, in which the keeper parted with a piece of his leg, this week, horrified a number of persons, and has created considerable of a sensation. It is not generally known that the late millionaire, Mr. Peabody, made the basis of his colossal fortune as a lion tamer. Being of an acute and discerning mind, and also of a frugal disposition, he resolved on insuring his life out of the proceeds of his earnings. He received a large salary for his dangerous employment, and had no difficulty in paying the necessary premium. His magnificent muscular development and splendid physique easily passed the discerning eyes of the examining physicians, and he was recommended as a first-class risk. In this way he effected three policies of \$10,000 each, and it was a comfort to him every time he entered the den to know that if the lions ate him up, his aged mother need not take in washing. One day, however, there was a grand procession, of which Mr. Peabody was the central figure in a den of seven performing lions. The crowd was a very large one, and the lions were very irritable. Among the spectators were three insurance agents, each of whom turned pale as they beheld in the lion tamer the young man they had so recently insured. Horrified at the thought of the probable and prospective loss to their companies, three excited secretaries were that evening at the show. On their knees they implored Mr. Peabody to return the policies and accept double his premium, but the embryo millionaire was inexorable, and told them frankly that though he expected to be eaten up in a few weeks, and that his life was not worth a lucifer match, it would be his pride to perish in the execution of his duty and with the assurance that his mother need never pawn her mangle. The rest of the story is short. Mr. Peabody finally compromised with the companies and surrendered the policies for \$15,000 gold coin. He retired from the show business, bought a corner grocery, and flourished, as all the world knows. History says that he used to wallop his mother when he got tight, but the foregoing narrative would seem to cast discredit on the assertion.

**Stocks gone to blazes** and no business doing, may be a solemn fact, but that's no reason why the brokers should not have a good time. *On dit* that by way of passing an afternoon session agreeably, one day this week, Budd sent round to Massey & Yung's for the loan of a coffin, while Jack McKenty ordered in a case of wine, and they prepared for a regular wake. The casket was filled with certificates of Niagara, Leopard, Mint, Cosmopolitan, Kossuth, Washoe and Wells Fargo, and Messrs. Rorke, Ives, Uhler and Hall were appointed to the sad office of pallbearers. A capital quartette was formed by Messrs. Brown, the McDonalds and Bonyng, and the following beautiful hymn, improvised for the occasion, was then rendered:

"Put away those useless papers  
Which our brother used to buy;  
He on earth will need them never,  
For he's broke, and so am I."

The chorus, led by the cultivated voice of Howard Coit, here chimed in:

"Blinding teardrops mar our sight—  
We're busted higher than a kite."

It was an affecting sight to see the bulls and bears marching hand in hand round the room, and the only incident that occurred to mar the harmony of the proceedings was an occasional attempt of some thirsty member to break ranks and go for the Roederer.

**If the individual** who advertised for 1,000 laborers yesterday could have only fallen into the hands of the horny-banded crowd whom he duped, it is probable that the undertaker appointed to collect his remains would have found his skull and his feet about three miles apart. Whether as much as a pound of flesh would ever have remained of him to gratify the perverted taste of a modern Shylock, is also very doubtful. At its best it was a scoundrelly hoax, in these dull times, to raise high the hopes of thousands of poor men out of employment. Many a laborer parted from his wife that morning with a cheery kiss, and his big heart beating with joy at the thoughts of the prospective job, and returned home sad, soured and disappointed. This kind of amusement is the specialty of

devils, not of men, and if that noble army of muscle, thew and sinew, which waited so patiently in our chief thoroughfare for the promised employment, could only have had one squeeze at the instigator of this cruel swindle, an Egyptian mummy would have seemed corpulent by the side of the pulpy remnant of inanition into which these sturdy sons of toil would have instantaneously converted the advertiser.

**A late number** of a humorous German paper contains the following almost American idea: A theatrical manager was busily engaged in the preparation of a new pantomime, for which a number of children were required to enact the roles of dogs and monkeys. His rehearsals were proceeding very satisfactorily, when, one morning, a lady came to the stage door leading a little boy with a mouth like an almanac, extending from 'ear to 'ear, and a facial expression of illimitable vacancy. She was anxious that her infant prodigy should obtain an engagement, and make his first appearance in public as a full-fledged baboon. "Mister," she said, "money is not an object with me, nor ever has been. I don't ask any pecuniary emolument for my little boy, but I do want him to have some little cultivation. You can have his services free, and I'll find his dress, but I want him to enjoy all the advantages which maternal love and economy can purchase him, and I'll give up anything for his mental improvement." The boy got a show as a yellow dog.

**A miner from Deadwood City** asked us yesterday for information about all this "darned water fuss." His wonderment is caused by an experience which he lately had in the Black Hills. He says there is one well there, he believes, though he never saw it, not having any use for water himself. People up there don't drink water or tea and have no time to wash, and once the well was dry for three weeks before any one found it out. Then, he admits, people got a little scared; but they sent a five-gallon demijohn 150 miles and got it filled, and that lasted the city till the next rainy season. He wants to know if we folks here think we're any better than folks up there, and, as his inquiries were conducted somewhat emphatically and he smelt horribly of gunpowder and bad brandy, we admitted our social inferiority, and have pledged our editorial word that there shall be no more fuss about water.

**An old subscriber** suggests that Captain Kentzel should in future wear an eight-day clock in the center of his five-foot bosom. He also contributes a joke, alluding to the Captain as the best pilot in the bay, and suggesting that he must be *paunchous Pilate*. The whole thing is too thin and unsuitable to these columns. The avoidupois of the gentleman in question does not concern any one else and is fully provided for by the ferryboats on which he so frequently rides. A sailor is detailed to watch the Captain's movements, and to shift half a ton of ballast about the steamer to counterbalance his slightest motion. Captain Kentzel is one of the best men ever connected with the harbor police, and if he chose to wear a blue-glass overcoat to assist his future development, it certainly is no one else's business but his own.

The "*Alta*" is nothing if not brilliant. Yesterday's issue contains an account of the drowning of a child in a well. "Granny" says: "The jury found the death was accidental, but censure the well severely for not being covered." The paragraphist should have added that it was lucky for the well the jury did not bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree against it. This horrible hole would certainly have been put in prison, because there was fifteen feet of water in it, and no one would, under the circumstances, think of attempting to *baile* it out. The occurrence should be a warning to all other children to "let well alone."

**The departure of the Georgia Minstrels** from our shores caused a perfect howl in several frail female breasts. These useful voters at the last election will naturalize as British subjects immediately on their arrival in Australia, and at once insist upon voting on every possible subject. It is to be hoped that we have seen the last in San Francisco of their swaggering vulgarity, their flashy jewelry, and their loud and ill-made clothes. The community will gladly forward unlimited quantities of musk and patchouly to these sable libertines if they will only continue to gladden us by their perpetual absence.



**A German well on in years** got married about a year ago and was presented this week by his spouse with a bouncing boy, which he has had christened after himself, Jacob Schoppenleerer. Pride in such a moment is justifiable, and even laudable, but we think Mr. S. is carrying things a little too far. He doesn't even like to open his own letters because he says there are two Jacobs now, and he doesn't know whether the document may be intended for Jacob Senior or Junior. When young Jacob gets to be about eighteen perhaps the old man won't be so scrupulous.

**The Post** of last evening has an item about a "light complected boy." For a long time we have shrewdly suspected that our dictionary was not up to the mark, so, after hunting for "complected" for several hours, we finally went out and pawned our Webster for half a dollar. Determined to solve the mystery contained in the above description of a boy, we sought the Academy of Sciences, the President of which society informed us that a "light complected boy" is a "blonde man" in embryo, of the order of *Bimana* and the genus *Archencephala*. Now we breathe freely.

**An heraldic designer** is busily engaged on a coat of arms for the Spring Valley Water Works. When completed it will be on exhibition in the water-color room of the Art Association. The main features of the picture will consist of two dry faucets rampant, bordered by a withered tree and quarterings of dead sparrows, which will, of course, be couchant. The field of the shield will be argent, with spots to represent water-bugs, and the escutcheon will be surmounted by an immense cormorant, with the motto underneath, "By might and main."

**Laura D.** was in Court again this week, and made things look quite natural. It was amusing to see the Judge and jury dodging behind the benches every time she put her hand to her pocket, just as if they couldn't tell a pistol from a pocket-handkerchief. We don't mind making this joke on Laura ourselves, because we're way-up friends, and always have been, but we would not advise any one else to go fooling round her with this paragraph, unless they are perfectly resigned to the idea of immortality.

**Shakespeare in Hindoostanee** is the latest excitement in India. The actors are all Parsees, and said to be exceedingly talented. Their theater in Bombay is known as the Zoroaster Opera House, and has been burnt down eleven times, owing to the company all being fire-worshippers. *Romeo and Juliet* is the *bonne bouche* of their repertoire, and is produced with great splendor, although no one would suspect the management of liberality on account of the *Parsee money* with which the bills are paid.

**The revival meetings** at the Pavilion just now recall to our well-stored mind the old fable of the little boy who came home to his father after a protracted wrestle, during which the hymn "A consecrated cross I'd bear" had been sung. He was evidently puzzled as to what the words meant, since he remarked to the author of his being: "Father, you've been out hunting a sight, did you ever shoot a consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

**It is a very easy matter** to distinguish the emigrants on the overland train at Oakland from the first-class passengers. The test is the policeman at the wharf. He shoves the sheep, cattle and emigrants into one pen and waves the gentlemanly tourists into the best places on the boat. In a republic where all men are equal, nothing can be more beautiful than the sight of a Democratic club-slinger driving his peers into a hog-pen.

**In the Urquhart investigation**, recently, a witness was examined who is probably the champion smeller of the State. He smelt liquor on the defendant's breath through a speaking-tube 75 feet long. That man would smell a saloon three blocks off, and we should like to have a photograph of his nose, just to compare it with Emperor Norton's.

**"That's my butcher,"** said a leading actor in this city to a friend, at the same time pointing to a lean, cadaverous looking man just passing. "Looks pretty bad, don't he?" "Does look bad," was the reply. "Looks as if you had dealt with him a long time, don't he? The subject was immediately changed.

**"Haven't you a contempt** for a drunkard?" said a newly converted good-templar to an old friend. "Not that I know of," was the reply, "I don't think *you could* ever accuse me of disrespect!"

## USEFUL KNOWLEDGE

[From the "British Trade Report" for April.]

**A Chinese "Materia Medica"** affords some information as to the flowers used by the Celestials for perfuming tea. Of these the principal are those of *Gardenia radicans*, *Jasminum sambac*, *Aglia odorata*, *Ternstroemia japonica*, *Camellia sasanqua*, and *Olea fragrans*, those of the last-named shrub being especially esteemed for the purpose. The leaves of *Silax alba*, and many other species of willow, are employed in making a kind of Tien-cha, and are said to be openly mixed with the tea intended for exportation at the Chinese ports.

**The Landore Steel Company** use photography to illustrate the character of the metal manufactured by them. A plate of wrought iron is placed on a hollow anvil, and a small gun-cotton cartridge is exploded on its upper surface, the result being an indentation and fissures all over the surface. A plate of steel is treated in a similar manner, and when photographs are taken of the two plates the quality of the two metals can be estimated by purchasers in all parts of the world as easily as if they had witnessed the experiments.

**Russian Orders.**—It is difficult to believe that Russia should be ordering war material, army accoutrements, etc., in such quantities unless she meant business. One of the great Sheffield steel houses has been favored with a very large order for bayonet steel, and another local firm has been pushing forward the manufacture of another class of warlike materials, also for the Russian Government, with all expedition. We learn that a contract for 150,000 pairs of shoes has been placed by the latter in Mayence.

**Wire Ropes.**--Of the industries carried on at Birmingham, that of wire-rope making has of late been exceptionally favored. During the past month Messrs. J. & E. Wright have kept upwards of 1,000 hands fully employed, and have been the recipients of large orders. The activity in this trade is indicated by the trade and navigation returns for January. In that month the exports of telegraph wire were valued at £398,243 against £31,993 in the corresponding month of 1876.

**Georgia.**—Georgia is aglow with a prospect for the establishment of a direct trade with Europe. The scheme comprehends both an exportation of the surplus cotton, rice and lumber of the State direct to Europe, and an importation in return of the manufactures of Europe and also immigration from Europe. The Legislature of the State will be asked to vote an annual appropriation of \$60,000 to a proposed line of steamers from Savannah to Liverpool.

**Peru as a Sugar Producer.**--The manufacture of sugar is assuming considerable proportions in Peru, and evidently the time is not far distant when the South American State will contribute largely to the supplies of this and other markets. The development of this branch of Peruvian commerce is seen in the improved rates of freight recently paid, the charter of several vessels being reported at 56s. U. K.

**German Competition in Iron.**—It is somewhat of an anomaly that Germany should import as she does large quantities of Cleveland and Scotch pig iron (on which, of course, freight and charges have to be paid), and from this material manufacture finished iron and steel at less prices than English makers can afford to accept.

**The "Labor Difficulty."**—"Ruffler," of *Vanity Fair*, hears that Earl Dudley has decided to import the "Heathen Chinese" into England, to see what sort of a coal miner he will make. This daring idea will certainly meet with a rough welcome in the Black Country.

**Japanese Fans.**—The exportation of these articles has assumed considerable proportions, the great market for them being the United States. In 1875 about three million fans were sent from Hiogo and Osaka, and these were valued at \$90,000.

**Protecting Safes.**—A new plan for protecting safes is to enclose them in wire netting, so connected with a battery and bell that the division of any portion of the wire ruptures a circuit, and the bell gives the necessary alarm.



## EVEN ME!

If a great sudden light should shine Is mine! Nay, was mine! My soul's  
 Into some shadow-haunted place, eyes  
 Where never light did shine before Soon bore to look upon the light—  
 And, startled by the guest divine, The blessed light that was your face!  
 A lone, uncomprehending face My being well could recognize  
 Half blindly should uplift itself— Without the coarser hints of sight,  
 Tear-channelled cheeks and dazed eyes, The dear right hand that lifted me  
 And pale mouth dumb with scared Then staid to hold me—that was  
 surprise, sweet!  
 And long, dank, lusterless brown hair, I thought the light, the prop, would go,  
 Just stirred by the intruding air— And leave me as they found me; so  
 I say, if all this spoiled grace When, even as perfect sunrise grows  
 Should make a wonder in such a place Until it bursts its veil of rose,  
 Upon some far, forgotten shore, My new-found heaven but grew in  
 And you should see it all, and make grace,  
 A picture of it for my sake, Nor tauntingly did melt away  
 My soul would claim its outward And leave the place all cold and gray,  
 sign, Then I, half-wondering at your kiss,  
 For the similitude is mine! Said, "Is it true, God gives me this?"

—Harper's Weekly.

## FACTS ABOUT SHERRY.

Mr. Henry Vizetelly's "Facts about Sherry" (Ward, Lock, & Tyler) will be studied with interest by the very large section of Englishmen who have not yet resigned themselves to thin potations. Mr. Vizetelly not only writes in a pleasant lively style, but possesses the advantage of understanding perfectly the subject he is dealing with. His experience as a wine-juror at the Vienna Exhibition, his investigations conducted among the vines and wines of France, and his subsequent residence at Serez have admirably qualified him for the task of clearing up the sherry question. His opinion as to 'plastering' is therefore entitled to considerable attention. During his sojourn at Jerez he saw the gypsum applied to the grapes in hundreds of cases, and found that the quantity employed was very small—not more than six pounds per butt in dry seasons, and double that quantity when great dampness prevails. He also points out that the superiority of Burton bitter beer is owing to the large amount of gypsum contained in the water of the Trent, and that quite as much of this innocuous substance enters into a pint and a half of that excellent beverage as into any bottle of sherry in existence. Nor is gypsum used for checking over-activity of fermentation only in Burton and Scotch ales and in sherry. "All the wine-growers of the South of France have recourse to it;" and the tribunal of Montpellier, guided by scientific evidence, decided that "the employment of gypsum during vinification could not be regarded as an adulteration, and further that it was not injurious to health." Subsequently the French Government took the matter up; and the result of the deliberations of a scientific commission is that "to-day fully two-thirds of all the wine made in France is made by the use of plaster." These "Facts about Sherry" will afford infinite comfort to the fine old English gentleman; but Mr. Vizetelly's book has a romantic side, his stories of the "sequestration" of sherry-growers by the bandits of the Sierra being exceedingly well told. The volume is profusely illustrated.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on a hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute, you know no more about it than they do."

### THE FULL TEXT OF THE PROTOCOL

The Powers, who commonly took part in the pacification of the East, and therefore participated in the Conference, recognize that the surest means of obtaining that object is to maintain the agreement established, and jointly to affirm afresh the common interest they take in the improvement of the condition of Christians and of reforms in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, which the Porte accepted on condition of itself carrying them into execution. They take cognizance of the treaty of peace with Servia. Regarding Montenegro, the Powers consider the ratification of the frontiers and free navigation of the Bosnia desirable in the interest of a solid and durable arrangement. The Powers consider arrangements concluded or to be concluded between the Porte and the two principalities as a step accomplished toward pacification, which is the object of their common wishes. They invite the Porte to confirm it by replacing its armies on a peace footing, excepting the number of troops indispensable for the maintenance of order, and by putting in hand, with the least possible delay, the reforms necessary for the tranquility and well-being of the provinces, the conditions of which were discussed at the Conference. They recognize that the Porte has declared itself ready to realize an important portion of them. They take cognizance especially of the circular of the Porte of February 13, 1876, and of the declarations made by the Ottoman Government during the Conference, and since through its representatives. In view of these good intentions on the part of the Porte, and of its evident intent to carry them immediately into effect, the Powers believe they have grounds for hoping that the Porte will profit by the present lull to apply energetically such measures as will cause that effective improvement in the condition of the Christian population which is unanimously called for as indispensable to the tranquility of Europe, and that having once entered on this path it will understand that it concerns its honor as well as its interests to persevere in its loyalty and efficacy. The Powers propose to watch carefully, by means of their representatives in Constantinople and their local agents, the manner in which the promises of the Ottoman Government are carried into effect. If their hopes should once more be disappointed, and if the condition of the Christian subjects of the Sultan should not be improved in a manner to prevent a return of the complications which periodically disturb the peace of the East, they think it right to declare that such a state of affairs would be incompatible with their interests and those of Europe in general. In such case they reserve to themselves the right to consider in common as to what they may deem best fitted to secure the well being of the Christian population and the interests of general peace.

Done at London March 31, 1877.

To the protocol are appended minutes of a meeting held at the Foreign Office March 31st. Count Schouvaloff made the following declaration before signing the protocol:

"If peace with Montenegro is concluded, and the Porte accepts the advice of Europe and shows itself ready to place its forces on a peace footing, and seriously to undertake the reforms mentioned in the protocol, let it send to St. Petersburg a special envoy to treat of disarmament, to which His Majesty the Emperor will also on his part consent. If massacres similar to those which have stained Bulgaria with blood take place, this would necessarily put a stop to measures of demobilization."

The following declaration was made by Lord Derby before signing the protocol:

"Inasmuch as it is solely in the interests of European peace that Her Majesty's Government have consented to sign the protocol proposed by Russia, it is understood beforehand that in the event of the object proposed not being attained, viz: reciprocal disarmament on the part of Russia and Turkey, and peace between them, the protocol in question shall be regarded as null and void."

"Excuse me, sir," said a shabby genteel individual to a gentleman a few days ago in the street, and the gentleman stopped excused. "It is not my custom to beg," began the first speaker. "I'm glad to hear it," was the reply, and the gentleman moved on.



**EASTER THOUGHTS.**

Kneeling beside her 'mid a kneeling throng  
 In the dim twilight of the temple, where  
 The Easter buds, scent-laden, filled the air  
 With sweet aroma, and the solemn song,  
 Low chanted, floated through the holy place,  
 I watched the curtains of her melting eyes  
 Veil their soft radiance, and o'er that fair face  
 Stole reverent stillness, as with gentle sighs  
 Sins from her sinless lips were soon confessed.  
 (Ah, fairest saint, were all sins but as thine!)  
 Then lifting her white forehead from its pillowed rest,  
 Turning her sad, sweet visage, pure with thoughts divine,  
 She murmured, bending toward me as I sat,  
 "Charles, Mrs. Smith yet wears her winter hat!"

—Park Benjamin, Jr., in *Harper's* for April.

**OUR DRUGGISTS AND THE PERCENTAGE SYSTEM.**

We have received an enormous number of letters in relation to our article of last week on the druggists. Some of our correspondents have sent us original prescriptions, which, with the aid of an expert, we have been unable to decipher. Others have forwarded us copies of prescriptions in which symbols and arbitrary names are used. We will preserve all these and in a short time bring them prominently before the public. One gentleman has taken the trouble to write out a list of druggists who don't pay percentage, and also a list of those who do. We will reserve both of these lists for the present. We hope by next week at latest to hear from every druggist in the city how he stands with regard to this system. Our list of druggists who do not give percentage will form a fit companion to our "Medical Directory and Quack List." We promise that the prescription business of every druggist on that list will be improved, and we also promise that every druggist whose name is not on that list will find his prescription business decline in proportion. As this will be a big gratuitous advertisement, we need not urge our apothecary friends further to at once send us their names. We are glad to perceive that the public at large have taken such an interest in this matter. This is shown by the number of letters we have received congratulating us on the stand we have taken, and urging us to persevere. A *News Letter* attache called on one of our leading druggists and interviewed him to the following effect. We have omitted some names:

REPORTER—I am collecting data for a series of articles in relation to the percentage system on prescriptions—will you give me some information on the subject?

DRUGGIST—Yes, sir; I will be happy to do so.

R.—Do you give percentage?

D.—No, sir; I do not.

R.—Is your prescription business large?

D.—I think it is as large, or perhaps larger, than any druggist in this city who does not give percentage, but then it is not at all in proportion to my other business.

R.—What is your opinion of the exposure in the *News Letter*?

D.—I think it will do a large amount of good. The *News Letter*, since its fight with the quacks, is looked up to as an authority in such matters. I must say, however, I should have preferred that the Pharmaceutical Society had taken up the matter, but then again, if they had done so, they would not have sifted it as thoroughly as the *News Letter* will, for some of the most prominent members of our society are not above the suspicion of being implicated in this matter. For instance, Mr. — and — and Mr. —. The *Chronicle* published some articles on the subject four or five years ago, but judging from your article of Saturday yours will be a more thorough exposure. You make a mistake in not giving the names. Now I want you to give my name and also all the names I mention.

R.—But would not this be a big advertisement for you?

D.—Yes, that is so; of course I could not expect that.

R.—The editor thought that the publication of names at the present time would be premature, and as many would wish to give up the system rather than have their names exposed, he thought to give them a short time of grace, as it were. You know that—

“While the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.”

D.—That is quite correct. I am sorry I did not see you before that article of Saturday was published, because there was a case occurred in this store somewhat similar to the hypothetical one you mention.

R.—I should like to hear it.

D.—About a week since, a prescription of Dr. ——— was taken in by one of the clerks during a rush of business, and, without reading it, he promised to have it ready by a certain time. When I read the prescription, I found it was for a half-pint gargle, but symbols were used in place of proper names. Having a large number of Dr. ———'s prescriptions on my books, I was quite well acquainted with his formula for gargle, from which he never varied. However, to make assurance doubly sure, I sent my clerk to ask him what he intended. Dr. ——— said he would give no information on the subject. The medicine could be prepared where he directed it to be sent. He had been sending to Mr. ———'s store for several years; if any other druggist wished to put up the prescription, he would have to get the medicine at Mr. ———'s store. My clerk told him that, as we had his regular formula for gargle, we would put it up. I sent the prescription to Mr. ———'s store and had it put up. I next put my label on it, and shortly afterwards it was called for. Next day, Dr. ——— called to see his patient; the sick man was much worse. The Doctor asked to see the medicine, and seeing my label, said it was not correct; that I did not know how to make it, and that only at Mr. ———'s store could it be prepared properly. The folks came to me, accusing me of making a mistake. Of course, when I explained that the medicine was put up at Mr. ———'s store, and showed them the label which I had carefully preserved, they were satisfied that I had acted honorably in the matter, and they told Dr. ——— what they thought of him, and that they did not wish *him to come any more*. This prescription is from the same family, and, as you observe, it is written by another doctor.

R.—Is not this an exceptional case?

D.—By no means. A number of doctors write in the same fashion. Here is a prescription of Dr. ———, one of the shining lights of the California University; it has already been to half a dozen druggists in the city. I asked the gentleman who brought it in here to allow me to keep it. It is a curiosity.

After some general remarks, the interview terminated.

### NERVOUSNESS AND NERVINES.

**Nervousness** is one of the prices we have to pay for civilization; the nervous savage is a being unheard of. For this disorder, which is partly of mental and partly of bodily nature, relief is sought in various ways, and among these we may place the employment of narcotics. The temporary relief afforded by these drugs is very apt to lead those who suffer from nervous sensations to put too much trust in and resort too frequently to them. In the long run they prove most destructive to health. Their use has of late become so frequent as to threaten society with a serious evil. It has been boldly contended that chloral is to be found in the work-boxes and baskets of nearly every lady in the west end of the metropolis “to calm her nerves.” No doubt this is an exaggeration, but it is a fact that New York chloral punch had become an institution scarcely a year after the introduction of chloral into medical practice, and now it turns out that Germany—“sober, orderly, paternally-ruled Germany”—has such a thing as morphia disease spreading among its population. The symptoms are not unlike those of opium eating. Experience suggests that persons suffering from this disease should at once be deprived of the drug. Their willfulness and liability to relapse, however, are so great, that it is said that only about twenty-five per cent. have been seen to recover in a large series of cases.—*Cassell's Magazine*.



# ISAAC FRIEDLANDER, EX-KING OF THE GRAIN FIELDS.

The king is dead ! Bewail the king !  
 For who shall fill his vacant throne  
 The sceptre fallen from his hand  
 Can be regained by him alone.  
 We miss the towering giant-form,  
 We miss the old familiar face ;  
 We *cannot* cry : Long live the king !  
 For there is none to take his place.  
 His crown was made of yellow wheat,  
 With scarlet poppies peeping through,  
 His sceptre was a barley-ear,  
 Tipped with a diamond of dew ;  
 His kingdom was the fertile land,  
 The farmers were his subjects true,  
 And mighty mother earth herself  
 Yielded his princely revenue.

But ill befell his high estate,  
 To him the rain was molten gold ;  
 How could he know the heedless clouds  
 Their priceless treasure would withhold ?  
 The winter sky wore summer garb,  
 The ruthless sun blazed fiercely down,  
 The tender grain grew faint with thirst,  
 And lo ! the monarch lost his crown.  
 Let none speak lightly of the blow  
 That hath uncrowned the monarch's head ;  
 The blight that fell on him will fall  
 On others ere the year has fled.  
 The phoenix from his flames may rise—  
 The darkest hour precedes the dawn—  
 Let none dare jibe the fallen chief,  
 His night may be a sign of morn.

## THE RETIREMENT OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

Two great statesmen have become prominent in the latter half of this century. The one was Count Cavour, and the other is Prince Bismarck. The former consolidated the Kingdom of Italy, and the latter mainly contributed to the creation of the Empire of Germany. Both had a difficult task and each succeeded admirably. Cavour's life was one of incessant movement. At one moment he was at the Tuilleries urging the support of Louis Napoleon in favor of Victor Emanuel, the next he was with Lord Palmerston praying for Great Britain's intervention against Austria ; anon he is at Vienna, soothing and intriguing that then passively hostile power. He was ever on the move. The Courts of Europe were his home, and when success crowned his diplomatic efforts and Italy became united under one sovereign, he sank to his grave, loved by the Prince he had elevated, and adored by the nation that he had made one and whole. Bismarck's work, on the other hand, was entirely at home. He had in the first place to control an unruly parliament, he had to suppress the turbulent spirit of republicanism, if not of anarchy, that was pervading the Kingdom of Prussia, and finally, when that Kingdom united itself with the other principalities and kingdoms and dukedoms of Germany, first as Confederation and subsequently as Empire, the task was doubled. For the new power, mighty as it was numerically, bound together as it was by language and partially by race, had many elements of discord in its composition. There was the undisguised reluctance of Hanover, somewhat encouraged by the Court of St. James, who looked upon that little kingdom as an appanage of the English crown ; there was the sullen acquiescence of Saxony, loath to be merged in the greater rival, and, above all, was the religious antipathy of Bavaria. Then came the war with France, and Alsace and Lorraine were added to the great Chancellor's cares. For the Count of 1851, who was simply a representative, was Minister at 1862, and Prince and Chancellor in 1872. Thus for a quarter of a century has he served his country. He has fought the Reichstag, he has combatted the Roman Catholic opposition, he has supported the throne, and now, weary and wayworn, he seeks his well-earned repose. It is no question of recent checks in his government that drives this dauntless spirit away, nor is it the Eastern question and its probable peaceful termination, but the overstrung mind wants relaxation and the overstrained mental faculties require rest. The question is whether the Emperor, whether Europe, can afford to lose his leading mind. The man who held a deliberative assembly in check by the force of his imperious will, and had the command of the chambers to carry out his schemes which have generally met with public approbation, can hardly be spared at a time like this, when all Europe is on the verge of trouble and nations are eyeing each other with mistrust and foreboding. He can only be conceived of in retirement as a watcher of events and a counsellor to his more active successors.

Bright-eyes, on being told that her heart was like a garden, where flowers grew when she was good, and weeds when she was naughty, rendered it afterward : " When I am naughty I have a weed in my stomach."

### THE NEW HILL RAILROAD.

The public has hardly begun to appreciate the importance of the new wire-rope railroad shortly to be constructed on California street. People in general pay very little attention to contemplated improvements, reserving as a rule all their admiration until the project is completed and in actual operation. The Directors of the California Street Hill Railroad are wisely keeping quiet about their future plans. Requiring no extraordinary capital, and having no necessity to solicit assistance from the people at large in the matter of taking up their stock, they have conceived an idea which, when matured as it shortly will be, will tend more to the beautifying of San Francisco than any scheme ever advanced since our city was incorporated. The entire length of the road, extending to Cemetery avenue, has been carefully surveyed, with a view to determining the exact levels, grades, etc. All along the street property holders are hard at work fixing sewers and getting the roadway into a state of excellent repair. A great deal of grading is going on at the intersection of Jones street, that unfortunate hog's back of the city, which seems destined never to preserve an equable level for any two consecutive blocks, and occasionally offers a miniature mountain to theaching feet of the tired pedestrian. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent all along the route, and owners of property seem fully to appreciate the value which the cars will hereafter be to them, and at the same time to vie with one another in rendering their portion of the street as perfect as money and labor can make it. By the time the company is ready to construct the road, California street will be the finest thoroughfare in the city. As one of the directors remarked yesterday, "It is going to be the best road ever built here, and will be the feature of the city." Profiting by the experience of former undertakings, and building upon the knowledge they have acquired, the tube through which the rope passes will be a solid mass of railroad steel and cement. There will be no woodwork at all in its construction, as the constant pressure on the road, combined with the effects of wet and decay, necessitates constant repairs where lumber is used. The cars will be constructed on the lightest model that can be built for comfort, and the dummies will be a pleasure to ride upon and a great improvement on the present freight wagons employed. With regard to speed, a far higher rate will be attained than either of the present wire-rope railroads have reached, and it is said that in point of safety nothing will be left to desire. The directors are Leland Stanford, David Porter, P. H. Cameron, A. S. Hallidee and Joseph Britton. The road is expected to be completed and in operation early in the Fall.

### BRITISH AND CHINESE WASHING.

A few months ago, a well known hotel-keeper in Wales advertised in some of our papers for a "Chinaman who could wash," and requested Californian and Australian papers to copy the advertisement. Whether this was done as a joke for many advertisements which now appear in the papers are intended to be jokes or whether the hotel-keeper had found himself in difficulties with the local washerwomen, we do not pretend to know. We should be very glad, however, to hear that Californian or Australian papers had copied the advertisement, and that it had induced a number of "Heathen Chinese," skilled in all the mysteries of washing and ironing, to settle in this country.

Under these circumstances, it would be a perfect godsend to householders if some few thousands of Chinese, skilled in the arts of domestic washing, would emigrate to the British Islands, and form settlements in our large towns. They would be sure to meet with encouragement, for they not only can afford to work much cheaper than the British servant or laundress, but, in addition to this, they look upon the business as an art; and it certainly is worthy of being styled a fine art in their hands. A friend, who recently visited San Francisco, and sent his linen to a Chinese laundry in that city, tells us he was so delighted and astonished at the brilliant results—the snowy whiteness and the rigidity of his shirt fronts—more especially—that he brought two of them home to show his laundress what could be done in the way of washing if it were properly studied.—*Liverpool Porcupine.*



## COMING.

BY MARIE LE BARON.

Flowers doff their wee green hoods;	Rain drops down, like scattered sheaf
Smiling Spring is coming!	Of silver wheat from heaven;
Leaflets whisper through the woods,	Spring laughs thro' the dainty grief
Bees begin their humming;	To surly Winter given,
And the swallows, flying low,	And turn the rain to shining pearls,
Sing as nestward swift they go:	And over all her flag unfurls
Smiling Spring is coming!	In rainbow colors seven.

From their ice-bound quivers, streams,	Blue-bird, turquoise of the year,
Loosed by Spring's untying,	Sunny Spring is waiting;
Shoot o'er earth with silver gleams,	Soon his note, out-ringing clear,
Like quick arrows flying;	Will wake in sweet love-mating,
Piercing meadow, rock and reed,	And Spring's darlings, one by one,
Murmuring as they onward speed:	All will know her reign begun
Iceland's king is dying.	In fair life-creating.

Grasses throb beneath her feet;	Tears and smiles together shine;
Fairy Spring is dancing:	Changeful Spring is nearing;
At each step the blossoms sweet,	Is it sense of the divine
Shyly are up-glancing;	Human heart is fearing?
And her sun-warm kisses fall	Ah! I know not what it is,
Tenderly upon them all,	But a sadness veils the bliss
Beauties rare enhancing.	Born of Spring's appearing.

## O. K. HALL.

When a man has been guilty of grave crimes, and his sins find him out, it is the fashion for him to clear out of the country under an assumed name, and turn up in another quarter of the globe very sick and "broken down in body and mind." He at once becomes an object of deep sympathy and pity, and every tear which oozes out of his maudlin eyes is telegraphed to the community he has deserted. We are informed that Mr. Hall is living in a poor, mean house in London, and that he goes out walking with a lady in Hyde Park in a very humble and downcast manner. Although his scandalous conduct with an actress in New York, his eccentric debut on the stage and other actions point to the theory of insanity or inexcusable obliquity of mind, Mr. Hall's friends do not hesitate to predict for him a brilliant career at the English bar. His desertion of his wife and children is glossed over, and he is even lauded for having effected an insurance of \$60,000 on them out of money which he doubtless stole from the city. The truth is that Oakey Hall is neither more nor less than a disgraced fugitive from justice, and the latest addition to the list of American rogues in high places. In the evidence against him by Woodward, Tweed and Sweeney, it is claimed that Hall was paid his percentage of the spoils in bills; that he was largely interested in one or two city contracts, and was aware of the fraudulent purpose of the warrants before a single one was presented to him for his signature. The old custom of calling a spade a spade seems to have died out of late years. It would probably hurt Mr. Oakey Hall's feelings terribly, in his broken-down condition, to be called a thief. Rather let him be alluded to as a noble-hearted man, crushed with sorrow for other men's sins. In his disconsolate condition, when he takes his little walks with the lady in Hyde Park, let him comfort himself with better and brighter thoughts. Probably the recollection of some of the exquisite puns which he is said to have made during the voyage to England may have the desired effect, and dissipate any little depression of spirits which may be induced by the contemplation of his past career.

As Frank stood watching the dust whirling in eddies, he exclaimed: "Ma, I think the dust looks as if there was going to be another little boy made."

### MONTGOMERY AVENUE.

Like most public works of the kind undertaken by this city, the opening up of Montgomery avenue is being carried out in trickery, and is being consummated in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. The scheme by which property-holders were assessed in the first instance has been radically changed, inasmuch as to lead to costly litigation, the end of which is not apparent, and which will tend to greatly enlarge the cost of the so-called improvement. Then again the grades have been changed in a way to cause needless damage to valuable property rights. These alterations, if understood at the outset, it is needless to say, would not have been assented to without a struggle. Many people are being compelled to submit to a virtual confiscation of their property, and, what is worse, are being assessed for the terrible damage that is being done. The leveling up of the roadway along a considerable portion of the route is completely burying the houses, which will have to be pulled down, and the lots will have to be regraded, whilst there is no material at hand to do it with, and for this the owners are being mulcted in heavy damages for that which is not an improvement, but, on the contrary, is a serious loss. Some dozens of blocks are being ruined that lie quite away from the avenue, and can derive little or no advantage from it. Much of the property north of Broadway might just as well have been confiscated at the outset. Of course, it was expected that some injury would accrue from the carrying out of such a work, but it is altogether wrong that the injury should exceed that which was contemplated, and was supposed to be strictly provided for when the scheme was first assented to. Both grades and assessments have been changed, and not in the interests of property owners. If these changes are repudiated, and litigated, the city will probably have to foot the bill. Scores of houses are already empty, and scores more will be so presently, and a large area, of which Powell and Filbert may be taken as the center, will remain a blot and an eye-sore upon the city. Heavy rains will fill up the ungraded blocks with water, and the summer suns will cause a dangerous, festering nuisance to arise from the evaporating waters. It is not too late for the commissioners to give heed to these matters. Let them see to it that several of the needless changes are abandoned, and that as little harm as possible be done to existing interests. If they will not do this, then the property owners should hold a meeting, and unite for their mutual protection. We are persuaded that they have rights, which even commissioners, at their sovereign will and pleasure, cannot altogether abrogate. Our Supervisors, and taxpayers generally, would do well to visit the locality, and take note of the terrible damage that is being done. Pressure should be brought to bear by our citizens generally, or they may have to pay for the mischief in more ways than one.

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**Rev. S. H. McGee**, of the Ashton (Ill.) Christian church, is in jail, charged with killing his wife to marry the daughter of one of his rich parishioners. The girl is 20, pretty, and was engaged when McGee began to pay her special attentions, and he had been in the place but a few months when he was caught kissing the girl at a camp-meeting. His wife, who had borne him two children, was much loved by the people. Latterly, she had been having mysterious attacks of illness, and a week or so ago died in spasms, one of her last acts being to throw her arms about her husband's neck and saying: "How can I leave you?" An examination reveals much strychnine in her stomach, and it is proved that the parson bought the poison of a neighboring druggist and substituted it for the powders left by the physician. Moreover, he at various times before the examination said poison might be found in the stomach, was very anxious to bury his wife immediately after her death, and was once heard saying to himself, "I wish I had not done it?" McGee is a dandified man of 36, and his attentions to the girl had broken up her previous marriage engagement, and there is no doubt that his intention was to marry her and secure the large dowry the father was to give her. One of the peculiarities of the case is that the girl's father sides with the parson and will probably pay the expenses of his trial.

**While the two companies** which possess electric cables across the Atlantic are squabbling about rates, a third one is preparing to intervene in a decisive fashion. An Act of Congress has authorized the new company to land fresh cables in the United States under the condition that the maximum charge shall be one shilling a word. We understand that the actual charge will be much less, so that cheap telegraphy between England and the United States will soon be independent of the result of stormy public meetings in London. The new company will begin operations with not less than two cables. The news cannot but be welcome to the Directors of the Direct Company, who profess to desire nothing so much as a reduction in the price of Atlantic telegrams, and free trade in sending messages between England and the United States.

**Just before** President Lincoln's assassination he received many letters threatening such an event. One day while Mr. Mathew Wilson was painting his portrait and Mr. Seward stood behind his chair, Mr. Lincoln opened a note and said, "Here is another of these letters," which he read to both his auditors, after doing which he pointed to a pigeon-hole and said: "In that place I have filed eighty just such things as these. I know I am in danger, but I am not going to worry over threats like these;" and then he resumed his usual animation, and the quiet, interested artist went on with his work. In two weeks from that date the President was assassinated.

**Queer Advertisement.**—Such an advertisement as this is enough to make any proper minded person shudder. What a genius the man must be who drafted it!—"Spirit Manifestations on Washing Day.—The evil spirit which is so awfully prevalent on washing days, accompanied by great demonstrations of 'tongue and temper,' may be completely exorcised by the use of ——— 'Villa' Washer, Wringer and Mangler (three machines in one), which washes forty articles in four minutes, and drives away the evil spirit from the soul of the women as the sound of the harp from the heart of the king."

**A Composition on Throats.**—A youngster being required to write a composition on some portion of the human body, selected that which unites the head to the body, and expounded as follows: "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n and then ties it up. This is pretty much all I can think of about necks."

**Old Dr. Absalom** was a quack, and shockingly ignorant. On one occasion he was called by mistake to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. When it came to Dr. Absalom's turn to speak, he said: "*Convalescent!* Why that's nothing serious. I have many times cured *convalescence* in twenty-four hours."

**Suicide.**—An ironworker named George Perks was standing on the footpath in Watery-lane, Birmingham, watching the steam roller at work. As the machine approached, he stepped into the road, and, throwing down his hat, he cried: "Where that goes I will follow;" and he then threw himself in front of the advancing roller. The ponderous machine passed over him, leaving him a mangled corpse.

**Nellie Grant Sartoris** has made the ex-President a happy grandfather again. Mr. and Mrs. Grant expect to start on their European trip in May, accompanied by their youngest son, and be gone two years, traveling privately, and so avoid public demonstrations.

**The San Francisco millionaires** are building themselves grand residences. Mark Hopkins' will cost \$3,000,000; Charles Crocker's, \$2,300,000. Leland Stanford has expended \$2,000,000 on his new home.—*Springfield Republican*.

**At New Orleans** they amuse themselves on Sundays by shooting at turkeys. "Ladies" also participate in the sport.

**It is suggested** that the street-cleaning bureau of New York is in league with the bootblack brigade.

**Servants** should attend roll-call when bakers deliver bread.



### HIS SATANIC MAJESTY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

"When angels weep," the bard has sung, "the Devil's sure to grin,"  
 And only chuckles as he notes each new and startling sin.  
 Yet somehow in this Dawson case my flinty heart's been vexed  
 To think a parson who can preach, can't act upon, his text!  
 It's not so long since Proague was charged with borrowing from the church  
 To buy up stocks, and when he'd bought, he left them in the lurch!  
 And Kalloch! Well—we all know him! He's always proved a fraud,  
 And puzzles all, the novel way he seeks to serve the Lord!  
 Like Saul of old you've read about, who kicked against the pricks,  
 These preaching parsons *do* indulge in the oddest kind of tricks!  
 That Doctor's lecture on "Our Girls" has brewed a rare old storm.  
 They vow, if e'er they catch him, that they'll make his jacket warm!  
 "Long, lean and lanky!" are we, eh?—the beast!—as if *he* knows!  
 The cheek to say we ought to wear suspenders with our hose!  
 We'll show him what we're made of, if he comes again this way,  
 And tries to run us down like that! We'll duck him in the bay!  
 We girls are all a bully lot!" (I hope I don't misquote her)—  
 At least, the men all tell us so"—so says Miss Katy Kota!  
 So ho! some scandal's come to light about that Butchers' Ring,  
 And how the bills were "lobbied" through by Shrader, the ex-King!  
 Maybe the grapes are somewhat sour! And with the same *douceur*  
 That Shrader got, e'en Gibbs might cease to blackguard Mr. Leur!  
 How Supervisors got so rich, has long seemed deuced funny,  
 But now we see! Each measure passed is lobbied thro' for money!  
 Jim Urquhart's puzzled! he's been sacked, and the only reason why  
 Was that he showed extravagance!—his horse-hire was too high!  
 One horse and buggy yet he found was always quite sufficient,  
 Then why another *turnout*, eh? their economy's deficient!  
 McComb is in high feather! he's made Governor—so he says—  
 Of Arizona, and will take as Secretary—Hayes!  
 He's just the man the General wants in case they have a tussle  
 With Indians, for he *knows* he's strong—he's felt his iron muscle!  
 So tangle-foot was all the cause of Driscoll's playful hoax!  
 Though workmen, without a cent, don't like these cruel jokes.  
 An ex-policeman, too, you'd think, would not kick up such capers.  
 What won't men do, though, when they're soaked with alcoholic vapors!  
 Blacklock & Co., those oyster-fiends, whose schemes turned out such bub-  
 With fresh-developed crimes each day keep adding to their troubles! [bles  
 Commander Glass would like to find who dared to say he smuggled!  
 He'd tan his hide and lay it on the thicker if he struggled!  
 A reporter's cheek he knows is tough, but he thinks he'd find a spot,  
 A little tenderer, and by H—! he vows he'd make it hot!  
 What can these down cast faces mean, these bloodshot, bleary eyes?  
 The air's quite heavy with the sound of Car-Conductors' sighs!  
 Bell-punches, eh? no wonder, then! no "knocking down" of fares!  
 No more cheap whisky and cigars! no cozy suppers theirs!  
 The good old times are gone, alas! the halcyon days are past!  
 I feared that things must come to this! they seemed too good to last!  
 This tell-tale bell, this "Punch with care before the Passengare,"  
 Will make conductors scarce. They've got no chance! it isn't fair?  
 That stamp-affair is done, I see! tho' 'twill bear some further light,  
 To show who's *wrong*, since Cheeseman's proved he's always in the *right*!  
 Some one's to blame, for stamps, you know, can't stamp themselves, 'tis  
 And where 'twill end, if this goes on, is really quite past sayin'! [plain,  
 So Friedlander is all O.K. and on his legs once more:  
 We can't spare him—'twould never do! his loss would hurt us sore!  
 That's one good point of being tall, one always gets respected;  
 Folks must *look up* to such a man—it's only what's expected!  
 For murders, suicides, and such, you still keep up your name!  
 Here's Spilker first pops off his wife, then treats himself the same!  
 Mayor Bryant and his New York friend have nearly broke their backs!  
 Their official paunches weighed too much for average stable-backs!  
 Of course a Mayor should carry *weight*! but for driving in the Park,  
 Two hundred pounds is high enough—especially if it's dark!  
 His weight don't scare Webb Howard, tho'! he's ordered his *arrest*!  
 Well, darn that Bug-juice firm! 'tis time they gave us all a *rest*!

[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter. ]

**It is not generally known** how that popular Comedian, Mr. Wm. Horace Lingard first became bald. Many have attributed the sparseness of his locks to his well-known habit of carrying his groceries home in his hat, and state openly that on one occasion a tin of mustard got loose on a hot day, and did all the damage. Others, again, assert that he once had his head shaved during an attack of delirium, produced by over-study ; while not a few think that he has given the growth of the top of his head away little by little, and curl by curl, to his many lady admirers. All these stories are, however, without foundation, and false in every particular. Indeed, Wm. Horace has allowed us to contradict them flatly, and he stigmatizes them as the weak inventions of Mr. Bishop, Mr. Polk, Mesers. Raymond, Sothorn, and other rival comedians. Stories are also told to the effect that Mr. Lingard used to study his parts standing on his head, until he wore the wool off ; that he was scalped by Indians when crossing the plains ; that it was bitten off by a large Australian bed-bug, together with many other equally foolish and wicked inventions. The real truth of the whole question at issue is as follows: Mr. L. never met with any mishap, or had any habits which caused his hair to fall out, or to turn gray, or, in fact, affected its growth in any way. We are in possession of an affidavit from Mrs. Jane Bulger, of White-chapel Road, who was Mr. Lingard's first and only nurse, to the effect that he was born bald, and on that account christened William Horace. While the connection between his infantile dearth of hair and his nomenclature is not quite clear, still the genuineness of this affidavit cannot be doubted. The testimony is too explicit to be rejected, and, therefore, forever sets the matter at rest, and crushes the foul aspersions which malicious and envious brother actors have endeavored to heap on Mr. Lingard's head. Once more we say, emphatically—he is *not* bald.

**They are conducting** several pleasant experiments in London just now, with what are called "sterile putrescible fluids," whatever they are. It appears that they got the germs from the "maceration of a haddock's head that had been kept for fifteen months," and this macerated fish-cranium was found to contain numbers of "springing and calycine monads." We do not object to scientific men keeping a perfect museum of dead cats and decaying vegetables, if they are productive of amusement to them, but this fish story is a little too strong for our nerves. Professor Tyndall is said to have once put a dead dog and a rabbit in an electric chamber, and to have resuscitated them in less than five minutes, when the dog, who had been starved to death, immediately ate the rabbit, and then expired himself of repletion. This is a good, wholesome story, and sounds far more reliable than the "springing monads," who, we are told, were fed with Cohn's nutritive fluid, freshly prepared. Ignorant persons, who do not read the *Town Crier* regularly, are informed that monads are ultimate atoms or minute animalculæ, and the calycine species is that which possesses a cortical epidermis, and rejoices in a perianth, an involucre, a calyptra, glume, and several other useful organs. After this explanation, it will be easily understood that a calycine nomad can get away with a good lot of Cohn's nutritive fluid for breakfast.

**A poor bummer begged very hard** one day lately for a five-cent loaf at a corner grocery. Times are hard and the proprietor was obdurate, but the tramp pleaded piteously, and finally got the loaf. After eating a few mouthfuls, he asked for a little butter to spread on it, a glass of beer to wash it down with, and the loan of two bits, promising to pay for the whole as soon as ever the Nevada Bank was open and he could draw a check. This was too much for the storekeeper, who immediately jumped over the counter and pitched the bummer, bread and all, out into the street. As the old vagrant rose from the pavement and carefully brushed the dust from his well-ventilated hat, he heaved a bottomless sigh, and casting a mild yet reproachful gaze upon his assailant, remarked : "You wouldn't trust one of the blessed angels from heaven for a peppermint lozenge, not if he offered to leave his golden crown on deposit as security." And then he threw the rest of his loaf, with a whiz, through the door, and knocked down a row of pickle bottles on a shelf, before starting in to see if he could run a mile in 4:56. "Alas for the rarity of human charity !"

**Money is a balm** for everything, apparently, even for the sorrows of outraged maidenhood. Therefore Mrs. Mary E. Donoho comes to the front with a suit against a well-known capitalist for \$100,000 and costs, as the price of the alleged seduction of her daughter, Miss Lennie McCormick. The crime is supposed to have been committed last August, so that, as time rolled on, the mental anguish of the plaintiff probably doubled and trebled itself, paid dividends, and turned its capital over, until the sum total of that bitter grief reached the above named price. Here let the *T. C.* enter a plea for his own palæochrystic, Arctic-frozen chastity. In no case would he wish to defend an offense of this nature. On the contrary, were the young lady a relative of his, he would perforate the defendant with conical bullets of the largest size, and send him with bloody hands to a most inhospitable grave. This is the old-fashioned method of avenging virtue, and not a bad one either. At any rate, it is better than assessing the value of chastity, which most people have hitherto supposed to be priceless. The mother who will give the story of her daughter's shame to the world in the hope of coining money out of it, is only one degree better, in our humble opinion, than the savage who barter her comely offspring for a sack of potatoes.

**A constant interchange of civilities** is going on between California and Australia. Occasionally they send us, by way of compliment, some red-handed murderer, whose loss to them we invariably repair by returning them a villain of the choicest brand. This time, however, we are one ahead. Our last notable attention to our antipodean neighbors was the shipment of Mr. Welsh, who of late figured so conspicuously as a witness in the Bay View Distillery case. This is the gentleman to whom Judge Hoffman alluded delicately in his charge as a perjurer who ate the bread of his employers while betraying them. Mr. Welsh did well to get away from America before the next Grand Jury met, as he would doubtless have received a share of their attention. While, however, we chuckle somewhat at the addition we have forwarded to the British Colonies, we do it modestly, lest our irate cousins should in revenge immediately consign to our care a gross of bushwhackers or a shipload of condemned felons.

**The condemned and respited Mongol**, who is playing the role of a captured mouse in the hands of the frolicsome Gubernatorial cat, did not die yesterday as he should have, were he possessed of the slightest sense of decency. What the use of respiting him for three weeks can be, unless to make him die twice over—once for each murder—it is hard to say. There is no real mercy in postponing the music, unless the authorities intend to grant the man his life, which would perhaps be the most proper thing to do under the circumstances. A better idea would be to turn him loose for a few months among his enemies, all of whom seem to be bad characters, and he would probably do some very useful wholesale slaughtering. The poor fellow seems also to have religious doubts about Christianity and Paganism—in fact, he does not know which creed to hang to, and would rather hang to none at all.

**The "Lancet"** has recently recorded a splendidly successful case of transfusion of blood. The patient, a clerk, twenty years of age, was completely demented, hyperæmic, anæsthetic, and cataleptic; refused all food; dribbled constantly. The pulse was very feeble, rate 70, respiration 24. His state was one of profound anæmia. Five of the strongest students volunteered to supply the vital fluid. Three hours after the operation he asked for brandy, and on being refused it, knocked the doctor and two nurses down, and after kicking the hospital door open, walked home to his brother's house. The following morning he returned to the hospital and apologized to the doctor and the nurses for his incivility, which he excused on the ground of his being pretty full-blooded and rather irritable. The rapid march of science has never received a more beautiful tribute to its value than the foregoing.

**A San Francisco butcher**, who has not hitherto been celebrated for his piety, recently took holy orders. It appears that through the influence of some friends he obtained the patronage of Archbishop Alemany, Bishop Kip, the Revs. Platt, Gallagher, Hemphill, and many other clergymen. His daily visits to these distinguished divines have been productive of much good to his bank account, and he now spends all his mornings in finding out whether his saintly customers require lamb, mutton, beef or veal for their dinners. This is what he calls taking holy orders.



**Mr. P. S. Dorney** wants money from every Caucasian in the country to send on to Butte county to defend their interests. In plain language, this means to pay counsel to defend the Chico murderers, whom he weakly denounces throughout his secret circular. It may be of interest to Caucasians and others of their kidney to know that the Celestials are just now very thoroughly armed with self-cocking revolvers. A visit to our leading gun stores will supply Mr. Dorney with some very curious statistics about the number of firearms sold to almond-eyed Asiatics during the last few months. Such societies as the Caucasians and kindred orders have no influence except for bad, are gotten up in excitement and fed on fancied wrongs, and any man who is misled by their specious arguments must be possessed of an intellect inferior to the brain power of a zoophyte or the cerebellum of a gelatinous protoplasm.

**The Rev. Father Taylor** thinks infants ought to be converted as soon as they are weaned. If he believes what he says, why does he not inaugurate a series of revivals in founding hospitals, orphanages and infant schools. When Mr. T. talks about a change of heart being necessary for infants, who cannot have ever willfully offended God, he writes himself down an ass. He probably has doubts about the salvation of the innocents whom Herod massacred, and would like to see the rising generation exchange their feeding bottles for tracts. We hitherto thought that the rapid twaddle of this venerable missionary was a kind of mild pap for infantile intellects, and are therefore sorry to find out that it has not even this to recommend it. Thank heaven, we are personally unacquainted with the reverend gentleman, and long may he keep clear of our nursery.

**An exchange says** that the luxury of tobacco-smoking is sometimes indulged in at most unseasonable periods, but it has never before, perhaps, been the solace of the suicide in his last moments. An inquest was held at Loose, near Maidstone, England, lately, upon an aged farmer named Avard, who hanged himself while smoking. The pipe still remained between his lips when he was discovered. The old man's greatest earthly comfort was evidently tobacco, and some unkind theologians would insinuate that he is smoking still in his new home. To exchange the drowsy solace of nicotine for the doubtful hospitality of Old Nick was not a wise proceeding, though we trust that Mr. Avard's offense has been condoned by the authorities above, and that he is now smoking a golden pipe, stretched out full length on the softest cloud that floats.

**The last words** of a pious undertaker, who died lately, will be read with great interest by a large circle of sorrowing friends. He said: "I have always had hope in death, especially when I did the burying, and for fifty-seven years I may say that I have lived by death. I have been liberal to my customers, though I have always screwed them tight, and I have never been convicted of reckless driving or of using imitation rosewood. Death has truly been my friend and support to the last, and it is Life only that is hostile to me, and deserting me at the last. Good bye, my friends; put the best silver-plated handles on my coffin, and be sure and take them off again when you get out to the cemetery." This is the only instance of an undertaker ever dying that we know of.

**Shakspeare's arm-chair**, in which he sat when engaged in writing his plays, has just been sold in England for \$225. During the great poet's lifetime he once tried to pawn it for two shillings, and failed through the obduracy of the pawnbroker and the dilapidated condition of the cane bottom. This brings us to the point. The *T. C.* is open to sell the chair in which he has composed the brightest thoughts of the century, to the highest bidder. Bids must in all cases be accompanied by a certified check, which should be as large as possible, and will be immediately cashed. In no case will irresponsible parties like the Academy of Sciences, or the Smithsonian Institute, be treated with.

**A correspondent** writes to ask why newly married men are called Benedicts. The reason, we believe, is, that in entering on their new state of life they are supposed to give up all the bad bachelor habits to which they have benedicted. Now is the time to faint.

**The colored ministers** are very much interested in the Montenegro question, and hope it will be settled by the suppression of African gambling dens.

## OUR DRUGGISTS AND THE PERCENTAGE SYSTEM.-- THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

In publishing the series of articles concerning the druggists and the percentage system, we anticipated some unfavorable criticism, nor have we been disappointed. While the majority of the respectable druggists of our city have cordially indorsed our course, a few have expressed themselves as opposed to our interfering in the matter. One of our druggists, doing a large prescription business, in a letter he sent us on Tuesday last, says that our articles are one-sided, so on yesterday we gave him a chance of speaking on the other side of the question. In the following interview, as in our previous papers, we omit names:

REPORTER.—I have called in reference to your letter of the 10th, in which you complain of our articles on the druggists being one-sided.

DRUGGIST.—I do not see any reason for changing my opinion on the subject.

R.—The editor was not aware there was another side to the question; if you will give me your ideas on the subject, they will get as fair a hearing as anything else published in our paper. The articles are not written in the interest of any one, or of any clique, but solely for the good of the whole body of druggists of our city.

D.—The *News Letter* has no business to interfere in the matter; when people read your articles, they are afraid to come into a drug-store. Your paper will ruin the prescription business.

R.—There, sir, you mistake; a number of druggists have assured me that their prescription business has increased considerably since our articles have been published, and most of them expect, when the full exposure is made, that their prescription business will increase until it becomes proportionate to their other trade.

D.—I don't find the improvement you speak of.

R.—I will tell you why: people are suspicious that you are a little implicated in this matter, and I see quite a number of your blanks in other stores. I think if you ask your doctor friends, they will tell you they write as many prescriptions now as they did previous to the publication of our articles. If so, these prescriptions must be prepared some place; if not at your store in some other store.

D.—You make a great ado about signs and symbols. They have nothing to do with the percentage system, and yet you try to tug them together. R.—They are almost invariably linked together.

D.—Do you think Dr. — takes percentage?

R.—No, sir, I think he does not.

D.—Well, here are a number of his prescriptions. Here he calls for "Cough Mixture, 6 ounces;" "Anti-Dyspepsia Mixture, 4 ounces;" "Anti-Rheumatic Mixture, 6 ounces;" "Compound Iodide of Potash Mixture, 8 ounces." Not one of these is official, nor do the names furnish the slightest clue as to how the preparation is to be made. Can you account for this?

R.—I am not the defender of Dr. —. I think he makes use of a bad system; but I understand that his receipts are well-known to every druggist in the city; besides he is somewhat of a routinist, and perhaps he does not like the trouble of writing the same thing over and over again. There is another thing that would lead a person to think he does not take a percentage from any store, and that is the fact that he has got a private dispensary.

D.—Now, that is a subject you ought to take up—physicians keeping these private dispensaries. If you take that up, I could give you a great deal of information on the subject. I think your articles on such a very bad system would meet with more general approval.

R.—I must say I do not see any great evil in the system. If a doctor can't eke out a living practising medicine, I don't see any great harm in his making his own pills and medicine. I know it must hurt the druggists.

D.—I will tell you the evils that arise from it.

R.—Had we not better confine ourselves to the percentage system for the present?

D.—By all means, if you desire it. You talk about sixty-six per cent.—that is sheer nonsense.

R.—We have evidence to prove every word we say.

D.—Oh, you have, have you? Every druggist in the city gives percentage, either directly or indirectly. For instance, Mr.— says he does not give percentage, yet he has two or three doctors who always send to his store. These doctors run up large accounts, which they never pay, and which always amount to more than the largest percentage can.

R.—That is but another feature of the percentage system. I don't think anything can be done about it.

D.—Unless a druggist in San Francisco pays percentage he cannot live; the doctors will not patronize him.

R.—But if no druggist in San Francisco would give percentage?

D.—Then it would be all right.

R.—The *News Letter* intends to expose the system so thoroughly that not a single druggist will continue the practice.

D.—I think your exposure is premature.

R.—By how many days?

D.—Oh, if it be only a matter of days it is better to let you have your own way. This publication of names is not right or fair. If you put in your paper that a certain druggist gives percentage, you ruin his business forever.

R.—But has not the injured one a remedy?

D.—He has, to some extent; but it is not fair at all. If my name is ever published, I tell you I will make it pretty warm for you.

R.—We will risk all that. When we were getting up our Quack list you approved of it, and gave us any information on the subject you could.

D.—I certainly did; and now you show your gratitude by turning on me.

R.—We have not said a word about you or any other druggist. We have simply exposed what we believe to be an imposition on the public. Of course, if you take your stand on such a rotten platform, we will sweep you and it away at the same time.

D.—Why don't you go into the Postoffice, or Custom-house, or Mint, and expose all the rascalities there?

R.—We cannot do everything at the same moment. When we get through with the druggists we may take up some of the subjects you mention. When we went after the quacks they said, "Can't you let us alone and go after the druggists?" Now, when we go after the druggists, they say, "Can't you let us alone and go after some other folks?" And so it always is.

D.—I thought you came to interview me? R.—So I have, sir.

D.—Then there is no use in inflicting a lecture on me.

R.—Then let me hear what you have got to say about the percentage system.

D.—If I make any arrangement with a doctor, it is no other person's business. If a doctor believes I am a good dauggist, and he sends his prescriptions to me, knowing I will put them up correctly, I don't see who has any right to object. The prescription belongs to the doctor until I get it; then it belongs to me. The sick person has no claim on it whatever.

R.—That is your opinion. Most people think otherwise.

D.—Most people don't know anything about it. The doctor, fearing, if his prescription be compounded in any other store it may not be put up correctly, makes an arrangement with me and uses signs or symbols representing certain formulas known only to him and to me. This is a protection to the doctor in another way. He discovers that a certain combination has very curative properties; now, if he wrote this combination out, every one would know what it was, but by keeping it secret, every one who wants any of it has to go to him first and then to come to me.

R.—Is not this a kind of quackery? Are there not some doctors who take a pride in curing their fellow-man, and when they discover any curative agent, in publishing it to the world?

D.—Young man, you have mistaken your vocation; you ought to be a preacher. Your ideas are utopian, but when you have lived as long as I have, you will discover that it is impossible to carry on business without deviating at times from the straight path. When I say this, I do not allude to the percentage system. I have not expressed myself as clearly as I could wish, but you can perceive from my remarks that there is something to be said on the other side.

The interview then terminated.



**DULL TIMES."**

O, wherefore this lugubrious face, Times were not *always* dull, you  
 And why this air of sadness? know,  
 My erstwhile jolly friend, you're And cannot always stay so ;  
 touched My goodness, man, why *will* you  
 With melancholy madness; On troubles of to-day so? [brood  
 You're plight seems terrible indeed, Though stocks have shrunk, and  
 You surely need consoling ; crops have failed,  
 O, say what crushing ill has set It's only for a season,  
 Your eyes so wildly rolling? And if we cannot grin through that,  
 I'd like to know the reason.  
 "Dull times," you groan! Upon my  
 I don't wish to abuse you, [word We've got the richest land on earth,  
 But such an ass I never saw— We've got the "smartest" city,  
 I really can't excuse you. And if Dame Fortune with one frown  
 Dull times, indeed! Your idiocy Can kill us, more's the pity.  
 Surpasses all belief, sir; Confound it, man, your sour looks  
 If times are dull, then rub them Will make us *all* disgusted—  
 bright, A bubble that can't bear a breath,  
 Which can't be done by grief, sir. Well merits to be "busted."

Then stiffen up that drooping lip,  
 And cease this vain repining ;  
 You've doubtless heard the blackest cloud  
 May have a silver lining ;  
 Be brisk and bold, take heart and laugh  
 Defiance at your sorrow—  
 The hollow of the wave to-day,  
 Will be the crest to-morrow.

**WATER.**

**The Mayor** on Thursday last received the following communication :

SPRING VALLEY WATER WORKS, 516 CALIFORNIA ST., }  
 San Francisco, April 11, 1877. }

*Hon. A. J. Bryant, Mayor of the City and County of San Francisco—*  
 DEAR SIR : The Spring Valley Water Works is, and has been, advised  
 that the question of whether the city is entitled to water free of charge  
 from the pipes and mains of the Company, for the ordinary daily uses of  
 the municipality, has been passed upon and determined by the Supreme  
 Court, but the representatives of the city seem to be advised otherwise,  
 and out of this difference of opinion the present contest has arisen. The  
 Company believe that it has taken the course to force the question to a  
 speedy determination ; such, at least, has been its object. But if the  
 representatives of the city think that result cannot be as speedily reached  
 by the summary proceedings now inaugurated, we are ready and willing to  
 enter into an agreed case, to be submitted to the Supreme Court at the  
 present term, in such form as shall and will secure a decision of the ques-  
 tions :

First, whether any of the water used or required by the city for its ordi-  
 nary daily uses and purposes, other than the extinguishment of fires, is  
 comprehended within the meaning of the term "other great necessity,"  
 used in the statute, and the city is by reason thereof entitled to water  
 from the pipes and mains of the company for such uses free of charge ;  
 second, what is meant by said term, "other great necessity." It is but  
 fair, however, to insist that a case, when so agreed upon and determined,  
 shall end all controversy between the city and the company, and we shall  
 therefore insist that if a case is made, a sum shall be agreed upon as the  
 amount to be accepted by the company in lieu of all claims for water  
 heretofore furnished to the city, and it shall be stipulated that in case  
 judgment is rendered in favor of the company upon the question of free  
 water for the ordinary daily uses and purposes of the city, judgment shall  
 also be entered in favor of the company against the city for the amount of  
 money so agreed upon, payable in gold coin, as and for the value of the  
 water heretofore used for such purposes, and thereupon the suits now  
 pending upon money demands against the city for such water, and the  
 suits against its late Auditor, shall be dismissed.

Yours, very respectfully, SPRING VALLEY WATER WORKS.  
 By CHARLES WEBB HOWARD, President.

**GLOOM!**

The whole commercial world appears to be, at the present moment, in a period of depression, which has even extended itself to our prosperous State of California, and our erewhile still more prosperous city of San Francisco. There are times when, without any apparent or known cause, a blight spreads itself over a whole country, or when a pestilence, equally unexpected and equally irremediable, decimates a population; so in like manner, and with a certain strange regularity, does a commercial blight and an epidemic of commercial stagnation sweep over the whole of the civilized world. We walk through the streets of our young city to-day, and note with feelings of sadness the absence of life and animation in business, and on all sides we hear the same complaint of extreme dullness. It cannot be only owing to the prostration of the stock market, and the consequent depression in real estate by those forced to sell, in order to cover losses. It cannot be in consequence of the exode of our population, for the returns show a continued and steady increase of immigration. A new and most promising field is opening up in Arizona, by reason of the extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad to the Colorado; our crops, spite of the pessimists, are not going to be so bad; the prices of cereals are high, and may be will be higher, and yet everything is awfully gloomy, awfully dull. The same in New York to a greater extent; the like in Great Britain, even more so; still more fearfully is it felt in Germany; least of all in France, although if the ravages of the phylloxera are not arrested, the ruin in the wine districts will be enormous. All over the world, commerce is paralyzed. In our own center, credits are being alarmingly restricted, extending even to the retail traders. Cash or no sale is the cry, and therefore necessarily transactions are much limited, both in number and quantity. Everybody is anxious to sell, even at a sacrifice; to turn everything into cash appears to be the great desideratum, and yet without trade the cash is useless. We suppose, like all scourges, this pestilence will pass away, and that we shall enter upon a more healthy state of affairs; but at present there is no denying that every branch of industry is paralyzed, and all business sick and stagnant. In strange contradiction to this is the placard in large letters on the new building of the Real Estate Associates, on Montgomery street—*wanted, a hundred plasterers to work ten hours a day; wages, four dollars*—and they don't find them, their late laborers having refused three dollars and a half for eight hours. Verily, this is a paradise for the working man. That which he was glad to get per week in Europe to support himself and family, he refuses to take for one short day's work in San Francisco. Many an English clergyman thinks himself happy to secure a living worth two hundred and fifty pounds a year; but it goes begging in the city to secure men to plaster a new building, and this, too, at a time when hundreds and thousands of our business men are not making their expenses.

**Noses.**--A matter of no ordinary importance afflicted with peculiarity of feature came under the consideration of the Birmingham Watch Committee at their recent meeting. The attention of the committee was called by one of the town councillors present to the fact that there was a man going about Birmingham with an extraordinarily large nose, and who was constantly followed by a crowd of boys. The man became irritated at being the object of this ill-timed curiosity, and had thrown several large stones at the boys. It was suggested that the committee should direct a police-constable in plain clothes to follow the man and protect him from insult. The chief officer of police promised to take the necessary steps, and it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in rendering the man with the nose secure from further molestation. He is evidently not inclined to stand any nonsense, and the Birmingham boys will have only themselves to thank if they find the symmetry of their own features somewhat marred by the missiles he hurls at them in a moment of not unnatural irritation.

"Comparative Value of Stocks" is to be the title of a new book by Laura D. It will be an explosive effusion.

### A WARNING TO SANTA CRUZ

That powder-mill explosion, the other day, ought to be taken to heart as a warning by the people of Santa Cruz, ere a worse evil befalls them. Nine tons of powder exploded, killed one man, wounded several, wrecked the buildings, and although the town is two miles distant from the scene, it was considerably shaken and much frightened. Now that was all bad enough, but it was simple child's play compared with that which is in imminent danger of occurring right in their midst. Close to the beach, where bathers delight to disport themselves, and where visitors most do congregate, and in the immediate vicinity of the dwellings of fully six hundred persons, there is a wooden wharf, upon which there is a wooden shanty used as a magazine, and generally containing about one hundred tons of powder. Small vessels, with careless seamen in charge, load there. Steamers lie there, spitting out sparks and flames from their smoke-stacks, and in more than one instance the wharf has actually been on fire. Workmen and others persist in smoking, the warning to the contrary being a dead letter. Should an explosion take place, and it seems almost miraculous that it has not occurred before this, the whole town would inevitably be destroyed. It is a most extraordinary and alarming sight to find yourself alongside of a wagon loaded with powder, having only a canvas covering, and liable at any moment to send you to destruction. Yet just such wagons are to be seen traversing the streets of Santa Cruz almost daily. The Powder Company appears to successfully blind the eyes of the permanent residents to these alarming dangers, but we are persuaded that summer visitors will not permit their vision to be thus tampered with. The truth is, the authorities of Santa Cruz must cure this alarming evil forthwith, or else there must be such a hue and cry gotten up as will deter visitors from patronizing a watering place where their lives are in imminent danger.

### BABY FARMING ON A LARGE SCALE.

There is something terrible in the thought of the existence of a charitable institution in which 402 children less than a year old have died out of 489 which have been admitted. The case is made still worse when we learn that of the 87 children not thus accounted for, 77 have been removed, and only 10 remain in the institution. The unhappy distinction of having a class of its inmates subject to a mortality of 97½ per cent. belongs to the orphanage attached to the Roman Catholic Convent of St. Vincent de Paul, Westminster. Yet the sisters seem to have been personally kind to the infants, and to have been kind in proportion to their means. The children have, in many cases, been received in a miserable condition, and some have died of congenital diseases. But insufficient or improper food and the neglect of sanitary precautions, have been the principal instruments of destruction. There is little doubt that the poor victims would have had a better chance of life if they had been consigned, not to tender and incompetent nurses, but to the probably ruder nurses of the Union. One moral of this sad tale assuredly is, that all places in which large numbers of children are nursed should be subject to systematic medical inspection. The Guardians of St. George's Union have had a meeting on the subject, and a resolution was passed expressing the deepest regret at the large number of deaths, and censuring the managers for having received fresh inmates in the face of such mortality. A motion was also carried that in the opinion of the Board all institutions which undertake the complete maintenance of infant children belonging to the poor should be placed under Government supervision.—*Exeter Flying Post*.

The latest illustration of the growing tendency of American journalism to double-up is at Augusta, Ga., where two newspapers that have been running separately since the last century have been put together. If just half the newspapers of this country could be suddenly suppressed or united to the other half, it would be a great boon to journalism and a great comfort to newspaper readers. Fewer newspapers and better are the need both of the profession and the public, and the papers can't be much better till there are fewer.



**SIBYL'S SONG.**

I know that he is far away,	Oh, I have waited, sad and lone, [by,
And that I cannot see him now ;	Whilst two long years have journey'd
But o'er the sea there comes to me	And no loved voice beside mine own
The echo of a plighted vow.	Has ever sooth'd the saddest sigh.
A voice is wafted from afar,	But now again shall sorrow flee,
As soft the ocean zephyrs blow,	And tender joy usurp its place,
His accents dear I plainly hear	For, oh, to-day the breezes say [pace !
As they were spoken long ago.	Mine own love comes, and comes a-

**CHORUS OF FAYS.**

Love has wings, and o'er the sea  
 Home he brings a voice to thee ;  
 Swift across the snowy main,  
 "I am coming, love, again !"

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

**DR. MEARES' LETTER TO THE SUPERVISORS.**

The following letter has been addressed to the Board of Supervisors: In the interest of humanity, I beseech you to take immediate action in regard to the cleansing of our sewers. In my opinion our death rate is increased more than twenty-five per cent. from this preventable cause alone. So much has been said and written upon this subject during the last ten or twelve months that it is unnecessary for me to elaborate here. The condition of our sewers is certainly well known to you all. That this condition is a frightful cause of disease and death cannot be denied.

From diphtheria alone, to say nothing of other zymotic diseases, we are losing more than a hundred of our children monthly. The destruction of a railroad train, the burning of a theater, the loss of a steamer at sea, strikes a sympathetic cord in the hearts of an entire nation. Yet we permit a preventable cause of disease and death to continue in our midst, exciting but little attention and less action, when, by the expenditure of a few thousand dollars, this cancer of contamination and infection, far more destructive to human life, can be removed.

I am informed that the statutes of 1865-66, pages 437-38, give your honorable body the power to act in this matter. If you have not the power, the sooner it is known to the community the better, for surely there is enough enterprise and benevolence in this intelligent and wealthy city to provide the means to remove this source of infection, which is so largely increasing our death rate, and otherwise producing so much distress among our people.

J. L. MEARES, Health Officer.

**REV. MRS. HANAFORD'S BUMPS.**

Phoebe Hanaford, the preacher, is going clean daft. The other evening she had a phrenologist make a public examination of her head before the congregation she had drawn away from the Jersey City church that dismissed her, in order to certify that she is competent to fill a pulpit. He did this to the admiration of the audience, and several of her opponents were heard to say that, if they had only heard the professor before they took a vote, things might have turned out differently. Mrs. Phoebe took the eulogy of the man of science calmly, and as if she was quite conscious of her many noble attributes. After this extraordinary proceeding was over, the audience were put to the utmost good humor by a young man who sang comic songs, including one imitating a drunken reveler staggering home, with fine breadth of style. This appendix to the advertised entertainment "created a further reaction in Mrs. Hanaford's favor," says the reporter, who, it is to be hoped, has libeled the lady in his narrative.

An American editor says: "Let Turks delight to howl and fight, for 'tis there nature to ; let Bear and Lion growl and bite, for madness made them so. But, Yankees, you should never let your angry passion rise ; don't quarrel ; trade, work hard, lie low, and forward the supplies."

### ROYAL MINT.

The following is a return of the gold received and coined at and issued from the Royal Mint, in William-street, Melbourne, during the year ended December 31st, 1876:

	Oz.
Gross weight of gold on hand, Dec. 31st, 1875.....	16,961,648
Gross weight of gold on hand, Dec. 31st, 1876.....	19,119,034
Gross weight of Victorian gold received in 1876.....	427,878.84
Gross weight of foreign gold received in 1876.....	115,319.75
Total gross weight of gold received during 1876.....	543,198.59
Coin issued during 1876, all in sovereigns.....	£2,124,000 0 0
Value of gold bullion issued in 1876.....	14,144 10 1
Total value of issues of gold.....	2,138,144 10 1

—*Australasian Insurance and Banking Record, for February, 1877.*

**Jean Ingelow** thus briefly and beautifully tells the whole story of life:

Sweet is childhood—childhood's over;  
 Kiss and part.  
 Sweet is youth; but youth's a rover—  
 So's my heart.  
 Sweet is rest; but all my showing  
 Toil is nigh.  
 We must go. Alas the going!  
 Say, 'Good-bye.'"

The tide of ladies' fashion has, I hear, turned in favor of excessive plainness in dress. Materials are still to be rich, but the make is to be severely simple. Short mantels instead of long, and no more gorgeously fanciful embroidery. All ornament is to be reserved for the bonnets, which are to be massive structures, rainbow-hued and a perfect *parterre* of flowers. Ladies are to wear smart dressing-gowns for afternoon tea, and at quiet dinners before a ball. Mr. Worth is making his dresses much shorter, and the present particularly inconvenient long trains are to be abbreviated, which is a blessing for which diners-out will be thankful. In fact, everything is to be simplified and shortened except the Court milliner's bills.—*Atlas.*

Whenever the Turks get into a tight place they depose or strangle a Sultan, and when the Sultan has made a mistake he dismisses his Prime Minister. The last Vizier, according to latest accounts, is to make way for another Effendi, which shows vacillation in the councils of the Porte. Out of this very weakness, and perforce of the evident reluctance of Russia to make the plunge, is the hope that the peace of Europe may not be disturbed. Touchstone's definition of the gradations of a quarrel apply so very exactly in this case, and as he said, even in the last extremity the thing may be avoided. "If you cross the Pruth, then," etc.—"If you don't accept the protocol, then," etc. The whole thing resolves itself into diplomatic threats of war with an—if—

A candidate for admission to the Civil Service spelled juicy "gousy." As he disappointedly turned away he said he might have known that it was spelled "joozey."

## NATIONAL POLITICS.

The doings at Washington of late have been peculiarly interesting, and from a national rather than a party point of view. Whilst the *News Letter*, during the long struggle which followed the casting of the ballots at the presidential election, stoutly maintained that Tilden had been unquestionably elected, it at the same time predicted that if Hayes were inaugurated he would turn out to be a very different Chief Executive Officer than was expected by the extreme politicians who compassed his elevation to that position. We were led to that conclusion by a careful study of his doings. He personally avoided entangling alliances. He made no promises except the very general ones contained in his letter of acceptance. He did not accept General Grant's invitation to meet him at Long Branch. In short, he was studiously and with an evident design, non-committal. Never did a President assume office less fettered by pledges or personal promises. That he seemed to make a point of maintaining that position all through the contest, was some evidence to a dispassionate onlooker that there was a method in his proceedings and a design that, if elected, he would strike out a course for himself. That was our conclusion, and we were not mistaken. His Cabinet was at once a surprise and a gratification. Fancy Evarts and Schurz being in, whilst Morton and Chandler are out! Imagine Key, a moderate man of the South, dispensing Postoffice patronage, whilst Blaine is making pyrotechnic displays against the Administration! Conkling is reserving himself in sullen silence, whilst old Simon Cameron has retired in disgust, and the Foreign Relations Committee will know him no more forever. Florida is peaceable and happy with a Democratic Governor, who was not elected if Tilden was not. South Carolina is in ecstasies of delight with her brave and able Governor and her disenthralment from the curse of carpet-bagery. Louisiana is still unsettled, but the outlook is promising. Nicholls is governing with the consent of the governed, which is evidenced in the strongest possible manner by the fact that to his officials the taxes are being paid. He has secured, or will secure, a majority of the Legislature, even as it was fixed up by the Returning Board in order to oust him. That result attained, there will be no further excuse for interfering with him, and Hayes following his present course to its logical conclusion, will doubtless withdraw the United States troops. Then we shall have the extraordinary sight presented to us of all three Democratic Governors being counted in by the very man in whose behalf the Democratic Presidential candidate was in the same States counted out. This is an event the logic of which is, indeed, strange. If Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida elected Nichols, Hampton and the other man, whose name we forget, as Governors, then whom did they elect as President? We comment upon this circumstance in passing, but it is not worth dwelling upon, it is already a dead issue. Hayes is inaugurated, and that is an end of it, unless, indeed, Tilden's *quo warranto* proceedings should ever come up for decision before a court, many members of which have already expressed an adverse opinion upon his case, but who, disapproving of Hayes' course, may now be not altogether unwilling to change that opinion. Verily, we make history fast hereabouts! The changes are as rapid as the variations in a moving kaleidoscope. It will be quite interesting to watch the developments at the forthcoming session of Congress. The change of base on the part of Hayes will be productive of other changes. He will have to secure Southern Democratic support in both Houses, or he will not be sustained in either House. The House of Representatives is Democratic. The Senate has a Republican majority of four or five, but more than that number will prove bitter enemies of the administration. Out of this complicated state of affairs there will come movements and counter movements that will undoubtedly have great influence upon the future constitution of political parties, and may result in greater peace, comfort and prosperity to the whole nation than has been experienced at any time since the war.

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The gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow" caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.



### SAVINGS BANKS AND NEEDED LEGISLATION.

The next Legislature should by all means provide some better security than now exists against the establishment of mushroom Savings Banks, that start up in the morning and are smashed to earth, as it were, before many suns have set. If there is one class of the community more than another which should be specially protected by wise, discriminating legislation, it is the saving poor. Their motives are of the very best. They desire to protect themselves and families against the thousand-and-one changes and chances of life. They wish to put something by that shall stand them in good stead when sickness, old age or calamity overtakes them. No motive that actuates the human mind is more worthy of being fostered, cherished and protected by the body politic than this. It is a noble, aye, an almost holy instinct. In all well regulated communities it meets with the encouragement it so righteously deserves. In some countries the Government take the matter in hand and see well to it that the savings of the many shall be as secure as the rock of ages. It is a shame and a scandal to this Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, that the failure of Savings Banks, and the consequent robbery of the most deserving class, is of almost daily occurrence. It is for the good of the whole community that all should save in order that none may become a burden upon city and county charities. In this sense there is for all of us, rich and poor alike, a selfish personal interest in this question. It is the thriftless who draw upon our costly Benevolent Asylums and Almshouses. It is the careful money savers who make good citizens, educate families to future usefulness, escape dire poverty and its attendant evils, contribute to the State rather than draw upon it, and finally go down to honored graves, having acted well their part, wherein all the glory lies. It is the duty of the statesman to see that this class is not made the prey of designing scoundrels. The anxiety of the poor to accumulate is at once their strength and their weakness. It is their strength for the reasons we have already given. It is their weakness because in their eagerness they are too ready to look out for the largest promise of interest without having the ability or opportunity to learn without doubt or peradventure where the best security exists. To them a bank is a bank, and one institution is as good as another, and a good deal better if it will only promise larger profits. This anxiety is well represented by the pensioned soldier who recently addressed to Treasurer Sherman that graphic letter which is going the rounds of the daily press, in which he asks for advice and information as to what bonds are the most profitable in which to invest a thousand dollars, which by great privation he has managed to scrape together. There are thousands and tens of thousands like that honest fellow, who are looking out for the largest possible advantage from their investments. Guided by their eagerness, and unrestrained by any exact financial knowledge, they rush into the fraudulent arms of the fellow who, without responsibility and without conscience, has opened a showy bank in a showy building, with the design aforethought of swindling his too confiding customers. The past has been fruitful of just such institutions. The telegraph has almost daily been bringing us along tidings that San Francisco is not alone in its experience of disasters in this direction. We know of banks existing in our midst, and of others projected, which can offer no guarantees of safety, because they possess none. They present the most attractive of exteriors and promise largely, but they are whited sepulchres, full of rotten representations, and in which there will inevitably yet be buried many thousands of honest hopes and aspirations. We call upon legislators, present and expectant, to put an end to these unsafe and fraudulent concerns. It is not to the credit of the Legislature that it has not ere now provided checks, such as efficient audit and publication of facts, to prevent men, who have not money enough of their own to pay their honest debts, from engaging in the business of "taking care" of other people's money. Prevention is better than cure. The former is entirely in the hands of the Legislature. The press might possibly do something toward curing present evils, but the task is at all times a dangerous one, and by reason of the difficulty of getting at the bottom facts of skillfully "prepared" books, it is well nigh impossible in many cases. If this were not so, we could at this moment point to at least two institutions that demand attention, because of their utter hollowness. But we have done enough when we call earnest attention to the subject upon the eve of a legislative election.

**WHAT IS IN JOAQUIN MILLER'S HEAD.**

In a current magazine, Mr. Joaquin Miller publishes the following verse "To Belinda :"

If all the world a garden were,	For honey till I came to you.
And women were but bowers,	Then I should hive within your hair,
If men were bees that busied there,	Its sun and gold together ;
Through all the summer hours,	And I should hide in glory there
O, I would hum the garden through	Through all the changeful weather.

You wish an insect thus to be,	There is another insect, Jo.,
As worded in your sonnet,	You well might be instead :
That every girl, like you, should have	I am not called to write of what
A bee within her bonnet.	Is running in your head.

—Exchange.

**A BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.**

The city and county of San Francisco is a large constructor of public works, and it proposes to enter much more extensively into the business in the future. Soon the carrying out of water supply works will be upon us. It seems inevitable, too, that our sewerage system will involve a large degree of skilled consideration, and the expenditure of much money, ere it is put in a condition creditable to the city. Then the ordinary street work stands very badly in need of more practical and capable treatment. We have been tantalized and worried for years with the worst made streets to be found throughout the civilized world as the product of this or of any other age. We are building a City Hall, slowly to be sure, but nevertheless we believe we are building it, because we read of considerable bills being paid, although we fail to detect that the walls are mounting any higher. That structure is being looked after by three Commissioners, whose identity is likely to be changed by a popular election every two years, and who are then chosen because of their qualifications to discharge other and totally different duties, and not because they are in any sense experts in the art of City Hall building. A Mayor may be a very worthy gentleman and an admirable insurance agent; an Auditor may be a competent accountant, and a City and County Attorney may be, as he is, a sound and honest lawyer; but not one of these good qualities separately, nor the whole of them combined, tend in the slightest degree to convince a practical mind that right men are not in wrong places as Commissioners to build a gigantic City Hall. As if these gentlemen had not already duties incongruous enough to attend to, the selection of a water supply scheme is also entrusted to the same men, with one exception—the District Attorney being substituted for the City and County Attorney as a Water Supply Commissioner. A Street Superintendent, subject to the influences of contractors and of his employés, and to the caprice of popular election, is chosen to meddle with and muddle our abominably bedeviled streets. If any officer, except the good-natured and dauntless Dr. Meares, ever looks into our pestilence-breeding sewers, we must confess we don't know who he is. Yet it is a well understood fact that our sewerage system will have to be completely reconstructed, or an appalling epidemic will almost certainly be the result. Our Supervisors have a sort of general supervision of these matters, but that they are altogether inefficient, if not worse, is what everybody knows. That they are unmistakable failures as constructors of anything, save the roundity of their own pockets, is proven by a thousand disastrous examples. A fitting souvenir to present each Supervisor upon leaving office would be a collection of photographs illustrative of the condition in which he leaves most of our streets. The fact is we have a lot of round pegs in remarkably square holes. It would be impossible to conceive of the whole business being worse attended to. That a change would be for the better seems probable. That it could be for the worse is impossible. A Board of Public Works, made up of scientific engineers and of practical experts, would surely offer better guarantees for more effective results than are obtained, or can be expected, from the numerous incongruous and altogether inefficient bodies that now pretend to supervise our various public undertakings.

## A FACE.

[BY BARTON GREY.]

There is a face I remember,  
 Clear through the shadow of years ;  
 I can see it to-night so plainly—  
 Except now and then for my tears.

A face you would not have fancied ;  
 It would have meant nothing to you ;  
 But to me it has just been the one thing  
 To dream of my whole life through.

There never was aught between us,  
 She never looked into my heart ;  
 Friend unto friend spoke greeting,  
 Friend as from friend did part.

The summers have flushed and faded  
 So often since last we met,  
 I am sure she does not remember—  
 I know I cannot forget !

For the face is here in my dreaming,  
 It walks with me everywhere ;  
 The clear gray eyes gleam on me,  
 Glimmers the golden hair.

The faces of men and women  
 I meet with every day  
 Pass and vanish—but this face  
 Can never fade away.

Whether in life's hard journey  
 The eyes have lost their light ;  
 Whether the mouth's pure sweetness  
 Quivers with pain to-night,

I know not, knowing only  
 It changes not for me ;  
 That face my heart keeps safely  
 And my eyes shall never see.

—*Christian at Work.*

## CANADIAN ANNEXATION.

Goldwin Smith, a shallow prattler upon political economies, exposed and pilloried by Disraeli in *Lothair*, and with a wrecked reputation in his own country, finds a sort of unsatisfying notoriety in this, by occasionally firing off pretentious articles, calculated to please the vanity, rather than to cultivate the intellect, of the people amongst whom he would fain win fame and fortune. His very latest attempt is an altogether autocratic predetermination of Canada's future. Her relations with England "cannot be much longer maintained." Goldwin Smith has been saying about the same thing in reference to all the British colonies for these fifteen years past, but yet time passes along and the "relations" in question are not only "maintained," but they are strengthened. That loyalty which the Britisher feels as a sentiment at home becomes a passion in Australia and the Canadas. Then we are told that Canadian independence is a "lost cause," and that the inevitable end is annexation to the United States. We do not think that any dispassionate, well informed American unites his belief with that of this recreant Englishman. There are many thoughtful citizens of this republic who enjoy frequent opportunities of intercourse with our neighbors across the border. These citizens invariably bear testimony to the fact that the Canadians are "more British than the Britishers themselves," and that whilst annexation is a dream on this side it is an abhorrence on that. Annexation is impossible, and that being so it is idle, nay more, it is mischievous, to raise an issue that can only produce false hopes on the one side and false dreads on the other. If there were no difficulties to be got over in regard to national sympathies, and a love for different institutions, there would yet remain an insurmountable barrier, in our high tariff, and in the necessity for its continuance, to pay off a vast national debt. No! Canadian annexation is impossible, but Canadian friendship is an active, present sentiment, which may be cultivated with advantage, and all the more successfully by dropping irritating issues. Friendly cooperation, and even rivalry, in enterprise and in good works, will be mutually beneficial. That much and but little more may we reasonably expect from any wooing of that cool and distant jade, Miss Canada.

The Chinese Ambassador has been waited upon by a deputation directed to the extinction of the opium trade. In his reply he suggested, through his interpreter, that if the English gave up the opium trade the Dutch would take it. He considered opium eating was a curse to his countrymen, corresponding with that of drunkenness, with which we have to contend, and, priding himself on the colonizing tendencies of his countrymen, he remarked that it was one bad feature that they were likely to spread the vice of opium eating all over the world.



## THE POPULAR UNDERTAKER---WHAT BRET HARTE HEARD IN A SLEEPING CAR.

We had stopped at a station. Two men had got into the car and had taken seats in the one vacant section, yawning occasionally, and conversing in a languid, perfunctory sort of way. They sat opposite each other, occasionally looking out the window, but always giving the stray impression that they were tired of each other's company. As I looked out of my curtains at them, the One Man said with a feebly concealed yawn:

"Yes, well, I reckon he was at one time as popular an undertaker ez I knew."

The Other Man (inventing a question rather than giving an answer, out of some languid social impulse): "But was he--this yer ondertaker--a Christian--had he jined the church?"

The One Man (reflectively): Well, I don't know ez you might call him a perfessin' Christian; but he hed--yes, he hed conviction. I think Dr. Wiley hed him under conviction. Et least, that was the way I got it from him.

A long, dreary pause. The Other Man (feeling it was incumbent on him to say something): But why was he popler ez an ondertaker?

The One Man (lazily): Well, he was kinder popler with widders and widders--sorter soother 'em a kinder keerless way; slung 'em suthin here and there sometimes outer the Book, sometimes outer himself, ez a man of experience ez hed hed sorer. Hed, they say (very cautiously) lost three wives hisself, and five children by this yer new disease--diphthery--out in Wisconsin. I don't know the facts, but that's what got round.

The Other Man: But how did he lose his popularity?

The One Man: Well, that's the question. You see, he introduced some things into ondertaking that waz new. He hed, for instance, a way, as he called it, of manniperlating the features of the deceased.

The Other Man: How manniperlating them?

The One Man (struck with a bright and aggressive thought): Look yer, did yer ever notiss how, generally speakin', onhandsome a corpse is?

The Other Man had noticed this fact.

The One Man (returning to his fact): Why, there was Mary Peebles, ez waz daughter of my wife's bosom friend--a mighty pooty girl and a perfessin' Christian--died of scarlet fever. Well, that gal--I was one of the mourners, being my wife's friend--well, that gal, though I hedn't, perhaps, oughter say--lying in that casket, fetched all the way from some Al establishment in Chicago, filled with flowers, and furbelows--didn't really seem to be of much account. Well, although my wife's friend, and me a mourner--well, now, I was--disappointed and discouraged.

The Other Man (in palpably affected sympathy): Sho! now!

"Yes sir! Well, you see, this yer ondertaker--this Wilkins--hed a way of correcting all that. And just by manniperlation. He worked over the face of the deceased until he produced what the survivin' relatives called a look of resignation--you know, a sort of smile like. When he wanted to put in any extrys, he produced what he called--hevin' reg'lar charges for this kind of work--a Christian's hope."

The Other Man: I want to know!

"Yes. Well, I admit, at times it was a little startlin'. And I've allers said (a little confidentially) that I hed my doubts of its being Scriptooral or sacred, being, ez you know, worms of the yearth; and I relieved my mind to our pastor, but he didn't feel like interferin', ez long ez it was confined to church membership. But the other day, when Cy Dunham died--you disremember Cy Dunham?"

A long interval of silence. The Other Man was looking out the window, and had apparently forgotten his companion completely. But as I stretched my head out of the curtain I saw four other heads as eagerly reached out from other berths to hear the conclusion of the story. One head, a female one, instantly disappeared on my looking around, but a certain tremulousness of her window curtain showed an unabated interest. The only two utterly disinterested men were the One Man and the Other Man.

The One Man (detaching himself languidly from the window): Cy Dunham?

"Yes, Cy never had had either convictions or professions. Uster got drunk and a rascal with permission—wagner. Sarter like the practical son, say a little more on, ez fop ez I am, pater fr in the fact, ez stated to me. Well, Cy one day patered out down at Little Rock and was sent up yer for interment. The fammily, being patered like, of course didn't spare any money on that funeral and it was a new between you and me about ez shapely and first class and prime times affair ez I ever saw. Wagners had put in his entry. He had put in to that patered's fine time Al took—had him hauled up with a Christian's hope. Well, it was about the turning point for that was a one of the main one and the patered himself thought that the fine sighter he drawn somewhere and there was some talk at Don Tibbet's about a regular conference meeting regardin' it. But it wasn't that which made him onpoplar."

Another silence, an expression of reflection from the face of the Other Man of the best desire to know what ultimately settled the probability of the undertaker. But from the curtains of the various berths several eager and one or two even startled faces anxious for the result.

The Other Man, lazily recurring to the last topic: Well, what made him onpoplar?

The One Man quietly: Entry, I think, that is, I suppose, not knowing (what was) all the facts. When Mrs. Widdowson lost her husband about two months ago, though she'd been through the valley of the shadow of death twice, this been her third marriage, hadn't been John Barker's widder—

The Other Man (with an intense expression of interest): No, you're foolin' me!

The One Man (cheerfully): Ef I was to appear before my Maker to-morrow, yes! she waz the widder of Barker.

The Other Man: Well, I s'wore!

The One Man: Well, this Widder Widdowson, she put up a big funeral for the deceased. She had Wilkins, and that undertaker just had hisself out. Just spread hisself. Onfort'nately—perhaps fort'natly in the ways of Providence—one of Widdowson's old friends, a doctor up there in Chicago, comes down to the funeral. He goes up with the friends to look at the deceased, smilin' a peaceful sort of heavenly smile, and eventually sayin' he's gone to meet his reward, and this yer friend turns round, short and sudden on the widder settin' in her pew, and kinder enjoinin', as wimmen will, all the compliments paid the corpse, and he says, says he:

"What did you say your husband died of, marm?"

"Consumption," she says, wiping her eyes, poor critter—"Consumption," says she, "consumption."

"Consumption be d—d," sez he, bein' a profane kind of Chicago doctor, and not both over under conviction. "That man died of strychnine. Look at thet face. Look at thet contortion of them facial muscles. Thet's strychnine. Thet's risers Sardonikus" (thet's what he said; he was always rather profane).

"Why, doctor," says the widder, "thet—thet is his last smile. It's a Christian's resignation."

"Thet be blowed; don't tell me," sez he. "Hell is full of that kind of resignation. It's pizon. And I'll— Why, dern my skin, yes we are; yes, it's Joliet. Wall, now, who'd hev thought we'd been nigh on to an hour?"

Two or three anxious passengers from their berths: "Say; look yer, stranger! Old man! What be you of?"

But the One Man and the Other Man had vanished.

A singular specimen of native English in the shape of a petition for pecuniary help was recently received by an officer at Secunderabad. After imploring the beneficence of the regiment, the applicant stated: "I got three brothers and two sisters including me, but my brothers are dumbless and they have no legs and hands, but for my another sister she have no eyes, and for myself I can't talk, and besides that my brothers and sister they never eat nothin' but bread except milk and sugar, and my brothers and sister they are turned as Christians."

A LITTLE CHILD'S FANCIES.

I think the world was finished at night,  
Or the stars would not have been made ;  
For they wouldn't have thought of having the light,  
If they hadn't first seen the shade.

And then, again, I alter my mind,  
And think perhaps it was day,  
And the starry night was only designed  
For a little child tired of play.

And I think that an angel, when nobody knew,  
With a window pushed up very high,  
Let some of the seeds of the flowers fall through,  
From the gardens they have in the sky.

For they couldn't think *here* of lilies so white,  
And such beautiful roses, I know ;  
But I wonder, when falling from such a height,  
The dear little seeds should grow!

And then, when the face of the angel was turned,  
I think that the birds flew by,  
And are singing to us the songs they learned  
On the opposite side of the sky.

And a rainbow must be the shining below  
Of a place in Heaven's floor that is thin,  
Right close to the door where the children go,  
When the dear Lord lets them in.

And I think that the clouds that float in the skies  
Are the curtains that *they* drop down,  
For fear when we look we should dazzle our eyes,  
As they each of them put on their crown.

I do not know why the water was sent,  
Unless, perhaps, it might be  
God wanted us all to know what it meant  
When we read of the "Jasper Sea."

O! the world where we live is a lovely place,  
But it oftentimes makes me sigh,  
For I'm always trying *causes* to trace,  
And keep thinking "Wherefore!" and "Why?"

Ah! dear little child, the longing you feel  
Is the stir of immortal wings ;  
But infinite Love one day will reveal  
The most hidden and puzzling things.

You have only your duty to try and do,  
To be happy and rest content ;  
For by being good and by being true  
You will find out *all that is meant!*

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**Poison.**—Most gin-palaces in London sell pure poison. It is a fable that victualers use vitrol or turpentine, but they corrode the throats and stomachs of their customers quite as surely by using raw new spirit, which, like Cape brandy, eats the mucous membrane as nitric acid eats a copperplate. In the first place, they buy German spirit made from all sorts of things—wood included—which can be purchased in England at 1s. 5½d. per proof gallon, and this, with 10s. 5d. duty, gives them material at 12s. per gallon delivered. Then they doctor, "flavor," "improve," the poison with prune wine, honey of pine, etc., and sell it as whisky.





## LOVED AND LOST.

[ "GELIEBT UND VERLOREN." ]

Now the city sleepeth,  
 The night is calm and sweet,  
 The dying embers rustle—  
 There's silence in the street.  
 O! how my heart feels lonely  
 As the chill shadows fall;  
 But the spirits softly whisper,  
 I hear their voices call:

Loved and Lost! they sigh,  
 And grief shall never die.  
 Through weary, weary Time,  
 Shall sound the dismal chime,  
 Loved and lost!

Now sinks the failing lamp—  
 All through the lagging night,  
 I hear the tender accents—  
 I see a figure bright.  
 Restore the golden hours—  
 Sweet vision, linger! stay!  
 The spirit softly whispers,  
 And it dissolves away—

Loved and Lost, thy sigh  
 And grief shall never die.  
 All through the weary time  
 Hark to the dismal chime,  
 Loved and Lost.

So pass the heavy hours,  
 I chide the long delay,  
 And the night so chill and dark,  
 I wait the lingering day.  
 At last, the blissful summons,  
 What notes my heart enthrall;  
 I'm coming, I am ready!—  
 I hear their voices call—  
 Loved, not Lost! they cry,  
 For love shall never die.  
 And so through endless time  
 Shall swell the joyful chime,  
 Loved, not Lost!

**Can romance** suggest a stranger adventure than that of two men now in London, which was recounted at the Thames Police Court lately. Picked up in an open boat two hundred miles from the nearest land, somewhere off the coast of Cochin China, the captain of the English barque *Corea* had no option but to bring them on to England. No one on board understood their language, and Captain Adams has failed since his arrival in London to find out who and what they are. They may be Ananites, that is people of Cochin China, or they may belong to Siam, or to Borneo, or even to China proper itself. In his dilemma the captain applied to Mr. De Rutzen at the Thames Police Court, and the magisterial wisdom was exhibited in the recommendation to communicate with their consul. If it cannot be found out what they are, how can their consul be discovered? Who is the Mezzofanti of the present day, who can come to ply the men with all languages and lingoes until he hits upon the right one? Then the half civilized lands round about the sea where they are unwilling voyagers have no consuls in this country. An arrangement was made that the poor fellows should be taken to the Strangers' Home, where they may chance to meet an Oriental who has some words in common with themselves; otherwise we suppose they would have to remain in England until they had learned our language sufficiently to explain where their home is. Meanwhile, what is going on at that home? May we perchance hear some day of another Enoch Arden in real life among the brown men of the East Indies? Not long since some Galway fishermen were returned to their homes whom their friends had given up for lost; a gale had carried them to sea, whence a friendly ship had conveyed them to the United States. But the time for a journey to and from the Cochin China Sea is much longer; and how much may happen at their homes before the two men have learned how to give up the secret of which they are the reluctant possessors?

**The King of Denmark** has given Madame Trebelli-Bettini the Danish decoration, *Litteris et Artibus*, as an acknowledgment of the general admiration which her singing has called forth at Copenhagen.

### AN ANTIENTE LAWE FOR YE PRACTISE OF YE HEALINGE ARTE.

An English paper doth learnedly saye: "By way of compensation for the jurisdiction of temporal courts in spiritual matters, there exists a most curious piece of ecclesiastical authority over a secular learned profession, which we believe is not generally known. The statute 3 Henry VIII., cap. II, recites that "the science and cunning of physick and surgery, to the perfect knowledge whereof be requisite both great learning and ripe experience, is daily within this realm exercised by a great multitude of ignorant persons, of whom the great part have no manner of insight in the same nor in any other kind of learning \* \* \* to the high displeasure of God, great infamy to the faculties, and the grievous hurt, damage and destruction of many of the King's liege people, most specially of them that cannot discern the uncunning from the cunning;" and proceeds to enact, "to the surety and comfort of all manner of people," that no person in the city of London or within seven miles of the same shall practice as a physician or surgeon, "except he be first examined, approved and admitted by the Bishop of London or by the Dean of Poules for the time being, calling to him or them four doctors of physick, and for surgery other expert persons in that faculty." Country practitioners must in like manner be approved by the bishop of the diocese. Persons practicing without this approval, whether in London or the country, are liable to forfeit £5 per month. This remarkable Act appears to have never been expressly repealed; the framers of the present Medical Act had presumably forgotten its existence, and we are not aware that the medical profession has ever brought it forward as a grievance."

In our merrye cite of holye Sainte Francis are manye and divers wicked people who doe most evilly administer drugs and compound herbes. The same are of a variety knowne as "quacks," and for their soule's good have we been moved to cotype thys and manye other utterances.

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**A New Enemy to Trout.**—Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Mercer writes from Weymouth that many rivers in America are very much choked with a weed very difficult to eradicate, and from which a worm is produced which seizes on the largest trout and eats through every part of the fish until it becomes unfit for food. Both these nuisances are now established in the Frome, near Dorchester; the gallant colonel having taken two large trout in one day which were both perfectly black and unfit for food. A large trout lately caught was cut open, and a quantity of the worms were found eating through the fish. A few years ago, when the weed was unknown, many bridges of wood were thrown across the river by the railway company. This wood came from America and doubtless carried the seed of the weed in some of its splits and cracks. When the piles were driven into the river, the weed was planted into its element, and soon spread down the river, covering it in the summer like a mat, and spoiling the fishing. The worm is bred in the weed.

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**A fine specimen** of the rough-legged buzzard (*archi luteo lagopus*) has been captured alive at Kilburn, beneath the Cleveland Hills, under somewhat novel conditions. It seems that a man named Barker, a horse-breaker, was leading a young horse through a gate when he was fiercely attacked by a large bird, which he overpowered, after a hard struggle. The bird proved to be a fine rough-legged buzzard, measuring from tip to tip of his wings 4ft. 10 inches. It has since been secured by Mr. Geo. Edson, of Maltby, and added to his admirable ornithological collection. The rough-legged buzzard is a much more courageous bird than the common species. It is found in all northern countries of the globe, and occasionally in England, but it is very rarely known to breed there.



### THE LATE CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, the friend and tutor of the poet Keats, and himself the author of many charming works. Mr. Clarke was born in 1788, and was therefore in his ninetieth year. His father was the master of a school at Enfield, where Keats was educated; and whatever classical attainments the young poet possessed were derived from Mr. Clarke, who was a good scholar, and acted as usher in his father's school. It was by Mr. Clarke that Keats was introduced to Leigh Hunt, who had so large a share in directing and encouraging the genius which was to produce "Hyperion" and "The Eve of St. Agnes." In his Autobiography Leigh Hunt describes Mr. Clarke as "a man of a most genial nature and corresponding poetical taste, admirably well qualified to nourish the genius of his pupil;" and also speaks of him as having an "ever young and wise heart." His own contributions to literature were numerous. He published two works on the earliest of our great poets, "The Riches of Chaucer," and "Tales from Chaucer, in Prose." He was associated with Mrs. Clarke (a sister of Clara Novello) in the composition of that admirable work, the "Concordance to Shakspeare, and in the editorship of an edition of the great dramatist's plays, published by Messrs. Cassell. He was likewise the author, in association with Mrs. Clarke, of some delightful books for the young, and during the last few years contributed largely to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where he but recently completed an interesting set of reminiscences of his celebrated friends. The loss of Mr. Clarke will be deplored by all who knew his amiable and attractive qualities. He had for many years resided in Italy, and his death took place on the 13th ult., at Villa Novello, Genoa.

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### NEWS FROM THE PLANET JUPITER.

Curious news has just been received in Australia from the planet Jupiter. Instead of being composed of ice and cold water, as was supposed by Whewell, it is now certain that it is in a condition of intense heat. The body of the planet is surrounded with an atmospheric envelope, loaded with mazes of heated cloud. This is proved by the curious way in which the moons have become temporarily obscured as they pass behind the planet out of sight; in fact, the moons, under certain conditions, may be seen apparently through the planet, or rather through parts lying thousands of miles within the apparent outline. This is a most interesting fact. A few astronomers had already inferred that such must be Jupiter's condition, but it remained for the Australians to prove it by direct observation.

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Let the British farmer look out! The Colorado beetle is making his way dangerously. He has been caught at Bremen, upon goods which came from New York, and the disagreeable visitant is not now quite a stranger in other places in Germany. Lord Stanley, of Alderley, was not a moment too soon in directing the attention of Parliament to the enemy that is so near our shores. There is hope, however, in the fact that the Commissioners of Customs are on the alert. They have issued a circular to the collectors of customs at the various ports in the United Kingdom, directing that instructions already given for detecting the beetle be at once applied to potatoes imported from Bremen or any other place in the German Empire.

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**Court Mourning in St. Petersburg.**—In consequence of the death of the infant Grand Duke Alexander Vladimirovitch, grandson of the Emperor of Russia, the Imperial Court has gone into mourning for four weeks. The theaters in St. Petersburg remained closed for three nights, and the Baron von Schwenitz, German Ambassador, has postponed a rout which was to have been given on the 23d instant.

### CHARITY.

Only a drop in the bucket, But every drop will tell; The bucket would soon be empty Without the drops in the well.	Only some outgrown garments— They were all I had to spare; But they'll help to clothe the needy, And the poor are everywhere.
Only a poor little penny, It was all I had to give; But as pennies make the guineas, It may help some cause to live.	A word now and then of comfort, That costs me nothing to say; But the poor old man died happy, And it helped him on the way.
A few little bits of ribbon And some toys—they were not new; But they made the sick child happy, Which has made me happy, too.	God loveth the cheerful giver, Though the gift be poor and small; What doth He think of His children When they never give at all?

### THANK YOU!

The Americans are certainly ingenious in inventing new phrases. I see in a recent number of that "larkiest" of prints, the *'Frisco News Letter*, which is a welcome visitor in London, a paragraph which runs as follows: "We are told that a very truthful, but somewhat intemperate, child of Bohemia, who is fond of good dinners and high living, says that whenever he sees a well-roasted canvas-backed duck, it makes his mouth whisky. His regard for veracity entirely prevents him from using the well-known phrase, 'make your mouth water,' as that highly-vilified-and-of-late-much-abused beverage is an article he cannot criticise, never having tasted it."—*London Court Circular*.

Hundreds of journals copy bodily our *Town Crier*, and other items, without even the decency of crediting the source from which they are derived; others, notably some Eastern illustrated papers, change the caption of articles, and unblushingly insert them as original. We have no objection to being copied, but we like the corn to be occasionally acknowledged.

### RELICS.

As a rule, relics are rubbishing things, unless you can sell them to the Egyptians for pieces of silver and pieces of gold. What is the use of a brick from Jack Cade's house? It might be anybody's house. Or Lord Bacon's autograph? It may be the production of a clever begging-letter impostor. Or Buddha's tooth? It may have been your tooth, or mine, which we parted with years ago, not without agony, to the dentist. I remember bringing away with me from Mexico a bit of the bark of the tree—el Arbol de la Noche Triste—against which they say Hernan Cortez leant during the whole of that terrible night when the Aztecs made their last despairing effort to recover the city of Tenostitlan. I prized that relic very highly, but a little black dog of mine ate it up one day for a frolic; nor at this time of day, I fancy, am I much the worse for being bereft of that memento of the Tree of the Rueful Night. There are, to my thinking, but three relics in the world that are worth prizing—your mother's wedding-ring, and a lock of the hair of the woman you have loved, and the toys of a little child that is dead.—*G. A. Sala*.

His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil observed the eclipse of the moon on the evening of the 27th, at the Arcetri Observatory. The Emperor took a very lively interest in the phenomenon, and discussed with acuteness the hypothesis with which Professor Tempel, the astronomer, and Professor Echert tried to explain the varying shades and colors in which the moon appeared during the different phases of obscuration. On Monday last his Majesty assisted at a meeting of the Anthropological Society, when Professor Mantegazza made some interesting remarks on several Maori skulls, and Professor Giglioli read an elaborate paper on the ethnology of Brazil.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**The Eclectics.**--At the annual meeting of the Eclectic Medical Association, in Dashaway Hall, but fifteen members were present. The minutes of the last annual meeting were amended to show that the certificate of fellowship in the possession of Dr. C. F. Draper, who was expelled from the society, was annulled, and the Secretary was directed to request Dr. Draper to surrender the certificate. The Board of Examiners reported in favor of the applications of Drs. W. O. Buckland, J. S. Carter and W. G. Samuels for admission to membership. A permanent Executive Committee was appointed, consisting of Drs. Clayton, Summers and Mason. A number of reports were received and referred. Dr. E. de F. Curtis presented to the society 2,000 copies of the annual address delivered by Dr. J. H. Bundy before the Society at the December meeting, which he had printed at his own expense. The thanks of the Society were tendered to Dr. Curtis. Dr. Warren asked leave to submit a new set of by-laws which he had prepared, but after some discussion it was decided not to admit them.

**Further Discoveries in Tar.**—The dirty product known as tar is the Africa of the chemist. Everyone who dips into it and make explorations is sure to find a new substance to reward him for his trouble. Those who were earliest in the field came upon paraffine, solar oil, creosote, and then followed a long line of exquisite colors; this branch of the subject being apparently exhausted, more skillful chemists discovered carboic acid, and, subsequently, a way of manufacturing salicylic acid; then followed a whole progeny of sweet odors, including artificial oil of winter-green, all of which were made from the noisome tar; finally, a German chemist has found in the creosote of beech-wood a substance out of which he has produced, by means of chloroform and excess of soda-lye, a fragrant substance closely resembling in flavor and odor the celebrated vanilla bean. The new product is called vanilline, and it is already extensively used as a substitute for the native vanilla for all purposes where the bean was formerly employed.

**The last of the giants of East Anglia** is no more. His name was Benjamin Daniels, and he was born and lived all his life as a farmer at Scratby, on the coast, about six miles north of Yarmouth, and five miles from Somerton, the birth and resting-place of Hales, the Norfolk giant. He died on the sixth of this month, and on the 12th was buried in the adjoining village—Ormesby St. Margaret—the funeral being witnessed by a large concourse. His age was 54, height 6ft. 6in., weight 24 stone, width from shoulder to shoulder across the back 20in., symmetry grand, strength great, frequently loading his own wagon with corn by carrying four bushels of wheat under each arm at one time, and he has brought wreckage off the beach which had foiled three men. When in great haste to have his farm work done, horses being much engaged, he has been seen harnessed to one of his harrows and cultivating the land. He has left a widow, but no family. He was an exceedingly good-natured man.

**As a peculiarly Prussian trait**, it may be recorded that among the gifts presented to his Majesty, the Emperor, lately, there was an engraving by Prince Henry, and a book bound by Prince Waldemar, the two younger sons of the Crown Prince. Under the thrifty habits of the dynasty, each of its Princes, it is well known, in order to become acquainted with the popular aspect of life, has to learn a craft. His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince is a compositor, and the German Emperor a glazier. It is related of King Frederick William I. that when in his younger years he was inured to husbandry, he had a plow, on which were engraved these words, *sic itur ad astra*. His successors have remained true to the motto, as well as to their ancestors' practical method of enforcing it by dint of hard work.

**One of the great advantages** of the new electrical invention for the transmission of sound, is, that you can telephoney story in Boston and make your friends laugh in New Orleans.



Some one will evidently have to do for the sham baronets what the *San Francisco News Letter* is doing for the sham doctors. For it is mournfully noted in the new edition of *Debrett* that *soi-disant* baronets are increasing apace; that many directors of public companies have not a shadow of a right to the baronetcy they unwarrantably assume. Appropriately headed by a death's-head and cross-bones, the journal alluded to prints a list of the names of some two hundred quacks, prefaced with the pertinent demand, "Gentlemen, you call yourselves doctors; have you diplomas?" A similar test might justly be applied to English titled impostors; and we would suggest that *Debrett*, having been the first to direct attention to the subject, should in the next edition be the first to bell the cat.

Lord Beaconsfield's love for pipes is keen, and is well-known among his more intimate friends. One of these, calling on him one morning, was surprised to see on the table a long case not unlike a coffin stuck all over with colored labels. When Mr. Disraeli entered the room he, while talking, opened the box, and took therefrom a variety of pipes of every possible kind and shape, from handsome hookahs to dwarf dudgeons. He handled them with great care and affection, explaining that the case had followed him from place to place on the Continent always a day too late, and had been sent to London in the last resort, the carriage costing over £8. The pipes were for the Conservative leader's unrivaled collection, and were transferred to his house in Whitehall two years ago.

The King of Italy has been pleased to confer the title of "Cavalier della Corona d'Alia" upon Dr. Filippo Filippi, the great art critic of Italy, whose incessant vigilance and uncompromising musical criticisms have so largely contributed to the maintenance of the Milanese School of Music. Dr. Filippo Filippi's late work, *Musica Musicisti*, is considered the most complete history of the operatic stage as well as of the progress of instrumental art in modern times, which has appeared. The work has been translated into German, and has already given rise to endless controversies between the fanatics of the Italian school and those of the music of the future as represented by Wagner.—*Court Journal*.

Intelligence has been received of the death of Prince Charles William Louis, of Hesse-Darmstadt, father of Prince Louis, husband of Princess Alice of England. Prince Charles was brother of Louis III., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, chief of the grand ducal line, and was born April 23d, 1809. He became a general of infantry Hessian troops, and also proprietor of the 4th Regiment of Hessian Infantry. He married on October 22d, 1836, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of William Prince of Prussia, and cousin german of the reigning Emperor. By this marriage there were four children, Prince Louis, Prince Henry, Prince William, and the Princess Anne.

It is reported that the Duchess of Edinburgh, on leaving Malta, will, after a short stay in England, go to Denmark, where her Royal Highness will spend the greater part of the summer and the autumn. The pretty little château of Fredensborg is said to have been fixed upon as her residence.

The Pope, in acknowledgement of the 10,000fr. lately presented him by the Comte de Chambord, has sent him a splendid mosaic, one-half representing Pagan Rome in gloom and clouds, and under the shadow of death, and the other half Christian Rome, illuminated by the light of Truth.

The Sultan was the plaintiff in an action commenced in the Chancery Division, recently, with respect to a steamship now lying in the Thames. The defendants are the Union Bank of London, at whose application the matter was to stand over for a week.

Lady Abercromby (one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and an artist of no mean pretensions) has painted an admirable portrait of the Princess Beatrice, which her Majesty has graciously accepted.

The bullion shipments from the bonanza mines on the 11th amounted to \$180,000.

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**NOTABILIA.**


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**It is not a pleasant thing** to go to a picnic, fall violently in love with one of California's brightest maidens, and then be prevented from calling on her because your head swells up, and you are laid up for three weeks from the effect of "poison oak." During those twenty-one days the good impression you made is entirely effaced, and when you leave your sick room, all over blisters, and call on her, she turns from you with aversion, and you find out she's engaged to another fellow. All this can be averted by using the **GRINDELIA LOTION**, the only sure antidote to poison oak, prepared by Jas. G. Steele & Co., No. 316 Kearny street, S. F.; price \$1.00 per bottle, sent C.O.D. anywhere.

**It is a painful fact** that the average boarding-house keeper never observes the customs of the church more rigidly and persistently than during lent. People are foolish to board, when they can have all the advantages of a hotel, and the quiet of a family combined, by visiting Swain's Original Bakery, at 213 Sutter street, above Kearny. Elegant cooking, moderate prices, and refined surroundings, make this *par excellence* the resort for ladies and gentlemen.

**Dr. E. de F. Curtis, M. D., etc.,** may be consulted at his office and residence, 520 Sutter street, between Powell and Mason streets, daily, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M.; on Sundays from 11 to 2 only. Dr. Curtis is licensed to practice medicine under the new Medical Act; his publications can be obtained from A. L. Bancroft & Co., sole agents for the Pacific coast, or from the author, Dr. Curtis, 520 Sutter street, S. F.

**A Vermont mother remarked,** "Yes, I want my daughter to study rhetoric; for she can't fry pancakes now without smoking all the house up." We will bet \$100 gold coin that if the poor girl only had a good stove she could have fried the pancakes all right. The king of all cooking-stoves is the Union Range, for which Mr. De La Montanya, on Jackson street, below Battery, is the agent. Call and see his immense stock of hardware.

**The parishioners** of a clergyman in Scotland, in expressing to him their aversion to the use of manuscript sermons, urged: "What gars ye take up your bit papers to the pulpit?" He replied that it was best, for really he could not remember a sermon, and must have his paper. "Weel, weel, min'ster, if ye canna remember the sermon, then dinna expect that we can."

**He went softly behind the door** and murmured, "I'm a man of very quiet tastes." Then he took a flask from his pocket and tasted something. God bless him! It was the purest and best liquor in the world, and did him good. It was genuine O.K. Cutter Whisky, for which A. P. Hotaling, 429 to 431 Jackson street, is agent. This item is strictly true.

**If you want to be in style** you will wear an amethyst ring on the third finger of your left hand. Also cough sadly now and then, as if you were the last of an illustrious family. Above all, to be really in the fashion you should buy your carpets, oil-cloths, window-shades, curtain materials, etc., from John J. Mountain, 1020 Market street, and 15 Eddy street.

**A Japanese maiden,** who is now being educated in this country, says that all her people want is Christianity, scissors, wedding breakfasts, and good furniture. N. P. Cole & Co., of 220 to 226 Bush street, manufacture the most elegant furniture ever seen. Their lounges, easy chairs, bed-room and parlor sets, have never been equaled in the history of the New World.

**We take pleasure in calling attention to the card of Dr. L. C. Cox,** in our advertising columns. The Doctor has had twenty years' experience in the practice of medicine and surgery, in Maryland and Washington, D. C. He is a graduate of the medical department of Yale College, as well as of the New York Medical College, and has also held a position on the medical staff at Blackwell's Island, N. Y., giving while there special attention to the diseases of women and children.

**J. M. Litchfield & Co.,** the well-known tailors, have now completed all the arrangements of their new store on Montgomery street, near California, and have everything in working order. Their enterprise in moving to the very center of our business quarter is already reaping the reward it deserves. Their custom and ready-made clothing needs no word of praise from us. It is simply the best in the city.

**"Oh! sharper than a serpent's child it is to have a thankless tooth!"** All of which may be obviated by visiting Dr. Jessup, on the corner of Sutter and Montgomery streets. His knowledge of dentistry is acknowledged to be unsurpassed, and his practical skill in the construction of sets of teeth is without a rival. The celluloid plate invented by Dr. Jessup is a marvel of the dentist's art.

**There isn't anything very funny about the tail of a rabbit,** even if brevity is the soul of wit; and there isn't anything very funny about drinking waterbugs, or swallowing the cheerful cyclops. No one need do this if they will only use Bush & Milne's patent Silicated Carbon Filter. It is the best in the world. Call and see them, under the Grand Hotel.

**A man admired the photograph** of his wife, recently taken, because, as he remarked, the mouth was in such graceful repose. A man with a talkative wife should never have her photographed by Bradley & Rulofson, because, although they take the most superb pictures ever seen, they are "speaking" likenesses.

**Little drops of water, little grains of corn,** make the festive Bourbon and the morning horn; which fact reminds us that, of all the places to buy "the festive Bourbon," F. & P. J. Cassin, of 523 Front street, is one of the best. They are agents for the O.K. Golden Plantation Whisky, Heidsieck Champagne, and several other well-known brands.

**"No pains will be spared,"** as the quack said when he sawed off a patient's finger to cure a felon. This is also the motto of F. S. Chadbourne & Co., the celebrated Importers of, and dealers in, Furniture and Bedding, of 727 Market street. They spare no pains to import the best goods obtainable.

**The way to preserve the cerebellum, cranium, tibia, femur, pia mater medulla,** and all the Latin part of your inside, is to drink Gerke Wine. The agent is I. Landsberger, 10 and 12 Jones Alley. He is also agent for brands, in many other languages, which cannot be surpassed.

**A great many poker players** complain that they can't get a sight for their hand. If they would only go to Muller, the optician, of 135 Montgomery street, they would get what is better still—sight for their eyes.

**A young man at a musical party,** being told to "bring out the old lyre," brought out his mother-in-law. The perfection of modern lyres is the Hallet & Davis Piano. Badger, 13 Sansome street, is the agent.

**The various Temperance Societies** are uniting with the hot copper sufferers in one grand object. Their idea is to present a testimonial to the proprietors of the mineral water they both love so well, viz: Napa Soda.



## THE "WORLD" ON HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography*, with memorials, by Maria Weston Chapman, 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.). 'From my youth upwards I have felt that it was one of the duties of my life to write my autobiography.' When this is the opening sentence of a memoir, we may know what to expect as its sequel. But autobiographical egotism has never before reached such a point as it consistently maintains throughout these three volumes. When Jeremy Bentham was on his deathbed, he observed that there was only one thing which he had to regret—that it had not been possible always to have by him a stenographer who could have taken down his every utterance. A similar sentence must often have secretly possessed Harriet Martineau. That she was a clever, learned, industrious woman, an incisive and versatile writer, a close observer, an acute critic, a woman who had a varied experience of men and manners, and who had supplemented a tenacious memory by copious records and notes, every one knew. The story of such a life could not fail to be interesting and instructive, and the autobiography will make its mark as one of the books of the year. But it was impossible to be prepared for the display of such a combination of overweening self-complacency, self-involvement, sheer vanity, intolerance, indifference to the opinion of others, arrogance, and at times sheer spite, as these pages reveal. The scurrility and the bitterness of the article which Croker wrote in the *Quarterly* on the supposed Malthusianism of Miss Martineau become intelligible and almost excusable by the light of these memoirs; and one may even feel some satisfaction at the thought 'that it was generally agreed there was no one who could massacre a she-Radical like Rigby.' To herself Miss Martineau was the centre of the universe, and her mind creation's shrine; her philosophic and economical works were the highest utterances of human wisdom, the *Daily News* the ideal and the type of all possible journalistic excellence. Periodical writing she regarded as 'immoral in an artistic sense' before she adopted it herself, when it straightway became a consecrated mission. For sometime she considered that *Household Words* was all that could be wished. Charles Dickens declined to adopt all her theories and views, and Miss Martineau began to have her doubts and fears. A little later it appeared that both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Wills were audacious enough to have principles and convictions of their own, which were not in accord with the dogmas of Miss Martineau. The lady was of course furious, wrote Mr. Wills a rude and impertinent letter, which is given *in extenso* in this memoir, and transferred her contributions to the *Daily News*. Here she found herself at home, and it must be confessed that she has effectively bequeathed to that Nonconformist print traditions of smug superiority which it successfully preserves. No wonder that the then editor of the paper, who, it appears, when he received the intelligence, was 'very poorly from influenza,' found the letter from Miss Martineau in 1866 announcing her intention to discontinue her connection with the *Daily News*, have 'such an effect upon him that he was quite unable to reply to it.' Newspaper writing was Miss Martineau's *metier*. She excelled in it: she was, in fact, a born journalist, who had received an altogether superior training. She could write on anything; and everything she wrote she wrote well, vigorously, and clearly. Her views were her own, and they were as admirably expressed as they were distinctly conceived. Sociology, science, political economy, the agricultural laborer, sanitary questions, local government, the financial and commercial problems of the day—on all these Miss Martineau had ideas of her own, and was eminently qualified to write. The first twenty years of her literary life had been a preparation for the career of journalism, and such a preparation as few journalists have. She had acted as a universal kind of intellectual midwife; she had translated Comte. She had introduced many other speculative and practical novelties to the public of Great Britain. She had traveled. She had tried her hand on the business of local administration at Ambleside; she had accustomed herself to write with regularity, rapidity, and precision. Original she was not; but she had the remarkable gift of imparting to views and opinions which she discovered or adopted a certain degree of fascinating freshness. All these things made her invaluable to the *Daily News*. The gratitude of that journal and its school is properly due to Harriet Martineau, the best wo-

man journalist that ever lived. That is her position in literature ; and if she is remembered at all fifty years hence, she will be remembered as that and nothing more. Her friend, Mrs. Chapman, has performed a work of supererogation in constructing the estimate of a character which stands forth unmistakably portrayed throughout the whole of the autobiography in true womanly charity. Miss Harriet Martineau seems to have been singularly deficient in true womanly delicacy and tact. She forfeited the friendship of Charlotte Brontë because she lectured her with almost brutal candor on what she (Harriet Martineau) considered her literary faults. Conscious that she is the cynosure of her own empyrean ; always morbidly mindful of the fact that every one knows her, is looking at her, is thinking of her ; and strong in the conviction that she is free from all weakness or flaw—she draws up a minute catalogue of the imperfections of her acquaintances and friends, allowing occasionally to them, with an air of contemptuous condescension, a few merits. Of Tom Moore she says that he had coarseness unredeemed by trace of wit. Sydney Smith was wordily minded, unspiritual, and artificial. Macaulay was a failure in literature and politics, and a plagiarist as well. Of Bulwer she writes that the spectacle of him in society, 'on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries, he and they dizen and perfumed, presented the nearest picture to a seraglio to be seen on British ground.' Of Coleridge she tells us that his philosophy and moralizing were most like the action of Babbage's machine. Of Miss Mitford the best she can say is that she wrote a graphic style. Her estimates of Dickens and Thackeray are in a similar vein of disparagement. Miss Martineau, who is bitter, after the manner of superior women, against the vanity of men, has a good deal to say on the vanity of her own sex ; yet the manner in which she says it shows that it was the absence of the gratification of precisely that vanity in herself which gave the sting to her remarks. She sneers at the petty homage from men of which some of her sisters are proud, and then protests that she never cared to receive, such homage herself. Deafness and ear-trumpet notwithstanding, she tells us that her receptions in London were eminently unpopular and successful. As for novels, the theater—unless the intellectual interpretation of Shakespeare by Macready—the pleasures of the table, levity of conversation, Miss Martineau is perpetually reminding us that she was above all that sort of thing. As for religion and theology, she and Mr. Atkinson had made up their minds there was nothing in it ; and Christianity she looked down upon as an absurd superstition which she has herself effectually discredited. But here surely Miss Martineau might have ceased her efforts at intellectual despotism over her fellow creatures. Having established, to her own satisfaction, that she was the only trustworthy mentor and authority in time, it is too much to have to accept her as our infallible instructress for eternity.

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**What is Madame Patti's age, and to what country does she belong ?** There would seem to be considerable doubt on both these subjects. It has been frequently stated, since the recent scandal, that the *diva* is in her thirty-seventh year ; but this does not seem to be correct, as Vapereau and all the biographies agree that she was born in the spring of '43, though somewhat at variance as to the month. She is generally believed to have been born of Italian parents at Madrid, although there are not a few Americans who are firmly convinced "the American nightingale" first saw the light in the States. The last story I have heard is that the Marquise—we must not say the ex-Marquise as yet, I suppose—is really the daughter of a Jew dealer in Houndsditch, and that she was sent to spend some years in America in order to efface the East-end connection, and to give her that exotic air English people so much approve of in singers, it being a well-known fact that no Englishwoman can hold a candle to a foreigner on the operatic stage. What countrywoman, then, is Madame Patti—Spanish, or Italian, or American ? Her marriage-certificate she was married at the French Consulate here in London, I believe—would clear up the matter, French law being much more particular than our own in such matters.—*Atlas*.

**HOUSEKEEPING.**

Deck your house from inward out,	Then as worldly station calls,
Let there be an inmost shrine	All your home in order set,
Where to praise with gifts devout	Nor through hasty pride forget,
Love both human and divine ;	Chambers still outrank the halls.
After that, the holiest room	After, if you more can spend,
Heap with choicest things that grow ;	Neatly decorate the shell ;
Spare not gold nor silver show,	Next your crumbling fences mend,
Ambergris, nor forest bloom,	Lay your road beds deep and well—
Man's wrought marvels daintiest,	But beware lest these beguile
Colored canvas, chiseled stones,	Care on outward things to waste ;
Comfort's few, but all that's best,	Save in heart-cells fair and chaste,
Each that special beauty owns.	Where does fortune really smile ?

—*Scrubner.***SUTRO SPEAKS.**

**The Tunnel in the Comstock nearly Completed—How the Mining Companies will be made to Pay Tribute—A Remarkable Feat of Engineering.**

Adolph Sutro, proprietor and General Superintendent of the Sutro Tunnel, who has been the best abused man this side of the Rocky Mountains for the past ten years, a man of perfect physique and indomitable will, which latter characteristic the Comstock mining magnates have more than once bitterly acknowledged, arrived in this city recently from Washington and Nevada. In view of the fact that the Sutro Tunnel is nearly completed, and that its completion will settle many vexed questions now agitating the public mind—that in regard to the "single-ledge" theory among others—and that it will also exert a very decided influence on mining on the Comstock, a representative of the *Chronicle* was commissioned to call upon Mr. Sutro for an expression of his views of the situation. Mr. Sutro was found at the Baldwin, with his family, in rugged health and intellectually calm, with the assurance of a successful ending of the onerous labors which have engaged his attention since 1863. Upon stating the object of his visit, the *Chronicle* Commissioner was frankly invited to propound whatever questions he desired, and he complied with the request in the following manner:

REPORTER—The *Chronicle* is desirous of learning something authoritative in regard to the progress of the Sutro Tunnel—when it will be completed, and what steps, if any, will be taken to secure the observance of the terms of your franchise as granted by Congress.

MR. SUTRO—Well, the "header" of the tunnel is now in something like 16,500 feet from the mouth. The total distance from the mouth of the tunnel to the Savage mine is about 19,500 feet. You will therefore see we have about 3,000 feet to go yet before we tap that mine.

"When do you expect to reach the Savage mine?"

"About February 1, 1878."

"What do you propose to do when you get to the Comstock, in the event of the mining companies refusing to pay you the royalty of \$2 per ton on every ton of ore hoisted out of the Comstock, as granted by the terms of the law of Congress?"

"We don't propose to go to law. So soon as we cut the Comstock lode I shall address a note to all of the Comstock companies and ask them whether they wish to avail themselves of the tunnel, and whether they intend to comply with the terms of the contracts which they entered into, and the laws of Congress."

"Did not these contracts require that work should be commenced on the tunnel at a certain time, and that a certain amount of money should be expended on the work every year? And do not these companies now claim that the terms of these contracts were not complied with by the Sutro Tunnel Company?"

"It is true that the contracts provide that we should have commenced work August 1, 1868, while we did not commence until October, 1869. But the delay was caused by the managers of the mining companies them-



selves, who combined together to harass and annoy us, to prejudice the money market against us by repeated newspaper attacks, and even repudiated subscriptions amounting to \$650,000 which they had made. It would hardly be fair for them to complain now of the delay in commencing the work, when they themselves conspired to cause such delay. Furthermore, the law of Congress, on which we base our claims, contains no provision whatever as to the time to be consumed in the construction of the tunnel."

"Why did these people conspire, after entering into these contracts, to delay the progress of the work? Why did they also repudiate their subscriptions?"

"At the time the contracts were made the mining manipulators did not fully comprehend the importance this tunnel would play after its completion. But after they had read my publications on the subject, to the effect that the tunnel after its completion would not only drain the water from the mines, but that it would create a cheaper outlet for ores, with greater facilities for concentration and reduction at its mouth, they perceived that milling, out of which the rings have always made fortunes, would be to a great extent taken from their hands and would be done at a cheaper rate—I will venture to say fifty per cent. cheaper—and the conclusion became inevitable that they must either control the tunnel or lose the enormous profits which they would make out of the reduction of ores, tailings, transportation, the sale of wood, etc. They considered it a much easier task to break up our concern financially, and thus control it, than to buy us out. As a result the war against us commenced, under the leadership of Ralston, Sharon and other parties, who have since controlled the mill and mining rings. Another interest has played a considerable part in the opposition: that is, the wood interest. Wood can be floated down the Carson river to within a mile and a half of the mouth of the Sutro tunnel and delivered there at \$6 50 a cord. It can be taken through the tunnel, and hoisted through shafts in Virginia at a cost not exceeding \$2 per cord and sold in Virginia at \$9 per cord. The present price is \$12 per cord. The Sutro tunnel will offer every facility to mining companies to own their own mills at the mouth of the tunnel, which will reduce the profits of mill rings and transfer whatever profits there may be to the pockets of the stockholders. In short, the Sutro tunnel is a work which is greatly in the interest of the legitimate owners of the mines—the stockholders—and all the opposition to it has emanated from the parties who are looking to their own interests, and not to those of the stockholders."

"Do you claim any other merits for the tunnel besides the drainage of water, cheaper transportation and cheaper facilities for reduction?"

"I do; for I know that the neighborhood of the Comstock mines has not begun to be explored as yet. None of the mines have ever drifted any considerable distance either east or west for fear of tapping large quantities of water and being drowned out. After the tunnel once reaches the Comstock lode there will no longer be any limit to the explorations which may be made, for if any great quantity of water is encountered above the tunnel level it will flow off of its own accord; if below the tunnel level, a few hundred feet of pumping will not make a formidable obstacle. For these reasons I think that explorations in all the mines of the Comstock will be inaugurated and carried through on a most extensive scale, and whatever bonanza may exist will surely be discovered."

"Don't you think it will be an advantage to the mining companies to have their connections ready as between mine and mine, so that when you reach the Savage mine all those whose lower levels are below the tunnel may commence to pump into it at once, and the water above the tunnel level may flow into it of its own accord?"

"I do. If the mining managers mean to act in the interest of the stockholders, they will commence to make these connections immediately, for they could not, even in that case, complete them before we reach the Savage. A good many connections now exist between the Ophir and Belcher mines, but they are nearly all on the wrong level."

"Would you meet the mining companies with a view of settling all difficulties and arriving at some understanding?"

"I would not have the slightest objection. Some plan might be arranged which might prove mutually satisfactory. There should really be

no conflict of interests where so much is at stake, and where nothing but a fair compensation is demanded for actual benefits conferred."

"Do you expect any future troubles in Washington?"

"I do not. This matter is now so fully understood by members and Senators that it would be simply impossible to secure any legislation inimical to us; and even if such legislation could be secured, it would not affect us in the slightest degree, for Congress has no right under the Constitution to legislate away or interfere with our vested rights."

At this juncture Mr. Sutro was called away, and the *Chronicle* representative took his departure.

### HOW THE WAR WILL AFFECT US.

That there is to be a war between Russia and Turkey seems certain, and that it will assume larger proportions is a probable contingency. That being so, it will be interesting to note how we shall stand affected. American securities will appreciate in value, and the selling of the newly bonded four per cents will be a task of but little difficulty. Money is sensitive, and whilst Europe is in danger it will seek its safest and best market in America. Produce of all kinds will obtain higher prices, and the extent of the increase will be the measure of this country's gains from this ill wind that blows somebody good. If England becomes involved, which is possible, though we hope hardly probable, then it would be difficult to set metes and bounds to the benefits that would accrue to us. Already our wheat is fetching enhanced prices, and it will almost certainly go much higher. Had Mr. Friedlander's suspension been warded off for four weeks longer, the improved prices would have tided him over the difficulty. It is a pity that this is not going to be a highly productive season, for, if it had, the profits of our farmers would have been enormous and the advantage to the State correspondingly great. But we are by no means so despondent about the yield as some of our contemporaries. Many counties, especially those around the coast, will have fair crops, and the total product will leave a considerable balance for export, which will realize advanced rates. England being in the fight, then this city ought to be, and probably will be, the point whence England's exchange business will be done with Australia, China and Japan. The gold of Australia would come here because it would be safe in American bottoms, and here it would be exchanged for silver, which would be remitted to China, Japan and even India, per the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers, in order to pay Great Britain's indebtedness in those countries. Hence war would force a condition of things that might naturally enough be brought about without it if our bankers, merchants and others were experts in their business. The passenger traffic between England and the countries named would be largely increased, and in a variety of ways we would benefit, materially if not morally, by the threatened calamity which at this moment hangs like a pall upon all Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wiggins, the well-known duologue duettists and clog-dancers, beg leave to announce that they will give a *soiree musicale* at Windsor Castle, with the kind assistance of a few emperors, popes, kings, queens, princes, princesses, and members of the aristocracy who are their intimate friends. In the course of the evening the following songs will be sung: "The same Old Game," by Lord Beaconsfield; "Par-tant pour la Syrie," as a duett, by Mr. Goschen and Mr. Cave; "Proud is my name, and stainless my crest," by Mr. Spencer Lyttleton; "Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the baby," by the Duke of Edinburgh. Only persons whose names are to be found in Burke, Debrett, or Dod will be admitted; and no member or scion of the peerage can procure a ticket without the production of a voucher, signed by the Queen, the Princess of Wales, or Mrs. William Wiggins. This entertainment is not to be confounded with any low "benefit" or anything of that kind.

—Atlas.





**Simultaneously** with the appearance of Spring lamb, asparagus and artichokes, there blooms into existence the succulent plant known as a Ward politician. The first sign of his advent is the discovery that you cannot go into a saloon to get a drink without finding a bulbous-nosed, blear-eyed, unlaved beast, frothing at the mouth and dispensing tobacco juice everywhere—anywhere except in the spittoon. The Constitution is as rotten, in his opinion, as the cloth in his pants, unless Briggs, of the Fourth Ward, is beaten; and between every three words which he utters he inserts a string of epithets, strong enough to extract a gentle perspiration from the skeleton of a dog. If you approach him, you will notice that his ungular extremities are clothed in deep mourning, while his breath is strongly suggestive of his having been successfully pursued by a skunk of the most offensive and fetid kind. His bath is the stagnant pool of politics. Unlike the Rev. Hallelujah Cox, he never changes his scurillous vestments for the snowy linen of the pulpit, or the goodly broadcloth of an insurance office. In the moist foulness of his whisky-soaked, venal rags, the local politician belches forth streams of sewer gas, until he fills the air with an aroma, compared to which the smell of a bad egg is a most reviving scent.

**Frank Leslie** and a staff of twelve artists and journalists are on their way to this city. This is carrying matters too far. For years the *T. C.* has refused to allow any one to interview him, take his picture, or in any way publish an account of his extraordinary career. And now comes Frank with a staff of bloodthirsty scrawlers and murderous daubers; yet we are obdurate. During his stay in San Francisco we shall perform all our literary labors on the top of the shot-tower, or incarcerate ourselves on the roof of Baldwin's Hotel. Greatness demands privacy, and in our case it shall be maintained, if necessary, with a self-cocking revolver. Go grease your locks and put on your daintiest smirks, ye courtiers of harlot fame, and tell the invaders the lying story of your craven lives. For our part, wrapped in what is left of a two-dollar shirt, and clad in the thread-bare pantaloons of our unalterable integrity, we propose to be as solitary as Simon Stylites and as silent as a primeval sepulchre during the threatened incursion on our spirits' liberty.

**Mr. Joseph Casey**, now serving eight years for forgery and three for felony, wants to come out on a legal quibble of most transparent flimsiness. Although eight and three make eleven, and an unsuspicious community supposed that Mr. Casey's abilities would be confined to making cribbage-boards, or bricks, over at San Quentin, for that number of years, it appears that by some monstrous legal obliquity of vision, Mr. Casey can serve out both sentences, *a la* Sir Boyle Roche, at one time. Supposing this to be true, the illustrious poll-tax forger is now entitled to his liberty, as the Governor deducted six years of his sentence on account of his services(?) at the prison fire. California has a wondrous faculty for letting her cleverest scoundrels escape the purpose of the law, and no doubt this latest victim to popular prejudice will be running round the city shortly with diamond studs and a new suit of broadcloth, applying for the next vacancy in the Assessor's office.

**The advent of the Russian fleet** is playing sad havoc with the hearts of our maidens. The gallant rulers of the sea are so terribly in earnest that, if the ships stay here six months longer, there will not be a bachelor left in the squadron, nor an eligible girl in the city. It is a common thing nowadays to meet a young lady on the street, and after saluting her with "How do you do, Miss Jones?" to be answered, "Excuse me, sir, but I am Mrs. Lieutenant Czernolovovousky," and in the course of five minutes' conversation she will ask you if you remember Mary Perkins that was, who is now Mrs. Kertchoskinoff, and wind up by informing you that Lydia Bullockson is engaged to Captain Tchernayeffsky. Any man who would advertise, "Russian taught in twelve lessons," could get up a class of girls in a week that would fill Platt's Hall to repletion.

**Dr. Simpson**, member of the Board of Health, charges Judge Ferral with having opposed the passage of the Medical Law when he was Clerk of the last Assembly, and with having carried his feelings against the bill on to the bench where he presides. How is this, Robert? Is it because the quacks, being numerous and active, their political support is necessary to your future advancement?

The druggist who wantonly sold a man scidlitz powders recently, when he called for arsenic, ought to be deprived of his license. We think so, the Coroner thinks so, and so does the undertaker. It is a vile imposture and a criminal proceeding to load a man up with carbonate of soda and tartaric acid, and let him suppose that he is moribund. The disappointment that naturally ensues is enough to kill a would-be suicide, in which case the chemist would be answerable for the consequences, and might justly be tried for murder. If, however, the gentleman who has been so bitterly duped by this heartless pill-compounder will only call at this office, and bring his coffin with him, the T. C. will guarantee to supply him with some excellent strychnine or a capital shot-gun, either of which will carry out his admirable design at very short notice.

The funny saloon keeper who collected a mob of two thousand laborers, by a bogus advertisement, was fined fifty dollars this week. To be mathematically accurate, it cost him about two and a half cents for every man he sold. How good-natured and law-abiding the working-man of San Francisco is, is shown by the fact that the proprietor of this vile hoax still has a roof on his house and continues to sell whisky with unabated patronage. Had the crowd, however, caught him while its blood was up, it is more than probable that even if he had possessed ten times the number of eyes which are credited to Argus, all of them would have been incontinently closed and horribly swollen. In that case fifty dollars would have never covered the necessary expenditure for raw beef and leeches.

There was a gastropodous mollusk, yeapt Captain Seaward, who had a difficulty with a South American vegetable named Thompson about a beautiful blonde known as Mrs. Robbins. So Thompson went for Seaward, and lacerated his caudal fin and mutilated the sebaceous glands of his nose until his face resembled an inspissated viscous zoophyte who had been out all night on a low tide. Then Thompson tried to go seaward in the Oregon steamer, but Seaward would not let him. He swore out a complaint that his zygomatic bones were injured through contact with the tetradaetyl aforesaid, and Mr. Thompson was arrested, and only released on the fair blonde depositing two hundred dollars bail. Moral: Do not quarrel about ammonia-bleached curls.

Seven dollars and a half does not seem to be a great assessment for a Major-General of the National Guard of California to pay for his share of entertaining the Australian team at a Palace Hotel dinner, though it appears to have been an impossible sum to collect from Major-General Vernon, who allowed himself to be sued for the amount. It is not therefore a matter of surprise that the California Rifle Association should have stricken the veteran free-luncher's name off the list of their honorary directors. The Association let him down easily. In fact, in the words of Horace, it was a "facilis descensus" of Vernon.

Shade of Izaak Walton! Not content with murdering Chinamen up in Chico, some fiends along the Truckee river are blowing up hundreds of thousands of gentle trout with giant powder. As surely as we hope that in the one case our State's good name may be cleared of its stain, through the execution of the assassins, so do we devoutly pray that the human ghouls who are making our streams putrid through the fiendish destruction of the queen fish of the world, may be condemned to live on the carcasses of their victims throughout the torrid months of an uncongenial Summer.

The peripatetic whisky-mill who exploded this week behind the City Hall, whilst in the act of lighting a cigar stump, is a benefactor to his country. His spontaneous combustion suggests to a thoughtful mind the advisability of immediately forming a torch-patrol to perambulate the city every evening and ignite the breath of all the alcohol-soaked bummers whom they may meet. Leidesdorff street alone would yield a rich harvest of incinerated corpses, which could be utilized afterward in the new process of making gas out of the contents of ash-barrels and refuse heaps.

Mrs. Sargent does not appear very gratified by the presentation to her of the marble statue of her husband. She says it is nothing new to see the old man on a bust, and, as times are hard, she is not thankful to the man who chiseled him.

### HIS SATANIC MAJESTY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Oh dear! Oh dear! how "blue" I feel! I could almost drop a tear, oh!  
 My spirits—and they're seldom low—have sunk clean down to zero!  
 Poor Baldwin's "luck," that's done so much, has proved at last unlucky,  
 If *every* girl's to bleed his purse, who fancies she's his "Ducky!"  
 We've heard of *Carpet-baggers*, who will sell their souls for office,  
 But *Carpet-sewers*! that's too much! Miss Lennie's no green novice!  
 Before she came here (folks *will* talk) she wasn't so precise,  
 Nor thought her virtue worth what now she claims a modest price!  
 Though Cupid's freaks are strange, we know, it seems a well-cooked plan  
 The shameless huzzy has conceived to fleece a wealthy man!  
 What game has Leland now been at? what's in the Palace whisky?  
 That prompts all kind of antics queer, and makes the guests so frisky?  
 Ross says he don't approve the fun! it's apt to make one sore,  
 And vows he'll never jump again through any plate-glass door!  
 "Scotch whisky is the stuff! Old Rye's scarce fit for some old Granny,  
 He'll ne'er experiment again!"—just like the Scotch,—so canny!  
 How hard it is to please all men! Blacklock's a strange objection  
 To have his picture hung in state to grace the "Rogue's Collection,"  
 Though what's the reason? he's in luck! he now will have a place  
 "Among the Men we Know"—the pride of all the Blacklock race!  
 There's plenty more should *hang* there, too, I mean their *pictures* though,  
 'T would do no harm if *they themselves* were *hung*, too, in a row!  
 Such men as Knight and Green forsooth! who are low enough to stoop  
 To choose a poor half-crazed old wretch, an idiot, for their dupe!  
 For such as them I'm half afraid we've got no loathsome den;  
 No hole in Hell that's black enough! they're brutes! they can't be men!  
 And then your quacks! they should be there! they're murderers, nothing  
 short.

They have no right to practice with Diplomas that are *bought*.  
 I'm glad to see that Flattery's nailed! his career's been one long string  
 Of vice and crime of every kind! the villian ought to swing!  
 Sam Sachs's "an Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile."  
 A plucky chap! the sort of man on whom you'd go your pile!  
 What cared he 'bout his young bride's creed? or a Rabbi's threats and  
 prayers!

He'd vowed to wed her, and he did, in spite of Jewish snares!  
 A wail's gone up from th' Harbor men; they've nearly had enough  
 Of the *coal-tar* nuisance in the Bay, the slimy, stinking stuff!  
 They're all old "*tars*" themselves, and when their stock of pitch runs out,  
 They'll tell the Gas folks, but till then, they'd rather be without!  
 What a nice example you are set by your City Hall Commissioners.  
 The language used is quite a treat to the crowd of gaping listeners!  
 "Liars!" "Scoundrels!"—such pet names may be p'raps complimentary,  
 But elsewhere t'would be *infra dig*, and hardly parliamentary!  
 Low blasphemy's what our Tar Flat roughs imbibe with mother's milk,  
 But it's not the "Cheese" for Councillors, and persons of that ilk!  
 The City Hall, that Elephant, is hungry! must be fed.  
 So far it's cost us all too much, t'were cheaper if t'were dead!  
 It's belly's craving all the time! more plaster, more cement!  
 'Twill eat its head off! Starve the beast! or make believe it's Lent!  
 So Michael Reese is hard up, eh? and begs a trifling loan  
 From City funds? That he was poor is what has long been known!  
 He must be careful and retrench, not squander all his wealth  
 In charity, though what *he* gives he always gives by stealth!  
 So there are *some* women want to work? and have formed a "Washing  
 Club!"

Though the *Club* they mostly like to use is a *black thorn* for poor "hub!"  
 What scandal! gossip! won't they talk when elbow-deep in suds.  
 What necks they'd like to wring, the same's they wring the dirty "duds?"  
 Another Russian wed this week! another happy pair!  
 You youngsters must look out! the girls seem great on *Russian bear*!  
 They're *rushin'* things, that's sure! but then 'tis easy guessing why—  
 A *bear* can hug so gloriously, and they know it!—girls are sly!

**Puck** thinks that Louisianians who want specie payments should be in  
 favor of Nicholls.



### OUR DRUGGISTS AND THE PERCENTAGE SYSTEM.

We are obliged, on account of pressure on our space, to omit some interesting matter relating to the druggists. The following excerpts are from a mass of letters on the subject, which we have received.

A druggist writes to us as follows: "Last Monday evening, a lady brought in a prescription for me to fill; it was written by Dr. —, on one of Mr. —'s blanks. The lady asked me the price of it, and when I told her, she said she had been to Mr. —'s store, and he had priced it at the same figure. She thought as I gave no percentage I ought to be able to put it up cheaper. I told her I could not do so, and also that I thought there was some mistake in the price she got at Mr. —'s store, as he allowed Dr. — fifty per cent. on his prescriptions. I made up the medicine for her, and then sent a boy to have the prescription compounded at Mr. —'s store. The lady was quite correct; the price was the same as I charged. While wondering at this, I observed the bottle was a very light color, and on examining it I found that in place of fluid extract a simple tincture had been substituted. I took it to Dr. —, and asked him was it correct. He said it was. I explained to him he had written for fluid extract, and this was evidently simple tincture. He said the medicine in the bottle was what he wrote for. I then told him I had put up the medicine just as he wrote, and the lady had got it, and that I had the bottle made up at Mr. —'s store merely to satisfy myself about the price, as I knew he could not give the article called for at the price he did, after taking out fifty per cent. for the doctor. I then asked him would he wish me to get the medicine from the lady, telling her that a mistake had been made, because I gave her the article called for, whereas I should have given her something he did not write for. Dr. — said it was all right—the tincture or the fluid extract would do equally well. The matter might have gone no further, had not the lady, on Wednesday last, complained to the doctor that the medicine seemed very strong. He told her there was some error made in compounding it. She then came to me, and I went with her to Dr. —'s office. Dr. — denied having accused me of making a mistake, while the lady declared most positively that he had done so only an hour before. Dr. — would not acknowledge the understanding he had with the druggist—to substitute a cheap medicine for an expensive one—and I therefore was obliged to explain the matter thoroughly to the lady, and Dr. — could not say a word in self-defense."

From another letter we take the following: "For the last month there has not been a day but some of my family were sick. My family doctor told me to go to a certain druggist, and I went there nearly every other day. I paid for medicines from \$4 to \$6 a week. After reading your first article, I resolved to try some other store, and when I did, I found my prescriptions cost me about one-half what they did before. In two weeks I saved enough for a year's subscription to your paper. I expect by the end of the year to save quite a nice little sum, and just now anything saved is quite acceptable; I have lost so much on stocks."

A gentleman, who informs us we have opened his eyes, writes to us in the following strain: "When my mother was sick, we called in Dr. — to attend her. He said he would order her some medicine, but he would have to look over some book before he wrote his prescription, so he would leave it for me at —'s drug store. I went down an hour after he left to —'s drug store, and asked for the prescription; but they would not let me have it, nor even a copy of it, but they said the medicine was prepared, and I could have it for \$2. I was obliged to take it. I always trade for my drugs with Mr. —, so I took the medicine to him to examine. He said it was some sort of syrup tincture of Peruvian bark, and that a gill of it (which was the quantity I got) was only worth about four or six bits. I should not have noticed this but for what you wrote about the druggists in the *News Letter*. On a number of occasions before I thought there was something wrong, but what you say has opened my eyes. I think it is a shame to impose on sick people."

Writers of letters, in relation to druggists, should bear in mind that for the present they must confine their remarks to the percentage system. If we were to enter on the many avenues of investigation that correspondents ask us to do, there would be room for little else in our paper. Thus the long and interesting paper from a San Francisco physician, with regard to druggists' prescribing over their counters, the rather testy paper

of a gentleman, who signs himself "Galen," attacking the Pharmaceutical Society, and also the communication from an old apothecary, giving his opinion of doctors who keep private dispensaries, are irrelevant to the subject of our present investigation. Next week we will resume our articles on the percentage system, and meanwhile we desire to hear from two or three druggists who have not, as yet, informed us of how they stand in relation to the matter.

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**Our latest letter from Paris says:** "I hope I am not anticipating your other Parisian correspondents by making a note of a new device in the use of flowers that has just come into use in Paris. It is the wearing of a small bunch of natural flowers on the shoes, in place of the lace and ribbon rosettes of a few seasons ago. The favorites are primroses, yellow on one shoe, purple on the other, or mixed on both; violets are much worn, and daisies are just "coming in." The fancy is a very pretty one, and has been quite a boon to the poorer order of bouquetieres. Little boys and girls find a ready market for their two sous bunches of sweet field flowers, which the *femmes de chambre* pin into the shoes to be worn in morning toilette. . . . There is a good deal of speculation going on in the green-rooms and in many drawing rooms as to the position Madame Patti is to take upon her next visit to London. 'Will she be received at Marlborough House?' As the Marquise de Caux she had the entree of the highest society in London, but she is no longer a Marquise, or will be so no longer, I suppose, on her return, and then? Perhaps it is early as yet to answer the question. But the editor of the *World* is perplexing himself with another question—how old is Patti? I believe she is now thirty-four; but it has been frequently stated, since the recent scandal, that the *diva* is in her thirty-seventh year, and although Vapereau and the biographies agree that she was born in the spring of '43 are at variance as to the month. She is generally believed to have been born of Italian parents at Madrid, although there are not a few Americans who are firmly convinced 'the American nightingale' first saw the light in the States. The last story is that she is the daughter of a Jew dealer in Houndsditch, and that she was sent to spend some years in America in order to efface the East-end connection, and to give her that exotic air English people so much approve of in singers, it being a well known fact that no English woman can hold a candle to a foreigner or the operatic stage."

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**When Messrs. Moody and Sankey**, the American evangelists, were trying to convert the inhabitants of London to their own faith, it was feared that there would be much backsliding soon after their departure; yet there seems to be no foundation for this apprehension. The Lord High Chancellor, one of the principal converts, still retains his preference of prayer-meetings to Cabinet Councils. Mr. Moody, who is now engaged in converting the wicked people in the city of Boston, the Puritan center of New England, told his hearers at a recent meeting that he had received a letter from a lady, who, when he was in London, "left her beautiful residence out of London, and came and took lodgings right near where the meetings were held; and she came to the meetings not merely to enjoy them, but to labor and bring some one to Christ. The lady said that, of the one hundred and fifty converts that had been looked after by her, not one had been lost." Thus, counting the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Moody appears to have made one hundred and fifty-one steadfast converts in a city numbering four millions. Why is it that Messrs. Moody and Sankey seem to avoid Chicago? I thought that their mission was to procure funds wherewith to build a church there, yet they appear to have a rooted disinclination to return to that city.—*Atlas*.

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**A thoughtless printer** has just sent us down a galley of proof as white as a maiden's brow. In excuse he says that the proof was a bad one, because he was distracted and didn't put enough think on it.

### THE RIVER TIME

[BY LORD LYTTON.]

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,  
 And it flows through the realm of Tears;  
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
 And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime,  
 As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,  
 And the summers like buds between:  
 And the ears and the sheaves how they come and go,  
 On the River's breast with its ebb and flow,  
 As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,  
 Where the softest of airs are playing;  
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
 And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,  
 And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that isle is the "Long Ago,"  
 And we bury our treasures there;  
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow  
 (They are heaps of dust, but we love them so),  
 There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,  
 And a part of an infant's prayer;  
 There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings,  
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
 And the garments that *she* used to wear.

There are hands which are waved with that fairy shore  
 By the mirage is lifted in air,  
 And sometimes we hear, through the turbulent roar,  
 Sweet voices we've heard in the days gone before,  
 When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be that blessed isle,  
 All the day of life till night;  
 And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
 And our eyes are closed to slumber awhile,  
 May that *greenwood* of soul be in sight.

### QUACKERY LEGISLATION AND LITIGATION.

The State Medical Society has just held its annual meeting and eaten its accustomed dinner. We note its proceedings with some interest. The good effect of agitation by the *News Letter* is apparent in almost every resolution that was adopted. The unanimous expulsion of certain pretenders, the dropping the names of others, and the acceptance of the resignation of a great many more, are proceedings indelibly stamped with the *News Letter's* brand. It was reported that the new law was found to be "ineffective and calculated to legalize quackery." Precisely; that is what we loudly proclaimed when Gibbons and Bates were so industriously engaged in the emasculation of better proposals. But, weak as the law is, it would have produced better results if the prosecution which has taken place under it in this city had been undertaken with more consideration. If the worst and most notorious rascals, like Luscomb and Flattery, had been selected first, convictions would have been obtained, precedents would have been established, and the working of the law would have been understood. Then, step by step, the ranks of the more pretentious fellows could have been successfully assailed, until at last the whole crowd would have been routed. But advice is thrown away upon the San Francisco society. In Sacramento they manage matters better. There has been no trouble there in enforcing the law and in putting the man Flattery to rest. There need be none here, if discretion is exercised.



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**The Effects of Crop and Self-Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom.** By Charles Darwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

When reading this book one cannot but be struck with the intimate relation that exists in the natural conditions of animal and vegetable life. Here we have an exhaustive essay of some four hundred and odd pages on the science of breeding in and in, or self-fertilizing, and of the crossing with other families of the same species in the floral kingdom. The result appears in a series of tables showing the superiority and greater fecundity of the crossed plants over the self-fertilizers. Insects, principally bees, as well as the wind, are the unconscious agents of propagation, and the pollen carried by them to the stigma of a flower, sometimes from a great distance, and often from a distinct species, has been proved to produce seeds forming larger and healthier plants than the hermaphrodites that were protected by nets. The book, though technically learned, is highly interesting.

A REVIEW OF THE COMMERCIAL, FINANCIAL AND MINING INTERESTS OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA FOR 1876. FROM THE COMMERCIAL HERALD. San Francisco: J. H. Carmany & Co.

Great pains and much patient labor has been spent on this valuable statistical work. It is impossible to give extracts. We can only say that this is a book that ought to be on every merchant's table, and should be spread broadcast through the whole world. Information like this makes California known and appreciated, and induces that immigration we so much desire and can so well reward.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY for April comes to us with the first number of a new novel, called "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," by that delightful writer, William Black. There is also a good article on Bermuda, and a strange Indian narrative of the game of Lacrosse, just introduced into England from Canada; a notice of the jelly fish, in connection with rudimentary biology, is followed by the usual "Round the Table" gossip, a detail of local events, and book and musical reviews. It is a very creditable number.

The scientific gardens of Paris are becoming quite a theater for field sports of a select order. Not long ago an English falconer was invited to establish himself and his trained birds as one of them, and the Parisians were indulged with the sight of falcons worthy of the age of chivalry. While the peregrines were allowed to perform in the air, a group of cormorants attracted quite as much attention by their exploits in the water, and the French bourgeois, who had never stirred further beyond the ramparts than St. Germain or Villeneuve, began to talk as loudly about hawking as if he had been a member of the famous Loo or Champagne Clubs. It is now the turn of another, and, perhaps, a new sport, in which birds are also the performers. The Jardin d'Acclimation has been enriched by the addition of some fine secretary birds, and a few days ago occasion was taken with their help to offer to the public what a French paper calls "a most attractive spectacle." Some vipers had been procured, and were thrown before the birds, who, to the intense delight of the spectators, lost no time in "engaging in a struggle" with them. The combat must have been rather one-sided if the birds were anything like full-grown, for a secretary has been known not only to vanquish, but to devour bodily, snakes as large as a man's arm. But the gestures and tactics of the birds while engaged in the fight were highly amusing to the visitors, who will, no doubt, urge all their friends to go and patronize the exhibitions that may be given in future. It is certain that the gardens are far better suited for the *chasse aux viperes* than for displays of falconry; for the secretary does not fly, but runs after his prey, and that at a prodigious pace, reserving his wings to serve as a weapon of offence and defence. When the snake is overtaken one of the wings is used as a shield and the other as a club, while the long and hard legs of the bird are impervious to the attacks of the foe. A common viper is, however, by no means a fair match for the newly-trained chasseur, and it would be well on the next occasion to make a quarry of a stout cobra or a young python.

### THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE

Without indulging in extravagance, we may fairly say that the most exciting University race ever rowed, between the fastest pair of crews that ever competed, was that of Saturday, the 24th of March. There have been better winners, but there have never been faster losers than the worse of these two crews. The morning broke fine, but chilly. The wind blew from the west, with a little south in it. The race had been set overnight for eight o'clock, but it was 8:10 before Oxford got afloat. They were kept waiting rather an unreasonable time by Cambridge, whether in the hope of the tide turning and of the water being smoother we cannot say. There was a ripple upon the water, but the tide was so dead that no surf could be raised, with only a moderate breeze against and across it. By the time that the crews started, at half-past eight, it was as near as possible slack water. Mr. J. W. Chitty, Q.C., was umpire, and Mr. E. Searle starter.

Oxford won the toss and took the Fulham shore, not an advantage, we should say, for they had the rougher water all the way to the Lead Mills, a distance of two miles. They rowed in their Clasper boat. The starting wherries were moored dangerously near to each other, and the proximity of the boats was dangerous during the greater part of the race. It would be well if more elbow-room were given in future at the start. Both boats got away evenly and cleanly; Cambridge rowing 38 and Oxford 37. So far as could be seen from the umpire's boat, there was but little to choose between them for the first half mile. If anything, Oxford had a few feet the best of it, and kept it for a time. Coming round the Point, Oxford steered too close in, out of the tide, while Cambridge more judiciously kept in what little drain of stream there was up the center. Past Rose Bank the boats seemed to be oar and oar, and to be rowing stroke for stroke (37 each of them.) As they came by the Crab Tree Oxford drew out a little, and reached Hammersmith Bridge apparently first, but by a few feet only, in 9 min. 10 sec. from the start. Up to this time both boats had been rowing as well together as could be wished. There came now a curve of more than a mile in favor of Cambridge, and the outside water in which Oxford were rowing was the rougher. Cambridge went up, and led by a few feet at the Doves, and by nearly half a length along Hammersmith Mall. They now met the full force of the breeze in the piece of straight water by Chiswick. Oxford forced the pace, and came slowly up. At the middle of the Eyot they were level, and still they drew ahead rowing 37 to 38 of Cambridge; both boats still in good form. There were two terribly close shaves of fouls in this reach. In the first Oxford gave way with a sharp sheer, and in the second Cambridge did likewise, with great generosity; for we fancy Oxford were then in the wrong, and were boring upon them. At Chiswick Church Oxford had drawn nearly their own length ahead; Cambridge seemed to be feeling the effects of the pace, and their stroke side was not so well together, while Oxford were more even than has been usually the case in their practice. Cambridge splashed a good deal, Oxford never touched a ripple, and inch by inch they drew away up Horse Reach. There was almost daylight to spare off the Bull's Head, and when Barnes Bridge was reached, in 19 min. 42 sec., Oxford had a clear yard or two lead, and seemed to have the race in hand. They were rowing apparently a trifle within themselves, while Cambridge were rowing a faster stroke, throwing up some water and losing ground. But after passing the White Hart there was a lurch, and a stoppage was observed in the Oxford boat; bow oar had gone, cracked in two places, so it was held together by little more than the leather of the button, and from that point he was unable to feather it against a head wind, or to make any practical use of it. The stoppage brought Cambridge up instantly till their bows were amidships of Oxford. The latter were left with a half-length's lead half a mile from home, and little more than seven oars with which to get there. The seven uncrippled men of the crew kept well together; bow, with his oar in trouble, was at see-saw with the rest, and often could not put his blade into the water at all, but had enough to do to save it from catching the water as it drooped. It was altogether the most exciting finish that we have ever seen upon any water. Cambridge quickened their stroke, Oxford did their best to answer spurt for spurt, and Oxford men in the steamers kept asking in horror how far it was to the winning post. At the Ship the boats seemed to be locked level—if anything, Oxford with a yard or so the best of it. The Oxford rudder was hard on all this time to keep the balance of four oars against three, and still there were more than a hundred yards to be rowed. The judge fired his gun at the finish, and then seemed to disappear. For the best part of half an hour the umpire steamed backwards and forwards to find him, but without success. He made no attempt to report his verdict to the official who had absolute control over the race. Rumors went about that Oxford had won by two yards, or that it was a dead heat. At last it was stated that the judge had communicated to some one in the press boat that the result had been a dead heat. The umpire then steamed back to London, having left orders for the judge to appear before him without delay to record a formal verdict. The time of the race was 24 min. 10 sec., which is long; but it must be remembered that the tide was nearly, if not quite, dead water, and there was a breeze foul all the way.

At the boat-race dinner of the two crews that night Mr. J. W. Chitty, the umpire, made the formal announcement of the result of the race. For till then there had been no official communication upon the subject, though hearsay statements as to the verdict of the judge had gone abroad. During the afternoon that functionary had attended upon Mr. Chitty in the robing-room of the Rolls Court and there recorded his observations. Those statements, divested of the more homely language of the judge, the umpire laid before the dinner-party. "The imaginary line across the river upon which the judge's eye rested was crossed, in the opinion of the judge, by

both boats at the same time. This in ordinary terms meant a 'dead heat,' and such would be the record of the race. Inasmuch as the verdict of the judge was given in good faith, and there never had been any imputation upon his integrity, and, since from his decision there was no appeal, the umpire trusted that his verdict would remain not only unquestionable but unquestioned." This is the proper view to take of the matter, and no doubt both universities will bow to the decision. We trust, however, that another year the arrangements in this respect will be more businesslike. In the first place, a formal record of the result should be made by the judge to the umpire immediately after the conclusion of the race. Secondly, he should be provided with two flags, one of each color, to hoist as a signal of his decision. Thirdly, there should be flags put up on each side of the river, so as to fix a line for the finish; and since it now appears that the post of judge can be not always quite a sinecure, but one which requires a clear head and the exercise of intelligence, it would be better if in future some old university ore were asked to take the office.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

**The Prince Imperial.**—On March 16th the Prince Imperial attained his majority, as years are counted in England to lads not born in the purple. Twenty-one years ago the Ambassadors of the Great Powers were assembled in Paris to conclude a Treaty of Peace, and to end what we now know to have been a costly and useless war. On the morning of March 15th a salute of guns announced that an heir was born to Napoleon III., and the Ambassadors of all the Great Powers made haste to the then master of legions. In August, 1870, the Prince Imperial received the "baptism of fire" at Saarbruck, and within a few weeks witnessed the downfall of the Empire at Sedan, and the proclamation of the Republic at Paris. The Prince has passed the happiest years of his life in England, acquiring a knowledge of military engineering at Woolwich. In spite of the coldness of the Pontiff, the Empress Eugenie persists in hoping that sacerdotal influences may be employed in the restoration of the Empire. The Pope cannot forget that the temporal power began to decay from the day when Napoleon went to Italy, and that the cession of Lombardy presaged only too truly the advent of the King of Italy into Rome as his capital, as Cavour said, "with its 22 centuries of glory." The 21 years of the life of the Prince Imperial present us with extremes that are hardly credible. Russia defeated and Turkey triumphant; France and England victorious in field and siege, and Turkey admitted to the public law of Europe; Sardinia making her first appearance as a European Power; Prussia excluded from the Congress of Paris, where Sardinia takes the vacant seat, in 1856. In 1877 we have Turkey in bankruptcy, anarchy, and ruin; Russia pressing exactly the complaint as in 1854; the French Empire gone; Sardinia expanded into Italy; Prussia absorbed into Germany, and Germany chief master of the Continent. And in 1856 the names of Bismarck and Ignatieff had never been mentioned; to-day they are the two most eminent diplomatists in Europe.

**The Queen's Title in India.**—In answer to Sir G. Campbell, who asked whether it was true that the new Indian title of Her Majesty had been officially translated "Kaiser-é-Hind," and if so, why the Viceroy had used a German title, and set it out in a Persian language, both German and Persian being equally unknown to the nations of India, Lord G. Hamilton replied that it was quite true that the official translation of Her Majesty's title was Kaiser-é-Hind, and that since the question had been put on the paper he had received numerous communications from distinguished Oriental scholars, who had all expressed indignant astonishment that a person with the Indian experience of Sir G. Campbell should have fallen into the error of assuming that the title of Kaiser was unknown to the natives of India. From these distinguished authorities he had gathered that Kaiser is an old Arabic word in use for many centuries, and well-known in the East. Moreover, the title had not been adopted by the Viceroy without due consideration, or without the unanimous approval of his council. Sir G. Campbell next asked why the title had been set forth in the Persian tongue, to which Lord G. Hamilton replied that the word "Kaiser" was Arabic, Persian, and Greek, and he referred Sir George to his Greek Testament, where it will be found more than once.



### THE CHINESE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Americans of the Pacific States have a case of considerable strength against permitting Chinese immigration into those States to go on without control or limit. But their case is marred by the vulgarity, hypocrisy and cynicism of their arguments, and weakened by the fact that their own hands are anything but clean, and that their political system has been subjected to experiments far more trying than the incorporation of Chinamen with the American people. The report of the Commissioners who have been investigating the subject scarcely affects to disguise the real ground of popular repugnance to the admission of Chinamen. It is the competition of their labor which is disliked, whereas their labor is their one valuable contribution to the good of the countries to which they resort. The charges of dirtiness, gambling habits, idolatry, trickery and immorality may all have some foundation; but with what grace do they come from members of a community in which, till the other day, a dirty shirt was a proof of independence, among which there are more gambling houses than in any other part of the world, which once had to make it an inflexible rule of good manners never to ask questions about a lady's antecedents, and which has positively created a whole language of profane and complicated oaths? There is hardly a single accusation against the Chinese settlers which does not admit of the sort of retort conveyed by the subtle humor of the "Heathen Chinese." Nor is it to be disguised that there are a host of American precedents which seem to have committed American statesmen to licensing this immigration and enfranchising the emigrants who choose to remain. The founders of the American Republic no doubt expected it to become a refuge chiefly for Englishmen of democratic leanings and puritanic tendencies. But the immigrants who really came in multitudes were Roman Catholic Irishmen, with a love for the Pope and no dislike to despotism; but all this was forgiven them in consideration of their doing the drudgery of the country; and it was loudly proclaimed that there was no amount of political ignorance or religious obscurantism for which democratic institutions were not a sufficient cure.

The Irish exodus has been succeeded by the crowding in of Germans and Scandinavians, and all over Europe the United States are talked of as a paradise open to the disinherited of the earth. No doubt it is to blunt the force of these precedents that the Commissioners resort to the modern cant of "race," and talk of the Chinese as Mongolians. It might be enough to answer that the Japanese also are Mongolians, and that impenetrability to new ideas is the last charge which could be brought against the Japanese. But, of course, the conclusive reply to such objections is the enfranchisement of the negro. The moral and intellectual gulf which separates the native American from the Chinese settler is nothing to that which separates him from the population which till the other day ruled over millions of white Americans in the Southern States. The worst Chinaman carries about with him traces of civilization, though the civilization is not ours. The most advanced negro has a great deal in him of the mere barbarian. If their incapacity for participating in government is a strong reason for forbidding the Chinese to settle, the incapacity of the negro is matter not of conjecture but of experience. His government of the Southern States has at last tired out and revolted those who petted and protected him; his corruption became at last too outrageous for the politicians who used him as an instrument, his folly too grotesque, his unskillfulness too imminently dangerous. The consequences of enfranchising the negro will be felt to the end of the history of the United States, and probably for little but evil. As slaves, the negroes were a source of weakness rather than strength to their white masters. As free men, it looks as if they would become a helpless population of day laborers and small traders, absolutely dependant on a governing class of landowners and capitalists, and voting implicitly at their bidding. The nation which has thus placed its destinies at the mercy of a work and merely imitative race will scarcely find credit if it affects to dread a vigorous race with ideas and customs of its own. —*Pall Mall Budget.*

The rumor that the Indians prepare to renew hostilities at "the first grass" is in reality a canard of "the first water." —*Puck.*



### THE SUPREME JUDGES AS EXAMINERS.

We have heard it remarked by lawyers in good standing that examinations of law students by their Honors, the Supreme Judges of the State, often amount to a farce. If we are to form an opinion from the staggering array of questions orally submitted to a class the other day at Sacramento, we should say that in that instance it was an inaccurate, presumptuous and pretentious display worthy of a Mr. Justice Shallow. It is not necessary to travel far down the list to discover that fact. Questions 4, 5 and 6 are ample for the purpose. They read as follows: "Is the power of the British Parliament limited? In what manner does the Constitution of England restrain the power of Parliament? Where must we look for the Constitution of England, and what are the great principles upon which it is based?" We know a man who is not a lawyer, much less a Supreme Judge, who would like to have the author of those questions under fire, before a large audience, precisely as he had those students, and if upon a fair examination, entirely within the scope of his own inquiries, the spectators were not satisfied, and even himself convinced, that he deserved to be "plucked" for asking them, it would only be because of their charity and his self-sufficiency. The ripest of scholars might well fail to answer questions that are manifestly framed in ignorance of, or at least with but a shallow acquaintance with, the precedents and intricacies of English constitutional history. The most industrious of students, having Hallam and Delorme at his finger ends, and being a perfect master of May's parliamentary practice, would fail, naturally enough, to give definite answers to questions born of a confusion of ideas on the part of the examiner. It was asked if "the power of the British Parliament was limited?" To whom, we respectfully ask, is it given to determine that hitherto undetermined question? The power referred to was unlimited enough to take off the head of a king, whilst his successor, pointing to the Speaker's mace, the outward sign of Parliamentary authority, was powerful enough to enforce obedience to his peremptory command to "take that bauble away!" Parliament has been powerful enough to permanently change the succession to the throne. If it can do that, then what greater thing remains for it to do? It is long since we have had access to a certain old fusty and musty volume of "Delorme on the Constitution," but we recollect its contents distinctly enough to remember that amidst its dry details it has this somewhat amusing paragraph: "Parliament, in its corporate capacity, has power to do anything, except create human beings, which, however, it is amply competent to do, through its members, in their individual capacities." A broader definition of unlimited power it would be difficult to imagine. Yet a sapient Supreme Judge asks: "In what manner does the Constitution of England restrain the power of Parliament?" We defy the Judge to give a distinct answer to his own question. He may be ready to say that the King or Queen, as the case may be, has power to veto acts of Parliament. Quite a mistake. The Crown has constitutionally no such power, and it has not been exercised for two centuries or more. The Sovereign is bound to follow the advice of her Ministers, who in their turn are compelled to give only such advice as Parliament will sanction. Thus we come back to the fountain of all real power, which is Parliament. Hence comes that curious English constitutional axiom so inexplicable to some minds, that "the Queen can do no wrong," which simply means that she can of her own will do nothing. Practically Parliament is restrained, and that very effectually too, by the power of public opinion. But that is a very undefined and undefinable kind of restraint which, in the form in which it is often employed, finds no constitutional recognition. It is in fact a power higher than the Constitution, higher than the Sovereign, and higher than Parliament, which is but its mouthpiece and representative. There is no estate of the realm but must finally yield to the force of the public will. The Constitution itself may not stand in the way. This is the great difference between the English and American forms of Government, and is one reason why the former in its essence and spirit is really more Democratic than the latter. It is true, up to the present, that all powerful public opinion exhibits itself in right royal shapes, but that is because it chooses to do so. Then again, our Judges asked: "Where are we to look for the Constitution of England?" A thing that has never been defined is not to be found in any one book, and not wholly

discoverable in a great many that is changeable, and may be materially enlarged by the precedent of a single night, where, indeed, may it be looked for? If the Judges never refuse to admit another applicant until they can, with unquestionable exactitude, solve these, their own problems, it will be a mighty long time before there are any more rejected candidates to be carried out in fainting fits. If their Honors had pursued their inquiries into English constitutional history with due intelligence, we should have been glad. We can conceive of no branch of study more calculated to give a young lawyer a due appreciation of his profession, and of the processes by which law was established and liberty won. The peculiar form of the questions asked is the best evidence that even our State Supreme Judges are painfully ignorant of that constitutional history, without a knowledge of which they must fall far short of duly appreciating that large body of unwritten or common law, which they are daily called upon to administer.

### THE LAW'S DELAY.

In no place on the earth does it take so long to get a civil wrong righted as it does in California. Our Supreme Court often takes years to decide questions that ought to be determined in so many hours. In England the tendency is to make justice travel apace. Civil suits of the highest moment are finally set at rest in from four to six months, whilst others involving considerable sums of money are settled in as many weeks. We are persuaded that if litigants there were subjected to the same delays that are of constant occurrence here, a revolution would almost result, if there were no other means of cure. We know of a case in which a man brought suit in this city to recover \$500 for work and labor done. There was no defense upon the merits, and judgment was given from the bench in favor of the plaintiff. An appeal was taken by the defendant to the Supreme Court, which, in a year and a half, resulted in favor of the claimant. The other side got the matter opened for re-argument by means of an *ex parte* affidavit, and although more than three years have passed since the commencement of the suit, a final decision has not been rendered yet. About the time the man commenced suit, he invested a sum equal to his claim in sheep, took them to the foothills, and has realized already three times the amount he asks the Supreme Court to find him entitled to. A friend of his had a bushel of prize wheat sent to him, which he has since planted and replanted, and the last yield was worth more money than the litigant has been spending three years to obtain, though it is his honest due. Africa has been crossed by Lieutenant Cameron, the North Pole has almost been reached by Commander Nares; but within the same period five able-bodied Supreme Judges have been unable to determine whether this poor fellow is honestly entitled to a paltry five hundred dollars. Yet the Judges work hard, as their appearance indicates. The Chief Justice and his fellows exhibit such an emaciated condition that we would not urge them to further exertions for the world. But until they can devise some more speedy method of determining cause, a man will find that to gain his own by litigation is the most unprofitable occupation in which he can be engaged.

**A Melancholy Barber.**—A barber named Felix Adolphe, who cut his throat recently in the Rue Saint Honore, Paris, has, according to the papers, left behind him a letter which is curious enough to reproduce. Here it is: "I loved, hoped, and believed. To-day I doubt, despair and hate. My heart has been killed; let my body be so likewise. I exercise the only liberty that God has given to man, and that society cannot deprive him of, viz: that of destroying himself. I was born with a taste for literature, and my parents made me a barber. I was married to a good and handsome woman, but jealous fate deprived me of her. Accursed be man, accursed be the earth. I deliver my body to the worms, my hatred to the infernal spirits, and expire!"

## THE WAR IN EUROPE.

[From an American Point of View.]

War is shaking his spear in old Europe— Shall we weep as we see them preparing  
 There's a prospect of murderous work; To scatter each other like chaff?  
 The Turk curls his nose at the Russian— It really seems scarcely decorous  
 The Russian looks black at the Turk; At others' misfortunes to laugh!  
 The German is watching the Frenchman— Go to! Let these kings butt each other  
 Mounseer bridle up at Meinherr; Till they flatten the crowns on their heads;  
 And the dark scowl of proud Kaiser Joseph We will grin when the war fairly opens,  
 Is returned by Italia the Fair. And laugh louder the farther it spreads.

The Lion that dwells on an island, O shade of the great Wooden Nutmeg!  
 But covers the earth with his paws, O ghost of the Ligneux Ham!  
 Is waiting and watching in silence, Shall your virtues be once more discovered  
 The velvet concealing his claws; 'Neath the folds of the Turk's oriflamme?  
 A thrill wakes the slow pulse of Asia— In camp on the banks of the Danube  
 Kahns and caliphs arming their hosts; Shall ye make the bold Russ curse his  
 And grim Death with his baton stands food?  
 ready If so, this war won't be an ill-wind  
 To marshal his legion of ghosts. That bloweth to nobody good.

## THE VOICE OF EUROPE ON THE TURKISH QUESTION.

Few questions of late years have excited more general interest than this, and very few have caused more discussion or greater difference of opinion. In England hardly any of the leading journals take the same view. The *London Spectator* is loud in its denunciations of the Porte, and insists upon the extermination of the Ottoman Empire in Europe. It is the mouthpiece of the party headed by Gladstone, and known by the name of "the crusaders." The *World* and *Pall Mall Gazette* would preserve the integrity of Turkey, though from different points of view. The former from bitter animosity against Russia, ever exposing her financial weakness and utter bankruptcy, and the latter from a kindly leaning toward the Derby Ministry. In Russia, the *Golos* of St. Petersburg, and the *Moscow Gazette* are fierce advocates for war, and denounce as enemies, even the Czar himself, those who strive for peace. The *London Times*, whilst inimical to Russia, at the same time severely criticizes the policy of the British Government. The *Neue Frei Presse* of Vienna is eminently conservative, and jealous of any movement that might encroach upon the Austro-Hungarian frontiers. The *Nord* of Brussels, without being absolutely Turcophile, is always attacking the Russian. The *Journal Des Debats* of Paris rather aims at entangling England in the controversy, if not in the war, and supports the French Government in its non-interfering declaration. It is the purpose of this paper, during the continuance of the present complications, as well as pending the war, should such arise, to give extracts from the leading European journals, in order that its readers may be familiar not only with the course of events, but also with the varied remarks of the leading newspapers thereon. Every country has its own peculiar interests to serve, consequently each looks through his own spectacles, and the press is but an echo or expounder of its thoughts or aspirations.

First of all, let it be borne in mind that the last published ultimatum of the Russian Government, and the conditions upon which it would consent to demobilize the armies which menace the borders of Turkey, both in Europe and Asia, were as follows: In the first place, Turkey to make peace with Montenegro; secondly, that the Turkish armies be disbanded; and thirdly, distinct signs of the beginning of reform in Bosnia and Bulgaria. But, says the *London Economist*, reviewing the difficulties about disarmament, "if Europe bids Turkey disarm, she is bound to see that Russia disarms also, and the Russian conditions conflict with this necessity. Again, it is not by any means clear that Turkey will disarm, even if we tell her in the name of Europe to do so. Her action depends upon the caprice of an ignorant, inexperienced man, and the fanaticism of a mob. The Turkish army is composed of adventurers and fanatics from every Mussulman province under the Sultan's rule; they have been gathered together in the hour of extremity by the Porte, with the avowed purpose of resisting an invasion by the only Christian power that is still on religious grounds an aggressive power. Are we sure, then, that even the

consent of the Porte to disband its army *pari passu* with that of Russia would make it certain that the agreement would be carried out to the satisfaction of the St. Petersburg Government." The London *Times* says: "Our Government insists that Russia shall demobilize. Russia will do so if, on a review of the whole position, military, political and financial, she has made up her mind that nothing remains for her but this course. All that we have to offer in return is the sixth part of a remonstrance at the Porte. By way of softening a term which by persistency has become distasteful, it has been suggested that the word demobilization be changed to deconcentration." The London *Spectator* triumphantly exclaims: "Russia has obtained the power of throwing the whole onus of refusing to disarm upon Turkey," and follows with a violent attack on the British Government, who, "having virtually recalled Sir Henry Elliott from Constantinople, for his strong Turkish proclivities, have appointed Mr. Layard as his successor, the strongest Turcophile after our late envoy." *La France*, Paris, says:

If the Protocol is not signed to-day, and if regrettable indications begin to appear of its never being signed at all, the fault must be attributed only to Lord Beaconsfield. That Minister, not feeling himself strong enough to call upon the Porte to disarm immediately, finds it more convenient to ask Russia to demobilize in the first place, or at the same time, and to use his own words at the Council of the 21st, to ask no written engagement from Russia, no Protocol. They will not understand that to disarm before Turkey would be for Russia a humiliation, an imprudence, and a crime. The first, because it is the Porte which is the accused; the second, because the Porte would not demobilize; and the third, because the disarmament of Russia preceding that of Turkey would leave the Christians helpless, without defense, in face of Mussulmans, for new massacres.

*La Republique Francaise* takes a brighter view of the matter, as follows:

Russia probably does not desire war any more than the other European nations; but by the concentration of her troops, and by her attitude in the Eastern question, she has advanced so far that she cannot retire without having first obtained a perfectly honorable moral satisfaction. No one intends to refuse her that, on condition that the general tranquility shall not thereby be compromised, and that the future shall be properly secured. These are not irreconcilable conditions, and it does not appear to us that there are any reasons for despairing of finding a ground on which the various Powers, who are all animated by the same love of peace, may come to terms. How often, since last Autumn, people who take a dark view of everything have thought that we were on the eve of a catastrophe, and have fortunately been mistaken? For our part, we have never ceased to combat such views, and hitherto events have not proved us to be wrong. We are convinced that it will be the same this time, and that the alarms which have recently been felt in certain political circles will prove no less chimerical.

Subsequent events, the news of which have been received by telegraph, confirm the apprehensions of some and partially the hopes of others. The Protocol has not been actually signed. Turkey has refused to accept it unconditionally. Russia has withdrawn her envoy from Constantinople and is massing her forces on the frontiers of Turkey. Ironclads are moving up the Danube, and Austria is ready to enter Bosnia in case of an advance into Roumania by Russia. Every one appears to be ready, but no one appears to be willing. War appears to be imminent, but no overt act of aggression has taken place.

**A London Correspondent says:** "As ladies of birth and rank are taking to going upon the stage, it is not surprising that the social position of actors and actresses is improved. As the Prince of Wales attended the wedding of Nilsohn, so Lord Dudley attended that of Miss Rosina Vokes, now Mrs. Cecil Clay. The wedding dresses were quite in the fashion which has just come in. Lace and tulle, and orange-flowers, are now as much out of date as the swallow-tail coat and black trousers which gentlemen used to wear twenty-five years ago. The bride wore cashmere and velvet and a hat, and the bridesmaids dark navy-blue velvet and cashmere and hats to match. The advantage of this kind of costume is that it can be worn out of doors on other occasions than a wedding. By the way, the Clay-Vokes wedding came off on Sunday, on the principle, 'The better the day, the better the deed.'"



### A GREAT DISCOVERY; OR INDESTRUCTIBLE IRON.

A great discovery has just been made by Professor Barff, of London, whereby the surface of iron is rendered as hard as steel, and as indestructible as gold. It is difficult to conceive of iron that will not rust, and with a surface that will resist the action of acids, and the hardest file. Yet such is the case, and the new process seems calculated to extend the use of iron for a thousand purposes for which it is now inapplicable, from its tendency to rust. Every one knows how quickly the surface of iron articles is covered with a red powder when exposed to the combined influences of air and moisture. This rust is an oxide. There are two oxides of iron; one composed of fifty-six parts by weight of metal, and sixteen parts of oxygen—the other of one hundred and twelve parts of metal, and forty-eight of oxygen. One is called the protoxide, the other the peroxide. On exposing wet iron to the air, the protoxide is first formed, but it soon absorbs more oxygen, and is converted into peroxide. When this peroxide is in close contact with metallic iron, and moisture is present, peroxide becomes again reduced to protoxide, and the oxygen lost in the operation attacks the iron, and helps to increase the rust. The peroxide acts, in fact, as a carrier of oxygen to the iron, and accounts for the rapid destruction of all iron articles which are exposed to ordinary atmospheric influences. But there is a third oxide which is black and magnetic, and which contains three times fifty-six parts of metallic iron, and four times sixteen parts, by weight, of oxygen. This oxide is one of the hardest and most indestructible substances in nature. It undergoes no change in the presence of moist air, and even resists the action of acids. In New Zealand there is a bed of it which is washed by the sea, and remains unaltered; and the invention of Professor Barff consists in forming this oxide on the surface of iron without any other disturbance of the molecular arrangement. That is, an impervious coating of indestructible rust is formed out of the very substance which requires protection. And this is how it's done: "We raise the temperature of iron articles in common use in a suitable chamber, to, say, 500 degrees F., and then pass the steam from a suitable generator into this chamber, keeping these articles for five, six, or seven hours at that temperature in an atmosphere of superheated steam. Differences of temperature are employed where different objects are to be obtained. Polished iron or steel remains at 500 degrees until completed. Articles coated in this way will not resist the action of continued moisture out of doors, but will indoors, as only a thin film is formed of (or transformed from the iron into) black oxide. At 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit, under superheated steam for six or seven hours, the surface becomes so changed as to resist any action of water or acid fumes."

When once a simple process of this kind has been discovered, we wonder at our blindness to what must have so often taken place under our very noses. Thus the inside of steam pipes often become coated with this oxide, and cease to rust, even when afterward exposed to air; and every one must have noticed that iron and steel chisels, which have become hard and black with this oxide, do not rust. Truly, we are all born too soon. What a revolution will this discovery create. Thousands of iron articles which would not last a day, on account of their tendency to rust, and consequent destruction will henceforth be made. Steel can be rolled into leaves as thin as the finest paper, and we may soon have iron hats and clothes that will resist the rain, and kettles and sauce-pans that will not rust.

Professor Barff does not despair of finding out a method of oxidizing the surface of iron ships, heavy machinery, bridges, girders, and other ponderous articles. The new process seems to promise a new economy to the managers of mines, in which the destruction from rust is beyond calculation.

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**A Deaf and Dumb Sculptor.**—There has just been placed outside St. Saviour's Church for the Deaf and Dumb, Oxford-street (corner of Queen-street), a statue of "The Good Shepherd," which has been entirely modeled and carved by Mr. Joseph Gawn, a deaf mute, who was a pupil of the late Mr. Behnes, and an assistant of the late Mr. Foley, R.A.

### THE CHURCH AT HOME.

Oh, the lights and shadows fall	Ah, my sister, far away
On the church's eastern wall,	In your dear old church to-day,
And I sigh	Cool and dim,
For the linden-scented ways,	You will kneel, and softly plead
Where we walked on holy days	For the exile in her need,
(Happy times of prayer and praise!)	That the bruised and shaken reed
You and I.	Lean on Him!

### THE PRESS AND STOCKS.

The relations of the press with the Stock Market have never yet been placed upon a satisfactory footing. It is no part of a newspaper's duty to pursue a predetermined policy of either bearing or bulling the market. Its first and chief duty is to give an unbiased report of all proceedings connected with mining and stock operating. It is to be regretted that the press has never yet put itself in a position to gather this kind of information with successfulness and reliability. It accepts whatever is doled out to it by interested managers, and remains content therewith. Frequently, when there is anything important going on, miners are shut up in their holes, and information which is the very incarnation of falsehood is imparted to the newspapers. It must be confessed that the press shows in this direction an astonishing lack of its accustomed enterprise. Instead of being at the mercy of mining managers it might, if it exhibited industry and backbone, soon make itself master of superintendents, secretaries and directors. We have heard within a very recent period of miners being made to sleep in the ore-houses of the most important mines, and of a cordon of watchmen being placed around the works to prevent access on the part of news-gatherers. If the press were honest enough and firm enough it could prevent all this. If actuated by motives of public good alone, and if pursuing its righteous ends with candor and proper outspokenness, it could at all times restrain the public from dealing in the stock of mines at which such tricks were being played. We are persuaded that it would pay well to maintain a competent and faithful reporter at Virginia City to watch and report upon all proceedings there. If this were done with discretion, firmness, and unquestionably good faith, it would make the fortune of the daily first accomplishing so good a work. There is a large demand for mining facts, and the paper that will supply them will meet with a rich reward. They are not supplied at present; no, not by a great deal. Quite the contrary, indeed, for most of what we read are fictions from interested sources, whence no independent paper that desires a reputation for undoubted reliability should accept without serious suspicion and question any statement whatever. It may be difficult at first to get at the truth, but in the end it will be found to be not impossible. Barriers would give way, and soon mining news would be as available as any other kind of news. Secrecy could be made so odious that it would come to be about the last thing managers would want to be accused of. By all means let the dailies find out the facts and tell them truly first, last, and all the time. If beyond this they have a duty to perform it is to warn unwary persons against the abominable evils of buying on margins, and of stock gambling generally.

**A Pliant Judge.**—At the Huntingdonshire assizes, lately, a man named Kitelay was convicted of stealing a quantity of clover hay, value 14s., and Sir Baliol Brett sentenced him to one month's imprisonment. After the prisoner was removed from the dock, a jurymen remarked, "That is rather stiff, my lord." Lord Justice Brett: "Do you think so, gentlemen?" The jury, after consulting, said they did think so. The judge: "What sentence would you suggest, gentlemen?" The jury: "Cut in halves, my lord." The judge: "Very well, gentlemen, it was your verdict, and it shall be your sentence. Let the prisoner be brought back." Upon this being done, the judge said to him: "The jury think a month is too stiff; take fourteen days." And that sentence was recorded.

### THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The political situation continues to be watched with increasing interest by thinking men. At no time since the war has the outlook been so promising. It seems at this moment as if in a week or two peace and good will will reign throughout this broad land. This is an astonishing result to flow from the fraudulent act of inaugurating a President who was not duly elected, and who owes his position to the irreconcilables. If Morton, Chandler and the rest could only have foreseen all that has occurred during the past six weeks, Hayes would have been out in the cold, and the honesty of Tilden's election would have been admitted even by them. They may well exclaim, "There is a divinity that doth shape our ends, rough hew them how we may!" Florida is satisfied, South Carolina is delighted, and Louisiana is almost delivered, and will be wholly so in a few days. The President is persisting in his policy of conciliation, and a tenure of office that threatened dire calamities is pregnant with good. The nation at large looks on with unbounded satisfaction; the press, with exceptional unanimity, approves and applauds; whilst to Ben Butler, Wendell Phillips and ex-Speaker Blaine remains the now unpopular, if not odious, task of leading the termagants and irreconcilables. Grant said, "Let us have peace," but did not give it to us. Hayes came in amidst rumors of war, and in six short weeks has done more to secure harmony and concord than his predecessor accomplished in eight years. Soon all the State Governments will be working smoothly, to the great advantage of their own people, and to the promotion of the peace and welfare of the whole nation. The Administration, then relieved of its greatest trouble, will have time to turn its attention to the civil service, and other domestic reforms which it has promised. The plain, honest, unassuming and straightforward Mr. Hayes is doing well. Let all lovers of the country stand by him, strengthen his back-bone, and pray that his shadow may never grow less.

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**Destruction of Sheep Through a Violent Storm.**—A tremendous storm recently burst over Balala Creek, near to which is the station of Mr. A. Manson, and its effects are thus related by the *Uralla Times*: On the day named a flock of sheep, numbering between 900 and 1,000, and composed of ewes and lambs, were being shepherded by a boy in the employ of Mr. Manson, when, the weather looking rather threatening, the boy left the sheep grazing partly on a ridge and came to his master's residence. Shortly afterward the storm burst over the locality, and for two hours a perfect deluge of rain fell, Mr. Manson describing the water as descending in sheets, and completely submerging the low-lying country. After the violent storm had spent its force, Mr. Manson, little thinking of any serious damage having been done, went in the direction of the place where the sheep had been left. On coming to the spot and counting the sheep, it was found that fifty ewes and thirty fine lambs had been swept away through the waters in the creek rising and cutting off their escape. In addition to this serious loss, many rods of strong fencing were carried away. The body of water which came down the creek was like a solid wall many feet in height, and nothing could resist its force. It is a rather strange circumstance that the fury of the storm appears to have spent itself mainly upon the property of Mr. Manson, its effects being scarcely felt at a neighbor's place two miles distant.

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**An appeal to the charitable** has been made by the *London Morning Post* on behalf of the family of the late Mr. Howard Glover, the musical composer, son of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Glover. The widow and her twelve children are now in London, in dire poverty, "without furniture, with scanty and insufficient clothing, and only bread to eat." Donations may be sent to Mitchell's library, 33 Old Bond-street.

### THE GRAIN KING.

**Friedlander's affairs** are yet in abeyance. The two arbitrators chosen to adjudicate the accounts with Driesback have not yet agreed, nor have they chosen an umpire; consequently, everything in the way of a settlement is in abeyance. All the other creditors have signed off, agreeing to accept Friedlander's offer of 25c. It seems hard for a man to toil for twenty-five years or more in building up a business aggregating *eighty millions* of dollars, with an unsullied reputation and an untarnished credit, and when nearing the end of a race, when victory was about to crown the effort, to fail with a bare deficit of \$300,000. Could this failure have been tidied over sixty days, the result would have been very different. At the time of the suspension, Friedlander owned and controlled 50,000 tons of wheat, here and en route to Great Britain. The rise has been about \$6 per ton. This would have made good the deficit, and the general routine of his business, with an unimpaired credit, would have added \$500,000 to his store. Here we see the risks attending the very best and wisest business operations. First, the *drought* ruins the crop relied upon for capital to carry on a successful business, while European complications that were looked upon as sure for a rise in wheat and flour, with a large profit, came too late to save our friend from bankruptcy. Business in wheat shipments suffers greatly by Friedlander's suspension. There does not appear to be any one with grit enough to take his place. English orders for wheat have been here for weeks, and no one is found able or willing to name a price for one or more cargoes. Those that buy do so in lots of 50 or 100 tons, as they can find it. We all miss the head and prime leader, "*The Grain King*." He is only resting from his labors. The "*King*" is not yet dead, but will live and rule, King of the California Wheat Trade. Of this we have not a doubt. There is power behind the throne, which will yet be felt in our midst.

### TWEED CONFESSING.

**Tweed is at last**, after a long run, on his knees confessing; but that he has yet made a full breast of it, is by no means apparent. He is "cinching" not a few prominent men, who are responding with a perfect chorus of denials. It seems, at this distance, that he is most concerned in punishing those who have not been true to him, and it looks as if he is particularly mindful that his own party shall not bear all the odium arising from his thievery. It has often been claimed that if the bottom facts of his doings could be reached, the result would be the everlasting destruction of the Tammany organization. But, so far, his confession most hurts Republican State Legislators. The swindling charter which he got passed was suspiciously supported by Republican members, and now ugly facts are disclosed as to the why and the wherefor. Bribery, wholesale bribery was the means to that vile end. Recorder Hackett broke off from Tammany because a purist of the first water, and was, as such, re-elected on an independent ticket. Now comes the "Boss," and shows that the furniture of his house was corruptly supplied at the City's expense. Oakley Hall escaped conviction, smote his pharasaical breast, declared that he was not as other men, and inveighed against Tweed, who now tells his little story, which exhibits Hall as one of the worst of the crowd, and he now practically confesses judgment by running away. It is well that the whole truth should be known. It is a righteous result that the *modus operandi* of so gigantic a conspiracy should be known. To Governor Tilden and Charles O'Connor everlasting credit is due for the perseverance and ability with which they have followed this matter up.

**Baron von Loe**, formerly Secretary of Legation to the German Embassy in Paris, has been condemned by the Municipal Court of Berlin to one year's imprisonment on account of three articles published in the *Reichsglocke*, of which he was proved to be the author. The court also sentenced Dr. Gehlsen, the editor of the paper, to five years' imprisonment; and Count Hermann Arnim, formerly Councillor of Legation, who was also implicated in the matter, to three months' imprisonment.



## SONGS OF AN EXILE.

**Dress in Excelsis.**—"Several dresses were very successful. A silk of a rich jonquil yellow, with a cascade of bows edged with narrow white lace down the front, was very handsome. A black satin had narrow Brussels lace put on in curved flounces, and a Mandarin bow in the hair, which was arranged in *mardeaux*. A peculiar toilette of pale sulphur had sulphur-colored lilies in the hair, and diamonds on green velvet round the neck," (*The Queen*).

Come! This is truth at last! My *Queen*, who tells  
The wondering town about its leading belles,  
And knows full well what merit they possess,  
And where each female warrior gets her arms,  
Omits all mention of their natural charms,  
And simply sings the triumphs of their dress.

And wisely so! since 'tis not what they are,  
But what they wear, that lifts them on the car  
Of triumph, and secures the wish'd-for prize.  
Were Nature's cheeks and Nature's eyes enough,  
Would Talbot advertise, and journals puff.

"*Lessons in Getting-up the Face and Eyes!*"

Time was, when Love was young and free from care,  
That "Beauty drew him with a single hair;"  
He stole a lovelock from Belinda's head;  
"Scalpettes" to-day would prove more likely spoils;  
Strangled he lies in Lichtenfield's "light coils."  
And the new "chignon *mardeaux*" strike him dead.

Myra, in "fashionable *vetements*" drest,  
Shows no obtrusive sphere below her breast,  
Yet not to Nature gives the praise for *that*;  
Myra's large curves would move derisive scorn,  
But for the friendly aid of Addley Bourne,  
Whose "*Swanbill Corset keeps the figure flat.*"

"Steam-molded corsets, model'd on the busts  
Of Greece and Rome," delude the man who trusts  
In the deceitful forms thus deftly deck'd;  
While Mrs. Birkett's cunning skill has made  
"A compound under-garment," by whose aid  
"*Laundry expense and size of waist are check'd.*"

When Daphne, fainting in the sylvan glade,  
The impetuous sun-god's passion would evade,  
A tree, and not a nymph was what he press'd;  
So when some modern bridegroom fondly grasps  
The long-expected joy, he merely clasps  
An "Oriental bodice" to his breast.

Yet 'neath the laurel's bark Apollo felt  
A heart still beating, and, the while he knelt,  
The new leaves waved to him a last caress;  
Happy the modern lover who can find,  
Beneath the pads and belts his fair that bind,  
Or heart, or soul, or sense, or tenderness.

Ye pretty fools! ye fools not even pretty!  
Who laugh at Moslem wives, and deem it witty  
To mock them for the lives their husbands lead 'em,  
To liberate them take no further pains,  
But let them rest contented in their chains,  
Till *you* have made a wiser use of freedom.

—*The World.*

**In the City Criminal Court**, last Monday, the various charges of libel brought by Frederic Clay against Frederick Marriott and Frederick Marriott, Jr., were withdrawn.

### PRESENTATION TO SENATOR SARGENT.

The beautiful marble bust, executed by Mr. Mezzara, of Senator Sargent was presented to him on his arrival in this city last Thursday evening. The following is the text of the address delivered by the Hon. A. D. Splivalo on the happy occasion:

SENATOR: Ever since the classic epochs of Greece and Rome, it has been the custom to immortalize great men through poetry and sculpture, and though society has had many changes and innovations, this primitive idea has never been changed. Wealth may acquire and accomplish many things, but popular gratitude can never be obtained except through the voice of a grateful people. We have watched your course in the House of Representatives and in the Senate with that solicitude which every citizen has for the good of the country, and if your path has at times been blocked with thorns, the rose has bloomed to our satisfaction, and your friends and admirers, desirous of paying you a tribute which no wealth can purchase, and wishing to hand down to posterity an acknowledgment of your abilities and worth as a representative of the people of this State, have had your bust in marble executed by our talented artist, Mr. P. Mezzara. The work is purely Californian, and executed in the city, and we beg you, on behalf of Mrs. Sargent, to accept this marble bust of yourself, a gift of the persons whose names appear in this album.

The Senator was sensibly affected, and said he could find no words to express his gratitude, and all he could say was, "I thank you on behalf of the lady."

A curious feat of dentistry was recently performed at the Aquarium in New York, where a young female hippopotamus was operated upon by Dr. Kohn, her keeper. The animal is rather more than a year and a half old and (says the *Scientific American*) is just losing its milk teeth by the growth of the second set of teeth, or tusks, behind them. The period of teething, it appears, is quite as painful and troublesome with hippopotami as with boys and girls. "Baby," as this interesting young female was familiarly called, was seen to be very uneasy. She was continually rubbing her snout against the bars of her cage or on the floor, and in other ways was seeking to relieve the miserable gnawing of her jaws. The young captive is about the size of a tolerably large pig, and had always proved herself so gentle that no serious difficulty was apprehended in the performance of this unpleasant operation. No straps or fetters of any kind appear to have been resorted to. The animal allowed herself to be rolled over on her side, and "only kicked and grunted moderately when, after two or three attempts, a strong pull and a stout twist wrenched forth the offending tusk." Dr. Kohn, adds our contemporary, was induced to draw the tooth, not only to relieve the animal's pain, but also to prevent the possibility of the creature's swallowing it, and thus, perhaps, committing involuntary suicide, a death which animals in a wild state, it is said, not unfrequently meet with.

Some one will evidently have to do for the sham baronets what the *San Francisco News Letter* is doing for the sham doctors. For it is mournfully noted in the new edition of *Debrett* that *soi-disant* baronets are increasing apace; that many directors of public companies have not a shadow of a right to the baronetcies they unwarrantably assume. Appropriately headed by a death's-head and cross-bones, the journal alluded to prints a list of the names of some two hundred quacks, prefaced with the pertinent demand, "Gentlemen, you call yourselves doctors; have you diplomas?" A similar test might justly be applied to English titled impostors; and we would suggest that *Debrett*, having been the first to direct attention to the subject, should in the next edition be the first to bell the cat.—*World*.

**Death from Snake Bite.**—A case of death from the bite of a death-adder is recorded by the *Townsville Herald*. Recently a boy named Robert Canovan, aged 14 years, in the employ of Mr. Crosbie, carrier, was in the act of making his bed under the wagon, when he felt something prick him on the back of the wrist; it caused great pain and swelling. A light was procured, when a death-adder 18 inches long was discovered under the dray. Mr. Crosbie immediately killed the reptile with a stick. A small puncture was observable on the back of the wrist, which Mrs. Crosbie immediately scratched with a pin and squeezed it to make it bleed, and also tightly bound a bandage round the forearm. He was then brought into town to Mr. Clayton's shop, and a medical man not being immediately available, and delay being considered dangerous, an injection, application and internal dose of ten drops of ammonia were administered; a tight bandage was also placed round the thick part of the arm. The boy then walked home, a distance of half a mile, and fell into a sound sleep for four hours. About 11 o'clock the following day he became worse, when Dr. Wuth was called in; he continued to get worse in spite of all medical efforts, and exactly at sundown, twenty-three hours after the bite, when being walked about between two men, he suddenly dropped down and expired.

**The Emperor's eightieth birthday** was celebrated on March 22d throughout Germany. In Berlin it was observed with special festivities. At eight o'clock in the morning His Majesty began to receive the congratulations of the members of his family, the officers of his household, the German Princes, the Ambassadors and Special Envoys, and the Presidents of the Reichstag. At half-past three the German Princes presented Anton von Werner's enormous picture, which represents the proclamation of the Empire in the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles. It contains more than 140 portraits of princes, officers, generals, and soldiers, and is in a magnificent frame, ornamented by the arms of the princes who contributed to it, and by escutcheons charged with the Imperial eagle. The Grand Duke of Baden delivered an address to the Emperor. Another valuable present was made to His Majesty by the city of Berlin, namely, a copy of the statue of Queen Louisa, which is to be erected near that of King William III. in the Thiergarten. The streets near the palace were crowded with people. Almost all the houses in the center of the city displayed the national colors. The illuminations in the evening were magnificent.

**A Cardinal-Elect.**—The Right Rev. Monsignor Howard, who, in a few days, will be added to the Sacred College at Rome by His Holiness, is a distant cousin of the present Duke of Norfolk, and his name figures in Lodge's and Burke's Peerages as the only son of the late Edward Gyles Howard, who was the son of Edward Charles Howard, youngest brother of Bernard Edward, 15th duke. He is described as "a prelate of the Church of Rome," and he was born on February 13th, 1829, so that he is only just 48 years of age. In early life he was an officer in the 2d Life Guards, and we believe that he rode at the head of the military procession on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's funeral in 1852. He subsequently quitted the army and went to Rome, where he entered holy orders. He is at present Archbishop of Neo Cæsarea, *in partibus infidelium*. It will be remembered by readers of English history, and especially of that of the Stuart era, that he is not the first member of the ducal house of Howard who has been elevated to the Cardinalate.

**Mr. Bright.**—Mr. Bright's stay at Mentone has proved a fortunate circumstance in more ways than that of bringing about the re-establishment of the right hon. gentleman's health. It is no secret, according to *May-fair*, that Mr. Bright did not go the full length of his old friend and chief, Mr. Gladstone, in his Eastern policy. Mr. Bright stopped short of coercion, as indeed he would of any policy that might eventuate in war.

### THE WATER SUPPLY TROUBLE.

In the interests of the city we cannot help suggesting that there is just a little hint that may be advantageously taken by both sides. There is too much bad blood in the correspondence that has recently been exchanged. If we do not greatly mistake the facts, the real objects that the Spring Valley have in view harmonize completely with the city's best interests, and if the negotiators on each side frankly and considerately talked together, and truly understood each other, we are persuaded that an amicable arrangement would even yet be arrived at. We have had a long drought, and it is possible, but hardly likely, that it may continue through another Winter. This contingency, though remote, is one which the company is bound to consider and anticipate. It is simply doing that when it seeks to place a most effective check upon the frightful waste that has been going on at several of the public departments. No other scheme of water supply can be completed for years to come. Meanwhile we are, and of necessity must be, dependent upon the Spring Valley Company. That being so, it is not to the interest of citizens generally that anything should be done to cause a needless waste of water until the length of the present drought is determined. It is an act of forethought and wisdom to be prepared for even another dry Winter. Let these matters be dispassionately discussed by cool heads on both sides, and if that be done, we believe it will be discovered that instead of antagonism there is in reality a mutuality of interests.

### ANTI-CHINESE MANIA.

The secret societies which have been organized upon an anti-Chinese mania basis, are discussing, it is said, measures of an exciting, if not alarming character. The *Post* of last evening vouches for the truth of its statement, that at a recent meeting of a society held in this city, it was resolved to appoint a committee of surveillance to watch the office of the *Post*, in order to ascertain who was communicating information to it, and that one member proposed to raise a fund "to put Col. Bee (the well-known Chinese agent) out of the way." These measures are a mild imitation of the Chico atrocities, and demand serious consideration. There must be no toleration for the secret hatching of diabolical plots. We should believe our contemporary misinformed, if the revelations at Chico did not point distinctly to the fact that the secret proceedings of this anti-Chinese craze have a wide ramification. These developments necessitate a firm administration of the law against the murderers now under arrest. Wise firmness now will undoubtedly stave off greater evils in the future. There must be no paltering with this burning question.

The millenium, when it arrives, is scarcely likely to begin its manifestations in the London Bankruptcy Court; yet not so long ago the Official Assignees' Office contained three functionaries whose names were respectively Innocent, Angel, and Dove. Far more in harmony with the traditions of the place was the recent appearance, one after the other, of three bankrupts, whose faltering tongues confessed the appropriate patronymics of Goose, Gander, and Gosling. Then there appeared an insolvent featherless biped yclept A. Byrd, who was urgently pursued by a Mr. Swan, a Miss Swallow, and a Miss Woodcock.—*The World*.

The late Miss Harriet Martineau had a snug little country retreat in Norfolk, namely, Bracondale Lodge, near Norwich; and on Thursday and Friday last her somewhat extensive collection of paintings and articles of *virtu* there were dispersed by the auctioneer's hammer. A landscape by George Morland was knocked down for 350 guineas, and two pictures by "Old Crome" in very bad condition fetched 340 guineas and 300 guineas respectively; otherwise the "effects," which included some 1,000 books, each with Miss Martineau's signature written therein, went, comparatively speaking, for a mere song.



### REGULATING STOCK BUYING AND SELLING.

The London Stock Exchange, the purest and best body of its kind in the world, having neglected warnings to put its house entirely in order, is about to have it set right whether it likes it or not. Parliament has appointed a committee, and given it a long-handled broom with which to sweep away the accumulated dust and cobwebs that have too long hidden certain of its doings from the public eye. It has never been accused of many of the tricks of dishonesty which take place hourly upon California street. The fault that has been proved against it is that certain of its members, by a combination among themselves, have secured quotations for new loans at artificial rates, no real sale having taken place; which, of course, had for its object the swindling of investors. The discovery of this trick has so incensed the people and Parliament, that the Exchange is about to be regulated by law. It is admitted that the old institution has done wonderfully good work in its time, and it has been urged that it should be let off, for this time, with a caution. But Parliament was determined, and hence a committee will have to inquire, and suggest all necessary regulations under which stocks in the future shall be bought and sold. Those regulations will be worth watching here; as they may supply our own Legislators with useful hints.

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The schooner *Montana* has left Mazatlan, but is obliged to come away without her cargo. It will be remembered that the United States steamer *Lackawana* went down there to uphold the dignity of the American Republic. She has returned without doing anything, as unfortunately we are on the wrong side in this "tempest in a teapot." According to the Mexican Customs Regulations, every vessel is compelled to exhibit her manifest and other documents. As the *Montana* had no manifest of cargo going to other ports, the detention was perfectly legal. Subjoined is the article in question:

#### "CHAPTER 10, ART. 46, OF MEXICAN CUSTOMS REGULATIONS.

As soon as a vessel laden with merchandise anchors, the 'Comandante del Resguardo' (Captain of the Port), or his deputy, will present himself on board, and will demand from the Captain the ship store list, the passenger list, baggage list, the receipt of the Mexican Consul, and the manifest, or manifesto, of all the cargo the vessel contains, even when the goods are to be discharged in different ports."

The circular published here in the papers says that no difficulties are to be thrown in the way of vessels carrying merchandise for ports not in Mexico, but it still says that the manifest is to be handed in for such merchandise.

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The Portable and Adjustable Reading and Writing Desk is the latest addition to useful and admirable inventions. Fixed on a folding tripod, it can be used either as a checker or chess-board, a lady's work-stand, or a tea-table. It also makes an elegant writing desk, holding the paper in position by means of a silver-plated clasp. With equal facility it can be attached to any kind of chair, tilted at any angle for reading, or used flat when required for writing. At the Centennial it received a diploma and medal on account of its superiority. It can be seen at 126 Montgomery avenue (Commercial Hotel Block), and Messrs. Hickethier & Wilke are at all times pleased to explain its manifold uses to inquirers.

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Just for a flyer, and out of one of those curious and kind whims which distinguish men at the head of their profession, Dr. Jessup made, some time ago, one hundred sets of teeth, worth \$35 a set, which he gave his patients for \$7. They say that bread cast on the waters returns after many days, and Dr. Jessup not only casts the bread, but gives people the wherewithal to munch it. His new celluloid plate is a marvel of the dentist's art. Any one in trouble with their teeth would do well to consult him without delay, at his office, corner Montgomery and Sutter streets.

## ART JOTTINGS.

The auction sale of Thomas Hill's paintings on Wednesday evening last was a failure so far as the figures realized were concerned. It seems very singular why picture buyers do not pass intelligent judgment between good pictures, which they know to be genuine, and those of uncertain quality, and still more uncertain origin, or in other words, as the *Bulletin* art critic tersely puts it, the *shams*, which are constantly being worked off at auction, bought by people who do not realize how foolish they appear when showing their purchases to the cultured. It puts them in about the position of one who displays his taste for literature by calling attention to a beautifully bound volume, accompanied by a well known literary name, which upon being looked into proves to be—a lunch basket.

Marple has a sale at the Art Association gallery on the 24 of May. This is understood to be Mr. Marple's closing sale preparatory to taking up his residence East, probably in New York. The offering will comprise about sixty works. The present outlook for the sale is certainly anything but satisfactory.

On Tuesday next Messrs. Newhall & Co. will sell a lot of paintings quite similar in style and character to several sales held in years gone by. They are announced as being from the same gallery (D. Gale of Philadelphia), and are doubtless manufactured by the same artists. We have nothing to say of such pictures when offered and sold for just what they are—furniture pictures—any more than we would of a lot of chromos or other imitations of art; but when they are announced as "the finest collection of oil paintings ever offered on the Pacific Coast," we protest. It is an outrage alike upon our local artists and the picture-buying public. Of course, in regard to paintings, the auctioneers are in a measure bound to respect the wishes of their consignors regarding descriptions, quality, etc., and no fault can be found with Newhall & Co.; they have to sell such pictures as are offered, being in no way responsible for their quality; nor does the selling of such trash disqualify Mr. Eldridge from doing even-handed justice to better pictures when they come into his hands.

"Dido's Palace" is the title of an exceedingly ambitious picture on view at Snow & May's gallery the past week. It is painted by a young artist named Robinson, who evidently possesses a rare gift in handling the brush. It is equally evident, however, that his talent in this direction has been sadly abused, either for want of art training, or an undue and blind adherence to the crude ideas of the amateur. The picture has so many errors of drawing, light and shade and perspective, that its beauties are quite lost sight of. But there is no doubt that Mr. Robinson, with proper schooling, would make his mark as an artist. We are informed that the gentleman has never taken a lesson in painting. If this be so, it is certainly a remarkable production. The picture will remain on view until Wednesday.

The painting "Yankee Doodle," by A. M. Willard, of Cleveland, Ohio, has arrived, and will soon be on view to the public. Mr. Willard is the painter of the originals of "Pluck," "Deacon Jones," and other humorous subjects, and "Yankee Doodle" has been made quite familiar to us all by the chromos and photographs.

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Nothing is more difficult than the selection of a reliable tailor, unless a man is well posted. It is, therefore, a comfort to know that the great success of J. M. Litchfield & Co. in custom-made clothing, sets at rest all doubt which may have ever existed on the subject. Their cutters are all artists in that line, and the stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods is the richest, most varied and best assorted in the city. Note their new address—415 Montgomery street, near California.

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General Ignatieff intends to publish his reminiscences as Ambassador at the Golden Horn. The book is to be a series of sketches descriptive of the condition of the Porte and the Ottoman Empire. There are to be inserted diplomatic *raisonnements*.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**We have to note** the somewhat wholesale exodus of officers and petty officers connected with this service. The passengers traveling between this port and the China seas will readily recognize the names of men who have made themselves popular, during the voyages in which they have been employed, for their urbanity and unquestionable professional capability. They are principally, if not all, of British birth, and after two years service they return to visit the land of their forefathers. We trust they will return benefited by their picnic across the Atlantic, and in the meantime we wish them God speed. The names of the officers are as follows: E. L. Colville, second officer of the *Oceanic*; Robert Scott, third officer; J. Hollendale (R. N. Reserve), fourth officer; Owen Brady, M. D., surgeon. We trust that the Occidental and Oriental line will be able to replace the above efficient and well-known officers by men of equal capacity and merit.

**Coffee.** -- Imports for the first quarter of three years stand thus: 1875, 4,742,612 lbs.; 1876, 2,491,008 lbs.; 1877, 5,697,952 lbs. This large increase this year, so early in the season, is because the steamers from Central American ports do the bulk of the carrying trade, rather than sailing vessels in years past. Much the largest part of our Coffee comes from Central American ports, say 4,423,720 lbs. out of 5,697,952 lbs. This Green Coffee is highly esteemed here, and is, besides, a great favorite in Chicago and St. Louis, to which points in the interior large invoices are shipped, several thousand bags of the new crop having already been sent by Pacific Railroad the past few weeks; price, 20c. We quote Pale C. A. at 18½@19c; O. G. Java, 23@23½c; Manila, 88½@19c; Rio, 20c. During the week some 8,000 bags have reached us from Champerico and Guatemala. Holders of Prime Green are firm at 19@20c.

**Where Cyclones Germinate.** -- The first element in producing a cyclone is fierce sunheat at some place, hence its natal spot is a tropical sea or land. The air in certain places, becoming greatly rarefied by heat, ascends, and colder air rushes in beneath from all quarters to supply the void. As the streams of colder air move from one parallel of latitude to another, the rotation of the earth imparts the whirl in a manner beautifully explained by Sir John Herschel in his *Astronomy*. Under this influence those north of the equator, of necessity revolve in a direction opposite to that pursued by the hands of a watch; while those south of the equator do just the reverse. The former class move slantingly away from the equator northward, the latter southward, while on the equinoctial line itself there are no cyclones at all. No cyclone ever crossed the equator.

"Where is happiness to be found?" asks an exchange. Where is it? Why, look at the young girl across the street, who has just received a fifty cent valentine. See her blissful smile! Look at the woman who has found a \$10 bill in the vest her husband left this morning to be mended. Now look over the back fence here. Do you see that man dancing and capering about as if he were crazy? Well, his wife is going away for a week. These are three cases of happiness for you, and there are three times as many to be found around the corner at a boarding-house, where they have got a new and pretty servant-girl, who wears pink ribbons in her yellow hair. — *Washington Gazette*.

**The marriage of Miss Louisa Tevis** with Mr. John O. Breckenridge was celebrated on Thursday evening last, at the residence of Mr. Lloyd Tevis, the father of the bride. The officiating minister was the Rev. Dr. Platt, rector of Grace Church. The worthy President of Wells, Fargo & Co. was not ambitious to make a great display, and the invitations were confined to the immediate members and relatives of the family. On Thursday next the happy young couple will hold their wedding reception. Mr. Breckenridge is a young Southern gentleman of good family, and in every way a worthy groom of so fair a bride. We add our good wishes to the universal "bon voyage" of the community.

**A Vermonter in Utah** writes that since he went there in 1859 the average depth of the water in Salt Lake has increased about 11 feet, and the salt has lessened nearly 50 per cent.

**A new form of marine sounder** has been described to the French Academy by M. Tardieu. It consists of a spherical envelope of caoutchouc, a few centimetres in thickness, communicating with an iron reservoir by means of a tube of small diameter fitted with a valve. The caoutchouc envelope being filled with mercury, any increase of the exterior pressure makes a certain quantity of mercury pass into the iron reservoir, whence, however, it cannot return. When the apparatus has been lowered in deep water the weight of mercury found in the reservoir enables one to determine the pressure to which it has been subjected, and therefore the depth.

**Tonnage, Freights and Charters.** At this date we have 35,000 tons disengaged tonnage in port, 2,800 tons under engagement to load wheat, and 13,000 tons miscellaneous. Freights to the U. K. are entirely nominal at £2. There are no wheat charters upon the market—wheat now too high on this coast for shipment to Great Britain. We have now only three ships in port loading wheat for the United Kingdom, and none in Oregon. Several vessels have recently sailed hence for Liverpool and Manila in ballast seeking. The bark *Antioch* loads lumber and spars at Burrard Inlet to Shanghai, at \$22.

**The red fish** of Wallows Lake, California, are described as being blood-red in color, very fat, and weighing about eight pounds, and are preferred, when taken, to salmon. It is said there are only four lakes known in which this fish is found—Payette, in Idaho, a lake in Maine, one in Scotland, and Wallows Lake. A company engaged in commercial fishing on the latter frequently bring in a ton of red fish at a haul, with a seine of medium length. Lake Wallows is two thousand feet deep, and the fish suddenly appear on the surface in August and disappear in December.

**An Insular Cat-Farm.**—An enterprising speculator has purchased Mansfield Island, an islet in one of the great lakes—Erie, if our geography be not at fault—which he proposes to devote exclusively to the cultivation of cats. He will stock it with, say a thousand toms and tabbies, and bid them increase and multiply; then, when the stock needs thinning out, he will proceed to take the nice lives of as many as may have ripened, utilizing their skins and intestines for commercial purposes.

**We are informed**, on the best of authority, that there is no foundation in fact for the heinous charge we gave credit to in our last issue concerning Mr. Proague. We regret that we have done Mr. Proague the discredit of mixing him up with His Satanic Majesty in any way. Instead of Mr. Proague borrowing from his church, we now know that his church is indebted to him for a large and handsome donation to assist them in raising their debt.

**Edhem Pasha**, the present Grand Vizier, is a poet. He is the author of "Selim III.," "Johanna Gray," and other dramas. Before his departure from Berlin he finished a volume of poems and handed the manuscript to the Oldenburg Court publishing firm of Schulze, who are about to bring it out in a handsome edition. A highly interesting work may shortly be looked for.

**For Liverpool.**—The ship *Golden Gate* was cleared by Messrs. Cross & Co., on the 18th inst., with 26,712 cents wheat, 405 cents borax, 3,800 half sacks flour, 20 tons ore; the whole valued at \$75,082.

**Springfield, Ill.**, has a female dentist. She is said to be a lady of gentle extraction. Such a woman is bound to pull through life—peaceably if she can, forcibly if she must.

**The King of Dahomey** now wants to fight England, France, and Germany combined. He has invented a new kind of club, and wants to see it thoroughly tried.

**Prince Bismarck** has been appointed by the Emperor Hereditary Chief Ranger of the Duchy of Pomerania.



## THE WAR IN EUROPE.

At length the Rubicon is passed. The vanguard of the Russian army has crossed the Pruth, and ere long the Mahomedan crescent and the Greek cross will face one another on the banks of the Danube. The peace-making protocol that only a week ago, signed by the six Powers, was to restore tranquility and settle all vexed questions, is now a dead letter, for, as Lord Derby said, as a reservation, when signing, "It will be of no effect unless the conditions are carried out on both sides." And certainly these conditions were not onerous nor one-sided. They demanded peace between Montenegro and Turkey by the latter conceding a rectification of the frontier line and the free navigation of the Bojana, also to place all armies on a peace footing and take measures to tranquilize the disturbed Provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Bulgaria, Russia and Turkey to consent to a mutual disarmament or demobilization, as it is called. There was no mention in the protocol of coercion, either to enforce its clauses or in case of their not being carried out as promised. It was thought and hoped that on its promulgation peace would be insured, but that hope has proved fallacious. The first objection came from Montenegro, who insisted upon Niscic and a seaport, which could only be taken from or ceded by Austria. Then Russia wanted a special envoy to be sent from Constantinople to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of arranging the terms of disarmament, and when Turkey appeared inclined to agree to that proposition, fresh obstacles arose, until at length Turkey rejected the protocol and the Russian officials took their departure from the Ottoman Empire. It was said at the time that the protocol was a bridge to cover the Russian retreat, but the voice of the nation was stronger than the Czar, however much he might have been inclined to pacific measures. And yet it was the Russian Government that proposed the protocol, and it was with a view to its acceptance by the great Powers that General Ignatieff was sent on his famous mission to the various European courts. Strangely enough, this protocol drawn up by Russia was an effectual answer to Prince Gortchakoff's circular, to which all the Cabinets were studying a suitable reply. Now it is null, and it is gravely asked whether Russia ever expected it would be otherwise. Any one reading the calm and temperate address of the Sultan at the opening of the Turkish Parliament, with its promise of reform and subsequent active measures for the purpose of carrying it out, will well understand how a sensitive, jealous nation would naturally object to dictation, or even to supervision, and can well enter into a community of feeling with a Kurd, who said from his place, in reply to some remarks about the great misery caused by the present state of things, "You talk of misery," said he, "and yet I see brilliant uniforms, luxurious palaces, and many elegant carriages in Constantinople. Come to our Province if you really want to know what misery means. I, myself, like most of the people in my Province go about in rags, and it was only by a great effort and sacrifice that I have been able to get this coat to appear decently among you, and yet I am ready to give up this coat and resume my old rags in order to fight for the honor and existence of my country. No one has a right to interfere with our own domestic affairs, and we Ottomans protest solemnly against any such interference by any foreign Power." When such expressions as those contained in the concluding sentence created an enthusiasm and excitement which the President vainly endeavored to quell, it will be seen how difficult it is to come to any terms with Turkey.

From the meagre and disjointed news we get by telegraph, we learn that the Russians crossed the Pruth at Leovo, on the line of railroad between Russia and Roumania, and from last accounts from fifty to eighty thousand troops now occupy the Roumanian territory. Now Roumania, although doing homage to Turkey, can hardly be called a portion of the Sultan's dominions. It is an independent State, governed by a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern, receiving counsel and instructions from the German Court, and only nominally a portion of the Turkish Empire. Consequently, Prince Charles formally and courteously protests against an invasion he is powerless to resist, informs his Parliament that the Russian army is merely in transit, does not intend to occupy Bucharest, will pay for all that it takes in the way of supplies, and it is surmised that in case of success of the Russian arms, Roumania will give effectual aid, to be

rewarded by an elevation to an independent kingdom. It appears probable that the Russian force is moving to Dobroudsha, in the north of Bulgaria. To do this they must cross the Danube, and herein lies their first difficulty. The Turkish gun-boats are cruising in the river, the country on the Roumanian, or northern bank, is a morass, with but a few badly made roads crossing it, the south bank of the river is strongly fortified, and, being much higher than the opposite shore, commands the passage. There are no bridges across the Danube, and the enemy will be compelled to use pontoons. It will be many days yet before the preparations will be sufficiently advanced to enable the army to make a decisively forward movement, and although at present Turkey has to weaken her line by elongation along her Danubian defences, yet she can at a short notice concentrate her forces upon any given spot. In the meantime Russia is attacking the Asiatic possessions of the Sultan, and the troops have penetrated into the interior of Kars, though from the latest accounts they have suffered a repulse, with the loss of eight hundred men. In the course of next week we shall have more definite news, particularly as to the attitude of the other European powers, as upon their action depends the momentous question whether the war is to be limited to the present combatants, or become fearfully general.

### THE EMBEZZLING MANIA.

San Francisco seems to be particularly unlucky in the matter of defaulters. Scarcely a week passes without some fresh case of embezzlement, each more startling than its predecessor. Men in whom hitherto the utmost confidence has been reposed, against whom no whisper of mischief has ever been raised, are suddenly discovered to have levanted with varying amounts of cash, or valuables, that had been intrusted to their care. Public confidence naturally gets more or less shaken by these oft-recurring casualties, and one begins to sigh for Diogenes' lantern, to discover if, perchance, an honest man is left in the city. During the last few days a deficit of some \$49,000 odd is reported to have been discovered in the State Surveyor's Office, while close following on the heels of this revelation comes the announcement that a confidential clerk in the Pension Office, together with a confederate in crime, are defaulters to the tune of \$6,000 apiece. That such a state of things should prevail in our midst is, indeed, much to be deplored. In the case of Government Officers, the root of the evil is, doubtless, to be traced to the ill-advised and pernicious custom of appointing fresh officers with every change in the Administration, and, whatever may be their "record," removing these old servants to give place to party favorites. As long as public security is made subservient to private and party interests, so long will the same disastrous results ensue. Provided a man shows himself efficient in his department, and be of irreproachable character, it is at once an act of injustice to him, and detrimental to the interests of his office that he should be discharged at a moment's notice. Every public servant, on entering office, is fully aware of the length of his term, and is too often, on that account, unfortunately tempted to make hay while the sun shines, and improve his chances while the golden opportunity presents itself. In the case of Confidential Clerks, Book-keepers, and persons of that class, the fault not rarely lies with the employers themselves. Trusting implicitly in every statement, every balance-sheet, that is laid before them, or, perhaps, from an unwillingness to display an ignorance of matters with which they profess to be acquainted, they throw irresistible temptations in a young man's way. The fast living, costly rooms, and other expensive tastes, which to outsiders speak but too plainly, reveal nothing wrong to the employer, and he displays, as a rule, the utmost astonishment when the denouement comes. In some large houses in England, private detectives are employed, who watch every movement, and keep track of every farthing of expenses incurred by the different clerks. This may be carrying the system of surveillance rather to extremes, but the result is shown in the good effects, both on the employer and the employed. Till the "boss" deigns to take some further interest in the movements and moral welfare of his employe, so long will his safe be liable to periodical inroads.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

AN ANALYSIS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By Viscount Amberly. From the late London Edition. D. M. Bennett, publisher, New York.

The number of books written by disciples of "free thought" which have appeared during the past ten years has been very great, and is constantly increasing. Scarcely a week passes in which some missile of unbelief does not fall into the Christian camp, and create consternation among the warriors of the True Faith in proportion to its nature and the source from whence it comes. It may be a thunderbolt from the ponderous mortar of Strauss, carrying all before it, and crashing into the very deepest foundations of the Church; or a conical steel projectile, glistening, deadly, and piercing without a shock, from the perfect weapon of Renan; or a scientific explosive, dropped silently into the camp and left to work destruction in its own way, by Darwin, Tyndall or Huxley; or it may be a mere squib of scoffing ignorance, that fizzes harmlessly and disgusts both parties by its blustering imbecility, thrown by the hand of a Bradlaugh.

The work we have now under consideration is certainly not of the last named class. As its title imports, it deals with other beliefs than the Christian; indeed, there is hardly a religion on which the author does not touch. The tenets and characters of the great founders of Confucianism, Taonism, Buddhism, Parseeism, Islamism and Christianity, not to mention those of less illustrious culture—heroes and prophets—are all considered and passed in review. The religion inculcated by Christ is, however, naturally given the most prominent place, and to the author's ideas concerning it we must, in this review, principally confine our attention.

But, first, a few words about the author himself. Viscount Amberly, the son of Lord John Russell, and consequently a member of the great ducal House of Bedford, had more to contend against when he undertook to differ from the faith of his forefathers, than falls to the lot of most "free-thinkers." Brought up in the strictest tenets of the Christian church, by a pious and orthodox mother, he yet retained independence of thought enough to discover and reject the fallacies of her teachings; hampered by the conservative prejudices of his class and family, he yet ventured to "leap the narrow pales" and boldly strike out for himself on a path that he knew would meet with their disfavor. Nothing can show more plainly the obstacles which he had to surmount in this respect than the fact that after his death—which unfortunately occurred while his book was still in the press—the Duke of Bedford, backed by Lord John Russell himself, tried to buy up the entire edition issued; as the American publisher observes, this is "enough to make every sympathetic and inquiring person anxious to read the results of his labor of years."

As has been before stated, Lord Amberly analyzes all the principal religions of the world. His researches on Christianity, however, besides being most comprehensive, are also the most interesting to the general reader. He enumerates six great religious founders: Confucius, Lao-tse, Sakyamuni or Guatama Buddha, Zoroaster, Mahomet, and Jesus Christ; of these, the last, in many respects, is the greatest and the best.

Having, of course, no idea of conceding the divinity of Jesus, Lord Amberly investigates his history, character and doctrines by precisely the same rules as he would those of any other celebrated man, and in thus dealing with so delicate and difficult a subject, it is singular with what skill he avoids the symplegades of wanton irreverence of the one hand and affectation of reverence on the other.

Of course, the New Testament is the only source from which any supposable authentic information about the life and character of Jesus can be gleaned. Without troubling himself, then, about the real authorship of the gospels, he takes them as they are, and uses them as the bases of his inquiry. In these gospels he discerns three distinct strata: "A stratum of fact, a stratum of miracle and marvel, and a stratum of mere imagination within the realm of natural events." Correspondently to these divisions he treats Jesus, first, as historical; secondly, as mythical; thirdly, as ideal. "The historical Jesus is the actual human figure who remains after abstraction has been made of the miraculous and legendary portions of his biography. The mythical Jesus, who is found in the three first gospels, is the human subject of legendary nar-

ratives; the ideal Jesus, who is found in John, is a completely superhuman conception."

After considering his subject from these three points of view, the author proceeds to inquire, first: "What did the Jews think of him?" Secondly, "What did Jesus think of himself?" Thirdly, "What did his disciples think of him?" and, fourthly, "What are we to think of him?"

It is our intention, in a future number, to give our readers some details of this most interesting discussion.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS MUST AND SHALL BE UNFRAMED BY THE PRIESTS OF ANY DENOMINATION. Written by a Huguenot.

This is a pamphlet of some twenty-six pages on a subject we had thought was worn threadbare. Its object is to excite and continue the discussion about secular and religious education, which has already caused so much bad feeling in this country. Our advice to the public is *not* to read it.

### SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The anniversary exercises of the San Francisco Theological Seminary were held Thursday evening in St. John's Presbyterian Church. The attendance was large and the music good. The organ, presided over by Professor Seward, who is also the leader of the church choir, is said to be the best in the city. Eight students delivered essays, each limited to five minutes in length. The annual address was delivered by Rev. John Hemphill, of Calvary Church, and was a scholarly effort and well received by the large audience in attendance. The Rev. Wm. A. Scott, D. D., L. L. D., presided, being President of the Seminary. Rev. Dr. Burrows and Rev. Dr. Eells also took part in the exercises. The subjects treated upon in brief by the students were as follows: "The Still Small Voice," J. Hemphill; "We Gather to Scatter," T. H. Paden; "Education and Religion," J. M. Dinsmore; "Enjoyment not always a Criterion of Success," J. L. McKeehan, M. D.; "A Spiritual Ministry the Hope of the Church," W. O. Phillips (excused by reason of illness); "A Limited and Popular View of Justice," A. T. Robertson; "Attitude of the Pulpit to Natural Science," A. H. Croco; "Fanaticism," F. H. Robinson; "The Next Chaos," W. Thomson. The last three gentlemen named were graduates of the senior class, and received the parchment at the hands of Rev. Dr. Scott. Mr. Thomson, at the close of his essay, took occasion to address a few farewell remarks to his fellow students, and then turned to the President and Faculty and feelingly and eloquently returned thanks for the kind and faithful instruction received at their hands. The Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Eells. This school of the prophets is, we are happy to say, established on a firm basis, and is steadily growing in public favor by the churches and people on this coast.

The Rev. Wm. Speer, D.D., late Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, Philadelphia, was with his wife passengers on the Pacific Mail Steamship *Alaska*, from China, and writes to us while at quarantine in this harbor as follows:

AT QUARANTINE, Steamer "Alaska," April 23, 1877.

Back so far homeward after our long journey. Had a grand time from Peking down the whole way to Canton. Every moment seemed filled with something of interest. But we are real glad to get back to Uncle Sam's dominions. We are quarantined here for just nothing at all. A couple of light cases of varioloid appeared after starting from Hongkong, and were put on shore at Yokohama to prevent any difficulty at all. A couple of others have turned up since, but only such as are happening every day in every town and city. Among the cabin passengers there has been none. They are gentlemen of different nations, one of them an intelligent Russian Captain in the Navy. All think our detention most unreasonable and unnecessary to be kept here when they have important business and other requirements demanding attention. I am anxious to get on to Philadelphia and home as soon as I can.

W. S.

Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.



**"IF WISHES WERE HORSES."**

Who does not daily hear the wish

Expressed—or just implied—

That in the coming war the Russ

Will lower John Bull's pride?

And this by those who speak his tongue

(A little spoiled, perforce), [this

And draw their blood from him (though

Is slightly mixed, of course).

O, foolish Brother Jonathan,

Why *will* you nurse your spite?

Why will you wish your kinsman's fall?

You know it isn't right.

O, baby Brother Jonathan,

Pray blubber for the moon;

'Twould be in better taste, and then—

You'd get it just as soon.

Just think—if England were wiped out,

At what, pray, could you point,

And state with native modesty:

"We licked her out o' joint!"

A hundred years you've had the chance

To boast at her expense—

If she were clean demolished now,

Your loss would be immense.

But, really, there's not much to fear--

Old England's still alive;

And as far as evil wishes go,

She's likely to survive.

Then honor rest upon her flag,

When she shall choose to fight;

If she beats back Russian bayonets,

She may laugh at Yankee spite.

**THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTH.**

The cloud which has hung so gloomily over Louisiana and South Carolina for the last six months, has vanished, and there is a well-founded promise of sunshine for the future. For the first time in eleven years these States are governing themselves. For the first time since the termination of the war, the white and colored races are in a fair way of realizing that their interests are identical, and that the gain of the one cannot be advanced by the loss to the other. Whatever the motives of President Hayes may be (and there are those who will attribute them to self-interest), his policy regarding these two hitherto unhappy States is a brilliant piece of diplomacy. His action in their regard is the inauguration of his dictatorship and a happy promise of moderation and wisdom for the future. It means, virtually, the expulsion of carpet-baggers and the administration of a political cathartic to the choked-up avenues of goodwill and harmony. Chamberlain, who has been constantly asserting his devotion to the people, and his desire to *die* for them, has gone to *live* in New York. Governor Packard will probably follow suit and take his followers with him. The existence of the carpet-bagger in the South depends solely on his ability to keep the two races in a constant state of irritation. He is a cantharides blister on an old and unhealed sore—a constantly moving seton in a body desirous of repose. This element has been displaced from Arkansas, Georgia, Alabama, Texas and Virginia, and from their disappearance dates the prosperity of these now flourishing States. Similar results will follow in South Carolina and Louisiana, if only the Governors elect will be as true to their promises as President Hayes has been to his. It is incumbent on them to deal out the laws of the United States to white and colored citizens alike, and at this juncture to be more than ordinarily careful that the latter have the full benefit of all privileges accorded them by the Constitution. It is true that Carpenter, the late Collector of the port of Charleston, says that he cannot live in South Carolina under Wade Hampton's rule, intimating that therefore no Republican can; but Mr. Carpenter's real reason for disliking that part of the country may more reasonably be attributed to a little deficiency of \$40,000, for which we believe he has since been indicted. Once more we predict a brilliant and happy future for the whole of the "solid South," if only the temperate policy which has settled their troubles so effectually be carried out. Bull-dosing, riots and armed mobs have had their day, and a new era of commercial prosperity and wise government is now in order.

A woman tramp, by the name of Walker, died recently in Phoenixville, Pa., and there being found in her skirts bank-books and other papers representing \$18,000, there arose as great a contest for the body and clothes as there was for Homer's birth-place after his death. First-Cousin Charles W. Beardsley, of Bridgeport, finally carried off the body and the booty, and the poor, deserted tramp has now had a first-class, but we imagine tolerably cheerful funeral down in Connecticut.

### A FLAGRANT OUTRAGE

I ever there was an atrocious wrong done to the patient and long suffering property-holders, it is now being consummated in the construction of that useless street known as Montgomery Avenue. As not every one understands the law under which works of this kind are carried out, it will be well to put its substance in plain words before our readers. After the property has been condemned (about which the holder has nothing to say), damages are assessed and divided among the adjacent property-holders, *pro rata*. So far so good. Now, suppose that one of the owners happens to be East, does not hear of the matter, and is ignorant of the tax which he is called upon to pay. He is not even served with a summons, or given the chance to appear in Court—a privilege which is never denied to a debtor for \$5 worth of groceries. A County Court judgment is obtained, *from which there is no appeal*, and his homestead is sold right out from under his feet. A simple notice, in an obscure newspaper, is the only announcement of the intended action, and without saying by your leave, or with your leave, the Sheriff walks in and disposes of the whole property. So much for this monstrous law, under which still greater wrongs are being perpetrated, in the case in question. The deluded residents of Montgomery Avenue have dutifully complied with the requirements of this unjust statute. They have paid their assessments, their State, City, and County taxes; they have paid for sewerage, and for the grading of the street, and seen the great gusty thoroughfare approach completion, until it was ready to be macadamized. Now comes the culminating point of the wrong. A ring of contractors go to the legislature and lobby through a bill to *regrade* the Avenue, to take up the sewers, and do all over again work which was done wrong in the first place through their own criminal carelessness. It does not matter to them that the North Beach property, instead of increasing in value, has depreciated; they do not care whether the tax eaten lots can stand the fresh assessment, though it is a fact that some of them would not sell for the amount of the latest impost. Montgomery Avenue is actually of no benefit except as a funnel to blow the dust into the business portions of the city. The outrages which are perpetrated by contractors on our streets every few months, under the name of repairs, are hard enough for the tax-payer to bear, but this burden is one which every citizen, who is interested in delivering our town from the claws of monopolies and rings, should resent with all his might.

Since the above was in type, the Judge of the Nineteenth District Court has dismissed the writ of prohibition, which was issued on the 19th instant upon the complaint of J. P. Dameron, thus leaving property-holders at the mercy of the County Court, which threatens to add \$50 to each judgment.

### MUSCLE VERSUS BRAINS.

The Secretary of the California State Medical Society, Dr. G. G. Tyrrell, was lately attacked in a cowardly manner—from behind—by an individual known as Dr. J. D. Whitney. Dr. Tyrrell was in the act of lifting up his carpet-bag when the "Doc" bounced out and struck him two or three blows over the head, and then as suddenly bounced back again into safe quarters. Our Law Courts will doubtless render it apparent to Dr. J. D. Whitney that murderous attacks cannot be safely indulged in except, indeed, on his private patients. In the meantime we apologize to Dr. Tyrrell—a gentleman visiting this city simply in his official capacity—on behalf of the decent portion of the community for this disreputable attack. Impostors and their abettors carry on a war for supremacy; the uneducated, disreputable and unintellectual many still struggle against the educated, reputable and intellectual few. So far the impostors have always had it their own way in the so-called medical societies of San Francisco.

At Rome a society for the defense of family principles has just awarded its civil crown to a lady named Mme. Bouillet, who has given birth to her thirty-sixth child.

## HIS SATANIC MAJESTY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

My head's just splitting! I'll confess I've been indulging rather steep  
 In "Jamestown gin!" it's not bad stuff! and it certainly is cheap!  
 Wise, Maynard, Strother, and myself, and our Democratic friends,  
 Have held high jinks these last few days! We've got the choicest blends!  
 Poor *Glass*, tho', shouldn't get abused, and have to stand such teazin',  
 One must take whisky from a *glass*—it's the only way in reason!  
 Another deficit! one more man his trust has been betraying!  
 Unlike the State Lands, now it seems *Bost's* books won't stand *surveying*!  
 Lost fee-books! lands all gobbled up! and fifty thousand short!  
 Nine years he's *boasted* he's been smart, but after all gets caught!  
 What high-toned tastes you're getting, eh? a Baron for a cook!  
 And Leland, too, turns up his nose, if his steward's not a Duke! [thief,  
 Though the "Jook" has proved no Duke at all, but a common, low-bred  
 And the love-sick Baron's drowned *himself*, in trying to drown his *grief*!  
 No more 'll he flip the slap-jacks round, or fry the morning steak,  
 But fond of *bacon*, he has gone where he 'll have a chance to *bake*!  
 How strange your Quarantine laws are! here's th' *Alaska* come to port  
 With small-pox, yet the passengers land, and set all rules at nought!  
 Maybe you relish small-pox, tho'? if so, you do your best  
 To give the Coroner lots of fees, and spread the welcome pest!  
 Your girls have waxed quite wrothy! and have sent a protest, signed  
 By "Lillie Dale," and "Daisy Deane," with "five hundred more" be-  
 They say I have "disparaged" them! and always seem to revel [hind!  
 "In finding fault;" "So now, just stop! Please do, kind Mr. Devil!"  
 I think they're pleased: I noticed them! and hence this *billet-doux*—  
 For when girls say, "There, Billy, don't!" they mean "Please, *Billy*, do!"  
 "Who wants a Russian *beau*? not we! Perhaps you think you're funny!"  
 That's so! I *knew* 'twas not the *men* they wanted, but their *money*!  
 And then they threaten "to turn good for spite!" (just like the ladies!)  
 And "cheat me, if I don't reform of their company down in Hades!"  
 As if they could! I'm not afraid I'll lose you, pretty misses,  
 You'll get your share of roasting—no! I'll take it out in kisses!  
 Your military men seem out of luck! Brave Beaumont used to figure  
 The pride of all the "Jersey squad" that ever pulled a trigger!  
 But I s'pose he thought he'd done enough for Uncle Sam's small pay,  
 So laid his hands on all he could, then bolted right away!  
 And as he wanted company, Schwartz thought he'd join his chum,  
 So he "corralled" six thousand more—or some such trifling sum!  
 The National Guards are a gallant lot—the foremost in the field,  
 And, as was proved in Vernon's case, their motto's "Never yield!"  
 The Major should have yielded, tho', not growl, and say he's "cinched!"  
 A *charge* is what, thus far, at least, the boys have never flinched!  
 A hash bill, too! the only debt a man should never owe;  
 What's seven-fifty! It's too small! The thing's a pretty go!  
 Doc. Whitney's turned phrenologist! and is trying hard to find  
 The different points in people's heads, and *bumps* of every kind!  
 But Tyrrell says the process hurts! He wasn't blessed with bumps  
 Till Whitney's cowhide put them there, and now—his head's all lumps!  
 If that's the way the science's learnt, he'd rather go without!  
 He can't come that on him again! the last time let him out!  
 What's got into your Judges? Where's the *prestige* of the bar?  
 One would have thought 'twere bad enough to quarrel, swear and spar!  
 But here's Judge Tyler—just the same's some felon—been arrested  
 For larceny! What can all this mean? The public's interested!  
 It can't be that his sympathy with the *Jolly Giant's* cause  
 Has made him wish to share his fate inside the jail-house doors!  
 The "Revival" still goes bravely on! tho' I'd think they soon must quit,  
 Or Heaven will get so choked up that they won't have room to sit!  
 What do you think? Frank Leslie's here! and has sent—the dear old  
 A scented, gilt-edged note to say: "Drop in to-night for dinner!" [sinner—  
 He's come to see the sights! and vows he'll never leave the city  
 Without a glimpse of "Satan"—he's ne'er seen me—more's the pity!  
 So that explains the bobtailed coat, this wondrous-shapen boot  
 That I've contrived. I feared he'd faint at my poor old cloven foot!  
 As it is, I guess he'll think me odd, and tell them in New York  
 All sorts of yarns; but see! 'tis late! I'm off now!—want a walk?

### THE WATER STRIFE.

In our last issue we pointed out clearly that there was a mutuality of interests on the part of the Spring Valley Water Works and the City Fathers which required dispassionate discussion on both sides. We regret that, as another week passes, we have only further an ill-advised hostility to record. The action of Mr. Swift, in preparing an opinion that the city of San Francisco is the successor to the interest of the Pueblo of Yerba Buena, and was and is the owner of Lobos Creek and Mountain Lake, is very much to be regretted. It savors too much of the ill-temper which Mr. Swift has lately displayed as the city's adviser, and comes far too late in the day to be of any value or to have any weight. As the case stands at present we have on the one hand a powerful corporation nettled at what they conceive to be a gross injustice dealt them by the city. When that corporation found that even the decisions of the Supreme Court were powerless to effect the payment of their water bills they commenced an aggressive policy and shut off the water from our public squares and parks. The city, in a corresponding fit of petulance, connected the mains again, and then came a series of explanations by which it seemed that further litigation would cease and an amicable adjustment of the question be arrived at. The last action of the Supervisors, on the advice of Mr. Swift, supported by the City Attorney, threatens to subvert all hopes of a pacific settlement and to plunge San Francisco into an apparently endless and interminable strife with the Water Works Company. In the event of such litigation the policy of both contending parties will be to metaphorically cut each others throats as often as they can, while the poor taxpayers will be bled for the expenses of the suit and be the sufferers throughout the long struggle. The present season is likely to be a very dry one, and the welcome rain will in all probability be an absent guest until October or November next. In the face, then, of a dry Summer and a prospective drought, there would seem to be more need of harmony between the civic authorities and the Spring Valley Water Company than has ever existed hitherto. Mr. Swift's action in attacking the Company's title is the worst scheme which ever entered that eminent counsel's brain, and he will do well to divest himself of all personal feeling in the matter and apply himself to the cultivation of the serious interests of the city. The latest news as we go to press is that the Spring Valley Company, through their attorney, Charles N. Fox, commenced an action against the city yesterday to quiet title to the Point Lobos Creek lands. This verifies our prediction of the long and tiresome litigation which is now inevitable.

**Poor Victor Emmanuel** is again in difficulties. His civil list was curtailed some years ago under the Ministry of Signor Sella, who induced the King to abandon one-fourth of the sum received from the State, the amount now being only twelve and a-half millions of francs. His Majesty, who, as is known, is very generous, never has any money in his pocket, and is often obliged to borrow a few louis from his aide-de-camp. The history may be remembered of the Bills of the King, genuine or forced, which passed through the hands of a number of Italian bankers. In order to put an end to a state of affairs which does but little credit to a great nation, Signor Depretis proposes that the civil list shall be raised to 14,250,000f. Of the increase of 1,750,000f., the sum of 750,000f. only is to go to the personal expenditure of his Majesty, the balance of 1,000,000f. being intended for the interest and amortissement of his debt, which amounts to twenty-two millions. The King, as may be remembered, has a large number of palaces, but the maintenance of these is precisely the cause of his difficulties. Some of them have been ceded again to the public domain; but on account of the large number of cities which were formerly capitals in Italy, the measure cannot be carried out to a large extent.—*Court Journal*.

**The cable rivalry** connects itself with the land telegraph competition, and the Atlantic and Pacific people assure the public that the Direct cable company has not, and will not, amalgamate with the old line and put up prices.



**LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.**

Died March 26, 1827.

All that is writ in rhymes he told in tonés:  
 They were his deeper and diviner speech,  
 His pity and rage, his laughter and his moans,  
 His rapture and despair. 'Twas his to teach  
 How music's subtler language may outreach  
 The heavenliest possibilities of words,  
 Till our weak utterance fail beside the rich  
 Pulsating passion of tempestuous chords,  
 Sworn with a vaster voice than mortal breath affords.

The thought, which like an incorporeal sprite  
 Rose in his soul, forthwith took visible hue  
 And form and motion from his spirit's might,  
 And winged with unimagined lightnings flew  
 Forth, a full-bodied Music, and upgrew,  
 In breathing passion of strong loveliness,  
 A beauty and a wonder to the few  
 Rare spirits whose intenser glow can trace  
 The wandering soul of sound to its fair dwelling-place.

—*London Graphic.***TEXT OF PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF'S CIRCULAR.**

**St. Petersburg, April 24th.**—Following is the text of Prince Gortchakoff's circular :

The Imperial Cabinet has, since the commencement of the Eastern crisis, exhausted all the means in its power in order to bring about, with the co-operation of the Great Powers, the pacification of Turkey. All the proposals made to the Porte, in consequence of the understanding between the Powers, have, however, met with insurmountable resistance. The London protocol was the last expression of the united will of Europe. The Imperial Cabinet had, in signing it, offered its hands as a last attempt at conciliation. By its declaration accompanying the protocol it had marked out the conditions which, if loyally accepted and carried out by the Porte, were calculated to bring about the re-establishment and strengthening of peace. The Porte has answered by a fresh refusal. This eventuality was not provided for in the protocol. Europe had confined itself to the stipulation that the Great Powers, if they were disappointed in their hopes of seeing the Porte carry out the reforms energetically, reserved the right to point out in common the means which they should think proper to secure the welfare of the populations and the interests of a general peace. Thus the European Cabinets had foreseen a contingency that the Porte would not fulfill its promises, but not that it would respect the demands of Europe at the same time. Lord Derby's declaration had established that since Her Britannic Majesty's Government only consented to give its signature to the protocol in the interests of a general peace, it was to be understood from the outset that in the event of this object, viz., a mutual disarmament and peace between Russia and Turkey, not being obtained, the protocol should be regarded null and void. The Porte's rejection of the protocol and the motives upon which it is based, leaves no hope that the Porte will accede to the wishes and counsels of Europe. They exclude every guarantee for the executions of the reforms, and render peace with Montenegro and the execution of the conditions by which disarmament and pacification could be brought about impossible. Under these circumstances the success of any attempt at compromise is excluded, and there remains only the alternative to allow that state of things to continue, which the Powers declared incompatible with their interests and those of Europe, or to try by coercive measures to obtain that which the unanimous efforts of the Powers failed to obtain by means of an understanding. My exalted master has resolved to undertake that which he had invited the Great Powers to do in common with him. His Majesty has ordered his armies to cross the frontier of Turkey. You will bring this resolution to the cognizance of the Government to which you are accredited. In fulfillment of the duty which is imposed upon him by the interests of Russia, whose peaceable development is impeded by the constant troubles in the East, his majesty is convinced that he at the same time responds to the views of Europe.

**The reduced telegraph rates** are not found to greatly increase business, and the competition must tell heavily on the Western Union's profits. As for the profits of the Jay Gould line, it never had any—except in Wall street gambling.

## FULL TEXT OF THE CZAR'S MANIFESTO.

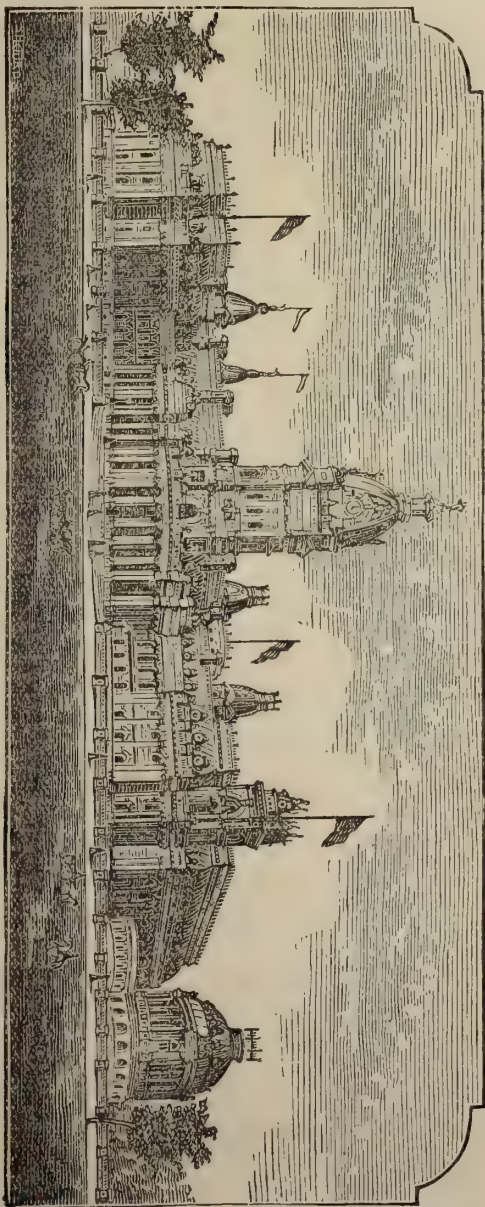
St. Petersburg, April 24th.—Following is the text of the Czar's manifesto :

Our faithful and devoted subjects know the strong interest we have always felt in the oppressed Christian population of Turkey. Our desire to ameliorate their condition has been shared by the whole Russian nation, and shows itself ready to bear fresh sacrifices to alleviate the position of the Christians in the Balkan peninsula. The blood and property of our faithful subjects have always been dear to us, and our whole reign attests that our constant solicitude never failed to actuate us. In the deplorable events which occurred in Herzegovina, Bosnia and Bulgaria, our object before all was to effect an amelioration in the position of the Christians in the East by means of negotiations, and in concert with the great European Powers, our allies and friends. For two years we have made incessant efforts to induce the Porte to effect such reforms as would protect the Christians in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Bulgaria from the arbitrary measures of local authorities. The accomplishment of these reforms was absolutely stipulated by anterior engagements contracted by the Porte toward the whole of Europe. These efforts, supported by the diplomatic representations made in common with other Governments, have not, however, attained their object. The Porte has remained unshaken in its formal refusal of any effective guarantee for the security of its Christian subjects, and has rejected the conclusions at the Constantinople Conference. Wishing to essay every possible means of conciliation, in order to persuade the Porte, we proposed to the other Cabinets to draw up a special protocol, comprising the most essential conditions of the Constantinople Conference, and to invite the Turkish Government to adhere to this international act, which states the extreme limits of our peaceful demands; but our expectation was not fulfilled. The Porte did not defer to this unanimous wish of Christian Europe, and did not adhere to the conclusions of the protocol. Having exhausted pacific efforts, we are compelled, by the haughty obstinacy of the Porte, to proceed to more decisive acts, feeling that our equity and dignity enjoin it. By her refusal Turkey places us under the necessity of having recourse to arms. Profoundly convinced of the justice of our cause, and committing ourselves to the grace of the Most High, we make known to our faithful subjects that the moment foreseen, when we pronounced the words to which all Russia responded with complete unanimity, has now arrived. We expressed the intention to act independently when we deemed it necessary, and when Russia's honor should demand it. In now invoking the blessing of God upon our armies, we give them the order to cross the Turkish frontier.

(Signed)

ALEXANDER.

From Castille comes a tale of the woes of Isabella Segunda. That amiable—though not in every way estimable lady, among the rest of her Royal *personnel*, possessed a dwarf, of vivacious manners, but of limited stature. In fact, this little courtier was only two feet one inch in height, but was endowed with all the wit, and a preternatural share of impudence, of his tiny order. In due time, as history records, the Queen of Spain found it expedient to cross her frontier with all the speed that her portly person admitted. In her train went—*inter alias* (or *alios*)—the Bleeding Nun, a gray parrot, garrulous with much bad language, and the dwarf. Isabella was a prudent lady, and had laid up treasure beyond the reach of Prim and his provisional government; so in the Parisian Palace in the Avenue du Roi de Rome the ex-Queen and the ex-dwarf held their court. He amused the daughter of a hundred kings greatly; he could mimic her ex-ministers, and find endless sallies of sarcasm at all the other monarchs who did not visit with Alfonso the Twelfth's mamma. He would make his little throat hoarse of a morning with mimicking the speeches of Castelar, and would even stretch his body to undue lengths in order to imitate the walk of stately *Figureas*. He was the slyest of little men. Nobody suspected him, and accordingly in his visits to "look after his property"—a field in the neighborhood of Aranjuez—he managed to pick up a good deal of useful gossip, and to do not a little of that plotting which eventuated in the recall of Alfonso and the return of Isabella to her ungrateful subjects. But the dwarf stayed behind. The King put his veto on this plotting little bit of property accompanying his respected mother. All the Spanish Kings had kept dwarfs, but no King kept one now, and the youthful ruler was not to be singular. Besides, he hated the tiny wretch, and as the arrival of his parent was a sad enough reflection, he determined to have but one woe at a time. And so in fair Spain Isabella sits dwarfless and disconsolate. As for the manikin himself, he had amassed a fortune out of all proportion to his size, and finds Paris a pleasant city, and the Parisians the politest of people to ex-courtiers—big or little—who have money.—*Court Circular*.



*Augustus Laver, Architect.*

*NEW CITY HALL OF SAN FRANCISCO.*

*[Frederick, Marriott, Publisher.]*

### OPENING THE HALL OF RECORDS TO THE PUBLIC, IN THE SAN FRANCISCO NEW CITY HALL.

Perhaps the most imposing portion of our grand municipal structure, the New City Hall and Halls of Justice, now in the course of construction, is the new Hall of Records connected therewith, now for the first time thrown open to the public by the Commissioners. The whole block of buildings, which will cost at completion some four millions of dollars, was commenced in the Spring of 1871, and, through political controversy for the control, only the Record Hall has thus far been made available for occupation. The exterior, in its general character, is in the French renaissance style of architecture, circular in form, surrounded by a colonnade communicating in a similar manner with the municipal offices and Law Courts of the main building, as shown by our illustration. It is finely proportioned throughout, possessing all the elements of perfect art and design in its pyramidal contour as it gracefully rises by gradations story by story from the massive base to its dome-crowned apex. The work is fireproof and isolated, except that which in Cathedral architecture might be designated the cloister portion; this is of moderate height, and forms a useful covered way to the City Hall proper. The interior effect is most striking to the visitor, admirably lighted and thoroughly adapted to all the purposes for which it was projected by its architect. Ample opportunity also exists for ventilation, an item so essential in a climate of this humidity for the preservation of valuable archives. The large hollow iron columns, twelve in number, have been ingeniously utilized by Mr. Laver, the designer, to this use, and will communicate with the external atmosphere through the Rotunda. The interior of the building is fitted up with racks, etc., complete with offices for the Recorder and his deputies, and everything necessary to subserve the tedious work of the Searcher of Records. The cost of the Hall of Records is about half a million dollars, and is of the following dimensions, viz.: Height from terrace to top of cresting, 145 feet; height from marble floor to underside of rotunda, 120 feet; height from floor to first gallery rail, 30 feet; height from first to second gallery rail, 20 feet; diameter to outside of colonnade, 135 feet; diameter of interior, 90 feet; width of galleries, 21 feet. This work, since the retirement of the architect, has been done under the supervision of E. R. Hatherton and ex-Governor Purdy. It is, however, fair to credit the architecture to Mr. Augustus Laver, who, in good faith, was brought from New York to construct the building from his design as now being executed, but who, from some political circumlocution, has most unjustly been overthrown without remuneration.

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An applicant for the San Antonio post-office is absolutely certain that Hayes will give it to him. As there are about 20 in hot pursuit of the office, we had the curiosity to know what made him so positive. "Are you the widow of a deceased army officer, with a family to support?" we asked. He replied that he had never tried to be anybody's widow. "Did you stump for Hayes, or were you on the returning board, or did you save the Union in the same regiment with Hayes, or did you go to school with Wheeler, or how is it, anyhow, that you know Hayes will appoint you?" "Well, you see, I've made personal sacrifices for Hayes." "How so?" "It's confidential, remember." "Certainly, honor bright." "Well, I lost five gallons of whisky and \$50 worth of cigars betting on Tilden. I have sent the receipted bills with my application."—*San Antonio (Tex.) Herald*.



[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

**The Tyler-Ferral case** is getting badly mixed up, and the question of the hour is whether Judge Ferral can try Mr. Tyler for an assault, committed on the Judge, in his own Court Room. The *T. C.*, having read Brom's Commentaries, sees clear through the whole case, and recommends the adoption of the following course. Let Mr. Ferral get on the witness stand and give his testimony, which must be at once stopped by Mr. Tyler, on the ground of there being no Judge on the Bench. Objection admitted by the bailiff, and Court adjourns. On its re-opening, the Judge will be on the bench, and the plaintiff, therefore, unable to appear. At this point, Tyler might announce that, although he is the defendant in the case, he is also engaged in his legal capacity as counsel for the plaintiff, and submit medical certificate declaring that Judge Ferral was confined to his bed by an attack of measles. This gives the defendant Tyler, in his capacity of plaintiff's counsel, power to open the case in the absence of his client, who is, in the meantime, fined \$50 by the Judge for his non-appearance. Counsel's argument shows the jury that a violent, cowardly, and unprovoked assault was committed on the plaintiff, for which he, the defendant, asks \$5,000 damages. Counsel then puts himself on the stand, and examines, cross-examines, and re-direct-examines himself at great length, after which he submits his case to the jury, who stay out five minutes, and bring in a verdict of petty larceny, with a recommendation to mercy. Judge Ferral then sentences Mr. Tyler to pay a \$100 fine, and Mr. Tyler charges Judge Ferral \$400 for his services as counsel. Thus a great insult is avenged; the honor of the bar is sustained, and the transaction is an agreeable and lucrative one all round.

A great deal of Christian rubbish has been written from time to time about the religious Brahmin rite known as the "Suttee." Missionaries condemn it, religious people inveigh against it, and the world generally holds up to horror the burning of wives with their husbands' remains. The world, the pious and the fanatic missionary are, as usual, wrong. There is really no more healthful custom peculiar to any nation than the roasting of a live wife simultaneously with her dead husband. Every devout Indian lady knows that when her lord dies she has to accompany him, and the testimony of all first-class martyrs is to the effect that being roasted alive is conducive of considerable corporeal irritation, and is, on the whole, a disagreeable operation. Consequently the Brahmin female devotee is somewhat interested in the preservation of her husband's life. She never attempts to poison him, or gets him to insure his life in her favor. If he stays out late at the Club she never drives him to desperation with her reproaches. If he is ill she tends him with the assiduity of a dozen hired nurses; she never lets him fight duels, though she puts tal-low on his nose at the slightest appearance of a cold. The Suttee, instead of being abused in this country, should be encouraged. It is the duty of every husband who knows himself to urge upon Congress the necessity of introducing this rite into America at once. Had civilization only adopted it years ago, the elder Mr. Weller need never have murmured to Samivel from the depths of his broken heart, "Sammy, beware of widders."

If there were any mercy in the heart of our San Francisco Police Judge, if there were one soft spot, one penetrable link in the stern armor of his pectoral mail, it must have surely been reached by the melting appeal of Mr. Michael Bramfield. M. B. (mark of the beast) was on trial for kicking Officer Boye just below the level of the diaphragm. It was a fair kick in the stomach; such a one as Dr. Swan would describe as causing acute pain in the epigastrium, severely injuring the left hypochondria, and telescoping the upper and middle transverse zones. All this sounds very dreadful, but Michael's ingenuity will doubtless result in his acquittal as soon as the officer is able to leave his bed. At the preliminary examination on Thursday the prisoner held up a sore finger as indisputable evidence that he could not have committed the assault. If Michael could prove that he suffered from bunions, it might be received as evidence that he could not break a man's nose with his fist; but it is just a little doubtful whether the Judge will rule that the possession of a sore finger is a bar to the defendant's ability to kick in the abdominal walls of a city watchman.

At last a gentleman has been found who knows how to leave the community in a gentlemanly manner. Baron von der Wense, having mailed a letter to the Coroner, is reported to have commenced a tour round the ocean in eighty days. Having disposed of about \$4,000 to his relatives and obviated the necessity of a funeral by swimming out to sea with a vial of poison in his mouth, he makes his exit from this world of sorrow in an artistic and thoroughly graceful style. It will commend itself to all future suicides as a happy conceit. There is no malodorous inquest or a blood-stained floor; there is an utter absence of the noisy pistol or the awkward knife. His clothes also are saved for some future occupant, and Baron von der Wense will not even occupy the valuable time of the local grave digger, or grace the slabs of the Morgue with a confused mass of unsightly remains. Had he consulted us before starting we could have probably got up a nice party to go with him. The idea is so novel and ingenious that a committee of yachtsmen would gladly have accompanied him till he got well out to sea, and then helped to uncork his little bottle of refreshments in the shape of strychnine. If this noble example be generally followed there will be excellent sea fishing next year.

"What have we done, O Lord, that this evil should be inflicted upon us?" asks the just man as he reads in the paper that Theodore Tilton is coming to lecture in San Francisco on the "Problem of Life!" This city may be a modern Nineveh, worse than plague-stricken Egypt, nearly as wicked as Chicago, deserving of fire, sword, famine, earthquakes, droughts and the iron heel of grinding monopolies, but it has surely never done anything to merit the presence of Theodore Tilton. Moody and Sankey, or the devil in bodily form would be more welcome guests. Beecher, uneasy with a million prurient desires, the entire Bender family from Kansas, with Ananias and Sapphira in double songs and dances, and Judas Iscariot in his great hanging and busting act would be received by this community with feelings of comparatively unalloyed delight, but Theodore Tilton—ugh! This is too much. We shall pray cautiously for railway accidents (not of the kind which Theodore revels in) and breakdowns of all sorts, and should the invader reach our shores in safety, we hope that his flowing locks may catch in the first California oak near the track and leave him suspended, like Absalom, while the moaning breezes murmur o'er his corpse, "*Vade retro Satanas.*"

Will some bloated millionaire oblige us with about sixty-three words of violent and scorching abuse against our private character? The T. C. is not very particular whether Flood & O'Brien, Sharon, Keene, Baldwin, or Michael Reese do the talking, though the last named gentleman is preferable, from the fact that his dislike to these columns is excusable. But the accusations against us must be of a decided nature. We would prefer being called a big red-handed bigamist from Honolulu, and have it asserted that our local habitation was a jail, our favorite pastime forgery, and that we had been convicted of thieving, horse-stealing and raising checks. We guarantee to be content with the modest emoluments of a libel suit, or to retire from the slaughter of the American language on a satisfactory compromise. Agents who will guarantee to secure us the necessary amount of vilifying will be liberally dealt with.

Love's ardor knows no bounds, and apparently occasionally finds a rapacious rival in its agents. Lieutenant de Kalands cheerfully paid \$200 to a Vallejo saloon keeper for the services of his yacht in assisting his bride to elope, and did not even murmur when he was charged \$38 for chickens which his beloved spouse is alleged to have consumed. He kicks, however, at the demand for \$300 more, and very justly so. It is gratifying to find a Russian officer who resents the imputation of being a soft piece of humanity, at the mercy of every dollar-sucking leech, and the American dispenser of justice over the bay will doubtless read the whisky-selling plaintiff a wholesome lesson on extortion.

The Post comes out this week with a profound article on the qualities of an Art Director and a perfect essay on *chiaro oscuro*. Why it should depart from its usually elegant and instructive pork-and-beans style of editorial the community is not informed, though the thoughtful mind will connect the absence of Colonel Tinton in Arizona with this rash and inexcusable onslaught on the Encyclopædia.

The community feels badly over the recent cowhiding of one physician by another. It was hoped that the difficulty might have been settled by a duel with drugs, each one challenging the other to swallow his favorite prescription at fifteen paces. The combat would doubtless have resulted in the immediate death of both contestants—that is, if they drank fair; and it would have been very gratifying to our citizens to have seen the differing doctors hoisted by their own pharmaceutical petards. They might also have tossed up for the privilege of bleeding, cupping, leeching and blistering each other, or if that offer were declined, they could have pelted each other with blue pills until their honor was satisfied. In fact, there are endless ways in which these disciples of Galen might have amply fulfilled the requirements of the code of honor without resorting to the plebeian cowhide, though we frankly confess that were the means left to ourselves, we would shut the bellicose M. D.'s up in a dark room, and provide them both with the largest sized dissecting knives known to science.

As the Quacks seem to be flourishing worse than ever, and the Medical Society reports the expenditure of \$800 in useless legal efforts to suppress them, the T. C. proposes to do a little chirurgical and pharmaceutical business on his own account. Dear readers! do you ever suffer from a sensation of red pepper in the brain? Have you any symptoms of groginess in the spleen or of scirrhusities in your liver? Would you like to be scarified for your anasarca or have your tarsal bones disarticulated? Perhaps you have a fracture of the patella or require to have tracheotomy performed on you, and in your sad ignorance you do not know it. Many persons suffer torture from a slight itching of the nose, and are unable to sleep on account of having no funds to procure a bed. Others have no appetite between meals and experience feelings of irritability between drinks. To all such the T. C. would freely say "Consult me personally or by letter. Come and see me! All communications containing coin will be strictly confidential, and chloroform is invariably administered while I go through the patient's pockets."

Gymnastics are to be henceforth a prominent feature in our public schools, and next term will bring forth graduates in flip-flaps, hand-springs and the flying trapéze. The first class will work out mathematical problems on their heads and deliver valedictories from the horizontal bar. It is expected that the muscles of the scholars will be so developed as to induce a hitherto unknown attitude of civility on the part of the teachers. Above all, Dr. Dio Lewis, that eminent old philanthropic and prehistoric nonentity, who has devoted three quarters of a century to the study of boys and girls, will give special instruction in the iron-jaw business, spring-board leaping, and vaulting over a wooden horse. This of itself should convert our unmuscular and flabby children into Roman athletes and gymnasts of the highest type.

Ann Eliza has obtained an annulment of her mock marriage with that hoary-headed and peccant old prophet, Brigham Young. It is difficult to see how a United States Judge could seriously listen to evidence about the marriage relations of women who, under the pretense of being "sealed" to a polygamist, are practically living in the most menial state of concubinage with him. This decision has, however, one good feature: it leaves Brigham Young without any wives at all, and is a precedent to the whole harem to at once institute proceedings against him for reasonable compensation for their housework.

Mr. Blacklock will doubtless be glad to hear of the loss of the schooner *Lizzie*, laden with oysters, at Yakeima bay. It is very wrong of unscrupulous parties to gather oysters out of the Pacific Ocean while Mr. Blacklock is in prison and cannot help himself. As soon as the trifling charges of forgery and other little matters are disposed of, the proprietor of all the oysters in the Pacific will probably bring actions against all parties infringing on his rights, only we are afraid he will have no opportunity for twenty or thirty years to come.

A young lady read in the report of the Board of Supervisors, lately, that a contractor, named Driscoll, got 60 days for constructing a redwood sewer in Fifteenth street. "Poor man," she cried, "he comes of a very old family, indeed, and they will feel bitterly any act of his which has incarcerated him even for an hour."

### THE SUN'S DELAY.

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,  
 If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,  
 If frozen snow-drops feel as yet the sun,  
 And crocus fires are kindling one by one:  
     Sing, robin, sing!

I still am sore in doubt concerning spring.

I wonder if the spring-tide of this year  
 Will bring another spring both lost and dear;  
 If heart and spirit will find out their spring,  
 Or if the world alone will bud and sing:  
     Sing, hope, to me!

Sweet notes, my hope, soft notes for memory,  
 The sap will surely quicken soon or late,  
 The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate;  
 So spring must dawn again with warmth and bloom,  
 Or in this world, or in the world to come:

    Sing, voice of spring!  
 Till I, too, blossom and rejoice and sing.

--Christina Rossetti.

### TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY THE GIRLS OF SAN FRANCISCO SEND PROTEST.

We want to know why your Majesty classes us amongst the element known as "Hoodlum." We would have you understand that if it is our misfortune to live in San Francisco, and so, according to your account, "are booked for hell," that we all do not use slang, neither are we all anxious to marry Ethiopians, Chinamen, or Russians; and some of us are not so afraid to work as you try to make out we are.

Dear King Lucifer, do not disparage us too much in the eyes of the opposite sex. Heaven knows you have a strong enough hold upon *them* already, without grudging the small share of favor they bestow upon us unhappy damsels. Do not frighten them away, we beg of you. We acknowledge that you have the greater influence upon our gentlemen friends for you are with them *all the time*, even while we poor girls are doing our best to make a favorable impression. It is not fair of your Majesty, indeed it is not; and if you continue to underrate us, we will become so good that you will find yourself cheated of our company in the world to come. We hope your Majesty will heed our remonstrance.

Signed,

LILLIE DALE, DAISY DEANE, AURA LEA,  
 and five hundred others.

San Francisco, April 27, 1877.

**The Emperor of the Brazils** and the King of Sweden and Norway, the latter now staying at Heidelberg with the Queen, who is seriously ill, have signified their intention to pay their respects to the Emperor Wilhelm. Both sovereigns are traveling *incognito*, the Emperor of the Brazils as Count Alcantara, and King Oscar as Count Haga. The Berlin Geographical Society, to whose travelers Dom Pedro was exceedingly attentive in his States, think of electing him an honorary member. King Oscar, an enthusiastic admirer of the German Emperor, intends staying several days in Berlin. A maneuver of troops under fire, in which the King takes a great interest, will be arranged in his honor. After departure of the two Monarchs the Emperor goes to Wiesbaden, from whence he purposes making an excursion to Alsace-Lorraine, especially to Strasburg, not visited by his Majesty since the war. From Strasburg his Majesty will proceed to Dessau to assist at the marriage of the Princess of Anhalt with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Nothing certain is yet known of the further itinerary plans of his Majesty, somewhat dependent on the Czar's movements.—*Court Circular*.



### A RACE OF DEVILS.

It is idle to deny, in the face of the constantly recurring outrages and cold-blooded murders recorded in this city, that we have a terribly vicious element in our midst. The frequency of crime is ceasing to startle us, and the community is now so accustomed to the daily perusal of the bloody record that, like an opium eater, it requires a dose of extraordinary magnitude to fully realize the potency of the evil. From time to time the clergy preach on the necessity of early training; the daily newspapers fill up an odd column with a half-hearted remonstrance against hoodlums; the police make an occasional raid on Tar Flat, and some half dozen louts are sent to the Industrial School. That is about the extent of the work done so far, and even that is done in a desultory and feeble manner. The foul murder of Officer Coates on Wednesday night more immediately fans our long smothered feelings on this subject into a blaze; but sad as the occurrence is, it is but a very small drop in the ocean of crime which has so long deluged our city. Let any gentleman, who is so inclined, walk through the northern and western portion of our city on Sunday next. These neighborhoods are supposed to be eminently respectable, and to present a favorable contrast to the vicious purlieus of the city front and the notorious haunts of the southern section. We will guarantee that during his afternoon walk he shall come on dozens of groups of boys reeking with blasphemy and foul language; that he shall see an unlimited number of fights, and hear countless oaths from the lips of children not yet in their teens. He can go further, where there are vacant lots, and see and hear worse; nor will his observations be confined to the ruder sex. The hoodlum girl, whose dragged shoe strings and loud, brazen laugh proclaim her lost innocence, is there, too, and the Sabbath afternoon rings again with her ghastly merriment. The evil is not one which can be checked by a few straggling efforts of the press, the clergy, or the philanthropist. It demands the attention of the people at large. Meetings should be held in various parts of San Francisco, and protective committees be permanently organized for the suppression of these juvenile fiends, east, west, north and south. Nothing short of the personal activity of respectable householders will ever touch this frightful state of things. It involves discomfort, danger, and many unpleasant rencontres doubtless, but this cannot be helped. Further, such an organization must be permanent, as these ill weeds thrive all the better for being temporarily checked. We have used the word "protective" committees in preference to the old word "vigilance," because the stigma of some unwise acts in early days still attaches itself to the latter word. Above all, let the Legislature provide for whipping this class of criminals. Good, sound birch-rod floggings, such as Dr. Hawtrey, of Eton College, and Archbishop Markham, of Westminster, used to administer, will reach the souls of these ugly hounds in quicker time than the longest term of imprisonment permissible by law. The one entails disgraceful personal chastisement and acute bodily pain; the other is a comfortable seclusion and a pleasant companionship with the foul herd of their brothers in vice. This evil must be checked.

Here is a novelty in breach of promise prosecutions. To have two strings to your bow has been usually believed to be advantageous; but its benefits have limits, as Mrs. Farrow, widow, and mother of eighteen children, has found to her cost at the Norwich Assizes. Mrs. Farrow is 42 years of age, and in the course of correspondence with a master stonemason of 54, as to the apprenticeship of one of her sons, she averred that the said stonemason had promised her marriage. Two of her sons and a daughter maintained the accuracy of her statement, while the defendant asserted that the whole thing was a conspiracy between plaintiff and her witnesses. The circumstances certainly looked suspicious, and the jury gave a verdict for the defendant—probably moved thereto by the fact which came out in the course of the trial that the fruitful widow had had another swain, against whom she had a second action pending for breach of promise. Norwich bachelors had better be careful.

"I'm a broken man," said a poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

## ART JOTTINGS.

It is quite remarkable, the increasing interest in art matters in this city; curious, too, to note the attention latterly given the subject by the press. A two-column article is quite a common occurrence in the leading dailies. The artists and their friends are just now anxious to know the author of "Pen Portraits of Artists," in last Sunday's *Chronicle*. Some of those, whose names were connected with the profession in a manner not to be envied, are strong in their belief that the spirit of the article was dictated by one of their own number, and that he has made himself a cat's-paw to a Mephistophiles in art, whose interests demand and efforts ought to be directed to aiding all the artists, and not in throwing dirt over any. We do not claim that the publication was not quite proper as a newspaper article, but insist that members of the profession, as well as their supposed friends, should have no part or lot in it. Neither a first-class notice of the one, nor the excoriation of those who are not patrons of the other, can be pleaded in justification. As before noted, sundry artists are anxious to make the acquaintance of the author. If it shall finally appear, as reported, that there was a trinity in its production, there will be scalps enough to go around, especially if side-whiskers may be counted in. English Bohemians are fond of traducing American character, but we advise them first to let the artists alone, and next to look nearer home for striking examples of those who *do not* have regard for the community in which they live, in the exercise of unbridled licentiousness.

"Yankee Doodle" is the title of a huge canvas which will be on view to the aesthetic (and otherwise) public on and after Monday. The chief attraction will be its size, and its principal merit lies in being patriotic. Patriotism, like religion, covers a multitude of sins, although in "Yankee Doodle" there are but few to be hidden, and these are not of a sufficiently serious character to mar its beauty. It is certainly a primitive subject, painted by an artist who, we learn, is entirely self-taught. His only schooling in art was received in the little log school house in the village of Bedford, near Cleveland, Ohio, thirty years ago. At any early age, Mr. Willard turned his attention to drawing pictures on the slate instead of solving arithmetical problems, and gave evidence of such promise in art that a little later on we find him in a factory as a decorator of furniture. Entering the army at the breaking out of the war of the rebellion, he served through it, and here, doubtless, Mr. Willard caught the idea of painting the martial work under consideration. The picture is something of a caricature, although the occasion and surroundings are of the most serious. It will be remembered that the first heard of the now celebrated Nast was when he, after serving through the war, exhibited his painting, "Marching through Georgia," and it is quite possible that Mr. Willard will come into a like celebrity. His exceedingly comic pictures, "Pluck" and "Deacon Jones," are replete with humor, and stamp him as an artist full of the inventive genius so valuable to one of his profession.

The great qualities which the picture does possess are motion, spirit, vim. It could as well have been called "The Spirit of '76." As the spectator stands before the picture, he almost feels as if the trio would march over him, and the earnest look of each face confirms the belief. Here we have youth, manhood and old age going forth to do battle for liberty. In those days they fought from principle alone, and every man was expected to do his duty regardless of military usage. That old man, with his gray locks, hatless and coatless, looks as if he might be marching right into the jaws of death, with his son on one side and his grandson on the other. The former has a bandage about his head, through which the blood is oozing, but he heeds it not, determined to lead his band to victory or death. What an example for the modern soldier, only too glad to go to the rear at the first appearance of blood, and too often without it. As pictorial art has been the great handmaid of the Mother Church in her march to victory, so has it ever been the most valuable ally of nations in establishing their status. Unfortunately, art has accomplished but little for our country in this direction, and Mr. Willard has done nobly in so forcibly portraying the struggle for those principles which we of to-day, in our sectional struggles for party power, have too often forgotten or utterly trodden under foot. A great complaint regarding the exhibition of this work at the Centennial was that too many pictures were crowded around it. It is not, we regret to say, improved in its present position, and, in

addition, a couple of huge white marble statues are planted right up against it, in front. This constitutes about the only fault to be found with the exhibition, which will doubtless prove attractive in spite of these blunders.

On Wednesday evening next, at the Art Rooms on Pine street, Mr. Marple holds a farewell sale of his entire collection of paintings, about sixty in number, preparatory to his departure for New York, where he expects to find a wider field for the sale of his works. Marple is known as a faithful student of nature, a conscientious and pains-taking artist; not much given to elaborating nature, preferring to paint that which he sees rather than what he imagines might be seen. The largest and most important work in the collection, "View of the Sierra Summit," from Brighton, near Sacramento, has received due credit heretofore in our columns, as have most of his other pictures comprising this sale, none of which have been thrown off for the occasion. A large work, "Job's Peak, from Hope Valley," in the last Art Association exhibition attracted much attention for its strength of color and natural sunset effect. "Mt. Tallac" is another excellent picture. "Mt. Diablo," a twilight effect, is full of good quality, as is also "Silver Creek Cañon." In the collection are a large number of small pictures, all, or nearly all, being out-door studies from nature and thoroughly Californian in their character.

Mr. Virgil Williams has resigned the Directorship of the Academy of Design. It is to be hoped that the Trustees will prevail upon Mr. Williams to stay another term, at least, during which the new Director should be introduced, and, as it were, brought into the harness. No Art School comprising sixty scholars should be suddenly transferred from one master to another. It cannot be done without confusion and loss of time to all concerned. Every teacher has different views. True, they are more imaginary than real, and even this can be obviated by a thorough understanding between the old and the new master.

No selection has as yet been made of a successor in the event of Mr. Williams adhering to his resolution; but it will undoubtedly fall to the lot of Mr. R. D. Yelland, a gentleman of fine abilities as a teacher, and what is of scarcely less importance in a school such as this, a man of sterling qualities personally. No doubt Mr. Williams' eminent fitness in this connection has had much to do with the great success of the school, and it is gratifying to know that we shall suffer no loss in this direction in the selection of Raymond D. Yelland.

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**The Paris Exhibition of 1878** will not only be in a beautiful and commodious building, surrounded by fountains and gardens of a loveliness yet unknown to the most experienced sight-seers; but the exhibition will be only one of the new things now in preparation to attract and fascinate all the gad-about world, whether grave or gay. In 1867 folks went to see a more splendid Paris than was ever imagined twenty years before, called forth out of narrow streets and fetid alleys into space and light; the people who go thither in 1878 will behold the fairest city of the earth finished and dressed as though for a bridal. The stately plan of the new "Hôtel de Ville," now rising fast on the noble site of that destroyed by the commune, will complete the magnificent line of public buildings on the right bank of the Seine, which begins with the Tuilleries, to terminate with the grand display of architecture which includes the new Courts of Justice, the prefecture of police, and the ancient towers of Notre Dame. The spacious hospital of the hotel Dieu will be finished in 1878; and the Louvre will stand proudly out from her ruins. The avenue de l'Opera will be opened; and so will the new boulevard St. Germain, called after the name of a forgotten abbott, yet destined to be one of the busiest thoroughfares of a city now hardly sufficiently impressed with respect for beneficed clergymen highly connected. Tramways from every point of the compass will be forever on the move; and there is confident talk of an underground railway, which will relieve the streets of superabundant traffic, to the joy of all short-sighted or feeble persons at crossings. Paris is also to be so illuminated by central electric lights set up in exalted positions that the night will be as clear as day, and much merrier, with all kinds of music.—*London News*.



### OUR "SPECIALS."

The employment of a force of "special" police, except in cases of emergency, is open to numberless objections. The extent to which the system has come to be abused in this city has completely destroyed the object for which it was ordained. Not subject to the same rigid discipline and surveillance of the regular officers, their beat is invariably selected more with an eye to the pecuniary gains attaching thereto than from any actual necessity. An aspirant for such a position has but to go the round of a circle of friends, persuade them that a "special" is urgently needed in their neighborhood, and then, if no glaring defect appears in his character, partly for friendship's sake, partly from policy, he is forthwith appointed to the "beat." His monthly salary, varying from \$150 to \$300 per month, is made up by a tribute levied on the pockets of his patrons, whose property he has undertaken to protect. This sum, in some localities, is largely supplemented by bribes and gratuities from dens and houses of low repute, which, for an extra consideration, are allowed nightly to violate the very laws which he has sworn to enforce. The brisk competition which ensues at the vacancy of any favored beat tells its own unvarnished tale. Were it not for the fear that some dire consequences would result from such a step, there are few who would not to-day prefer to dispense with the services of their "Special." The old adage that recommends the propriety of "setting a thief to catch a thief" is particularly applicable in this instance. Of course, there are white and black sheep in every calling, but in this matter the black unfortunately predominate. There is scarcely a dive in this city but has its own paid officer to watch over and guard its interests. Heaven help the poor wretch, half-crazed with the vile, maddening liquor that is doled out in these dens of iniquity, who falls into the hands of a special myrmidon of the law! No greater blot can exist, no greater discredit be thrown on the regular force, than the continuance of this system. If it is necessary that there should be extra officers detailed for this or other duty, let them be regularly appointed and regularly paid by the city for that purpose. But let them be given to understand that they are paid to enforce the law, not where it may chance to suit their purpose, but in every instance where they are cognizant of its violation.

**Torpedoes.** It appears, says the *Echo*, that we have four varieties of torpedoes at present in use in the navy. Hervey's torpedo is towed against an enemy by a rope from the yard-arm of the attacking ship. The ground torpedo is sunk at the entrance of harbors, and fired by electricity, either from the shore or from a self-acting apparatus set in action when touched by a vessel. The spar-torpedo is employed for boat service, and is of the same pattern as that so successfully tried recently by the French naval authorities. But the most deadly weapon of all is the Whitehead, or fish-torpedo. This is a cigar-shaped cylinder, fourteen feet long, and sixteen inches in diameter, containing a bursting charge of gun-cotton. It is arranged so as to travel at any depth under the water-line that may be wished, and is propelled by a screw worked by compressed air. The head of the machine contains the detonator which explodes the charge, and it can be set so as to explode on striking an object, or at any distance under one thousand yards; if it misses its mark, it can be so arranged as to float, on half-cock, so as to be recovered. It will travel for one thousand yards at the rate of twenty knots an hour, so that at night a vessel might easily be blown up without being aware of the presence of an enemy. In fact, as Lord Charles Beresford recently informed the House, "it can do anything but speak." But perhaps, in this instance, speech is silver and silence is gold.

**A Fairhaven fiend**, whose wife refused to get up and make a fire the other morning, made it himself, and then dragged his wife out of bed, and held her upon the hot stove till she was probably fatally burned. It is a dreadful warning.



## LETTER FROM THE PIOUS JONES.

YOKOHAMA, March 29th, 1877.

**Dear News Letter:** The fighting still continues, and Kumamoto Castle is not yet relieved; though all the Imperial troops and reserves are trying hard to do so. But the end must be nigh, as numbers must eventually prevail, notwithstanding the bravery of the inferior numbers. The Insurgents want three obnoxious ministers to resign, and the latter object—hence the fighting. It is very stupid, on the part of the three, not to resign and let the *virtuous* Insurgents take their places, and their pay, instead of deluging the country with blood. The three must be devoid of all feeling to remain in their portfolios, instead of taking a nice trip around the world, or enjoying themselves in Paris. But as the three won't resign, thousands must be killed and wounded. It is very stupid, on the part of Saigo, to fight about such trifles. It would have been more simple to have sent a bottle of "Aqua Tophana" to each minister, and thus save a good deal of bother. They used to do these things much better in Japan when I first came here. There is no doubt that the Imperial Government has been too rapid with its reforms, but that is no reason for insurrection. But now that the recalcitrant province of Satsuma has revolted, the government is determined to put an end, once forever, to its feudal independence, and make it like the other provinces of Japan, for hitherto it was quite independent of the mandates of the Central Government—a state of affairs not to be tolerated in any country. "One and Undivided" must be the motto of all well-governed countries, even if a few of the ministers are given to a little harmless speculation. I have heard that *even* in the United States it sometimes happens that a minister feathers his nest. Whether this is true or not, I don't know; but no one revolts in consequence. I abominate insurgents. Even the virtuous Communists found no more favor in my sight than do the virtuous Satsuma insurgents. I hate virtue—it is its own reward. I like something more substantial. I think the Yokohama Volunteers are "gone coons." Nothing more has been heard about them. We have had two fires (native article), 200 houses burnt in the first, and 150 the night before last. No gas yet. "Sayonara."

THE PIOUS JONES.

## REPORT ON THE PHYLLOXERA.

The commission appointed by the French Academy of Sciences to inquire into this subject has just presented its report. After premising that the parasite has already been ravaging 25 departments of France, while it threatens Burgundy, the Loire, the Cher, and Champagne, it states that in many districts poverty, privation, and even misery, have replaced the affluence produced by viticulture. The fruitfulness of the vine has diminished to such an extent that the price of wine must rise considerably, to the great detriment of the consumer. Already there is a diminution of traffic in consequence on railways and canals; the public taxes will yield insufficiently, while the expenses of the State will be increased. If the cultivation of the vine fails there will be hands without work, demoralization consequent upon hopeless misery, and poverty universal. If, since 1867, the phylloxera has been enabled to gain ground to such an extent, it will complete its work of destruction in a much shorter time, owing to its unlimited reproduction, and for many years to come one of its principal sources of wealth will be lost to France. Now, if nothing be done, the evil is sure to spread beyond all hope of recovery; by doing something, however insufficient, the danger may at least be warded off for a time, and there may be some chance of saving those parts that have not yet been invaded. The commission, therefore, propose: 1. That the exportation of vines from infested places be forbidden. 2. That the planting of phylloxera vines in uninfested districts be forbidden. 3. That if a diseased spot appear in an uninvaded district it be instantly subjected to eradication, the roots, stems, and stakes be burned on the spot, and the ground well disinfected. 4. That the latter process be extended to the immediate vicinity of the ground cleared; and, 5, that the vines be disinfected with a certain precautionary périmètre.

### WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

**Twenty-four people** died at the Japanese Legation on March 27th, and there was a reception afterward. I hear that the gathering was particularly bright and animated, that eleven nationalities and nine religions were represented at it, and that pretty Madame Wooyeno did the honors of her drawing-rooms with the flexible grace and the strange flower-like charm which nobody possesses in London except herself. Three other Japanese ladies were there: the Princess of Hizen, wife of one of the four great ex-daimios of the West; Madame Enouyé, wife of the ambassador who negotiated the treaty between Japan and Corea; and Mademoiselle Kitasima, maid of honor of the Princess of Hizen. All four had just come back from Paris with new dresses, which they wore as if they had been born on the banks of the Seine. The adaptability of the Japanese is really amazing, and it was perhaps the more striking the other night, because of the contrast offered by the members of the Chinese Embassy, all of whom were present. There was a lady with a remarkable collection of pearls and diamonds, and there was a Japanese tea-service which was more remarkable still. Specimens of all the old porcelains of Japan were included in it, many of them of great rarity. There were saucers of the shape of forked lightening, and cups as thin and as multi-colored as soap-bubbles in the sun; there were finger-bowls from Satsuma, and little trays from Kioto; and in all this real Japanese tea was served to such as were curious.—*Atlas*.

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In the current number of "Myra's Journal" the editress returns to the charge on the subject of night-shirts. She says:

"I feel bound to remark that gentlemen's night-shirts are much embroidered in red-and-blue Russian embroidery, and that no one could pass the windows of the Grands Magazins du Louvre last October or at the present moment without being struck by the elegance which this embroidery gives to an otherwise unromantic costume. I think most gentlemen are pleased by any little token of pains being taken upon their apparel, and that neither husbands nor brothers are indifferent to the fine needlework bestowed upon them by loving hands."

There is no accounting for taste; but the majority of husbands and brothers I am acquainted with would, I think, prefer the fine needlework to be bestowed on their garments than on themselves. The lady furthermore says:

"It is rather amusing to be called "Miss" after a long period of married life, and a hearty laugh was enjoyed by my husband and me at the paragraph in question."

I must apologize humbly for my mistake, and I have no doubt that Mr. Myra in his "otherwise unromantic costume," when "much embroidered in red and blue," is "a joy forever."

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**It is notorious** that many of the sacred relics brought back by pious pilgrims to shrines in the Holy Land and elsewhere have been manufactured in Birmingham and the Potteries. It seems a thankless act to insinuate anything like discredit against the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ. But we are bound to say that in his native country—Germany—where, of course, he may be a prophet without the honor due to him, grave and general suspicion exists as to the genuineness of the *trouvaille*. A distinguished Teutonic historian recently expressed his disbelief in the Hellenic origin of the contents of the alleged treasure-house of Atreus in the most emphatic manner, adding that it was significant that these relics of the Homeric past were only unearthed when Dr. Schliemann and his wife were present. Dr. Schliemann, we may state, is as wealthy as he is enthusiastic. Let us hope, however, that the unworthy suspicion of the Teuton *savant* above alluded to is merely the expression of scholastic jealousy; and let us always remember that Germany is the source of modern skepticism, and that it was a German historian who first spoke with disrespectful incredulity of the Roman kings.

**The following** may be absolutely relied upon: Last week Count Orloff still hoped in the Emperor's power of imposing peace, though admitting the feeling against it in Russia. "We have nothing to gain, all to lose, by war," he said. "We know all the German machinations to bring about war. Austria would take the Bosnian provinces; Germany, Roumania; France would be crushed; England would go to Constantinople. And to bring this about we should have the sterile honor of fighting the Turk, and giving military satisfaction to the army of the Pruth." He said that Germany (in the person of a near relative of Bismarck) is keeping the pot boiling in Herzegovina, but that negotiations are now on foot to see if Schouvaloff can obtain from the Emperor the withdrawal of the clause in the Protocol referring to Turkey's disarmament, and that it should be left as "a lateral and parallel question," to be treated verbally, or in official side-writing, with that of Russia's disarmament. He considered Ignatieff's visit to England as a false move, and spoke much of the coolness between him and Schouvaloff.—*Atlas in the World.*

**While on the subject of Africa**, I see Sir Theophilus Shepstone has failed to bring the Dutch Boers of the Transvaal round to Lord Carnarvon's way of thinking. I am not surprised at their being opposed to any change, when I remember the following fact: When the first branch bank was opened at Bloemfontein in the Orange Free State, a Boer, who, after the manner of his kind, had hoarded up all the savings at home with a view to buying land, presented himself to the manager, and said: "I hear you take care of people's money. How much do you want for taking care of mine?" "We don't want anything," was the answer; "and moreover, if you leave it with us for a fixed time, we'll give you interest on it." "What!" said the Boer, "you offer to pay me for taking care of my money! You must be a d—d set of scoundrels!" And he walked off, buttoning up his breeches-pocket, which further reminds me that the Boers always go to bed with their trowsers on.

**It is really true** that when the young banker's son, Camondo, was taken for the Prince Imperial the other day, on landing at Marseilles, a Cabinet Council was held in Paris; and had it not been for the warning of the Duc Decazes to make sure that he was the Prince, lest they should be the laughing-stock of Europe, the Ministers would have committed the *betise* of arresting him. As it was, his apartment was visited by a *commissaire de police*, accompanied by four officers.

**Infection by Post.**—It is little use incurring the cost and trouble of large measures for the isolation of contagious disease, if those lesser precautions which, in fact, make up the sum of safety, are overlooked or disregarded. For example (remarks the *Lancet*), what particular advantage is likely to ensue from removing the unaffected members of a family in which small-pox or scarlet fever has obtained a footing, if they are daily apprised of the state of affairs in the sick chamber by means of letters elaborated at the bedside, and, for the evasion of prying eyes, carefully wrapped in blotting paper in thin envelopes? It is not necessary to make any sensational statement as to the manner in which diseases, of this class at least, are propagated. If the atmosphere surrounding the patient is laden with germinal particles capable of inoculating a healthy subject, it is obvious the malady may be transmitted in an envelope with the aid of thick blotting-paper, or without that accessory. The matter may be a small one, but it is sufficiently important to make precaution expedient. It would be well if the domestic quarantine could be more rigidly carried out, and the very natural desire of excluded friends to be kept informed as to the progress of a case of infectious disease gratified in a way less likely to defeat the purpose of sequestration.

**Five thousand broom handles** a day are made in Shiocton, Wis., and the married male Shioctoner never stays out at night longer than nine o'clock.—*Norristown Herald.*

### A GOOD MOVE.

Anything which confines the operations of dealers in stocks to their legitimate channels is a move in the right direction, consequently we hail with satisfaction the action of the Pacific Stock Exchange this week regarding the revision of their constitution. We are told that the amendments adopted specially hit the former loose and discreditable system of transferring stocks from one broker to the other, and generally place the client on an equal footing with his broker. Accepting these statements with great caution, and even admitting that nothing has been yet done to strike at the root of the many evils connected with stock gambling, it is at least gratifying to know that the brokers admit the necessity of reform. In England Parliament has taken the matter in hand and is correcting abuses with a high hand. The evils of speculation there dwindle into insignificance by the side of the rotten system in vogue on the Pacific Coast. "Margins," "puts" and "calls" are fraudulent, stock certificates are undoubtedly bad features of California stock gambling, but these are nothing in comparison with the mischievous manipulation of mines by unscrupulous stockholders and swindling trustees. It is bad enough to know that a broker can sell the same piece of stock on a margin to fifty customers and pocket their money as soon as it has depreciated sufficiently, although he never could have reproduced his customers' property had the market taken a sudden and rapid rise. It is not a pleasant reflection that brokers' clerks do a quiet inside business with stocks which do not belong to them, or that hitherto honest citizens do not scruple to inflate stocks which they know to be worthless in order to protect themselves by unloading. The listing of "wildcat" stocks, in which ground is not even broken, is another curse, invariably followed by the levy of assessments, which are continued until the worn-out holder allows his stock to become delinquent and to be bought in for nothing by the scheming projectors who first sold it to him. If the Pacific Stock Exchange is in earnest about reform, let it at once aim at the heart of all fraudulent operations, the extent of which it should surely know even better than ourselves. If in doing this it should lose a few rotten branches and incur the displeasure of the curbstone fraternity, the immediate loss will be an ultimate and permanent gain. The parent tree would be healthier and more vigorous and become what now seems to thousands of ruined investors an impossibility—an institution above suspicion.

### HORRIBLE EXECUTION AT LEEDS, ENG.

John Henry Johnson was executed in Armly Jail, Leeds, recently, for the murder of Amos Waite, at Bradford, on December 26th. Askern, of York, was the executioner. On the bolt being withdrawn the rope broke, and the culprit dropped to the ground. A thicker rope was procured, and he walked up the scaffold with great fortitude. Death did not take place for at least five minutes, and during that time his convulsions were fearful to look upon. When on the scaffold he told the chaplain he died happy. Another correspondent telegraphs: Before the white cap was drawn over the face of the condemned man he whispered to the chaplain, "Tell my mother that I die happy." Askern then seized a lever beneath the culprit's feet and pushed it, and the trap fell, but to the horror of the spectators the rope gave way with a loud snap, and Johnson was precipitated to the ground. There was a moment's pause. No one seemed to know how best to act. On a sign from the Governor some of the warders tore down the black calico which surrounded the drop, and a chair was brought for Johnson, but he was not hurt, and refused the proffered seat. After a lapse of ten minutes a new and thick rope was fastened to the crossbeams, and Johnson was led from beneath the drop, and walked firmly up the scaffold steps. This time the rope withstood the strain, but for some reason death was not instantaneous. The body quivered as if in convulsions, and these fearful struggles continued for fully five minutes, the small knot of onlookers meanwhile remaining uncovered and silent.—*Echo*.

"He's filling his last cavity," mournfully said a young dentist, as they lowered the coffin of his deceased partner into the grave.



**REAPING.**

Every one is sowing, both by word and deed ;  
 All mankind are growing, either wheat or weed ;  
 Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of seed.  
 Serious ones are seeking seed already sown ;  
 Many eyes are weeping, now the crop is grown ;  
 Think upon the reaping—each one reaps his own.  
 Surely as the sowing shall the harvest be,—  
 See what you are throwing over hill or lea,  
 Words and deeds are growing for eternity.  
 There is one all knowing, looking on alway,  
 Fruit to him is flowing, feeling for the day—  
 Will your heart be glowing, in the grand array ?  
 Ye that would be bringing, sheaves of golden grain,  
 Mind what you are flinging, both from hand and brain,  
 Then mid glad songs singing, you shall glean great gain.

**A FUNNY TRICK OF A LITTLE PRINCE.**

Once at Balmoral the queen had for guests the little folks belonging to the Prince of Wales, and one day when they were all having a pleasant little family tea-party, with a few friends dropping in, little Prince Leopold was seized with a spasm of bad behavior, which called for a severe reprimand from the royal grandmother, and quite shocked his pretty Aunt Beatrice. The queen spoke to him pretty severely, but it made no difference, he behaved worse and worse, until finally she said: "Now, Master Leopold, you have been so naughty that I shall punish you; you must go under the center-table and stay there till you can be a good boy." So little Leopold hid his five-year-old self under the long cloth, which came nearly to the floor all round, and became very quiet. After a little while the queen said: "Now Leopold, are you good?" "No, grandmother," answered the little prince. After five minutes she repeated the question. And Leopold repeated the same answer. Another five minutes. "Now are you good?" asked the queen. "Yes, grandmother," in a very sweet and good-natured voice. "Then you may come out." And out came Master Prince Leopold, beaming and lovable, but not so much as a thread of clothes to cover his little royal body, and his eyes fairly sparkling with mischief. Wasn't he wrapped up in a shawl and carried out in a hurry! And the queen,—well, the queen smiled; for, though he was very naughty, wasn't he her dear little grandson, and how could she help it?—*Wide Awake*.

**A terrible case of lynch law** law occurred in Waynesborough, Ga., on the 23d ult. A band of thirty men called at the sheriff's residence in that town at eleven o'clock at night, and, forcing him to deliver up the keys, they proceeded to the jail, and took out of a cell a colored prisoner named Wells, charged with murdering a white peddler. After shooting him several times he was placed, still alive, on a side bench, and, a chain being fastened round his neck, the bench was removed, when fifteen bullets were fired into his body. The chain broke, but was carefully re-spliced, and the body hung up again. The lynchers are unknown, and the coroner's verdict makes no suggestion.

**Manure and a Catholic Priest's Blessing.**—It is related that, on a farmer requesting a Roman Catholic priest to bless three of his fields, the request was at once complied with as regards the first two, but that the priest gave the following excellent reason for refusing to follow a similar course in regard to the third: "My good man, I cannot bless this field until you have dunged it." We fear it is not too much to say that there are not only individual fields, but also whole farms, which the priest might well decline, for the same reason, to bless.—*Scottish Paper*.

### PICNICS.

If the accidents and unpleasant features of the Odd Fellows' picnic on Thursday serve as a warning to respectable people to keep away from these miscellaneous annual riots, a great good will have been effected at a little cost. While sympathizing with those who were hurt and frightened by the falling of the platform and the ditching of the railway engine, it is impossible to disregard the fact that the results in both cases might have been much more serious. Some years ago a terrible gloom was cast over the community by the giving way of the apron connecting the Oakland wharf with the boat, and the drowning of a large number of citizens on their return from a picnic. Other accidents—some fatal, some not—have been placed on record since then, yet the public appetite for these hoodlum gala days seems rather to increase than diminish. Every picnic is ushered in with great pretensions to respectability and promises of pleasure, yet the day after the fair we generally read something like the following, which appeared in the *Chronicle* of yesterday: "In spite of the precautions taken the hoodlum element—male and female—was present in force. Several very animated disputes occurred at Belmont before leaving, and a tour of observation through the train during the transit to this city revealed in one car a number of young women smoking cigars. In another a party of drunken hoodlums were holding high carnival, and in another a crowd of women were uproariously singing slangy ditties. The picnic was a decided success in point of numbers, but otherwise a failure." The influence of these meetings on young girls is notoriously bad, and no one will contend that either sobriety or purity are their special features. If it is urged that the treasures of our various societies are replenished and benefited by these means, then in the name of decency let the officers of these societies weigh the matter over carefully and see if they cannot hit upon some more reputable means of filling their respective cash boxes.

### A JUDICIAL DEAD-LOCK.

The ablest of lawyers occasionally commit the most absurd blunders. A late Lord Chancellor of England, whose legal knowledge was very deep, drew up his own will, worded in such ambiguous terms that no two members of the bar could be found to agree as to its construction. The Tyler-Ferral case, which has given rise to the awkward dilemma as to who shall try the case in the City Criminal Court, since no provision has been made by law for the substitution of another Judge, has revealed another interesting flaw. The statute provides that no Judge can sit in judgment on any case in which he has been interested as Counsel, except as Prosecuting Attorney. Curiously enough, it has neglected to provide for a substitute in his stead. An Attorney may be engaged in a case to-day, while to-morrow he may be elected Judge by the popular vote, and be called on to adjudicate in the case in which he was engaged prior to his election. This the law distinctly forbids, though it fails to suggest the remedy. Of course a change of *venue* can be resorted to, but unless both parties consent, the application is not granted. The argument in the Tyler-Ferral case will doubtless open up some interesting questions in relation to the matter, and some practical loop-hole be suggested in either emergency. In the meanwhile, our law-makers must be careful not to enact statutes which are either practical impossibilities or ingenious conundrums.

It will be remembered that two confessions by Lee, the Mountain Meadow murderer, were published at the time of his execution, between which there were some notable and singular discrepancies. The first was published by the New York *Herald*, and charged the responsibility for the massacre directly and unequivocally upon Brigham Young; the latter one, which was given out by United States District Attorney Young, cast scarcely any blame upon the Mormon leader. The explanation seems to be that the second confession was originally quite as severe upon Young as the first, having been obtained upon a promise of clemency if he would make a clean breast, but was garbled and expunged in the Mormon interest, and presumably for money, by the government officials who received it. Attorney-General Devens will look into the matter.

**TUPPER'S ADIEUX.**

My last farewell—O brothers both!  
 No foes at all, but friends all round;  
 Albeit now homeward, little loth,  
 To dear old England I am bound—  
 Accept this short and simple pray'r  
 (A cheerful verse, no parting knell),  
 To every one and everywhere  
 My thankful blessing, and farewell!

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**A PLEA FOR THE GALLOWES.**

The tender-hearted among us are constantly urging the abolition of that noble tree on which the murderer is accustomed to pay the penalty of his crimes. As is well known the opponents of the death penalty have carried their views so successfully in the State of Maine that a year ago hanging was done away with. The idea doubtless was that if the State stopped executions, criminals would cease to murder; but we learn from the columns of the *Nation* that recent statistics in Maine prove to the contrary. For a long time there had hardly been a murder committed, but within a year no less than nine have been chronicled, most of them being pleasantly referred to as "family murders." Our criminals have long had the reputation of ability to cheat the gallows, and in these days no one believes that an assassin will be executed until he is launched into eternity. The firmness with which the death penalty is carried out in other parts of the world contrasts strongly with our own lax system of reprieves and commutations, but, at least, we have yet the power to hold the rope *in terrorem* over the prisoner's head—a privilege which the good people of Maine seem foolishly to have thrown away.

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**MR. MARPLE'S LAST SALE.**

H. M. Newhall & Co. will offer to the patrons of art the entire collection of Mr. W. L. Marple's paintings, on Thursday next. This popular artist is about to leave California, on a visit to Europe, almost immediately, and it must be very gratifying to him to know that Californians appreciate his labors to a degree that will enable him to travel in Europe for as long a period as he may desire. The pictures will be on free exhibition at 430 Pine street, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., next Tuesday and Wednesday, and up to the hour of sale on Thursday, May 3d, at 8 o'clock P. M. The catalogue contains sixty-five paintings, all of them carefully and diligently executed, in Mr. Marple's best style. Yosemite, Clear Lake, Santa Cruz, and indeed the whole of the Pacific Coast line from Oregon to Southern California, is represented in the works now offered for sale. Mr. Marple does not paint pictures wholesale, or endeavor, like a fence white-washer, to see how many yards he can cover in a day. On the contrary, his pictures evidence careful thought, accurate detail, and immense research after justifiable effects. Above all, he never sacrifices nature to fancy. An element of truth pervades his works throughout, and it is just this feature will make the result of his future travels so valuable.

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Gen. Grant has been visiting his Missouri homestead, which is about five miles out of St. Louis. It was the home of the Dent family, and it was there that Lieut. Grant, when on duty at Jefferson barracks, not many miles distant, wooed and won Julia B. Dent, who has been to him such a devoted wife. After he resigned his commission, old Mr. Dent gave the young couple 80 acres of timber land, and the future conqueror of the rebellion used to chop wood, pile it up in chords, and haul it to St. Louis, where he would drive about the streets until he could find a customer. He found it hard, however, to make both ends meet, and endeavored in 1855 to get appointed county-surveyor, but the justices of the superior court preferred another candidate.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**Bon Voyage.** -- Mr. Wm. M. Neilson left by the *City of New York* to make the Australian tour. We thus lose, for a time, a bright and vigorous writer, and an earnest and honest man, who has deservedly won for himself many warm friends. Mr. Neilson's career has been a somewhat remarkable one. One of the originators of protection in the colonies, he was, it is said, one of the bravest, but most unfortunate of Australian Parliamentary Representatives. It will be recollected that he negotiated, with credit to himself and advantage to his principals, the contract for the Webb and Holladay steam line. He has several times visited England on this and other important missions. Between whiles he has been an able contributor to the press, the *News Letter* in particular having had the advantage of services which it affords us pleasure to recognize. We wish Mr. Neilson a pleasant voyage, success in his undertakings, and a speedy return.

**C. W. Bonyng** and family left on the Overland train of Wednesday morning for Europe, purposing to stay till a better appearance of the stock market advises a return to new fields of conquest. Mr. B. is Vice-President of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, and although a member of the Board, is not a broker, preferring to operate with his own capital. Being for the past year a leader in the bear interests, the present condition of the stock market is positive evidence of the sagacity which foresaw and planned for the coming storm, and now retires with a large fortune. Till lately he has been prominently identified with the Spring Valley Water Works, of which Company he has been a director, but with the same good judgment, sniffing trouble afar off, he placed his stock on the market above par, and is now, no doubt, coolly surveying the steady decline in the value of the stock.

The "**Jewish Messenger**" makes "Good Friday" the text for depreciation of the religion which celebrates it. "Christianity," it says, "cannot better a Jew. All that is beautiful in the daughter, the mother possesses mellowed and improved by age. . . . You can confer no boon on Jews by endeavoring to weaken their faith and seduce them to adopt a creed that is nothing if not Jewish. Let the clergy leave the Jews alone, and endeavor to improve the Christianity of their hearers. . . . The Jews are in good hands; they need no mediators, no better light than the perpetual fire that was kindled on Mt. Sinai, and is the beacon for all creeds."

**Further developments** as to the Prime woman, who was sent to jail for larceny at Westfield, a few days ago, show her to have wealthy friends in western New York. She claims to have been married when only 11 years old, to have become a mother at 12, a widow when 14, and to have married again at 16 a man who became a state senator while she was his wife. He, too, died, but she refuses to tell of her course since that time, only that she went to the centennial as lady's maid. Though exposure and hard usage makes her appear 35, she probably is little over 20 years of age.

**The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh**, accompanied by their suite, visited the Royal Naval Hospital, Malta, on the 24th ult. The Duchess in passing through the wards, made gracious inquiries regarding many of the patients, and evinced special interest in the cabin vacated that day fourteen years ago by her husband, then a midshipman, on his recovery from a serious illness. Mrs. Bernard afterward entertained their Royal Highnesses at luncheon. Vice-Admiral G. T. Phipps Hornby, commander-in-chief, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Rice, Colonel and Mrs. Freer, and others, were present.

**The King of Italy** has just sent the following letter, dated from San Rossore, to the widow of Prince Antoine Bonaparte: "Princess--The irreparable and cruel loss you have just suffered causes me the deepest grief. I share your immense sorrow, and I very sincerely regret a dear friend for whom I have the greatest affection. Accept, madam, my condolence for the misfortune which has befallen you, and my devoted respect. --VICTOR EMMANUEL."--*Court Journal*.



**San Franciscans Abroad.**—PARIS, April 7th: S. H. Carlisle, S. D. Cary, F. Donnelly, C. and Mrs. Dorris, Mr. and Mrs. Lapham, Mrs. Sunderland and family, Mrs. S. L. Wright, Miss Lizzie Wright, Ralph Wright. ROME, April 2d: Mrs. S. L. Bee, R. B. and Mrs. Gray, Mrs. J. P. Moore, Dr. W. M. Ryer, F. F. Ryer, Mrs. John Kelly, J. F. Kelly. NAPLES, April 2d: Mrs. S. L. Bee, R. B. and Mrs. Gray, D. Hewes, E. S. Meade. GENEVA, April 4th: Charles William Kingsland, Mrs. G. W. Mowe, Miss Mowe, Charles and Mrs. McCreary. DRESDEN, April 4th: Miss M. Dempsey. FLORENCE, April 2d: Mrs. G. W. Mowe, Miss Mowe, Mrs. Gen. Redington, Miss Redington, H. W. Redington, J. W. Sanderson, M. M. Scudder. VENICE, April 2d: Captain R. S. Floyd, Col. D. E. Hungerford and family.—*American Register*, April 7th.

The "**Journal des Debats**" relates that a train, while at full speed on one of the Russian railways, was suddenly brought to a stop by an enormous mass of insects of the cricket species (*padurella padura*; *smynthurus*) which were piled up on the rails to such an extent as to render the onward passage of the train impossible. These insects exist in great numbers in the more humid parts of Russia, and often give great trouble by penetrating into the fissures of the doors of the railway carriages.

Some years ago a large tract of peat-bog was drained at Grangemouth, Scotland, the loose mud and moss being carried down the drains to the estuary. The consequence was, that the oyster beds in the estuary were covered over with mud, and the bivalves entirely destroyed. "Nothing," writes Frank Buckland, "is so fatal to oysters as a mud-storm, except it be a sand-storm. The mud and sand accumulate in the oyster's delicate breathing-organs and suffocate it."

**Sideraphthite** is the name of a new iron-alloy, composed of 65 parts iron, 23 nickel, 4 tungsten, 5 aluminum, and 5 copper. It is said to resist sulphureted hydrogen, is not attacked by vegetable acids, and only slightly by mineral acids. It is really more useful than standard silver, while it can be produced at a cost not exceeding that of german-silver. For alloys that have to be silver-plated to prevent oxidation, this material is a perfectly successful substitute.

A correspondent of the "**Lancet**" writes that, when traveling in the upper Sikkim Himalaya, at elevations above 12,000 feet, he took whisky in small quantities, to counteract the effects of strong exertion in a cold, rare atmosphere. The consequence was the reverse of what was expected, being drowsiness and lassitude, lasting an hour or more. Cold tea, on the contrary, was found to produce a feeling of exhilaration and capacity for renewed efforts.

The engagement is announced of his Excellency Jushii Siozo Aoki, the Japanese Envoy to the Berlin Court, to Fräulein von Rhade, a German lady of rank. The Japanese Envoy has been long resident in Berlin, where he studied at the University, and acted as Secretary of Legation prior to being appointed Minister.

A new Urdu paper is about to be published in Bombay. It is to be edited by Mahomedans, but the practical editor is probably to be a European, and the paper is to be the first serious attempt to rival in the vernacular in India Anglo-Indian newspaper enterprise.

**General de Charrettes**, who had the custody of an album containing the signatures of more than 30,000 volunteers, "prepared to shed their blood for the Catholic Church and the Temporal Power," arrived at the Vatican recently.—*Court Journal*.

With reference to books of the largest circulation, a correspondent expresses his belief that Shakspeare and some such modern novel as "Lady Audley's Secret," find more readers than either "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or Bunyan.

A man starved himself to death in Manchester, England, last month, and the Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "Suicide with attenuating circumstances."

**Banff Castle** has been sold by the Earl of Seafield.

For a year or more past we on the Pacific Slope have hardly known of any large or extended speculation in Wheat, Flour, Barley, Corn, Coffee, Sugar, Rice, Tea, Tobacco, etc. The very low prices now ruling for some of these staples must surely attract attention at no distant day. Then there is Quicksilver, one of our leading products, that is now selling lower than ever before, that must attract the attention of Foreign capitalists. To this we add the product of our Gold and Silver mines. Any increase of traffic in the form of speculation in merchandise of any description is sure to show itself in all other pursuits to a greater or less extent. And we do firmly believe that the time is near at hand when this terrible depression in Mining Stocks and Shares will be dispelled and confidence once more restored to the street. This Stock depression has been ruinous to thousands of our citizens, many of them cleaned out and robbed by rings of designing men bent upon the destruction of their fellows. This is soon to end, and we firmly believe that a better day and brighter skies are soon to illuminate our horizon. Already we seem to behold glimmerings of a better state of things in our midst. It is really surprising that with all the terrible decline in stock values the past few months (mining interests) that so few failures have been reported - in fact Court records show fewer attachments than the average of the past.

Hostilities having actually begun between the Russians and Turks, its effect upon the Finance and Commerce of the world at once becomes apparent. Even here, upon the far-off Pacific Slope, we feel its influence and see the beginnings of an important upward movement, first in the rise of Breadstuffs. Flour and Wheat are the world's barometer. These are the staff of life to many, and it is to be regretted that California is not to be benefited to the extent of high prices on a full crop of Wheat and Barley. Oregon is, however, likely to receive her full share of the rise in Breadstuffs, our sister State having, as is reported, the largest Wheat crop ever garnered. It is probable that California may have from the harvest now maturing a surplus for export of 250,000 tons - possibly one-half the quantity of Wheat and Flour shipped the harvest year now drawing to a close. Should this be the case, the prices realized would return to the growers a handsome profit - possibly as much as she would have realized from a full crop in ordinary years.

The New York Life Insurance Company refuses to pay the \$6,000 for which was insured the life of Wesner Murray, of Goshen, N.Y., because he put his life in jeopardy by horse-whipping Robert Burdell, who shot him. The principle of equity is that the policy-holder was jeopardizing his life by violating the law, and the policy provided that insurance could not be recovered if the life was lost in violation of the law. The precedents are said to be in favor of the Insurance Company, and the fact is principally interesting as going to warn holders of life insurance policies to be law-abiding members of the community.

M. Louis Blanc, in presiding at a lecture by M. Hamel, editor of the *Homme Libre*, on St. Just, is reported as having described the Reign of Terror as a fatality and not a system. The greatness of the results obtained was sufficient to justify them, and the *terreur blanche* was a thousand times more terrible than the *terreur rouge*.

The telephone appears to be well adapted for transmitting signals in mines; indeed, according to the *Mining Review*, telephones are already employed with great advantage in many of the deep workings of this country.

A countryman with a load of pork was met by a young girl, who genteelly made him a very low courtesy. He exclaimed: "What! do you make a courtesy to dead hogs?" "No, sir," answered she; to the live one."

Brunswick, (Me.) has a lady who never buys new cloaks, but fixes over her husbands old coats, and converts them into Talmas and Polonaises. It is not improbable that this penurious female wears the breeches too.

It is stated that the Nova Scotians are beginning to kick against the name of "Blue Noses." An indigo-nation meeting is to be called on the subject at an early day.

The next number of the *Contemporary Review* will contain an article from the pen of M. Ernest Renan.

## NOTABILIA

**The Portable and Adjustable** Reading and Writing Desk is the latest addition to useful and admirable inventions. Fixed on a folding tripod, it can be used either as a checker or chess-board, a lady's work-stand, or a tea-table. It also makes an elegant writing-desk, holding the paper in position by means of a silver-plated clasp. With equal facility it can be attached to any kind of chair, tilted at any angle for reading, or used flat when required for writing. At the Centennial it received a diploma and medal on account of its superiority. It can be seen at 126 Montgomery avenue (Commercial Hotel Block), and Messrs. Hickethier & Wilke are at all times pleased to explain its manifold uses to inquirers.

**The ladies of Dr. Scott's choir**, on Post street, are some of the fairest belles in the city. To gaze up at that choir, and watch those angelic faces, and listen to those seraphic voices, would fill the dull soul of a gelatinous protoplasm with joy. Yet these golden-haired darlings are not agreed upon every subject, although there is one question about which they are unanimous. It is that Emerson Corville & Co.'s fresh canned salmon has no equal in the world. It is put up in one-pound cans, from the catch of 1877, and forwarded direct from the Collinsville Cannery to 415 Pine street.

**Talk about a man breaking his heart!** Well, perhaps, he sometimes does; but it's like a lobster breaking one of its claws—another sprouts at once and grows in its place! A more vexatious accident than the breaking of a heart is the cracking of a stove, and the spoiling of a dinner. If people would only use the *Union Range*, kept by Mr. De La Montanya, on Jackson street, below Battery, they would never know the sorrow of a broken heart, or a cracked stove, either. Go and see the largest and best stock of hardware on the coast.

**Dr. Hunter's Professional Qualifications.**--By an oversight, unintentional upon our part, Dr. Hunter's professional qualifications were not stated, in connection with his name, in our directory of physicians who obtained licenses from the several State Medical Boards. It should have been stated that he was a Licentiate of the Upper Canada Medical Board. He attended lectures at the Toronto Medical School, as will be seen by the certificate of the Secretary.

**A Boston man** has suffered severely through his hat having "a brown eather lining colored by a poisonous aniline." He has registered a vow to wear hats in future without anilining.

**Advertising** is a good thing, but when a prominent grocer carried to a funeral an umbrella on which was painted conspicuously the business of his house, and held it over the preacher's head while he read his prayers, the bystanders thought he was running the thing into the ground. That is not the way Jas. G. Steele & Co., of 316 Kearny street, do, yet every one knows that GRINDELIA LOTION is the only sure antidote to poison-oak. It should be a part of every picnic.

**A prominent Mormon** married a young girl in 1873, her mother the next Spring, and finally her grandmother. There is no telling where he would have stopped if furnishing had not come so expensive. They would have the best in the world, and used to order everything, from a cradle to a parlor-set, to be sent to Salt Lake from the celebrated furniture house of N. P. Cole & Co., 220 to 226 Bush street.

**Dr. E. de F. Curtis, M. D., etc.**, may be consulted at his office and residence, 520 Sutter street, between Powell and Mason streets, daily, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M.; on Sundays from 11 to 2 only. Dr. Curtis is licensed to practice medicine under the new Medical Act; his publications can be obtained from A. L. Bancroft & Co., sole agents for the Pacific coast, or from the author, Dr. Curtis, 520 Sutter street, S. F.

**The married ladies** of a western city have formed a Come-Home Husband Club. It is about four feet long.

**My first** is a slumber, my second's a vowel; my third is an interjection, and my fourth is two-thirds of a day. My whole is the best mineral water in the world. Give it up? *Nap-a So-da*. Take a drink.

**We note with pleasure** that Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Daily have opened a first-class boarding house in Santa Cruz for the coming summer. Mrs. Daily is better known to her old friends by her maiden name of Mary Clarke. The house is situate near the beach, and surrounded by very handsome grounds, known as "The Smith Place." The table is one of the best in the State, and under the personal superintendence of that admirable cuisiniere, "Margaret Goldsboro," a full corps of attendants looks after the comfort of the guests, and while Mrs. Daily superintends the internal arrangement of the house, Mr. Daily, *our champion swimmer*, insures the safety of his visitors in the water. The grounds have also been handsomely ornamented, and have been greatly added to.

**The world** is full of real pain, it is true, and misery, as Mr. Tupper remarks, is not a fleeting joy; but the cellars of I. Landsberger, of 10 and 12 Jones Alley, are full of a sham pain—a California champagne—which excels the vintages of France, and is a permanent joy, to drink. His Gerke Wine reminds one of the most delicate Niersteiner—only it is better.

**A Chicago lady** who asked her little son at a fashionable hotel if he knew that *menu* is French for bill of fare, fainted when he replied, 'Menu it.' The best bill of fare in the whole city is to be found at Swain's Bakery, on Sutter street, above Kearny. It is the fashionable luncheon place of the town, and combines quiet, comfort, and moderate prices with excellent cooking.

**No great man** dies now-a-days until he has read at least two first-class obituaries on himself. All great men would live to a very advanced age, anyway, if they would only use pure stimulants. F. & P. J. Cassin, 523 Front street, are noted for the exceptional excellence of their wines and liquors. Their O. K. Golden Plantation whisky is a regular life restorer.

**A Hotel** in Kansas has the following notice displayed in the bedrooms: "Gentlemen wishing to commit suicide will please take the center of the room, to avoid staining the bed-linen, walls, and furniture with blood." That hotel is mighty particular about its furniture and bedding, because it is the finest obtainable, and bought from F. S. Chadbourne & Co., 727 Market street. Selah!

**A San Francisco woman** is so cleanly that she uses two rolling pins—one for the pastry, and the other for her husband's head; yet she probably drinks impure water, with all her cleanliness. No one need do this if he will only buy a patent Silicated Carbon Filter, from Bush & Milne, under the Grand Hotel. It purifies water instantaneously.

"**I suppose**," said a tourist in Alaska, "that you must depend on foreign commerce for nearly all your comforts?" "Well, yass," responded an old trapper, "we do depend mostly on our *furrin'* trade." If you don't see this joke, go to Muller, the celebrated optician, of 135 Montgomery street, and buy a pair of his elegant pebble spectacles.

**Pair of Slippers**--A couple of eels.

**It is conjectured** that professional thieves lead a comfortable life, because they *take things easy*. Bradley & Rulofson are not professional thieves, yet they take photographs easier than any other firm in the world. Their gold medals and diplomas, for excellence, testify to the beauty of their pictures—and so do the contents of our albums.

**Misfortunes**, like borrowed umbrellas, are easily carried if they belong to others; but the way to part company with all the misfortunes in the world is to use Genuine Old Cutter Whisky, for which A. P. Hotaling, 429 to 431 Jackson street, is sole agent. It is the purest antidote for your own and other people's sorrows extant.

**What makes the car-go?** The freight.

**A Chicago man** advertises for a wife with a knowledge of music, and remarks that no "Maiden's Prayer" or "Silver Threads" kind of a girl will answer; although she must be able to play on a Hallet & Davis piano. Badger, 13 Sansome street, is the agent.



# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

**Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.**

*Compiled from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hope, McKillop & Co.,  
317 California Street, San Francisco.*

**Tuesday, March 27th.**

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Edw B Pond to J G Kellogg .....	S Cal'a, 137:6 e Leav'th, 68:9x137:6 .....	\$2,500
Pat'k Martin to Geo P Loehr.....	E Broderick, 91:7 n Bush, 40x60.....	3,500
Jno Sproul to Chas G Moxley.....	O L blks 653, 655; also, sw 1 st and 20th av, w 240, etc.....	5,700
T J Severns to S Campodonico.....	Lot 12, Mission St R R H'd .....	100
Wm Hollis to Edw Barron.....	Und ½ lot 85, blk 317, Park H'd.....	200
	E Harriet, 100 n 16th, 46x93, in trust for Mary Ann Corbett, during the life of her husband, John C.....	1
H Silvestone to Sam'l Wand.....	N Turk, 137:6 e Leav'th, 50x137:6.....	21,000
J Spottiswood to Geo P Loehr.....	Ne Steiner and Wildey, 25x61:3.....	2,000
A Lelte to Jacob Waechter.....	N Lewis, 100 w Taylor, 18:9x57:6.....	2,200
Jas Brady to Jno Sullivan.....	Lot 53, blk 496, Bay City H'd.....	100
Jas Otis to Thos Young.....	W Jones, 122:6 s Sutter, s 15, etc.....	5,000
Wm J Heney to J C O'Mahony.....	E Steiner, 110 n Eddy, 27:6x110.....	1,625
P B Cornwall to A Hayward.....	Se Market and Dolores, s 24, etc.....	23,000
Mary Dunn to Peter H Doncks.....	E Dolores, 140 n 14th, 140x140.....	6,250
S and L Soc'y to Nellie Murtha.....	W S Jose av, 100:11 s 23d, w 104:11, etc.....	950
C H Rillee to Sam'l Bernett.....	N Union, 190 w Webster, 25x137:6.....	1,625
P J Corbett to Cath Corbett.....	N Hayes, 155 w Octavia, 51:5x120.....	Gift
D F Hutchings to N P Melloglav.....	E Leav'th, 70 n Jackson, 22:6x70.....	3,250
Marg E Crocker to Clark Crocker.....	Sw Sutter and Octavia, 110x120.....	25,000
Qty and Co S F to Jno McCracken.....	Com 93 ft 16 inches sw of n cor of East st and Central wharf, se 59:9 x sw 24, city slip lot 110.....	1,500
Edw Norton to R G Sneath.....	Sw 7th, 115 se Brannan, se 40, etc.....	5,500
J D Creigh to John Center.....	W Shotwell, 185 s 21st, 60x122:6.....	6,620
Donald McLea to Henry Nohrden.....	Nw Bryant, 133 ne 9th, 24x90.....	1,775
Same to H H Sengstacken.....	Nw Bryant, 157 ne 9th, 24x90.....	1,775

**Wednesday, March 28th.**

Wm Hale to Geo H Goddard.....	50-vara 1, blk 276, W A.....	\$ 1
A Phister to Fred G Rider.....	E Monroe, 68:6 n Bush, 23x70.....	3,750
H A Trembley to Chas Land.....	E Van Ness, 103:1½ n Pine, 34:4½x137:6.....	8,500
City and Co S F to E Mulheran.....	S 25th, 50 w Columbia, 25x104.....	....
Same to Bridget Mulheran.....	N 24th, 60 e Mission, 25x105.....	....
Wm Norris to Thos Dolliver.....	Eureka w, 149 n 18th, 74x125.....	1,680
Betty Brenham to J T Cook.....	N Adair, 120 w Howard, 50x75.....	2,000
Mary E Butterworth to same.....	Same.....	1
C J Brenham to same.....	Same.....	2,000
J T Cook to Henry J Weiss.....	N Adair, 120 w Howard, 25x75, subject to mortgage for \$1,333.....	1,000
Same to A Bode.....	N Adair, 145 w Howard, 25x75, subject to mortgage for \$1,333.....	1,000
Peter Shenkel to Wm J Wilcox.....	Und ¼ sundry lots in Gift Map 4.....	1,250
Paul Rousset to Dennis B Moore.....	Sundry lots in Outside Lands.....	1
G Morgan to A A Webber.....	Lot 5, blk 82, Excelsior H'd.....	500
Wm Norris to G Wimmer.....	Eureka w, 124:4 n 18th, 24:8x125.....	560
J C Weir to August Hemme.....	Sundry lots in different parts of city.....	27,500
H A Charles to C C Knox.....	S Geary, 212 w Leav'th, 23x137:6.....	10,000
H L Davis to S Littlefield.....	Lot 18, blk 327, New S S F H'd.....	5
Jno Garber to Jno Hatton.....	N 17th, 120 w Noe, 40x130.....	1,550
V B Monahan to Geo Kelly.....	N 21st, 122:6 e Dolores, 45x114.....	2,250
Juana Houston to L C Levey.....	E Fillmore, 137:6 n Post, 27:6x119.....	1,850
Wm Norris to M A Froment.....	W Eureka, 75 n 18th, 49:4x125.....	1,120
W H Cook to C R Worrell.....	N 17th, 100 w Mission, w 105, etc.....	10,000
J J Wilkie to F F Strother.....	Se Market, 150 sw 6th, 25x90.....	26,350
N P Cole to A Hemme.....	Se Wash'n and Franklin, 137:6x127:8½.....	29,000

## Thursday, March 29th.

Betty Brenham to Henry J Weiss	Howard w, 50 n Adair, 25x95.....	\$2. 00
C J Brenham to same.....	Same.....	2,100
H J Weiss to T C Jensen.....	Same.....	2,200
O H Bogart to E F McMullin.....	N Cal, 137:6 w Hyde, 55x137:6.....	24,000
W J Shaw to Geo Merritt.....	E Berenice, 80 s 12th, s 82:8 1/2, etc.....	4,275
L L Robinson to F J Locan.....	Church w, 175 s 15th, w 125, etc; also, e Church, 175 s 15th, e 35:4 1/2, etc.....	25
R B Bartlett to T J Bass.....	N 15th, 195 w Noe, 50x115.....	1,700
J F Cowdery to A D MacDonald.....	Sw 20th and Valencia, 110x32.....	6,000
Wm J Walton to H B Tichenor.....	E Treat av, 170 s 20th, 50x122:6.....	6,000
F J Locan to L L Robinson.....	Sundry properties at the Mission.....	25
P Panzavechio to W L Booker.....	S John, 160:6 e Mason, 23x60, in trust for equal benefit of grantors.....	3,150
A J Pope to J M Hurlbut.....	E Mission, 225 s 24th, 35x115.....	2,700
Same to Wm J Burt.....	E Mission, 195 s 24th, 30x115.....	2,000
H Massey to A P K Safford.....	Lots 3 and 4, blk 20, Market St H'd.....	8,000
Same to same.....	Sundry lots in Buena Vista H'd, subject to mortgage for \$2,000.....	3,600
Geo Kennedy to T Jeffress.....	S Pine, 66 e Broderick, 21:6x92.....	100
H B Hartmeyer to C A Hartmeyer.....	N 22d, 50:11 e Sanchez, 50:11x114.....	5,500
Geo McWilliams to A C Mills.....	W Guerrero, 160 s 17th, 25x84, subject to mortgage for \$3,300.....	14,500
T Haynes to Edw Hyams.....	E Dupont, 60 n Sutter, 30x60.....	1,500
H S Dorland to Geo Daum.....	Sw Fair Oaks and 18th, 26x100.....	5,000
C G Moxley to Kate Dunn.....	Sundry properties in Outside Lands.....	3,000
Geo R Starr to Jno Furness.....	N Geary, 102:11 w Octavia, 25:10x120.....	3,250
J C Weir to T J Fitzgerald.....	S Pine, 71 e Devisadero, 22x83.....	1
S Holladay to David Porte.....	S Fulton, 127:6 w Scott, 37:6x137:6; also, w Scott, 137:6 s Fulton, w 137:6, etc.....	450
S and L Soc'y to J Q Patterson.....	Ne Church and 30th, 80x114.....	

## Friday, March 30th.

Thos C Clifford to Milo P Holmes.....	N Turk, 103:2 e Devisadero, e 25, etc.....	\$5,500
W J Shaw to B H Lichtenstein.....	S 13th, 75 e Treat av, e 7:6, etc.....	3,350
D C Marchand to M L Marchand.....	N Bush, 131:3 w Webster, 50x127:5.....	Gift
L J Hart to G McWilliams.....	Se 27th and Guerrero, s 228, etc.....	10,000
E G E Borda to L J Hart.....	Same.....	5,500
Mary Ellis to Caleb Burbank.....	Ne 17th and Folsom, nw 250, etc.....	30,000
Ezra Hincley to Wm Crawford.....	E Potrero av, 127 n Mariposa, 25x200.....	1,500
D F McDonald to Julia Samuels.....	1/2 of und 1 acre, McDonald Tract.....	1
C H Chamberlain to Isaac Barker.....	E Treat av, 156 s 23d, 78x122:6.....	6,500
W J Gunn to Board of Education.....	Lots 16 and 17, blk 29, Univ'ty M'd Surv.....	1
Geo H Goddard to A Vincent.....	N Geary, 55 w Buchanan, 27:5x100.....	2,825
C H Killey to J Cudworth.....	N Union, 60 e Fillmore, 7:6x87:6.....	402
T Shepard to Chas Cummings.....	Lot 2, blk D, Railroad H'd.....	200
Same to same.....	N Lagamore, 300 e Capitol, 100x125.....	100
W J Shaw to Edw Kermode.....	E Folsom, 124:2 1/2 s 12th, e 24, etc.....	2,550
E A Nolan to Orrington Betts.....	Se Clementina, 155 ne 2d, 25x75; se Fol- som, 120 ne Hampton, 24:6x75; s cor Folsom and Hawthorne, 75x22:6.....	9,500
T C Van Ness to A F Williams.....	Lots 9 and 10, blk 90, Cal'a Av H'd.....	500
O V Sawyer to Wm Hollis.....	Sw Hyde and Sac'to, 137:6x137:6.....	12,000
Ellen Crowley to L Roach.....	S Jersey, 135 e Castro, 25x114.....	300
Edgar O Brown to Mary F Mullen.....	Lot 343, Precita Valley Lands.....	1
F Le Maitre to Geo Dickson.....	Sw Dupont and Sutter, 55x23.....	25,000
Geo Dickson to City and Co S F.....	Sw Dupont and Sutter, 23x30.....	24,440
Antonio Prato to Wm Treen.....	Nw Louise, 57:6 sw Elizabeth, 20x60.....	3,950
H H Noble to F E Wilke.....	N Wash'n, 137:6 w Octavia, w 137:6x275, subject to mort for \$35,000.....	30,000
Donald McLea to F Kosmalki.....	Nw McLea Court, 112 ne 9th, 23x75.....	1,150
Julio P Dubois to A P Dubois.....	E Folsom, 258:9 s Precita pl, s 91:3, etc.....	1
Jno Crowley to Mary Dwyer.....	W Palmer, 726 n Mignel, 20x78.....	200
Pat'k Heath to Henry Pierce.....	Lots 9 and 5, on map of prop'ty A Rice.....	500
Marg Quinn to N J Whitney.....	Se Natoma, 125 sw 8th, 25x75.....	3,560
Geo Kavanagh to City and Co S F.....	Lw Geary and Dupont, 27:6x30.....	29,609
Nicholas Cousin to same.....	Sw Dupont and Morton, 70x30.....	69,294
W J Gunn to Jno Furness.....	S Post, 45:5 e Laguna, 25:10x120.....	2,700
Univ'ty H'd As'n to L C Bliss.....	Lot 7, blk 198, University H'd.....	315
Harrison St H As'n to R Maguire.....	Lot 77, blk 142, H'rison St H (re-record).....	800
Jas Center to Nicholas Smith.....	E Capp, 260 n 16th, 30x120.....	2,000
S and L Soc'y to Peter Murray.....	S Day, 80 w Church, 55x114.....	270
W B Cummings to J C Winans.....	Blk 48, Excelsior Hd; also, blk 19, same.....	10,000
J C Winane to G A Walkern.....	Same.....	1
J F Van Court to Chas Main.....	Lot 62, West End H'd.....	200
W H Campbell to Wm Sinon.....	S Union, 91:6 e Hyde, e 127:6, etc.....	600

## Saturday, March 31st.

T L Com'rs to Rich'd Harris.....	Kentucky w, 121 s Mariposa, n 46:2, etc	\$ 348
Rich'd Harris to Oliver R Dall.....	Same	400
Oliver Dall to I N Thorne.....	Kentucky w, 75 s Mariposa, 10x100.....	4
I N Thorne to Oliver Dall.....	Same	50
Peter G Peltret to C F Webster.....	Nw Howard ahd 21st, 95x95.....	8,800
Same to Lewis Pierce.....	N 21st, 95 w Howard, 150x95.....	10,175
A T Green to James Dunbar.....	Dolores w, 84 s 23d, 30x100.....	1,650
D Dietjen to Louis Sloss.....	Lots 25 and 20, blk 93, O'Neil & H Tract	700
Jas D Thornton to Martin Tierney.....	E Castro, 174:1 n Market, n 25, etc.....	550
Juana Waldeier to Jas Ambrose.....	Sw Moss, 80 nw Folsom, 25x80.....	4,500
Milo Hoadley to Wm Hollis.....	Ne Lyon and Sutter, e 275, etc.....	9,000
Mary A Hand to Jno S Hand.....	S 23d, 125 e Diamond, 103:4x114; also, w Diamond, 60 n 23d, 110x115:9.....	1
F Ackerman to Mary Marchini.....	S 25th, 50:10 w Church, 50:11x114.....	600
J Schoenfeld to Moses Selig.....	Sw 1st av, 214:7 se P st, 200x32:5.....	5
Moses Selig to Jno Schonfeld.....	Sundry lots in different parts of city.....	5
J G Eastland to F A Hihn.....	Undiv ½ ne Stewart, 91:8 se Mission, se 45:10x137:6.....	7,500
J J Reardon to Anne J Reardon.....	Nw Nevada and Vermont, 68:8x100.....	Gift
Same to same.....	N Geary, 165 e Lyon, 27:6x137:6; also, lots 13, 14, 15, blk 226, O'N & H Tract	Gift
Maurice Dore to David Brady.....	Nw Bryant, 128 sw 9th, 28x85.....	1,600
H H Noble to Henry Epstein.....	Ne Dupont and Geary, e 40, n 60, etc.....	5
Jacob Decker to Pauline Vador.....	Se Bush and New Cem'ty av, 21:5½x85.....	4,150
Pauline Vador to M B Decker.....	Same	4,200
A M Hamilton to J Riechenbach.....	Larkin w, 75 s Lombard, 50x105:9.....	2,500
Geo Kennedy to Henry Mahan.....	S Pine, 44:6 e Broderick, 21:6x92.....	3,700
Wm Bosworth to Denis O'Leary.....	Se 24th and Columbia, 100x40.....	10
Jos Bluxome to same.....	Same	4,000
Wm Taylor to Jno Mallon.....	N Green, 220 w Hyde, 20x60.....	2,000
F Wieland to Geo Brown.....	N Pacific, 113:6 e Franklin, n 127:8½, etc	6,8

## Monday, April 2d.

Geo Hearst to Rob't Orphant.....	E Texas, 25:2 n Mariposa, n 79:10, etc.....	\$ 350
J H Atkinson to J H Turney.....	N Cal'a, 137:0 e Laurel, 137:6x132:7½.....	1,760
S and L Soc'y to Jno McLane.....	N Day, 80 w Church, 25x114.....	375
F Madge to M S and L Bank.....	Ne 21st and Guerrero, n 102:6, etc.....	9,613
F Thomas to Mary Kelly.....	S Natoma, 200 w 8th, 25x75.....	2,000
Geo H Wells to E P Williams.....	S Powell av, 100 e Mission, 50x100.....	2,800
H S Ledyard to Geo Frier.....	Lot 3, blk 44, Excelsior H'd.....	500
Lillie L Fair to Jno R Hite.....	N McAllister, 206:3 w Jones, 30x137:6.....	10,500
W J Shaw to Francis Garrett.....	Harrison w, 86:0½ s 12th, s 50, etc.....	3,350
Jas G Hayden to Rudolph Herman.....	Se Baker and Tonquin, 137:6x137:6.....	2,560
T Cadogan to P Donovan.....	Ritter w, 75 s Harrison, 25x75.....	2,300
Lewis P Sage to T H Merry.....	Nw Pacific and Broderick, 137:6x127:8½.....	5,000
Cath K Brown to Jno Grace.....	Nw Howard, 100 sw 7th, 26x165.....	7,000
J Catlow to Oregon S and B Co.....	Lot 6, blk 23, and lot 8 in blk 25, Tide Lands granted to Dunphy and others.....	25,000
C L Newman to Fred'k Marsh.....	Lot 31, blk 2, Johnston Tract.....	500

## Tuesday, April 3d.

Frank Barnard to Jos Frank.....	Ne Bush and Stockton, e 88:10, etc.....	\$ 1
Geo L Bradley to same.....	Same	45,000
T M J Dehon to Jos Lessmann.....	Se 16th and Sanchez, 90x30.....	1,650
J Herzberg to C P Robinson.....	Lots 23, 25, of sub of P V lots 182 to 193; also, lot 7, blk 138, O'N & H Tract.....	320
Eliz'th Robinson to A Prato.....	Sw Filbert and Filbert pl, 20x57:6.....	2,300
Wm L Booker to B Lacaze.....	S John, 160:6 e Mason, 23x60, subject to mort for \$1,400.....	2,600
Geo S Peter to Jno Swales.....	Fair Oaks w, 91 n John, 31x117:6.....	950
John Farley to Thos Maloney.....	Hoff av w, 247 s 16th, 25x92:6.....	1,350
Eliza Troy to Pat'k Troy.....	N Sac'to, 137:6 w Hyde, 45:10x120.....	1
C D Wheat to Geo T Shaw.....	Lots 10, 11, 12, blk 327, New S S F H'd.....	750
H L Valencia to Jno Pfiorr.....	Ne Dolores and 17th, 57:6x80.....	50
Joe Pfiorr to Jos Flach.....	Same	1
F L A Pioche to W Fitzpatrick.....	S 18th, 127:6 w Guerrero, 22:6x114.....	1,125
E Healy to Mary A Healy.....	N Pine, 100 w Laguna, 37:6x137:6.....	Gift
Lizzie F Ralston to Wm Sharon.....	All int in the estate of W C Ralston, dec 50:0 lots 2, 3, 5, blk 270, W A.....	5
Wm Hale to Levi C Lane.....	N Cal, 137:6 e Laurel, 137:6x132:7½.....	2,000
J H Turney to W K Van Alen.....	S Army, 190 e Sanchez, 25x114.....	450
Wm Winter to Peter Quinn.....	Nw ¼ sec 24, t 2 s, r 6 w, Ewald Tract..	1
J Nightingale to Eugene Lies.....	Se Pine and Stockton, 57:6x60.....	1,000
S Regensburger to B Regensburger.....	N Green, 90:9 w Dupont, 18:2x57:6.....	2,750
Bridget Bannan to A Calamari.....	Sw Valencia and Broenan, 420x30.....	1,500
Jno Kelly, Jr, to Jas Humphrey.....	E Divisadero, 77:8½ s Clay, 25x81:3.....	700
Same to same.....		

## Wednesday, April 4th.

M Sullivan to Jean Arteguas.....	E Valencia, 60 s Ridley, 25x80.....	\$3,750
Wm Renton to Abbie J Smith.....	Lots 426, 428, 430, 432, Gift Map 1.....	160
L Goltig to A N Anderson.....	N Jersey, 100 w Vicksburg, 25x114.....	400
T G Cockrill to Laura A Kirkham.....	N Day, 150 e Dolores, 50x114.....	5
S and L Soc'y to A T Green.....	Se 18th and Diamond, 22x125; also, se 19th and Diamond, 67x135.....	5,000
J P Dameron to R T Ryan.....	Lot 910, Gift Map 2.....	1
R F Ryan to Jas L King.....	Lots 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, Gift Map 2.....	250
T McInerney to Mary Kirwan.....	N Alta, 112 1/2 e Montez, 25x100.....	500
Wm J Shaw to Timothy Sheehan.....	W 1-st, 132 1/2 s 12th, s 26 1/2, etc.....	1,450
M Conroy to Leon Pieper.....	E Tehama, 50 n Prospect pl, 50x80.....	1,100
Theo A Lord to Jos Boardman.....	Lot 3, blk 23, Market St H'd.....	230
Cath Murray to Jas McGlin.....	E 18th av, 278 1/2 n Clement, 50x120.....	272
R A McConahy to T McConahy.....	Und 1/2 n Bush, 256 1/2 w Weber, 25x127 1/2.....	1
T McConahy to R A McConahy.....	Und 1/2 n Bush, 251 1/2 w Weber, 25x127 1/2.....	1
Levi P Peck to Aaron Cook.....	N Post, 137 1/2 w Franklin, 55x120.....	5
Thos Byrne to P Zimmerman.....	Noe w, 75 s 18th, 25x125.....	750
Mary Hickox to L S Maconday.....	N Cal'a, 100 e Van Ness, 77 1/2x137 1/2.....	22,500
Jas L Ord to G C Holladay.....	Com 127 1/2 se Harrison and 275 ne Spear, 15x15 1/2.....	1
S Mosgrove to J Griffin.....	E Boyce, 450 n Pt Lobos av, 25x120.....	1,050
S and L Soc'y to Geo McClellan.....	Sw Day and Church, 30x114.....	550
J D Hooker to Jos Mansur.....	S Sac to 150 1/2 w Fillmore, 60x137 1/2.....	4,000
Mich'l Begley to O d'Anis.....	W Sherman, 75 n 18th, 49 1/2x125.....	1
J A Baner to Henry Kohler.....	E Ashbury, 185 s Waller, 80x186 1/2.....	5,000
A B McCreery to Geo Law.....	Und 1/2 nw Commerce & Front, 120x125.....	5
Geo Law to A B McCreery.....	Und 1/2 nw Union and Front, 70x125.....	5
R C Johnson to R B Kellogg.....	W Fillmore, 53 n Sac to, 25x90 1/2.....	4,250
A McLellan to C Montgomery.....	W Diamond, 60 n 22d, 50x115 1/2.....	500
B J Shaw to Mary E French.....	N 24th, 253 1/2 w Sanchez, 25x114.....	700
F Galehouse to T K Wilson.....	W Shotwell, 200 n 16th, 30x120.....	2,700
T McInerney to Wm Turey.....	Lot 5, blk 3, Belle Roche City.....	600
D F McDonald to John Drohan.....	Und 5 acres, McDonald Tract.....	1
Peder Sather to J P Cantin.....	Ne Harrison and 20th, 200x142 1/2.....	30,000
Agnes Hewitt to Agnes Rowland.....	Valencia, 92 s 16th, 60x88; also, w 1st av, 125 n 16th, 30x100.....	Gift
Geo Frink to L Greenbaum.....	N O Farrell, 100 1/2 w Franklin, 33 1/2x120.....	4,500

## Thursday, April 5th.

C P Robinson to Chas Lux.....	Sundry lots in different parts of city.....	\$ 5
Same to same.....	Se Hyde and Jackson, 137 1/2x102.....	5
Mary Freeman to F S Wensinger.....	Nw Folsom, 25 sw Harriet, sw 25x75.....	4,000
S Morgenstern to same.....	Same.....	5
Donald McLea to Jas Maguire.....	Se McLea Court, 204 ne 9th, 23x75.....	1,000
E Murray to F and Mech' Bank.....	N 23th, 100 e Bryant, 25x104.....	40
S V H'd As'n to Hugh J Colvin.....	Lot 4, blk 15, S V H'd.....	300
Jno O'Brien to Jas Ward.....	Lots 22 to 26, Gift Map 4.....	500
Jas Ward to Jno O'Brien.....	Lots 46 to 50, same.....	500
H C Swain to Wm B Swain.....	Lots 63, 71, 72, blk 347, O L.....	400
P H Canavan to W J Shaw.....	Property known as the City Gardens.....	1
A Vigoreaux to James L King.....	Lots 213 to 222, Gift Map 2.....	700
M D Miles to Jno Landers.....	Lot 1, blk W, R R H'd; also, lots 89, 90, Fairmount Land As'n.....	5,785
C F Fargo to City and Co S F.....	Dupont w, 82 n Sutter, n 44x30.....	26,566
M R E Becker to B A Becker.....	Octavia w, 100 s Tyler, 25x107 1/2.....	5
B A Becker to M R E Becker.....	Und 1/2 n Cal'a, 60 w Stockton, w 40, etc.....	5
D Donovan to Jno W Langdon.....	Se Brannan, 30 ne 7th, ne 25x75.....	5
Jno Langdon to Dan Donovan.....	Same.....	5
B J Shay to Mark Moritz.....	N Union, 48 e Leavitt, 25x112 1/2, intended to operate as a mortgage.....	800
A Himmelmann to Quong Yee.....	E Wash'n pl, 80 s Jackson, s 33x90.....	10,000
D Dietjen to Simon Footman.....	Nw Oregon and Drumm, 60x30.....	14,000
F Daniel to Henry Frank.....	M B 37—Guerrero, Dolores, 16th, 16th at S Vallejo, 137 1/2 w Franklin, 58 1/2x137 1/2.....	110
F S Wensinger to Wm Brooks.....	Nw Harrison and 13th, n 86 1/2, etc.....	5
Same to David C Keller.....	Sw 12th and Harrison, s 61 1/2, etc.....	4,150
Same to J C Bockmann.....	Nw Harrison and 14th, n 28 1/2, etc.....	6,525
Same to Bernard Leddy.....	S 15th, 130 w Guerrero, s 100, etc.....	2,475
Terrence Reilly to Pat'k Reilly.....	Sw 26th and Church, 80x30.....	3,000
Dan'l Jones to Marg't Denaby.....	N Cal'a, 165 w Divisadero, 27 1/2x132 1/2.....	745
John R Merrill to Jas McMahon.....	S Louise, 157 1/2 w Eliz'th, 60x20; also, s Louise, 107 1/2 e of w 100 1/2 av, 69x20.....	1,500
Mary Miller to Justin Delsol.....	W Gough, 100 n McAllister, 25x100.....	3,150
Sam'l Hancock to Henry Cox.....	Se 12th and Berenice, e 50, etc.....	8,250
W J Shaw to Jno Flynn.....	Se 12th and Berenice, e 50, etc.....	5,000
N L Bergevin to M M Estee.....	Se Stevenson, 235 sw 3d, 20x70.....	1,200



## Friday, April 6th.

Jno Landers to A Borel .....	Sundry lots in different parts of city.....	10,000
L H Bailey to G L Wedekind .....	Utah w, 160 s Santa Clara, w 100, etc.....	230
W A Shaw to Edw Roper .....	Ne Beale, 229:2 n Folsom, 45:10x137:6 .....	7,000
Geo J Haxe to Henry Moffatt .....	Sw Franklin and Post, 137:6x120 .....	24,000
A T Green to Jno Mullaney .....	S 19th, 24 e Diamond, 33x100 .....	900
Wm Hollis to Chas Murray .....	Nw 24th and Hampshire, 104x25 .....	.....
Thos B Shannon to same.....	Valencia w, 200 s 23d, w 162:6, etc.....	47,500
Jos Bluxome to same.....	Nw 24th and Hampshire, 104x25 .....	5,000
C H King to Wm B Swain.....	Ne Sanchez and Dale, 26x100 .....	40
Wm H Hall to Kate Dunne.....	Ne Fell and Shrader, 103:1½x275 .....	6,900
N Cousin to A H Rutherford .....	S Morton, 30 w Dupont, w 20, etc.....	32,500
Geo Winter to Wm Winter.....	Sundry properties in different parts city .....	6,000
E Taggard to Rob't Orphant.....	Ne Mariposa and Texas, e 75, etc.....	2,100
Mary Ellis to C A Curtis.....	Se Eldorado st, thence w 25x110 .....	500
Pat'k Condren to Dennis McNally .....	Lot 17, blk 9, College H'd .....	350
S F Sinclair to Eugene Lies .....	Nw O st and 19th av, n 397, etc.....	67
T B Shannon to J Bluxome.....	Nw 25th and Valencia, 90x65 .....	1
Jas Daly to Lawrence McNally .....	18th av w, 195 s L st, 104x240 .....	5
C E Hansen to Jno F Gluck .....	E Fillmore, 87:6 n Fulton, 50x112:6 .....	5
Wm Hale to Mary T Roach.....	N Bush, 137:6 w Octavia, 32:6x137:6 .....	5
T J Higgins to Jacob Cohn.....	Nw Folsom, 225 ne 7th, 25x80 .....	4,300
Wm J Shaw to A Leemann.....	E Treat av, 80 n 14th, n 28 7½, etc.....	1,325

## Saturday, April 7th.

Solomon Gump to Fred'k Jacobi .....	N Sutter, 68:9 e Octavia, 68:9x120 .....	\$9,500
Mary Ellis to Caleb Burbank .....	Se Mission and 17th, e 245, etc.....	23,500
P Huant to E Van Santen .....	S Green, 137:6 e Mason, 68:9x137:6 .....	50
E Van Santen to H Barroilhet.....	Same .....	5
H Barroilhet to Thos Grogan .....	Same .....	5
Paulin Huant to same.....	Same .....	5
Levi C Lane to Chas Land.....	S Cal'a, 120:3 e Van Ness, 26x137:6 .....	5,000
Jas C Stott to Ann C Stott.....	Sundry lots in different parts of city .....	500
Ann C Stott to Jos Wisson.....	Nw Chestnut and Montg'y av, w 59:8½, n 60, e 9:9, se 78:1 to com.....	3,000
Peter Disley to Jno R Hite.....	No. 646 Market street, on n Market betn Geary and Montgomery .....	1
C W Steward to C A Spaulding.....	N R'dway, 68:9 e Mason, 34:4½x137:6 .....	.....
Sarah Toner to Wm Collman .....	S Godens, 170 e Mission, 30x60 .....	550
Geo C Hickox to Chas Land.....	E Van Ness, 72 s Cal'a, 65:6x120:3 .....	16,375
J N Lebby to Edw Wayman .....	Sundry lots in different homesteads .....	.....
Wm L Torrey to E N Torrey .....	Sw Sac'to and Laguna, 137:6x127:8½ .....	5,000
Wm Dunphy to Louis Peres .....	Sundry lots in Tide Lands .....	2,090
E L Sullivan to A Von Schmidt .....	W 21st av, 200 s Sac'to, 100x120 .....	5
S B Dameron to W O T Smith.....	E Pierce, 87:6 s Turk, 25x137:6 .....	75
Sam'l T Curtis to E J Baldwin .....	S Cal'a, 137:6 w Jones, 68:9x137:6 .....	45,000
Jacob Ulrich to Jno Hynes .....	E Guerrero, 75 n Ridley, 25x80 .....	4,368
T O'Brien to J F Coakley .....	Lots 136, 138, 139; Academy Tract .....	5
C Coakley to T O'Brien .....	Same .....	500
S F Sinclair to Lewis Soher .....	N 26th, 77:6 e Bartlett, 40x80 .....	47
Wm E Brown to P Grady.....	E Rhode Island, 250 s Yolo, 25x100; also e Rhode Island, 300 s Yolo, 123x25 .....	900
P Doyle to Chas C Lyons.....	Sundry lots in different parts of the city, subject to mortgage for \$2,000, etc.....	8,000
J McDonnell to Pat'k Martin .....	E Devisadero, 27:8½ s Clay, 50x71:3 .....	1,725
O E Johnson to L Armstrong .....	W Hampshire, 104 s 23d, 26x100 .....	750
J S Kline to W W Arey.....	S Cal'a, 106:3 e Webster, 25x137:6 .....	1,650

## Monday, April 9th.

Wm Hale to Thos Kelly.....	Laguna w, 50 n Post, 75x62:6 .....	\$ 1
S and L Soc'y to Jno A Brown.....	S 29th, 80 w Sanchez, 25x114 .....	350
Lewis Strauss to W J Gunn.....	S Duncan, 203 e Sanchez, 25:8x114; also, n Valley, 100 w Church, 51:8x114 .....	1,000
Eugene Lies to E L Sullivan.....	Nw P st and 22d av, n 447, etc also, O L blks 906 and 1021; also, nw Q st and 22d av, n 600, etc.....	1
J M Comerford to Pat'k Bradley ..	N 28th, 200 w Church, 25x114 .....	525
Jno Landers to J Brown.....	Nw Market, 90 sw 15th, sw 50, etc.....	1
Rosa Windel to Henri Windel.....	E Stockton, 90 s Sutter, s 30, etc.....	5
A T Green to Jacob H Baker .....	E Chattanooga, 230 s 23d, 30x117 .....	1,020
Chas Mayne to Marg't Dugan .....	Ne 29th and Church, 26:6x100 .....	800
H Liebes to Martin Heller.....	Nw Octavia and Pine, 68x137:6 .....	10,000
W Easton to Carrie East n.....	Lot 6, blk N, R R H'd .....	G ft
W C Talbot to Sophia G Talbot.....	Ne Franklin and Jackson, n 255:4½, etc .....	.....
Wm J Shaw to J Sullivan.....	N 14th, 25 e Treat av, e 25, etc.....	1,325
R F Morrow to Mary A Church.....	Se Cal'a and Battery, 137:6x137:6 .....	325000

## Tuesday, April 10th.

F J C Lavillan to H S Wheeler	S Pine, 200 w Larkin, 25x120	\$ 20
H Liebes to C J Behlow	Octavia w, 68 n Pine, 39x137 1/2	5,500
Same to Moritz Lachman	Octavia w, 107 1/2 n Pine, 30x137 1/2	4,500
I A Goldman to C L Weller	S cor 8th and Clementina, 90x75	22,000
F Cassullo to G Faraco	S Union, 188 1/2 w Kearny, e 17 1/2, etc; also and 1/2 w Lafayette, 64 1/2 n Green, n 23	600
Julia Dowling to Sarah Dowling	Lot 227, Gift Map 2	1
E R Worth to Wm B Swain	Se Folsom, 47 sw Hawthorne, 35x75	1
W J Shaw to Jno Grant	S 12th, 105 e Folsom, e 25, s 81 1/2, w 25, n 83 1/2, etc	2,450
A C Elmore to Addie M Viners	S Washington, 28 e Wetmore, e 28, s 87 1/2, w 16, n 25, etc	6,000
Marens Modry to D H Hillen	Nw Devisadero and Bush, 50x100	4,100
Alfred Vetter to Hyam Joseph	Dupont w, new line, 23 s Sutter, 22x25	8,000
Same to same	Dupont w, old line, 23 s Sutter, 22x30	14,500
Wm Thompson to Wm Huplin	Tehama w, 350 n Norwich, 25x80	975
Hugh Crockard to Jno Johnston	Se Market, 100 n 16th, ne 25 1/2, se 107 1/2, w 33 1/2, nw 85 1/2 to com	2,500
H S Wheeler to Robt Bright	S Pine, 87 1/2 e Polk, 25x120	6,500
F B White to H Hahn	S Pine, 87 1/2 e Polk, 25x120	850
H Hahn to Therese Ahlborn	Same	Gift
City and Co S F to T Caldwell	Ne Pt Lobos and 26th av, n 450, e 82, se 350, w 20, etc	5
T Caldwell to J H B Wilkins	Same	5
J H B Wilkins to T Colwell	Same	1
Eugene Lies to Camilo Martin	Por O L blks 965, 964, 965	Gift
A Frederickson to A Frederickson	Snb 5 in lot 122, P V Lands	4,000
Jno O'Connor to Hugh McCallum	Kentucky w, 300 s Sierra, w 200, etc	11,050
G F Pettinos to Tin Pan	N Com'rl, 103 1/2 e Dup'l, 34 1/2 x 137 1/2	10
S J Pettinos to same	Same	10,500
August Henne to S H Long	N Wash'n, 123 w Van Ness, 27 1/2 x 127 1/2	Gift
H Mattern to Cath Mattern	N John, 80 w Powell, 20x62 1/2	Gift

## Wednesday, April 11th.

Hiram Tubbs to Edw A Davies	Iowa w, 83 1/2 n Sierra, n 65, etc	\$ 500
C M Hitchcock to Peter Dean	Ne Valencia and 22d, e 125, n 63 1/2, w to Valencia, s 55 1/2 to com	7,500
Peter Dean to J H Schleef	Ne Valencia and 22d, e 90, n 58 1/2, w to Valencia, s 52 1/2 to com	6,000
F C Havens to C Churchill	E Folsom, 126 n 34th, 104x245	5
Mich'l Skelly to Wm H Harden	N cor Howard and Grant av, 56 1/2 x 137 1/2	12,300
Wm J Shaw to Caroline Wood	E Isis, 104 1/2 s 12th, s 48 1/2, e 75, n 45 1/2, w 75 to com	2,800
Robt Smith to Mary Nevers	W Broderick, 77 1/2 n Cal, 27 1/2 x 82 1/2	1,000
Jas Donovan to L Auerbach	N Post, 180 1/2 w Octavia, 25x102 1/2	6,500
Wm De Witt to Jane De Witt	Sndry lots in different parts of city	Gift
Robt Smith to J O Besse	Broderick w, 105 1/2 n Cal, 27 1/2 x 82 1/2	1,000
O F Cem'ty As'n to Mrs L Mowrey	Lot 3, Rebekah Grove sect 1, O F Cem	225
A Hamilton to Bridget Bannan	Larkin w, 25 n Greenwich, 25x105 1/2	1,250
Same to Cath Griffith	Larkin w, 50 n Greenwich, 50x105 1/2	2,500
Willow's L As'n to W H Bayless	Mission w, 210 s 18th, 25x80	2,750
Paul T'ct H'd As'n to J Donnelly	Lot 8, blk 59, Paul Tract H'd	500

## Thursday, April 12th.

R R H'd As'n No 2 to W Conlor	Lot 15, blk R, Railroad H'd As'n No 2	\$ 135
Same to Eliza A Miller	Lot 14, blk A, same	135
Fred'k Mason to Wm Hollis	P N blk 131, bounded by Eldorado, Kansas, Center, Vermont	20,000
Chas Murray to B J Shay	W Valencia, 200 s 23d, w 162 1/2, etc; also nw Folsom, 75 ne Harriet, 25x75	1
R H Lloyd to Chas Kornfeld	Und int n cor Folsom & Harriet, 50x75; nw Folsom, 75 ne Harriet, 25x75	7,150
C Collins to Mich'l Girany	Lot 5, blk 260, Golden City H'd As'n	500
Jas M Ryder to David R Benton	Und 5 acs in sect 13, t 2 s, r 6 w	3,500
H S and L Soc'y to Wm Ede	E Noe, 125 s 15th, s 100, etc	16,000
D Farquharson to Isaac Kohn	N Fell, 103 1/2 w Cole, 103 1/2 x 275	7,000
Wm Gleeson to Bridget Davis	E Calhoun, 68 1/2 s Union, 45 1/2 x 91 1/2	1,700
Wm Hollis to Jno Doehling	Ne O'Farrell and Broderick, 25x92 1/2	1,275
G Torrene to J Garrington	N Clay, 137 1/2 e Larkin, 42x80	10,000
S E Palmer to R Thompson	N Sutter, 137 1/2 e Broderick, 27 1/2 x 137 1/2	1
A Marquard to Otto Arnold	S Lombard, 137 1/2 e Hyde, 68 1/2 x 137 1/2	4,000
C H Stanyan to J C Weir	Ne Pine and Laguna, 137 1/2 x 137 1/2	16,000
Jno Kern to Jno McDonough	Lots 1 to 4, blk 15, Flint Tract H'd	3,000
Jno Gray to Henry Kohler	W Kearny, 60 s Green, 20x60	3,000
Wm B Swain to M Connelly	W Vermont, 200 n Colusa, 75x100	30
Rob't Murdoch to same	W Vermont, 200 n Colusa, 25x100	5

## Friday, April 13th.

Matthew Hogan to Wm Sinon	Lot 554, Gift Map 2	\$ 60
T L Com'rs to M C Farley	Se Clementina, 405 sw 5th, 25x75	7
August Hemme to W L Elliott	E Franklin, 49:8 s Wash'n, 26x137:7	6,240
Arnold Fuller to Chas D Olds	W A blks 518 and 523	5
Chas D Olds to H Plagemann	Ne Baker and Haight, 137:6x121:10 1/2	5,500
T G McLeran to Harriet Wilson	N Ridley, 239:6 w West Mission, w 40, n 159:4, e 45:1, s 116 to com.	1
J B McMin to H Peyroulet	N Sac'to, 44 e Stockton, 43:8x59	12,000
C J Brenham to B Peyton	Sundry lots in different parts of city, and land in Alameda Co.	
H H E Henck to Hannah Crone	Nw Mission, 350 ew 6th, 50x85	22,000
Fanny Henck to same	Same	10
G M Condee to F and Mechs Bank	N Vallejo, 149:6 e Van Ness, 25x122:9	1,900
Same to same	Ne Polk and Francisco, 137:6x137:6	2,500
S J Nathan to G H Goddard	Se Tyler and Van Ness, 100x0	20,000
R J Inge to Hyam Joseph	Und 1/2 sw Fremont, 183:4 nw Mission, 45:10x137:6	9,750
Wm J Shaw to Thos Donahue	Se Folsom and 12th, s 76:2 1/2, etc.	10,900
Wm Fruhling to F Tobelmann	S Sac'to, 100 w Larkin, 27:6x118	5,150

## Saturday, April 14th.

Edw Martin to Ada Loftus	8.26-100 acres Schaad Tract, subject to mort for \$8,000	\$4,000
Jas H Loftus to E Martin	Same	4,000
F Tobelmann to Wm Klumpp	S Sac'to, 100 w Larkin, 27:6x118	6,000
Sam'l Crim to C Gerdes	E Mission, 180 n 13th, 30x122:6	5
C A L Peckham to E T Menomy	Und 1/2 n Channel, 137:6 w 6th, 45:10x120	1,500
C F Webster to Geo D Bliss	Lot 16, blk 4, Fairmount Ex H'd	330
J Satterlee to L L Baker	Ne Wash'n and Franklin, 127:8 1/2x124:3	30,000
C J Brenham to C Spreckels	Sw 16th and Howard, w 175:6, etc.	16,500
Betty Brenham to same	Same	5
J L Taylor to Kelly Tighe	Lots 14 and 15, blk 642, Pt Lobos Av H	600
A D Godfrey to Felix O'Brien	Lots 182, 202, Gift Map 3	600
Felix O'Brien to R Shannon	Lot 1465, same	300
Mathew Crooks to J P Dameron	Se Habbell, 460 sw 7th, sw 181:2, etc.	1
E L Sullivan to W H Johnson	W Montgy, 137:6 s Jackson, s 61:6, etc.	28,000
L C Redington to Edw B Pond	S Cal'a, 137:6 w Mason, 137:6x120, subj't to mortgage	16,000
Archie Harloe to C J Cressey	W Buchanan, 82:6 s Cal'a, 27:6x81:3	1,400
A M Hamilton to Ellen Walsh	Nw Larkin and Greenwich, 25x105:9	1,500
L Harris to Wm H Johnson	W Ellen, 210 s 24th, 50x125	750
J B F Davis to Harriet Davis	W Guerrero, 183 s 21st, 61x117:6	Gift
Wm Hollis to C Weisheimer	N 16th, 265 e Guerrero, 34x100	4,080
Jno Clough to Edw Brackett	S Marshall, 125 w Craw, s 110, etc.	325

## Monday, April 16th.

David Conkling to R H Lloyd	N Grove, 85 w Buchanan, 52:6x120	15,000
C T Ryland to M C and E Farron	Lots 14, 15, blk 550, Bay Park Addit'n H	1
Mary S Page to same	Same	250
Sylvester Moore to J F Sullivan	N 21st, 192:6 w Guerrero, 25x144	1,300
S Simmons to P Cunningham	Se Precita av, 133:8 ne Mis'n, ne 26:8, etc	850
Louis McLane to Merch Ex Co	S Cal'a, 137:6 e Mont'g'y, 68:9x137:0	1
N Landry to same	Same	1
J H M Townsend to same	Same	1
J S Alemany to Jno Enwright	N St Roses, 65 e Ferrie, 25x100	325
S L Jacobs to Lavinia Deasau	Nw Filbert and Stockton, 137:6x137:6	10,000
S and L Soc'y to R Neumann	N 30th, 180 w Church, 25x114	375
F Cunningham to A Chilwich	Lot 940, Gift Map 4	250
Martha Loomis to Adolphe Weeke	Sw Steiner and Elliot Park, 41:3x88, sub to mortgage	7,500
Jno Sedgwick to Isidore Cohn	Lot 3, blk 35, Excelsior H'd; also, lots 4, 5, 6, blk 92, University H'd	800
J J Corbett to Nevada Bank of S F	Nw Mason and Ellis, 97:6x60; also, w Mason, 77:6 n Ellis, 60x137:6	80,000
Wm Hollis to J J Coffey	W Hampshire, 177 s 24th, 24x100	2,100
D Conkling to C H Burton	N Grove, 85 w Buchanan, 52:6x120	8,000
D Donovan to J London	Se Brannan, 30 ne 7th, 25x75	5
Geo Walcom to Julia Donahoe	Sw Sanchez and Figg, 114x80	1,500
Jean G Soudry to J B Villain	Se Broadway and Stockton, 93x60	25,000
Jas F Place to Thos McInerney	Lots 20 to 24, blk 126, Haley & O'N T'ct	5
Wm Cate to same	Same	1,200
R F Morrow to S Glazier	Ne 5th and Townsend, 183:4x120	30,000
Chas Lakeman to T K Wilson	W Shotwell, 200 n 16th, 30x120	100
E A Lakeman to same	Same	5
W Landon to Jno Hubbard	Sw Vale and Church, 34x100	1,200
Jno Center to T K Wilson	W Shotwell, 200 n 16th, 30x120	

## Tuesday, April 17th.

R H Lloyd to Anna M Conkling...	N Grove, 85 w Buchanan, 52:6x120	Gift
M Francesovich to R Bebban...	W Kansas, 275 s Sierra, 25x100	\$ 200
Mrs H B Housman to J Housman...	N Clay, 50 w Filmore, 25x102 1/2; also, lots 1, 2, 3, blk 92, Univ'ty M'd tract.	1,500
Wm Hollis to Colvin Nutting, Jr.	S Tyler, 82:6 w Scott, 55x110	3,850
Wm Bein to Mary A Kelly	N Pine, 135 w Webster, 27x87:6	1,855
Wm Hollis to Pat'k McAtee	S 14th, 126 e Castro, 26x115	825
Same to Edw Patton	W Hampshire, 98 n 25th, 24x100	750
S and L Soc'y to S Maybell	N 30th, 130 e Church, 25x114	375
T K Wilson to A Le Cante	W Shotwell, 200 n 16th, 35x120	2,550
Jno McIntosh to Marg't Martin	E Columbia pl, 50 n Prospect pl, 25x80	350
S W Dennis to Mary E Dennis	Lot 13, blk 17, Noe Garden H'd	Gift
N P T Co to Jno B Rider	Ne Stuart, 91:8 nw Folsom, 91:8x137:6, subj to mort	30,000
Same to Albert W Scott	Ne Stuart, 45:10 nw Fols'm, 45:10x137:6, subj to mort	15,000
Fred'k Mason to Jno D Gilmour	Ne Main, 91:8 se Howard, 45:10x45:10	6,000
Geo F Sharp to Fred'k Mason	Same	250

## Wednesday, April 18th.

T C Edwards to A P Hotelling	E Harrison, 260 s 24th, 56x100	\$2,500
T R E A to same	N Vallejo, 150 e Laguna, 50x137:6	2,800
Wm Hollis to same	Same	2,800
Same to Alex E Squire	Hampshire w, 146 d 25th, 25x100	650
F Harrison to J G Kittle	Sansome w, 68:9 n Pacific, 36x137:6	5,000
S Littlefield to S Carr	Lot 2, blk 4, Garden Tract H'd	5
Wm Hollis to S A McDonald	N Pine, 146:10 1/2 e Pierce, 25x137:6	1,600
Mary Vagts to Edw Kelly	Leav'th w, 47:6 s Broadway, 20x60	1,750
E L Sullivan to Jos Frank	F Wash'n, 126:1 1/2 e Kearny, 46:7 1/2 x100	28,000
Jos Wesson to W G Wayman	S 17th, 76:9 e Sanchez, e 23:5, etc.	1
Jno Otto to Jno Fitzgerald	Church w, 51 s Jersey, 25x75	500
W G Wayman to J Wesson	S 17th, 75 e Sanchez, s 84:6, etc.	1
Wm Hollis to Hannah J Sheehy	E Castro, 50 s 14th, 26x100	750
Wm Smith to W Hawhurst	Lots 5 and 6, blk 82, Central Park H'd	4,000
A Hemme to Jas D Bailey	Franklin w, 55 s Wash'n, 27:6x137:6	12,000
F Kauce to A Hartmann	N Geary, 165:6 e Jones, 21x52:6	21,500
A Hartmann to Frank Ench	Same, subject to mortgage	21,500
Jno Rosenfeld to E Buflandeau	Com 54:6 e Buchanan on s l of 50-v 4, W A 226, 55:5x27:6	5
G Kennedy to J N Hammit	Vicksburg w, 46:6 s 22d, 22:6x100	2,200
S C Massett to N F Marsh	S 17th, 100 e Sanchez, 50x208, subject to mortgage	3,500
Mary A Quale to Jas H Latham	Nw 15th and Guerrero, w 100, etc.	300
Mary Mears to same	Same	1,500
Wm Hollis to B Cocks	E Valencia, 149 n 21st, 23x90	3,300
R Bussinger to Pat'k Kelly	Lot 50, blk 27, Fairmount H'd	800
J G Klumpke to W O Connell	Lot 10, blk 18, R R Av H'd	35
Jas Butler to Pat'k Waters	Gunnison av w, 400 s Precita pl, 25x110	550

## Thursday, April 19th.

Thos Byrne to Jno Gray	W Bartlett, 160 n 23d, n 40x125	\$2,500
Jos L Moody to Louis A Garnett	E Mason, 91:8 s Sac'to, s 45:10x68:9	1,150
Wm Hollis to F Wiese	N 20th, 233 w Valencia, 28x114	5,400
Same to Michael Murray	N Ellis, 55 w Pierce, w 27:6x100	4,800
Same to Thos Shirlaw	E Stevenson, 151 s 20th, s 22x75	3,581
Same to Angus Cameron	N O Farrell, 399 1/2 w Steiner, w 37x82:6	5,400
T P Winter to Jno Brewster	Trust Deed, lot 65 blk 574, C P H'd As'n; n Jackson, 137:6 w Buch'n, 25x127:8 1/2	1
Geo Ellis to Jno Revalk	50-v lot in blk 31, und, nw cor of sd blk	500
Mary Ellis to same	Same	500
Wm Hollis to Geo Edwards	Se Jersey and Noe, e 75x114	800
Edw Martin to S V H'd As'n	Sundry lots in S V H'd As'n	860
E C Boobar to W Richardson	Lot 15, blk 23, lot 25, blk 45, Tide Lands	3,000
B Lawrence to A H Lemmen	Beach and Water lot No 727	6,000
F M Smith to Dennis Flannery	Com nw cor Water lot 727, 22:11x68:9	890
M Cameto to Geo W Tyler	Und 1/2 s Folk, 117:6 e Stockton, 20x57:6	565
Geo W Tyler to Chas Cameto	Same	600
Clarinda Wright to H J Wallie	W Sanchez, 76:6 n 19th, n 75x105; also, nw Hancock and Sanchez, w 105x26:6	2,500
Jesus M Ainsa to Manuel Ainsa	S Lombard, 40 w Dupont, 40x90	250
Wm Hollis to E B Robertson	E Valencia, 103 n 21st, 23x90	5,450
Same to John Trapp	S 24th, 40 e York, 40x100, sub to mortg e	4,100
T R E A to same	Same	4,100
S and L Soc'y to John Finnegan	Nw Day and Dolores, 39x114	825
R B Balmore to Geo Obenauer	N Pine, 54 w Webster, 31x87:6	4,000
Geo McWilliams to T A Douglass	W Sanchez, 26:6 n 29th, 25x105	400
Same to N P Medlock	E Noe, 126:6 s 28th, 25x105	300



## Friday, April 20th.

B S Manchester to F E Bowman..	Lots 291 and 292, Cobb Tract .....	\$ 450
J C Duncan to Geo L Bradley ....	Sundry lots in O'Neil & Haley Tract....	1
Jno J Fulton to Sarah Kelly.....	W Stanford, 125 n Townsend, 50x80.....	10
Alice J Allen to A S Dohrmann....	N Pine, 137:6 w Deviso, 55x137:6 .....	2,200
S A Woodbury to Jno M Gilloney..	5 acres com at a pt distant n 34½ deg, e 3 chains and 60 links fr a shaft on sw cor of Mountain Lake.....	1
Thos Gleason to Jno Taylor.....	S Bay, 16:3 e Mason, 22:6x60.....	900
G Middlehoff to City and Co S F..	W Dupont, 98:6 n Post, 24x31:1½.....	19,522
R McGinley to Jno S Barrett .....	N Minna, 117 w 2d, 40x80 .....	2,500
Wm Hollis to Calvin Nutting, Sr..	S Union, 100 e Laguna, 25x137:6.....	950
Same to same.....	N Vallejo, 100 e Laguna, 25x137:6 .....	1,400
J M Wood to Wm Hale.....	S Clay, 110 e Broderick, 55x127:8½; also, se Clay and Devisadero, 81:3x27:8½ ..	5
Bridget Bagnell to J M Wood.....	Same .....	1,512
F Cunningham to S F P W Factory	W A blks 31, 32, 38.....	5,000
Wm Hale to H Pierce.....	Se Clay and Devisadero, 81:3x27:8½.....	600
Ira P Rankin to W F Whitier.....	Sw Beale, 27:5 se Howard, 45:10x137:6....	12,000
P Carter to Fred'k Mason.....	Sundry lots in Golden City H'd .....	1,727
A H Loughborough to J George....	S Geary, 34:4½ w Laguna, 34:4½x137:6..	1,500
J S Porteous to Wm F Coupland..	E Hyde, 97:6 s Francisco, 40x137:6.....	1,500

## Saturday, April 21st.

Jno Hinkel to Bertha Newport ..	Sw Paris and Russia, s 125, etc .....	\$ 260
F Billings to Ridsdon I & L Works	Se Howard, 45:10 sw Main, 137:6x137:6 ..	40,000
Terrence Reilly to Bridget Reilly..	S 15th, 100 w Guerrero, 30x100 .....	Gift
O F Cem'ty Ass'n to C H Schnoor..	Lot 5, Friends Home Sect plat 13, O F C ..	70
Geo J Triebel to Louis Triebel.....	N Post, 75 w Baker, 25x100.....	1,800
S Carr to S Littlefield.....	Lot 3, blk 4, Garden Tract H'd .....	5
Leon R Meyers to Walter Young ..	Nw Howard, 297 sw 3d, 43x80.....	20,500
Pt Lobos Av H Ass'n to J Judson ..	Lots 16, 17, blk 643, Pt Lobos Av H'd ..	5
Jno Judson to Jno Bays.....	Same (2 deeds) .....	200
J C Westphal to E L Sullivan.....	N Wash'n, 32:5½ e Kearny, 34:8½x100 ..	5
E L Sullivan to Louis Schultz.....	Ne cor Wash'n and Kearny, 100x87:3½.....	100,000
W J Gunn to Pat'k Kenny.....	S Vale, 203 w Guerrero, 51:4x114 .....	1,300
F L A Pioche to Jos Fald.....	Lot 19, blk 6, City Land Ass'n .....	90
Jno R Merrill to Chas E Miller.....	N Cal, 110 w Devisadero, 27:6x132:7.....	1,625
Jno McCarthy to Geo Mearns.....	Se R st and 27th av, e 240, etc.....	400
J R Merrill to S F Rogers.....	N Cal'a, 137:6 w Devisadero, 27:6x132:7..	1,625
Benj Wallace to Geo R Munro.....	N 17th, 592 e Douglass, n 248:10, etc....	2,650
Jno H Sievers to H Barroilhet.....	S 21st, 155 e Noe, 150x114 .....	5
Wm Hollis to Mary Kelly.....	W Joice, 87:6 n Pine, n 28, etc.....	2,700
Jno Grant to O de Brettville.....	N Francisco, 137:6 w Larkin, 137:6x137:6 ..	3,000
Mary A Mowry to Marg't Grace.....	Dolores w, 151:6 n 28th, 25x100.....	600
Wm Hale to Paul Bunker.....	S Cal, 206:3 w Buchanan, 25x137:6.....	5
Paul Bunker to A L Sweetland.....	S Cal, 181:3 e Webster, 25x137:6.....	4,000
Wm Hollis to E H Shearer.....	E Laguna, 150 s Green, 75x100.....	2,925
Geo McWilliams to Wm Murphy ..	S 28th, 105 w Sanchez, 25x114 .....	300
H E Brooks to Julius Jacobs.....	W Deviso, 137:6 n Eddy, 25x125.....	1,000
M McLaughran to Jas Tuohy.....	S Union, 110:8 w Hyde, 21x65 .....	1,650

## Monday, April 23d.

Wm Hollis to J E Richards.....	W Guerrero, 264 n 19th, n 26, etc.....	\$1,800
J E Richards to Mary Richards....	Same .....	Gift
W Codington to Jno Hinkel.....	Lots 1, 2, 7, 8, blk 10, Excelesior H'd.....	1,000
Jos Grindrod to N P Langland.....	Lots 53, 55, 57, Gift Map 3 .....	1,039
F Cunningham to A Jackson.....	Lots 32, 33, blk 138, O'N & H Tract.....	500
Thos Byrne to Pat'k Kearce.....	Noe w, 125 s 18th, 25x125.....	700
Same to Jno Murphy.....	Noe w, 100 s 18th, 25x125.....	700
S and L Soc'y to Louisa McNeil ..	S Day, 30 e Church, 25x114.....	300
Wm S Bell to Jno P Twist.....	E cor Harrison and 1st, 71:6x69, subject to mortgage for \$2,000.....	18,000
Edw F Hall, Jr, to Jas T Boyd.....	Lots 3, 23, blk 92, Market and 14th St H ..	5
L Purch Ass'n to Geo Edwards.....	E Dolores, 244 s 21st, 32x117:6; also, w Fair Oaks, 244 s 21st, 32x117:6.....	5
E E Harvey to same.....	E Sherman, 167 n 18th, 30x125.....	1,150
Adolph Heine to J Betkowsky.....	Nw Hyde and Allen, 39x60.....	1,510
Wm Hollis to Sarah E Mercer.....	Hampshire w, 190 s 24th, 25x100.....	725
Jno Spottiswood to Jos Figel.....	N McAllister, 137:6 w Pierce, 75x137:6....	8,400
Henry Johnson to Mary E Nelson..	Nw Howard, 225 sw 7th, 50x165.....	13,600
Wm Hollis to Thos Rendell.....	Ne Cal'a and Pierce, 51:3x120.....	4,900
Wm Norris to P M Collins.....	Noe w, 145 n 19th, 50x125.....	1,150
Chas Mayne to J Wesundunk.....	Dolores w, 76:6 n 29th, 25x100.....	700
Wm A Piper to Henry Barroilhet..	Ne Waller and Laguna, 137:6x137:6, subj to mort for \$12,000.....	6,462
Anthony Dwyer to J H Mitchell ..	S 24th, 80 w York, 20x80 .....	4,000

Tuesday, April 24th.

Geo Fowle to P T Secalovich.....	N Valley, 280 w Church, 25x114.....	\$ 100
Wm Hollis to P H Fleming.....	Nc 16th and Guerrero, 37x40.....	3,700
S and L Soc'y to Mich'l Terman.....	S Day, 55 e Sanchez, e 50, etc.....	2,000
C Harriman to R Orton.....	Und ½ n Sac'to, 100 w Drumm, 25x119:6.....	8,550
Jos Frank to Chas Otto.....	S Sutter, 110 w Taylor, w 27:6x68:9.....	20,440
C H Killey to Geo S Reed.....	E Fillmore, 92 s Union, 28x87:6.....	2,600
Thos Byrne to P H Burmeister.....	N 17th, 191:10 e Church, w 52, etc.....	3,000
E A Coulter to Wm Coulter.....	Lot 14, blk I, R R H'd No 2.....	Gift
Wm Hollis to S Casciani.....	Hampshire w, 122 n 25th, 24x100.....	650
Wm Rollins to Jacob Bacon.....	N Vallejo, 66:9 e Lyon, e 40:3, etc.....	75
Thos Darcy to Mary Dunlap.....	Sanchez w, 146 e 21st, 25x105.....	500
T R Tuggle to J H Meredith.....	Dolores w, 114 s 23d, 146x25.....	900
Luis Kastan to Rica Kastan.....	Lots 45 and 46, Visitation Valley H'd.....	1
W Landon to Anna Landon.....	Lot 15, blk 366, S S F H d and R R Asn.....	Gift
Jno Cammet to Lewis Soher.....	Sundry lots in Tide Lands.....	5,000
G T N Barkley to M Robinson.....	Lot 7, blk 27, University Ex H'd.....	Gift
D Douthitt to Jno Anderson.....	Sundry lots in different parts of city.....	2,500
Mich'l Deutch to A W Stone.....	N Bush, 154:9 w Polk, n 22:6, etc.....	5,825
T M J Dehon to O F Graves.....	N 17th, 240 w Church, 40x135.....	2,250
Same to J Y Ayer.....	N 17th, 200 w Church, 40x135.....	2,250
T L Com'rs to D Douthitt.....	Sundry lots in Tide Lands.....	5,159
S L Theller to C G Hooker.....	Sw 12th, 90 e Market 25x75.....	4,500
J M Comerford to M O'Connell.....	N 28th, 150 e Charch, 25x114.....	500
Edw McCarthy to Jno McCarthy.....	W Polk, 69:6 s Green, 23x84:6.....	5
J Woodworth to A Wenterberg.....	Lot 202, Gift Map 1.....	1
Jerome Lincoln to O D Baldwin.....	N Commercial, 102:8 e Mont, 20:1 ½ x59:9.....	5
Same to same.....	N Commercial, 102:2 e Montg, 20x59:9.....	9,725
A C Whitcomb to Jerome Lincoln.....	Sundry lots in different parts of city.....	5
J E Bowles to Sarah H Gras.....	Und 1-12, e cor 5th and Bryant, 275x275.....	Gift
R Mather to Cath Story.....	S 14th, 174 w Noe, 26x115.....	400
Theo Erdin to Chas Schreff.....	Sub 30 and 66 of P V lots 310 to 533.....	2,100
R E Doyle to Sarah B Doyle.....	N Pine, 137:6 w Taylor, 25x137:6.....	Gift
Chas Meyer to M Marinovich.....	Se Tyler and Polk, 25x120.....	7,000
Jno Hinkell to Josiah H Locke.....	S Grove, 187:6 w Webster, 25x137:6.....	5,900
Wm Hale to Chas Davis.....	Buchanan w, 50 n O'Farrell, 25x62:6.....	5
Jos O Besse to Mary H de Crano.....	E Broderick, 105 n Cal'a, 27:7x110.....	1,500
Geo Kennedy to J K Stewart.....	E Sanchez, 152 s 22d, 22:6x160.....	1,900
Same to Wm H McLean.....	E Sanchez, 181:6 s 22d, 22:6x100.....	1,900
Margt L Perry to Fred Hadley.....	S Sutter, 77:6 e Powell, 30x137:6.....	5
Wm J Shaw to Jno Sullivan.....	N 14th, 75 e Treat av, e 47:6, etc.....	2,700
Same to Andrew Smith.....	W Bernice, 104:8 ½ s 12th, s 24:8 ½, etc.....	1,425
Same to Gustave Cohen.....	E Treat av, 80 s 13th, s 28:7 ½, etc.....	1,300
M J Kenny to Jas C Weir.....	E Valencia, 90 n 26th, 40x117:6.....	2,300
Jno F Gluck to Chas E Hansen.....	N Fulton, 87:6 e Fillmore, e 50, etc.....	5
Wm Stelling to Daniel Jones.....	Sw 26th and Church, 80x114.....	1,000
Geo McWilliams to J McMullin.....	W Guerrero, 35 s 17th, 25x80.....	2,000
Theresa Scho to H M Newhall.....	Se Bryant, 25 ew Zoe, sw 75x80; also, w Zoe, 80 s Bryant, 75x25.....	
David Plato to J F Flathmann.....	Nw Mission and 18th, 60x80, subject to mortgage for \$3,000.....	10,650
Thos Adams to City and Co S F.....	Nw Post and Dupont, 25x31:1 ½.....	28,476
Thos Adams to same.....	W Dupont, 25 n Post, 24:6x31:1 ½.....	16,215
Wm Brown to same.....	W Dupont, 45 s Sutter, 30x30.....	18,247
O L Roussel to C B Roussel.....	N Sagamore, 190 e Orizaba, 300x125; also se Market, 225 sw 6th, 25x90; also, n Oak, 55 e Gough, 27:6x95.....	Gift
Wm Hollis to Andrew Younger.....	W Stevenson, 238:6 s 20th, 11:6x75.....	2,650

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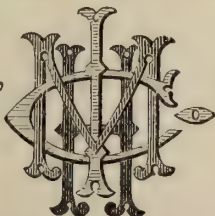
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*On the 1st of every month,*

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers of the MITSU BISHI Co. for HIOGO, NAGASAKI and SHANGHAE.

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<i>February 28.</i>	<i>May 23.</i>	<i>August 15.</i>	<i>November 7.</i>
			<i>December 5.</i>

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## **For Victoria, B. C., Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia and Portland.**

*On the 10th, 20th and 30th of every month.*

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NOTE.—September 16 and 30, and December 16 and 30 coming on Sunday, the Panama Steamers for those dates will sail September 15 and 29, and December 15 and 29.

NOTE.—May 20, June 10, September 30 and December 30 coming on Sunday, the Victoria and Puget Sound Steamers will sail May 19, June 9, September 29 and December 29.

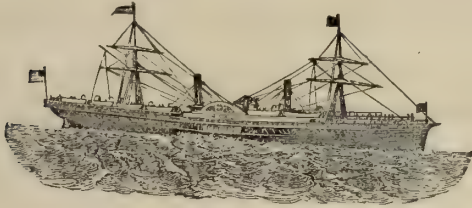
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SAN FRANCISCO, January 1, 1877.



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314 California street, San Francisco.**

May 5.

**HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.**

**Principal Office, 406 California Street, San Francisco.**  
Cash Assets, January 1, 1877, \$595,291; Liabilities, \$5,952; Surplus for Policy  
Holders, \$589,339. J. F. Houghton, President; Geo. H. Howard, Vice-President;  
Charles R. Story, Secretary. R. H. MAGILL, H. H. BIGELOW, General Agents.

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L. Requa. March 17.

**LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (LIMITED).**

**Capital, \$5,000,000, of which \$3,000,000 is fully paid up as**  
present capital. San Francisco Office, 424 California; London Office, 22 Old  
Broad street. President, M. S. LATHAM; Manager, JAMES M. STREETEN; Assist-  
ant Manager, CAMILO MARTIN. London Bankers, Bank of England and London  
Joint Stock Bank; New York Bankers, Drexel, Morgan & Co.; Boston Bankers,  
Third National Bank. This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General  
Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said  
cities and all parts of the world. October 23.

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,**

**532 California street, corner Webb. Capital and Re-**  
serve, \$231,000. Deposits, \$6,919,000. **DIRECTORS:** James de Fremery,  
President; Albert Miller, Vice-President; C. Adolphe Low, D. J. Oliver, Charles  
Baum, Charles Pace, Washington Bartlett, A. Campbell, Sen., George C. Potter;  
Cashier, Lovell White. Dividends for two years past have been 7½ and 9 per cent, re-  
spectively, on ordinary and term deposits. Dividends are payable semi-annually, in  
January and July. Money loaned on real estate and on United States Bonds, or  
equivalent securities. October 30.

**PIONEER LAND AND LOAN BANK OF SAVINGS AND DEPOSIT.**

**Southeast corner California and Montgomery streets, Safe**  
Deposit Block. Incorporated 1869. Guarantee Fund, \$200,000. Dividend No.  
108 payable on April 5th. Ordinary deposits receive 8½ per cent. Term de-  
posits receive 10 per cent. This incorporation is in its ninth year, and refers to  
over 5,900 depositors for its successful and economical management.

H. KOFAHL, Cashier.

THOS. GRAY, President. J. C. DUNCAN, Secretary.

March 31.

**THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED).**

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Angel Court; New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.  
Authorized Capital Stock, \$6,000,000. Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make  
Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of  
Credit available throughout the world. }  
Oct 4. FRED. F. LOW, } Managers.  
IGN. STEINHART, }

**THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.**

**C**apital, \$5,000,000.---Alvinza Hayward, President; R. G. Smith, Vice President; H. F. Hastings, Cashier; R. N. Van Brunt, Secretary. Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers on all principal Cities. Collections made and a general Banking business transacted. August 22.

**MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,**

**N**o. 6 Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco, Cal.---Money received on Term, and Ordinary deposits, dividends paid semi-annually, loans made on approved security. This bank solicits the patronage of all persons. (March 25.) H. T. GRAVES, Secretary

**FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.**

**411** Bush street, above Kearny, G. Mahe, Director. Loans made on real estate and other collateral securities at current rates of interest.

**OREGON STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**

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NEVILLE &amp; CO.,

113 Clay and 114 Commercial Streets,

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[May 24.]

**A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.,**

**S**outheast corner of California and Battery streets, invite the attention of their customers and others to their large assortment of the Best and Finest Brands of CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO, HAVANA CIGARS and CIGARITOS. Consignments of Choicest Brands of Cigars received by every Steamer. (Oct. 18.) A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.

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**MORRIS, SCHWAB & CO.,**

**I**mporters and Dealers in Moldings, Frames, Engravings, Chromos, Lithographs, Decademanie, Wax and Artists' Materials, 21 Post street, nearly opposite Masonic Temple, San Francisco. Feb. 4.

**STEELE'S SQUIRREL POISON.**

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**W. W. DODGE & CO.,**

**W**holesale Grocers, corner Front and Clay streets, San Francisco. April 1.

**THOMAS DAY,**

**I**mporter of every variety of Gas Fixtures, Crystal, Gilt, Steel and Bronze, and a full assortment of Marble and Bronze Clocks and fine Bronzes; also a full line of Plumbers' Goods. 122 and 124 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Jan. 27.

**JOHN J. MOUNTAIN,**

**D**ealer in Carpets, Oilcloths, Window Shades, Curtain Materials, etc. No. 1020 Market street; also, No. 15 Eddy street, San Francisco, California. April 23.

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**

**W**holesale Auction House, 204 and 206 California street. Sale days, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 10 A.M. Cash advances on consignments. Dec. 14.





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# CALIFORNIA



## MAIL BAG.

JUNE, 1877.

*Illustrating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly issues of the*



## NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

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is to be weak;  
to be rich is to  
be strong."



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our delight."  
Shakespeare

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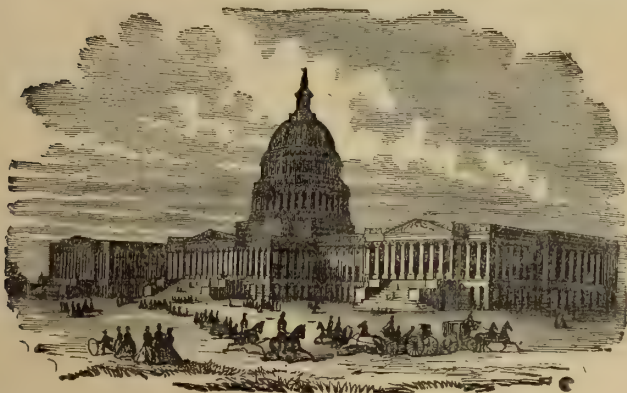
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Vol. 11.]

[No. 2.

# THE CALIFORNIA



## MAIL BAG.

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JUNE, 1877.

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SAN FRANCISCO:

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## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

### THE STORY OF A PICTURE.--OUR OWN "ELAINE" OUTDONE.

We hear so much at present of pictures missing, now in London and now in Berlin, that we wonder no one has yet told in the newspapers the story of a lost picture not less remarkable than that of the Duchess of Devonshire. We never could remember names, and we shall not insist on them; but the interest is in the story, and the names are nothing. It is said that Messrs. L'Agneau, the great picture-dealers of Paris, purchased at the Hotel Drouot a magnificent portrait by Greuze for the prodigious sum of £10,500. They never intended to give such a price for it, knowing perfectly its real value, which is under £2,000; but they rose to the majestic heights of £10,500 through a desire to teach one of their clients a lesson. This was the Marquis de Studely, who is worth about half a million a year, and who had through their agency been spending enormous sums on the purchase of pictures, for which they received a splendid commission. One day the Marquis took it into his head to save this commission, and to intrust the biddings for the Greuze he coveted, not to the Messrs. L'Agneau, but to one who would make them at the cheap rate of nothing at all. The head of the house of L'Agneau, when he heard of this, waxed wrath, vowed revenge, and determined that the Marquis should gain nothing by his frugal resolution. He therefore, when the sale came on, ran up his biddings to a sum far beyond the amount which his refractory client was intent on saving. At last the Marquis, or his friend for him, bid £10,000. Monsieur L'Agneau ought now to have been content with his great revenge. But who can always command oneself in moments of excitement? He thought he might still pile on the agony, and that his opponent was too game to be beaten. He nodded another £500; the Marquis declined to go higher, and the picture was knocked down to the dealer at a price more than five times its value. This was a severe blow, and the elder L'Agneau got much teased for it by his brothers--his partners. They were rich, however; they could afford to throw away their money now and then, and belonging, as they did, to a facetious fraternity, they put on a smiling face and attempted to recover their money by exhibiting the dear-bought picture at a franc for admission. The plan did not succeed; the public by no means flocked into the gallery; and there seemed little use in keeping open the exhibition. But the Messrs. L'Agneau, as we have said, were of a facetious fraternity, and the youngest of the brotherhood determined to have a joke at his brother's expense. He lived at an hotel on the boulevard, not far from the gallery where the Greuze was exhibited, and the key was always taken to him at night and left with him. In the dead of night the jocose brother, with sprightly imaginations of his brother's face in the morning, took the key, opened the gallery, cut out the picture cleverly, and made things look as if all had been the work of a thief. The one brother had his laugh, and the other was in consternation. Imagine the feelings of the elder one, who had bought a picture for five times its value and then had it stolen! The younger brother was delighted, and all he did was to take the picture and deposit it, under a promise of the strictest secrecy, with the great engraver, Monsieur Consanguins, who had been engaged to engrave it. Am I to tell the sequel?—how the picture was miraculously discovered in America; and how, at the same time, by some spiritual process, which probably Dr. Slade could account for, there was found in the studio of M. Consanguins a beautiful steel engraving, the very image of the picture.—*World*.

### HIS SATANIC MAJESTY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

What scowling faces! surly looks! Has the world come to an end?  
The city seems all sunk in gloom! what can all this portend?  
My gushing friends of six months back now seem to shun a meeting,  
With hats pulled down o'er frowning brows, scarce deign a civil greeting!  
Those cursed Stocks! What fools men are to let their lives be blighted  
By such mad folly! Homes despoiled, hopes blasted, business slighted!  
When will they get endowed with sense! and not expect for profit,  
To reach their *own*, which never gets beyond the *owner's* pocket!  
The owner's thrive! get sleek and fat in some mysterious way,  
And yet *you* reap no dividends! You're told "the mines don't pay!"  
How long d'y'e think to stand this fun, being gulled, and duped, and  
capped?

To let those harpies sneer and jeer at you victims that they've trapped!  
"Consolidated down to—well, not worth a pinch of snuff!"

And "Belcher"—now no longer *Best*—looks really deuced tough!  
Then *Yellow Jacket*! who could guess how many that's not *bitten*!  
While *Julia's jilted*—cruel jade—all whom she once had smitten!  
Take "Overman"—clean busted, too! and *Confidence*! that's blamed  
For what, poor thing, 's no fault of hers, because she's been *misnamed*!  
Old *Utah*! how *your* friends would like to *utah-ize* your shares!

And you, too, *Bullion*! if you'd cease this *bullyin'* with your bears!  
How *Ophir's* followers sigh in vain: "O! for a dividend!"

While Panther calls out lustily for assessments—but don't mend!

'Bout time you quit this little game! and right away decided

To try some other, which, perhaps, won't turn out so one-sided!

Ho! blood and thunder! here's a row! a Water War, by Gad!

Some dozen Companies trying to sell some rights they never had!

Five, ten, or fifteen millions each, and they kindly will present us

With a daily quantum of fresh bugs, and other high-toned scenters!

The Spring Valley, though 's the modest lot! they'd like to sell, but

They do not like to see the city quite beggared! no they don't! [won't—

Each claims his price is far the lowest! his water's stood the "test!"

And while they call each other names, each *swears* his *dam's* the best!

The Pilgrim Pinney's coming back! to take some Government billet.

He'll do first rate! there's not a *bill* but what, you bet, he'll *fill it*!

And Beales, too! he's been heard of down in Panama's balmy clime,

Where he basks, and chuckles in his sleeve, and has a royal time!

But mind your pockets! he may like to pluck another goose!

Another wild-cat mining scheme may soon be drifting loose!

More broken heads! another batch of Supervisors hurt,

Here's Boyce and Roberts tried their hand at *lying*!—in the dirt! [rum,

Their zeal for the city's good is great, but they must drive with more deco-

For if this state of things goes on, the Board won't have a quorum!

Your Police seem famous marksmen, eh? and have gained a solid footing

By showing at the Douglass-match how good they are at shooting!

Maybe the scorer got so drunk that he failed each time to mark it,

For ten men there displayed their skill—they ne'er once hit the target!

'Gainst murderers, hoodlums and the like how secure you all must feel

With such a lot of armed police! what havoc won't they deal?

What's all this fuss? this masquerade? a sort of Devil's mystery? [tory?

In Hell's name what's it's sex? it's shape? what is the "Creature's" his-

Is 't man or woman, this St. Clair? a witch or demon sprite?

I believe it's all a cunning trick, that wouldn't bear the light!

Ah! Theodore Tilton's come to give you sweet lessons in free loving,

I suppose 't will take! who could object to Religion mixed with hugging?

If that's "Life's Problem," I can't see there's any need of tussling

To solve so soft a kind of riddle! why, it's the easiest thing in puzzling.

Just as I said! poor erring men could not withstand such beauty,

Antonia Apponig's got scot free!—the Law has done its duty!

What! she a murderess! 't were too bad to hint such to a jury!

That form, that face, so pure, so good, could never writhe in fury!

ASTOUNDING *cheek*! here's Nato now, an ex-jail bird, forsooth,

Thinks that the City—verdant youth!—should "ante" for his *tooth*!

*Too-thin*! had 't been a *wisdom* tooth, 't were different, but 'tis plain

He never had one! but will find his trouble's all in vain.



**THE JAPANESE BERLIN ENVOY IS ENGAGED TO  
MARRY A GERMAN LADY OF RANK---  
FRAULEIN VON RHADE.**

An announcement appears in the London *Times* of the 6th inst. that Siozo Aoki, the Japanese Envoy to the Berlin court, is engaged to Fraulein von Rhade, a German lady of rank. As two or three marriages of a similar character have, within the last few years, been contracted, which have led to the most deplorable results, a word of warning may not be out of place. Civilization in Japan, even as it exists at present, is very dissimilar to that of Europe. The social customs of the people, as regards the relations of the sexes, are probably of as loose a character as any to be found elsewhere in the world. While it is possible that women in Japan may possess more influence than in other Oriental countries, their position is nevertheless such as it would be sheer madness in a woman, educated in Europe, to propose to occupy. Marriage is not the lasting obligation which it is here; and a change of wives is accomplished frequently, and from mere caprice. Faithfulness in a man is not expected, and is certainly never practiced. A notification from the Japanese Government, relating to mixed marriages, says: "Any woman of foreign extraction who shall marry a Japanese, shall be looked upon as a naturalized Japanese, and be subject to the laws of the Empire." I have no hesitation in saying that the marriage-laws of Japan are unsuited in every way to any woman brought up with European notions, or with an atom of self-respect. A Japanese gentleman when in London or Berlin is as different as possible from the same gentleman when in Yeddo. Here, with his marvelous facility for imitation and adaptation, our fashions become him well; he uses his knife and fork, and relishes his food as if he had never known any other; he lifts his hat with a grace that would be token he had worn one all his life; he sits on chairs, he sleeps in beds, and otherwise comforts himself in a civilized way. There his house is a roof supported by four posts, with paper screens to enclose it, and without the proper means of privacy; it is devoid of furniture; he squats on mats, which also serve as his bed; his only food is rice, fish and vegetables, which he devours with chop-sticks; his dress is generally a gross caricature of European apparel; and his habits are such as almost prohibit the association with him of Europeans. Strangely enough, his liking for his own ways and customs seems to become intensified on his return to his own country. The European wife of a Japanese will, therefore, though "a lady of rank," have insurmountable difficulties to contend against, if she desires to retain her social standing among her own countrywomen; it being further well-known that the wives of the higher officials are often selected from the most accomplished of the licensed courtesans. Let me recall the passage in Mr. Adams' history of Japan: "Is there a Japanese equivalent for our word 'chastity?' I know it not."—*Correspondent World*.

A somewhat extraordinary statement is made by the not over-  
veracious Paris *Figaro*. It is to the effect that the Legitimist party intends raising a subscription, the object of which would be to buy back Lorraine, and present that province to the Comte de Chambord, who would return it to France on ascending the throne. "We do not doubt," says the *Figaro*, "that, as we have said before, all who love their country will joyfully accept such a resolution. The sum would not exceed 400,000,000 francs; it would not come up to 500,000,000 francs. We are told that a great family, of ancient lineage and well known to every one, has already subscribed 1,000,000 francs. Of course, this subscription would be an advance made to France, and those who take part in this patriotic movement would be reimbursed according to conditions to be affixed hereafter. This would increase the chances of the Comte de Chambord, who, as every one knows, has never cost France anything." Unfortunately for this fine combination, remarks the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, the consent of the parties is required, and the Germans do not seem inclined to close with the bargain. This is a good occasion for remembering the proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," or, as the French have it, "*Un bon tiens vaut mieux que deux tu l'auras.*"

**EHEU, FUGACES!**

I.

The old clock hangs on the sun-kissed wall—

*Tick, tock! Tick, tock!*

The pulsing seconds to minutes call;

*Tick, tock! Morn!*

A maiden sits at the mirror there,  
And smiles as she braids her golden hair;

O, in the light, but her face is fair!

*Tick, tock! Tick, tock!*

From over the sea the good ship brings  
The lover of whom the maiden sings;  
From the orange tree the first leaf springs;

*Tick, tock! Tick, tock!*

II.

The old clock hangs on the flower-decked wall—

*Tick, tock! Tick, tock!*

The golden hours the days enthrall;

*Tick, tock! Noon!*

The lover's pride and his love are blest—

The maiden is folded to his breast;

On her brow the holy blossoms rest;

*Tick, tock! Tick, tock!*

O, thrice—thrice long—may the sweet bells chime,  
Thrilling flame through all triumphant time! \* \* \*

Still to my heart beats that measured rhyme—

*Tick, tock! Tick, tock!*

III.

The old clock hangs on the gray, dim wall—

*Tick, tock! Tick, tock!*

The drear years into eternity fall;

*Tick, tock! Tick, tock!*

The thread that yon spider draws with care

Across the gleam of the mirror there,

Seems like the ghost of a golden hair:

*Tick, tock! Tick, tock!*

The sweet bells chime for those who may wed—

The neroli-snow crowns many a head—

But tree and maiden and lover are dead:

*Tick, tock! Tick, tock!*

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**A SCENE AT A WEDDING.**

An amusing incident occurred at Stoke Church, Devonport, England, lately. The Rev. J. Hector de Courcelles, the curate, was officiating at a wedding, and when he asked for the ring it was missing. The bridegroom declared that the bride had it; the bride said to the contrary. The service was stopped; both turned out their pockets, and meanwhile the bridegroom rated the bride somewhat soundly for her alleged carelessness, whilst the bride persisted that she had given the ring previously to the bridegroom, and that he must have lost it. Mr. de Courcelles had no ring on, nor had any one in the church, and bride and bridegroom departed to the church porch—the one grumbling and the other seeking—to look for the missing link. At length it struck the clerk that a small ring attached to his watch guard, and on which hung a locket, might be detached and lent for the occasion. It was very small, but it just went on the orthodox finger, and the clergymen therefore returned to the altar, and the two were made man and wife. Directly they were married, however, the railing commenced again, and continued until the ring was found in the bowl of a pipe that was in the man's pocket.—*Court Journal.*

## AN UNWELCOME VISIT.

Theodore Tilton has come to California. The man who prostituted his wife's honor for the sake of his own popularity has come to lecture us on "The Problem of Life." With that dissimulation which appears to be a part of his nature, he disclaims any idea of his having come to California with the mercenary purpose of such a mechanical thing to him as lecturing on a subject he has worn threadbare. He came, accompanied by his daughter (poor girl), to see the great grove of Calaveras, to see the Geysers, to visit the Yosemite, to gaze upon the loveliness of San Francisco's fair daughters; but to lecture was not in his thoughts. How is it, then, that our shop-windows are disfigured with his seraphic visage; that our walls are plastered with letters three feet long brazening forth the name of Tilton? We are sick of seeing those upturned eyes and the long locks brushed from the brow and drooping o'er the back; and when we contrast the smooth picture with the old care-worn face, full of lines, and the forcibly rigid anatomy that stalked into the Bohemian Club at their High Jinks last Sunday night, we can well understand the excess of humbug and the power of imagination. Frank Leslie, who sat next to him, moved uneasily in his seat, and edged away when he recognized his neighbor. The Club cheered the illustrious stranger. The Bohemians are naturally good-natured, and cheer, like maidens weep, from very wantonness. The women will flock to the lecture to look at and listen to the man who has procured them the pleasure of impure scandal, and Mr. Theodore Tilton will solve the problem of life by securing enough dollars to pay his traveling expenses, with a balance in his pockets.

[Men like Tilton and Beecher in time attain to a stage of contempt for the opinions of mankind, and a fearlessness in pursuing a "dodge" that is really marvelous to an ordinary sinner. Theodore's "cheek," in thrusting his detestible presence on this sadly-afflicted community, shows at once that he has beneath it a jawbone that a modern Sampson might desire. In visiting the Bohemian Club, it was painfully evident that he was conscious of being in the presence of men who very correctly estimated his merits, and with whom cheek was perfectly familiar, and could not deceive. He was there for a purpose, but was as nervous as a young Miss at her first ball; it was perfectly pitiable to behold him! It is asked what brings him here, and the natural answer is, *money*; *he always goes in for money*—though he does not always get it. However we might be pained were Beecher to turn up here, we should certainly be disposed to ignore his presence, in consideration of the fact that he stood up like a man for his unhappy victim, and swore after a fashion that would terrify even a man who served an apprenticeship to it in Flanders. But for *this* pious fraud, our whole soul loathes him! He represents a sneaking, moral depravity happily his own. It is false to accuse the Bohemian Club of having "cheered" this fellow. A few feeble cheers were given by two, or possibly three, of his acquaintances.]—EDITORIAL NOTE.

## WESTON AND O'LEARY.

Speaking of the late contest between Weston and O'Leary in London, the *Daily Telegraph* says: The exhibition is, in every sense of the word, a very remarkable one. Taking O'Leary's performance, we find that he walked in all 520 miles in six days. This gives an average of more than 86 miles to the day, and, under any circumstances, 86 miles is a wonderful day's journey. Captain Barclay's great achievement of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours comes by a rough arithmetic, which disregards fractions to 24 miles a day for 41 days, or thereabouts. Now, there is obviously a wide difference between 86 miles a day for six consecutive days, and 24 miles a day for 41 consecutive days, and by this difference O'Leary is a better and fitter man than the famous gentleman pedestrian of the last generation. Weston, on the other hand, to do him justice, was beaten by so little that, morally, he can claim to have scored a "tie." He was outwalked by ten miles only, thus losing in each day no more than a mile and two-thirds. This is a very narrow margin on 86 miles, and it may fairly be maintained for all practical purposes that the one man is as good as the other. O'Leary is the better walker, and has the neater style of the two. Weston has greater endurance, and can do with less sleep. This being admitted, it is perhaps as well that matters should rest where they are, and that no steps should be taken for a return match.

Paying the Fiper--Settling the plumber's bill.

### PHELIM O'TOOLE.

BY HARRY BANKS.

There's brave men in battle, when cannon resound,  
And men who in shipwreck are steady and cool ;  
But never has yet an equal been found  
To the courage and bravery of Phelim O'Toole.

He's brave and he's gallant, without knowing why :  
He cares not for science ; he cares not for rule :  
His philosophy's this : To save, he will die ;  
There is but one Phelim, and he's an O'Toole.

To save helpless women, at the word of command,  
He bravely came forward, for duty he strives ;  
Ascending the ladder, his life in his hand,  
Defying the fire fiend, while hope now revives.

Brave Phelim O'Toole mounts higher and higher,  
And reaches the high elevation at last ;  
He bears fainting women from torturing fire  
Down the perilous ladder—the danger is past.

Full many an evening these girls have all sought  
The angels of mercy in heavenly glow ;  
They never imagined, they never once thought  
An angel of safety would come from below.

The example of bravery, where can it be learned ?  
Who is the teacher ? Where is the school ?  
Where can the highest position be earned ?  
Go take you're first lesson from Phelim O'Toole.

He'll tell you in heaven he always relies,  
And then calmly waits for duty to call ;  
When time comes for action, grim death he defies,  
No dangers deter him, no terrors appal.

When others are losing their reasoning powers,  
Be watchful and careful, be steady, keep cool ;  
Care not though every one falters and cowers,  
But march boldly forward like Phelim O'Toole.

What girl would not fall into Phelim's strong arms ?  
In the garden, the park, by the fountain, the pool,  
As well as when frightened by sudden alarms ?  
A noble protector is Phelim O'Toole.

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**A New Plant for Cattle Feeding.**—At a meeting of the Directors of the Highland Society, recently, an account of the agricultural plant for cattle-feeding and paper-making, by Mr. William Gorrie, Rait Lodge, Trinity, Edinburgh, was read. The writer said : A selected variety of the tree mallow, *Lavatera arborea*, the natural habitats for the normal form of which in Scotland are the Bass Rock, with other islets of the Firth of Forth, and Ailsa Craig, has an ordinary height varying from six to ten feet, but it can be grown to more than twelve feet. It is a biennial, but the first year it may be planted after the removal of any early crops, and matured in the following. From the limited experiments I have been enabled to make, its products in seed, bark, and heart-wood, are estimated at about four tons of each per acre. Chemical analyses, by Dr. Stevenson Macadam and by Mr. Falconer King, of its seeds show these to be fully equal in feeding properties to oilcake, the present value of which is about £10 per ton, thus showing a return of about £80 per acre for seed and bark. In various parts throughout the western coasts and Orkney Islands, the mallow has invariably been found to thrive well ; and I feel confident that it might there be made to yield higher pecuniary returns from hitherto comparatively worthless ground than ordinary agricultural crops do in the best cultivated districts of Britain.



[From the World.]

## A MARRIAGE A LA MODE

"Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?"

And I, who had always been led to suppose that in England marriages were almost invariably happy, owing to the opportunities which are afforded to your young people of knowing each other beforehand! I have, however, been lately undeceived, partly by the perusal of a letter which has just been shown to me by a lady. "*Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis*;" and, by a curious chance, it happens to be from the same person who wrote to me some time ago upon the subject of ladies' dresses at the Drawing-room. This one treats of her own bitter experiences of conjugal incompatibility, and as it throws some light upon the *petites miseres* of your *vie de ménage*, which has always been held up to me for admiration, by gazing the names and positions of the parties, and omitting one or two incidents which might betray them, I propose to send it to you otherwise intact. It is addressed "to one about to marry," and runs as follows:

MY DEAREST ARAMINTA:—You tell me in your letter which I received this morning, that you are going to join what Edwin sarcastically calls "the noble army of martyrs" (alluding to himself, of course, though utterly without reason, as you may suppose), and you say that you wish to ask my advice as to the best way of managing a husband, as I have succeeded so well, and am "always so happy and prosperous." But ah, dearest Araminta, does one openly display one's wounds to the world, or take one's skeletons in one's cupboards to Prince's, and places, where everything one does is seen (for you know I am naturally proud)? To begin with, then, I am the very last person on earth to whom you ought to come in this matter; and as for advice of how to manage a husband, that is what I should like to ask myself, for Edwin is most hopelessly impossible, and has long ago treated me as a mere cipher.

Yes, dear, the murder is out now, so I may as well altogether unbosom myself, and tell you that I am really anything but happy. Positive ill-treatment I really *do* think I could have borne, for Colonel D'Arcy says that woman, even in her highest development, is capable of self-immolation. You remember Gussie, who you met here at tea once? Well, she has a friend who knew somebody whose husband used to knock her about immensely when he was in a passion, but he afterwards got quite nice, and picked her up, and rubbed the place, and felt sorry, and gave her sometimes necklaces and bracelets worth thousands and thousands of pounds! That is the kind of man one might really have loved; and ill-treatment from the man one loves one can bear, you know. But I have no such luck; for, as for Edwin, he is really "neither flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring," as they say, and you never know where you have him. When you dine with us, and he seems so amiable, wreathed in smiles, and fizzing up that sweet champagne (his second best, dear, only, when you dine, as he fancies women don't know!) in that kind, hospitable manner, which makes half a glass seem like a whole one, I daresay you think him charming, and don't see his cloven hoof, for I *will* say that in public Edwin's manners are perfectly gentlemanly (never, never, dear, as you know, could I have married a snob!). But it is impossible to find words for his aggravatingness in private, and all about such small things, trifles light as air; he will nag, nag, nag about these, darling, "until all's blue!"

This is the kind of thing that constantly happens, indeed it is an every-day occurrence. Perhaps one wants to ask a friend of one's own to luncheon or dinner, you know; some one, such as Colonel D'Arcy, who has been kind to one, and understood one, and sympathized with one's position, and said nice things. Well, if Edwin really suffered from the "green-eyed monster," one could easily forgive him—for O, Araminta, who would not stick stilettos, daggers, knives, forks, into the bosom of one's hated rival? But not so Edwin. He isn't fond enough of one to be jealous, and has the courage even to flick off the wasp that's going to bite one on a hot day! Such a cold, cynical creature, dearest; all the repose of "*Vere de Vere*," with none of their dignity or good looks! Such a creature! Well, when this person comes to luncheon or dinner, it makes one positively shudder to see the false, foul, disgustingly disagreeable manner of Edwin, and one really hardly understands how one was ever persuaded to marry such a brute. Sarcasm, falseness, seeming courtesy, combined with utter weakness of character; all these things make one really see him in his true colors, and regret that one ever allowed oneself to become his prey! By the bye, did I ever tell you about my first meeting with Colonel D'Arcy? It was just like those things one reads about in a French novel; and when I tell you that Edwin has never read a French novel in his life, and prides himself upon it, and scoffs at them, you will not wonder, dear, that I should suffer from what Colonel D'Arcy calls "a sense of imprisonment"—not in the ordinary meaning of the word, of course, but spiritually and atmospherically (for, though a Guardsman, he is tremendously well educated, and interested in all sorts of deliciously obscure things; he can talk by the hour about sympathies, affinities, predestinations, emanations, etc., and though of very, very good family, heir to I don't know what, he is a Republican, and believes in almost nothing! This will perhaps shock you, but wait till you see him!) Well, some day, dear, I will tell you about our first meeting. It was one of those things that could only have happened to me; and now I certainly do feel, when I am with him, the presence of the master-mind. For he is immensely clever, and is one of those men for whom one would commit any folly, or even undergo pain. You will know, dear, the sort of person he is when I tell you that directly one sees him one

feels instinctively impelled to perform for him some mental act, such as biting off the end of his cigar, so thoroughly does one feel that he dominates one, you know, and that his heel is on one's neck. He is in every way immensely clever 'sings with a lovely tenor voice, and writes splendid poetry (which was cut up in some horrid newspaper, whose eyes I should like to tear out, and called "Swinburne-and-water!") Edwin read out the review and gloated over it, for to speak to Edwin of poetry, or romance, or anything mystic, is like flourishing a red cloak before a bull!) Then if you give him a scrap of paper of any color (Colonel D'Arcy) he will make a delicious "ink smudge" (as he calls it, for great people are always modest) with his finger or thumb, but in reality it looks like *The Deluge*, or *The Last Day*, by Martin or Turner (two celebrated painters); in fact, I can see no difference. These and many other things, dear, which I cannot dwell upon now, and at the same time so much expression and so well dressed, and so thoroughly different in everything to Edwin! . . . He said to me yesterday something which I have been thinking since is so awfully true (for he is constantly quoting French, which has given Edwin an excuse for saying that his mind was "reeking of the French novel"—fancy!). This is the sentence, and it certainly does apply wonderfully to my case: "*La femme*," he said (in such a voice, dear, and looking up at one in a way impossible to describe), "*aime l'inconnu, et avec la femme marier l'inconnu ce n'est jamais le mari*." Alas, no, dearest Araminta, as you will find out ere long, I have no doubt!

If there is one thing, dear, that I must have and do adore in a man, it is *mind*; and one can't wonder if they like the same thing in me. This, one cannot, of course, expect Edwin to understand, for mentally he is horribly material (as most of them are, you will find), and he can't in the least appreciate intellect. In fact, if one talks to him about anything really clever, or deep, or spiritualistic, he puts on an expression exactly as if he was smelling a bad smell, irritating in the extreme, and most rude and uncomplimentary to me (who he has no wish now in any way to please, or even conciliate, except for some motive!) Provided, therefore, one has all those creature comforts (which one could have got far better elsewhere, perhaps—I must tell you about that afterwards, and how unfortunate it was *he and I* didn't meet before, and show you those delicious verses), Edwin seems to think one ought to be perfectly contented (for this is all his realistic mind can grasp, you know), and wonders one ever finds the voice to complain. Colonel D'Arcy says, however (and I perfectly believe it, for he has made these things his study), that Edwin and I ought never to have come together at all. There is, he says (what I always felt sure of), an absolute absence of ideality about Edwin; besides which, Colonel D'Arcy has for some time silently studied and observed his head and countenance, and has been much struck by the shape of them. The lower jaw, he says, is utterly material and carnivorous, whilst the sloping-away forehead and chin denote a difficulty of conception and an infirmity of purpose, joined to a deficiency of mental calibre. And, indeed, if you can fancy to yourself the combination of materialism, infirmity, deficiency of mental calibre, difficulty of conception, joined to an utter carnivorousness of jaw, there you have an exact portrait of Edwin *all over*!

How differently I behave to *his* friends and relations (who are nearly all frumpy, disagreeable, and most treacherous—a vice I abominate, being myself entirely above-board—who come here in shoals), I need not say. Upon the slightest excuse of shopping, having out their teeth, consulting doctors, preaching (some of them are clergymen), or having children, here they all are, occupying our only spare rooms, and pigging-in in the most disgusting way, without a maid, doing their own hair and packing, etc., so as not to have to tip Timmins, and driving her perfectly wild. Yet never, never, from my manner (which is all cordiality), could they find out how much I loathe and detest them, more especially Edwin's grandmother, a regular snake in the grass, dear, who watches Colonel D'Arcy and me with her basilisk eye, and has even "felt it her duty" to speak to Edwin on the subject, little knowing how slightly it affects him; *for he, too, has his trons in the fire!* This old reptile (I can call her by no other name) I am invariably polite to, and *even affectionate*, so that Edwin ought really to pay me back in my own coin, and give and take, which Colonel D'Arcy says is the only secret of life. You will see by all this, my dearest Araminta, that mine is not by any means a bed of roses, and that we all of us have our cross. *Mine* is Edwin; and so do let me beg of you to find out at once whether your intended is really suited to you spiritually, mentally, physically, and phrenologically, as well as in other ways; for it is when one finds out one's mistake too late that one feels utterly blighted, taking not the slightest interest in anything, and wishing (as I do) that husbands had only one head (like Nero).

With regard to the other question you ask me (about how to touzle one's fringe without frizzling it), I have worried about it more than I can say, and laid awake night after night, and thought, and the mystery is at last elucidated. (Prepare, darling, to be a little *desillusionné*, for it is very unromantic.) A common clay pipe, dear; and when you have got it, cling to it as you would to "your precious eye" (as housemaids, finding it on one's dressing-table, are apt to think it came there by accident, and throw it away). Heated not very hot, it does far better than tongs; and then wind your hair round it, and *scrunchel* it tightly for a few minutes, and (as Colonel D'Arcy says) "*le jeu est fait*!" (He is really so very amusing, I do long so to introduce him to you!) Don't think, dearest, that I have forgotten your other commission, because it hasn't arrived (the "*kolpophtle*," I mean). I have been trying hard to get the address of the man who sells it (somewhere in Paris, I am told, it works wonders), but I have not yet succeeded. It is applied with *flannel*. And now good-bye, my dearest Araminta; I much fear that this letter has been all about my own wretched miseries; but revenge yourself, dear, by telling me in return all about your

darling self, and believe me ever "*tout a toi*" (as Colonel D'Arcy would say; some of his quotations really make one die with laughter!)  
ANGELINA.

Here ends the letter, and I must say I cannot help feeling a little uneasiness respecting the future of this *menage*, mingled with some compassion for Edwin, against whom there seems to me to be, after all, no special charge of brutality or misconduct, with the exception of the careless allusion to the fact of his having "other irons in the fire," as, indeed, who has not? It has, however, convinced me more than ever of the truth of your saying that marriage is a lottery; and until I can be certain of obtaining a prize "spiritually, mentally, physically, and phrenologically" suited to me, I think I had perhaps better remain as I am.  
V.

In a recent article in the *Fortnightly Review*, Sir John Lubbock says of a species called *Polyergus rufescens*: They present a striking lesson of the degrading tendency of slavery, for they have become entirely dependent on their slaves. Even their bodily structure has undergone a change: their mandibles have lost their teeth, and have become mere nippers—deadly weapons, indeed, but useless except in war. They have lost the greater part of their instincts: their art, that is, the power of building; their domestic habits, for they take no care of their own young, all this being done by the slaves; their industry—they take no part in providing the daily supplies; if the colony changes the situation of its nest, the masters are all carried by the slaves to the new one; nay, they have even lost the habit of feeding. Huber placed thirty of them, with some larvæ and pupæ, and a supply of honey, in a box. "At first," he says, "they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvæ; they carried them here and there, but presently replaced them. More than one-half of the Amazons died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling, and the few ants still in existence were languid and without strength. I commiserated their condition, and gave them one of their black companions. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathering together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining Amazons." This observation has been fully confirmed by other naturalists. However small the prison, however large the quantity of food, these stupid creatures will starve in the midst of plenty rather than feed themselves; I have had a nest of this species under observation for a long time, but never saw one of the masters feeding. I have kept isolated specimens for weeks by giving them a slave for an hour or two a day to clean and feed them, and under these circumstances they remained in perfect health, while but for the slaves they would have perished in two or three days. I know no other case in Nature of a species having lost the instinct of feeding.

**A New Use for Glycerine.**—Physicians and dentists who use small mirrors to explore the throat and teeth, astronomers employing large mirrors out of doors, all who have occasion to use spy-glasses in foggy weather, and especially those near-sighted persons who cannot shave themselves without bringing their noses almost in contact with the looking-glass, are doubtless aware that the lustre of mirrors becomes soon dimmed by the breath, by dew, and generally by water in a vaporous state. The way to prevent this troublesome fog (says the *Scientific American*) is simply to wipe the surface of the mirror before using with a rag moistened with glycerine. By this substance watery vapor is completely taken up.

**Electric Eels.**—Three electric eels from the river Amazon have, says *Nature*, been added to the Westminster Aquarium. As they require to be kept at a temperature of between 70 and 80 degrees Fahrenheit, it needed some ingenuity to bring them from Liverpool, where they were landed, to London. By placing the vessel containing them on foot-warmers, and telegraphing on for changes of foot-warmers at different stations, the water on arriving at Westminster was found to be at 75 degrees. The eels are lodged in a tank kept warm by a steam-pipe passing under the shingle, and are at present by the alligators. These, by the by, are waking up wonderfully in activity, and the attendants have now to keep a sharp look-out when cleaning the tank.



**WEDDED.**

Some quick and bitter words we said, And I? I matched her scorn with  
 And we parted. How the sun <sup>scorn,</sup>  
 Swam through a sullen sea of gray! I hated her with all my heart.  
 A chill fell on the Summer day, Until we chanced to meet one day;  
 Life's best and happiest hours were done, She turned her pretty head away;  
 Friendship was dead. I saw two pretty tear-drops start,  
 Lo! love was born.

How proud we went our separate ways Some fond, repenting word I said,  
 And spake no word and made no moan, She answered only with a sigh;  
 She braided up her flowing hair, But when I took her hand in mine  
 That I had always called so fair, A radiant glory half divine  
 Although she scorned my loving tone, Flooded the earth and filled the sky.  
 My words of praise. Now we are wed.

**A BUSHMAN'S BRIDE.**

Many curious anecdotes illustrative of the manners of the early settlers in Australia are told of the strange progress through the bush made by the late Mrs. Chisholm. One of these describes the calmness of her attitude when, to the terror of the party of girls she was conducting, a strong bushman suddenly sprang from the thick covert and laid hold of the reins of her horse. The driver took up a waddy he had in the van to strike him over the head, taking him for a bushranger, when Mrs. Chisholm arrested his hand. The man asked, "Are you Mrs. Chisholm?" "I am!" "You are the very person I wanted to see." This again made the driver very uneasy, and he again looked wistfully at the waddy. "Do you see that nice looking farm on the side of the hill?" "I do." "Well, then, the face and smile of a woman never crossed my threshold—now, for God's sake, Mrs. Chisholm, if you have got a nice Tipperary girl with you—leave me one," and pulling out a large number of bank notes he added: "This is the thing that will do it with the clergyman—I wish you would see what I have in the cottage—several fitches of bacon, a chest of tea, a bag of sugar, and plenty of everything. Besides I have a bullock dray, horses, cows and calves, with lots of fowls and pigs too." Mrs. Chisholm said to this modest bushman, "I have several nice Tipperary girls with me in the drays, but at present I am going through the District and I never make matches on the road." "Oh, I would feast your whole party for a week if you would only consider my case, and may God bless you!" Mrs. Chisholm did settle on a farm not far off a nice Tipperary girl that she thought would suit this well-to-do bushman, and had no fear that he would not soon find her out, and some months afterwards Mrs. Chisholm had the pleasure of hearing of their marriage.

**The practice** of thinning out the berries of grapes in order to obtain larger and more perfectly ripened fruit, appears to be gaining advocates on the Continent. The *Hamburger Gartenzeitung* describes the results of some experiments in this direction with the early black July grape. Instead of an almost uneatable fruit, which is usually abandoned to sparrows, wasps and children, good-flavored, well-ripened large bunches were produced. If such an improvement can be effected with an inferior variety, it is clear that the practice of thinning might profitably be extended to all dense-clustered varieties, when the object is to gain the best quality, and it is recommended for outdoor culture as well as under glass.

**Cure for Sea-Sickness.**—The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Daily Post* tells us that the homeopaths have discovered a certain remedy for sea-sickness. It is apomorphia, and a very small dose of it taken once an hour in water will remove the qualms. They are so certain of its success that they are going to procure a gratuitous circulation of it amongst vessels that carry passengers. It is also useful for beasts, whose sufferings are often extreme.



[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

**Mr. Joseph Maas**, the leading tenor of the Baldwin Opera Troupe, has reason to be very proud of his voice, for it once saved his life. He is passionately fond of hunting and fishing, and about four years ago started on a buffalo hunt, in company with his old friend, Dion Boucicault. The surrounding country was full of badly disposed Indians, but our hunters were at all times willing to risk their scalps for a good week's sport. On this occasion they managed to lose their way and miss the trail which led to their temporary camp, so that as night came on they were utterly at a loss which direction to take. They had fortunately killed a young bull just before dusk, and making a virtue of necessity they tethered their horses and lit a fire. They had scarcely finished a hasty meal of buffalo steaks when an arrow came whizzing by their camp-fire, and, in less time than it takes to read this, they found themselves bound hand and foot by the rascally Apaches. There was no hope of deliverance, and both Mr. Maas and Mr. Boucicault expected instantaneous death. At this juncture Dion, who was almost comatose from fright, murmured feebly, "Joe, sling me Fra Poco once more before I die, and my scalp will come off much easier." Mr. Maas tearfully complied with his friend's request, and had got as far as "The wild flowers soon will shed their bloom, around my sad and lonely tomb," when two big Indians came up smiling all over and grunted, "Heap good—more!" The gifted tenor finished the aria, but explained that he could sing no more unless he was unbound. The Apaches loosened his thongs, and Mr. Maas, with a despairing hope, went on with the opera. From nine p. m. until three the next morning he kept on singing. Every time he stopped the savages poked him with a spear. However, just as his larynx was about to burst, the last Indian dropped asleep, and Mr. Maas stole away, after cutting the hide ropes which bound his friend. They reached the settlement in safety, but up to this day the talented artist never plays the third act of *Lucia* without being overcome by emotion.

**No one ever supposed** that Supervisors knew anything about city government, but it was thought that at least they could drive a plug along a wide street at the rate of four miles an hour, without upsetting the buggy, or that they could get out of the way of passing vehicles, at least as cleverly as an ordinarily nervous old woman. This, however, appears not to be the case, and three of our municipal Solons are now confined to their beds with broken legs, dislocated knee-caps and bruised heads. Up to date no further accidents have been recorded, but it is stated that Supervisors Strother, Wise, Roberts and Gibbs absolutely refuse to go out riding any more, and have even declined a contractor's invitation to a Cliff House supper, because it was too far to walk. Messrs. Eaton and Drucker examine the axles of all the street cars they get into, and refuse to cross Kearny street without the aid of two policemen to keep wagons out of the way. If the entire Board were only physically disabled for about three months, the advantage to the city would be incalculable, and it would be a good idea to offer a reward to enterprise by giving handsome prizes to any one who can succeed in running over or otherwise injuring one of the City Fathers. They seem unsusceptible to the ravages of small-pox or diphtheria, and probably a comminuted fracture or a sprained ankle is the best and most effectual method of keeping them out of mischief for a time.

**Mr. Pinney** is not content with getting away with a big steal, out of the proceeds of which he is educating his son at Cambridge University, England, but he threatens to come back, confess, implicate several citizens in his late villainies, and accuse half the city of complicity in his frauds. The consideration for these valuable services will, of course, be immunity from prosecution and liberty to start on another pilfering expedition. The *T. C.* has no objection to Pinney's sending on the names of all guilty parties who merit punishment, but in the name of a long-suffering community he is respectfully asked to stay away himself. We will furnish him with a letter of introduction to the Lords of the Admiralty, and as he thoroughly knows how to run a navy yard in America, he would presumably be equally successful in Great Britain. If that fails, let him give lectures, just as other men without characters do. A good subject would be, "Supplies and Economy."

That ugly swindle, by which all the approaches to North Beach are being regraded for the benefit of a gang of contractors, has called forth triumphs of ingenuity on the part of the inhabitants in the way of getting from one street to another. Mr. Whiffleton, who lives somewhere near Francisco street and Taylor, having ascended Mont Blanc in his youth, has organized a corps of guides who lower the inhabitants down precipices on ropes, convey them across chasms, and assist them to climb the ravines, which seem to be a necessary part of street grading. Some of these mountain crevices are fatally dangerous. Master Willie Johnson fell down the abyss at the corner of Filbert and Powell streets last week, and his body has not been recovered yet. He was unfortunately not in any way related to the contractors, so that his loss is peculiarly painful. During the coming winter it is expected that the residents of North Beach will be cut off from all communication with the city, except by sea. But the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. will probably run a line of vessels from the city front to Meigg's wharf three times a month. A good reliable guide gets \$4 a day, but as the service is getting more dangerous to life and limb every day, tourists are getting very scarce.

**Mrs. Hayes--DEAR MADAM:** I have received your invitation to dinner, and have taken to my bed as an excuse to avoid it. To be plain with you, I am a genial animal, and love not to wash down my roast beef with reservoir, lake, river, or any other kind of water, even though it be exceedingly well filtered. There is a somewhat ancient song, Madam, which alludes impolitely to the eyes of him who tries to rob a poor man of his beer. I am the identical pauper who prefers his cold mutton and frothy lager in a cheap restaurant to the terrapin and venison of the White House, flanked by the lank and hideous water pitcher. Moreover, Madam, my soul loathes and abominates your gaunt and sour friends, the temperance gospellers, and in the future I seem to hear your table spoken of as a cheerless Methodistical board, avoided by illustrious visitors generally and your humble servant in particular. I am, Madam, your obedient servant,  
THE TOWN CRIER.

**Mrs. Beyersdorf** announces this week that her husband, Jack, having left her bed and board she will not be responsible for his debts. This is the invariable custom of females whose husbands find the climate of their hearth and home too tropical. As Mrs. B. can no longer pull Jack's hair out, she advertises him and cautions the public against trusting him. Next week there will probably be a tear-stained personal handed to the clerk of the *Chronicle* office something like this: "Come back, Jack, and all shall be forgiven." In the meantime it is not likely that the irate spouse will cut her nails, and poor Jack's appearance on the doorstep of his castle will probably be the signal for a successful plowing and liberal cross fertilizing of his head, to be followed by active application of the rolling-pin, as a sort of welcome home.

**There are two unfortunates** in Paris who have been trying to escape from durance vile by starving themselves to death. One is a lady whose propensity for throwing vitriol has just got her into trouble; the other is a man suspected of assassinating his daughter. The authorities could not make them open their mouths, and the prisoners could not well close their nostrils, so the prison cook used to jerk soup and milk up their noses until they gave way under repeated applications of the dose. We can imagine the facetious jailer asking them how their lunch smelt without any impropriety, and the most unprejudiced individual will readily concede that, however much the stomach may appreciate it, the nose is not the most pleasant avenue for the administration of good hot ox-tail soup with plenty of pepper in it.

**The dailies** have treated us this week to a very pretty heliodoric romance about a young man in consumption "who is a woman." The industry which they display in ferreting out nastiness is worthy of all praise; in fact, the road to success of the modern American newspaper seems to consist in a gopher-like burrowing under the ulcers of revolting and mysterious vice. The utterances of a brilliant political writer or a profound philosophical thinker, are to-day almost trodden under foot by impatient readers, and the hungry mob rushes wildly by to pursue its passionate search after the appetizing record of scandal, impurity and shameless exposures. Respectability pays less as the years roll on, and what our fathers deemed putridity is now a sure symptom of life.

**The panic in mining stocks** may ruin thousands of rich men, but it is a perfect bonanza to the cheap restaurant men. Delicacy compels us to omit names, but the amount of beans and dry hash that prominent brokers consume at present is having a healthy effect on cheap produce stores. The *T. C.* admires the spirit of the cinched dealer, who, having discharged all his clerks and rented half his office, dines off three dishes for a quarter; but it does not look well to see one of the former kings of California street haggling with a Commercial-street waiter for a piece of butter with his fishball. In the meantime the turkeys, frogs and turtle find no purchasers, and aristocratic dining places are suddenly converted into tenantless mausoleums. *Vae victis!*

**The grinding heel** of street railroad companies is once more metaphorically on the chest of the poor drivers and conductors, whose salaries have been cut down twenty per cent. this week. The unhappy employes have twice failed in their efforts to get a bill passed reducing their hours of labor from sixteen hours a day to a more reasonable limit, and they are now being punished for their temerity by a reduction of wages and increased surveillance. It is now in order for the companies to raise passengers' fares, put the horses on half allowance of oats, and to pass a resolution declaring that the cars shall be painted once in every twenty years. These human mills grind exceeding sure, and not very slowly, either.

**One of the funniest modern comedies** is the periodical session of what is known as the Grand Jury. The electric telegraph hardly sends a message as quickly as this august body flashes through the bundles of bills which it ignores, finds and reports on. The scribe of the body generally writes half a column about the prisons, hospitals, sewerage, drainage and other evils; and, with admirable prestidigitation, the jurors make their bow, bolt from the scene of their labors, and transform themselves into private citizens, with interests of their own to attend to in the shape of oil, tallow, hides, dry goods and commerce generally. In the transaction of these private interests they are presumed less hurried.

**We confess to a weakness** for the "music of the future." As a tuneless chaos and a high class of cat music, it out-herods an orchestra of deaf mutes playing in different keys, and, in its perfection, nearly approaches the effect of an amateur brass band having their first rehearsal. It is not difficult to play, and some of Wagner's first overtures may be easily performed by a tyro in music. All that is necessary to execute them, is to get two little boys to sit on the key-board of a large organ, while a third covers the remaining notes with his elbows and wrists. Then pull out all the stops, and blow for fifteen minutes. It is deliciously wild harmony.

**The plasterers** have actually consented to go to work again for four dollars a day. They have been on the strike for some time on the question of working ten hours instead of eight. It is worthy of note that while people at large are terribly pinched for money, these hod-carrying putty-slappers have been standing on their dignity for greater daily wages than they could earn in a week in the bogs where they were raised. Four dollars a day is about \$108 per month—an income which many a well-educated and hard-working man fails to receive. But then it is not every one who can slap on plaster.

**Mr. Chin Mook Sow** issued his cards of invitation, this week, to a select party of citizens whom he was anxious to have present at his *pas seul* neck-tie party. The missives were printed on fine pink paper and worded as follows: "You are respectfully requested to be present at the County Jail to witness the execution of Chin Mook Sow, on Friday, the 4th day of May, 1877, at 1 o'clock P. M." If the invitation was somewhat ghastly, at least it was decorous, only, after perusing it, it made one wish that the givers of social parties would in future change the wording of their cards somewhat.

**The Damfian Musical Club** announces a picnic at an early date. As they are all damfian fellows, it is to be hoped they will have a damfian time and damfian weather, and that none of them will get drunk or disorderly, so that not a damfian may have to be imposed next morning by the Police Judge.

### THE TREES IN EARLY SPRING.

Like the first faint streak of the	I can feel the delicate pulses
dawning,	That stir in each restless fold
Which tells that day is nigh ;	Of leaflets and bunches of blossoms—
Like the first dear kiss of the maiden,	The life that never grows old—
So absolute, though so shy ;	Yet wait, ah, wait, though they woo
Like the joy divine of the mother	you—
Before her child she sees—	The sun, the rain-drops, the breeze ;
So faint, so dear, and so blessed	Break not too soon into verdure,
Are your misty tops, O trees!	O misty, beautiful trees!

We have been so long accustomed to look upon the United States as the end of poor men's wanderings that it looks almost in the light of "carrying coals to Newcastle" to find an emigration setting in from America to Australia—from the New World to the newer still. Nevertheless, Antipodean Colonies are receiving reinforcements of the best class of settlers from this very unlikely source. Trade is at present so dull in the United States that skilled mechanics can find no employment in the large cities, and are either returning to Europe, or seeking home elsewhere. The present Australasian exodus began about four months ago, and is stimulated by the Government of New South Wales, which was so well pleased with the specimens of American manufactures exhibited at the Centennial Fair in Philadelphia that it appropriated a sum of money to enable artificers from "the States" to settle in the colony. Many of the emigrants are native Americans, but there are also representatives of almost every European nationality. There are miners from Pennsylvania, machinists from Newark and Paterson, workers from the looms of Massachusetts, and mechanics from almost all the towns in the New England States. Among the emigrants was one family of thirty members—grandparents, children, and grandchildren. A number of Negroes were also anxious to go, but the agent declined to send them, though his instructions from the New South Wales Government placed no obstacles in the way of the "colored people" changing their skies. These emigrants are, doubtless, a loss to us, who, when better times come, will have need of them here. But, on the other hand, they are a decided gain to Australia. It will be curious to see the effect of this large American immigration in the Australian Colonies. Will the new arrivals proselytize, or will they become proselytes? Will their children be Englishmen—or, rather, Austro Britons—or will they cherish remembrance of the Great Republic from whence they came to a colony, which is Republican all except in name?

"John Bull" says that at Lady Northcote's recent assembly some beautiful dresses were worn, among the most noteworthy being those of the Countess of Onslow, Countess of Donoughmore, Lady Clinton, Lady Selwin Ibbetson, and Mrs. Hegan-Kennard. A dress of pale grayish blue had a flounce round the bottom headed by a closely-gathered bouillonne, and an upright frill; across the front was arranged a very broad scarf of mandarin silk, artistically draped, and also ornamented the bodice, which was high on the shoulders and almost without sleeves. A soupir pink silk had the front trimmed with narrow curved flounces of beautiful old Mechlin; the overdress was of black velours cisele, *en princesse* at the back, high at the shoulders, low back and front, and with a mere rim of the pink as a sleeve, pink lily, and diamond stars in the hair. An eume de mer toilet was of the material known as *ecaille de poisson*; it was trimmed with emerald green velvet and narrow Brussels lace, and was made *en princesse*, laying very far down at the back; the ornaments were of pale pink coral. A young lady wore a very clinging dress of fine white cashmere, edged with a Greek key pattern in gold braid of two different widths and with gold fringe; the underskirt, with very long train, was of white silk, edged with a deep flounce, with gathered bouillonne heading; the bodice was draped *en vierge*, and had the key pattern repeated round the top which came on the shoulders, and was without sleeves; a chased gold belt was worn round the waist, and three bands of gold braid in the hair, which was arranged *a la Grecque*; gold ornaments, including gold bangles on the upper portion of the arm.



### "TRUTH" FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

You have no idea what airs of importance we give ourselves, since the eyes of Europe are directed upon us. We are most impecunious, and we are having a very dull winter, but we do like being talked about, and knowing that in London and in Paris—more particularly the latter—the newspapers are full of prognostications of what we intend to do. To understand what Government and society is in the capital of the Russian Empire, a person must have lived there, otherwise he can form no estimate of how exceedingly small-townish we are in all our ideas and notions.

We live under an autocrat. He is a good, well-meaning man, excessively weak, and like most weak men, easily influenced by those around him. Of late, the Emperor has greatly aged, and he looks ill and worn. He is now fifty-eight, and he believes in the Russian superstition that no Romanoff ever lives until he is sixty. He is in perpetual dread of assassination, meddles as little as he can in the Government of the country, and is bored and *blase* more than it is possible to conceive. Although habitually good-natured, he sometimes gives way to bursts of passion. The other day, when at a ball at Moscow, an officer, who is short-sighted, ran against him inadvertently. The poor fellow put up his glass, and, to his horror, found whom he had nearly fallen over. "Remove him," said the Emperor; and not only was he removed from the ball-room, but from the Russian army. The Emperor and Empress are friends, without precisely being lovers. The Empress is exceedingly devout, and passes most of her time with the priests of the Greek Church, over whom she has much influence.

The Grand Duke Heritier has the exterior of a bear, and of his interior little is known. He seems to be devoted to his wife, and never loses an opportunity to rail against the Germans in Russian service. If he comes to the throne, it will be a bad time for these gentry, and France will be able to count upon an ally, for he in no way shares the respectful adoration of his father for Uncle William.

The only other member of the Imperial family of any note is the Grand Duke Constantine. He is at the head of the Admiralty, in which capacity he has developed peculiar notions respecting the construction of ships, and still more peculiar notions respecting the salary which ought to be paid to himself for his services to the State.

The most important man in Russia next to the Emperor is Count Adlerberg, and probably no man in the Empire is more unfitted for the duties of a statesman. The Count was brought up with the Emperor, and the two, to use an expressive French phrase, have long been "*frères et co-chons*." Count Adlerberg is a heavy-looking person, with the intellect of a "plunger." The Emperor is constantly assisting him with money, and some years ago made him a present of some gold mines belonging to the State domains. His requirements are, however, inexhaustible, and he is always in difficulties. He is the "*Ministre de la Cour*," a post which is somewhat equivalent to that of Keeper of the Privy Purse. He is not loved by the heir to the throne, and he is intriguing in order to be made Chancellor, because, once a Chancellor, always a Chancellor; and he thinks, that to enjoy this title, together with the salary for life, would be at once an honorary and remunerative position. The other personal friend of the Czar is Prince Souvaroff, an honest and worthy man, who seldom interferes in politics, but accompanies his Majesty to the theater.

There are, with us, no such things as Cabinet Councils. Occasionally there is a grand Council, at which all the Ministers, like other Councilors, attend, but each minister is supposed to have, in the administration of his department, nothing in common with his colleagues. Prince Gortchakoff is Chancellor of the Empire, and Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is eighty-four, but has, in reality, little to do with the Ministry. He dines at four o'clock; after dinner he goes to the Foreign Office for about an hour, and in the evening gossips in a *salon*, for the old gentleman, like David, has a keen eye for a pretty woman. The two real heads of his department are Jomini and Hamburger, and their chief thus describes them. "*Jomini, c'est ma plume; Hamburger, c'est mon raisonnement.*" The latter is a little hunchback, with all the talent that hunchbacks proverbially possess. Timachieff, the Minister of the Interior, is a man of society, amiable, good-natured, and utterly null. Reutern, the Minister

of Finance, is clever in his specialty, and has the reputation of being honest. Valouieff, the Minister of Domains, enjoys the same reputation. Milutine, the Minister of War, is a hard-working man, and sincerely desirous to organize the Army on an efficient footing. The most important Minister is Mezensoff, who is at the head of the police, the position which formerly was held by Count Schouvaloff. Mezensoff, like Schouvaloff before him, is master of the Emperor through his dread of assassination. Every few weeks he arrives in the sanctum of the Czar, and with mysterious accents observes: "Je les tiens heureusement: deux jours plus tard et c'était trop tard." Then he explains to the terrified Emperor that he has discovered a conspiracy, and by his zeal, energy, and talent, rendered it abortive. The Emperor thanks Heaven that his life is watched over by so able a guardian, and Mezensoff, by means of this oft-repeated expedient, remains master of his master. \* \* \* \* \*

When the Bulgarian atrocities were published, there was a strong feeling in favor of war with Turkey, which was fostered by the priests. The miserable cowardice of "our brothers" in Servia first damped the enthusiasm, and now we are so absorbed in the contemplation of our impecunious position, that we have very little thought of our fellow-Christians in Turkey. We all of us have too much difficulty in discovering the way to make two ends meet to care whether the Russian flag waves over Constantinople. Money, money, money, is our cry. In this city there are few social gatherings because no one can afford to give them. Even the officers of the Guard, who used to gamble, gamble no more, because they have nothing to gamble with. The emancipation of the serfs was, no doubt, a most glorious achievement, but we are in the position of the Southern States of America after the emancipation of the negro. When proprietors have paid their taxes very little remains for them. The peasants, too, complain that the land will not yield enough to enable them to live and to satisfy the tax collector. In despair, each year they get more and more lazy, and drink more and more vodka. In the northern Provinces all the peasants want to emigrate to the southern provinces, because they have been told that the soil is more fruitful, while in the southern provinces the peasants say that the parched plains are not so fertile as further north. Our railroads have not been financially successful; most of them have been built for strategical purposes, and it does not pay to use them for the transport of cereals abroad, because of the competition from America in foreign markets. If war means increased taxation, it is impossible, for taxation cannot be increased. Where there is nothing, Emperors, like Kings, lose their rights. The only chance of war lies in our politicians thinking that it would be more respectable to pretend that bankruptcy has been owing to war, than it has been owing to over-expenditure on the part of the Government, and on the part of many individuals. But these heroic measures are not likely to be adopted. You may depend upon this, that for the last few months we have been looking everywhere for a bridge over which decently to retire from the position that we took up with respect to Turkey. Only do you people in England help us ever so little, and we are ready to draw in our horns. All admit that we have made a mistake, and all we ask is, not to be forced to say this in so many words. Ignatieff is now the most unpopular man in Russia. He has got us into the mess, and he ought to get us out of it. After his famous China Treaty, he was looked upon as the coming man. Gortchakoff was jealous of him, and packed him off to Turkey, in the hope that he would lose his reputation there as a diplomatist. But he was determined to distinguish himself, and he began at once to intrigue. He is a clever, though unscrupulous man. Little by little he dragged our Government into his intrigues, and was always assuring them that if they would leave it to him, Russia could establish a Protectorate over Turkey without the risks and expense of a war. We complain that he has dragged us to the verge of war, and that the Protectorate is as far off as possible.

Another reason why we want at all costs to avoid war is, that, as at the outbreak of the Crimean war, it has been discovered that our army organization is rotten, and that the money which ought to have been devoted to it has been pillaged. Every day, when the Minister of Finance deplores the amount which has been spent in mobilization, the Minister of War replies that the discovery of army maladministration has been

worth the expenditure. You are making a great deal of fuss about our officially promising to demobilize. You evidently are not aware that our mobilization has been little beyond *brutum fulmen*. A decree recently appeared to mobilize seven armée corps. Do you want to know what followed? Seven generals were appointed to the command of these army corps, and they are the titular commanders of mythical armies. Instead of troops being sent to the Southern army, troops have been withdrawn. Every week regiments have been ordered to make long marches in order to learn how to march. They have on this plea marched off, and they have never returned.

Now I do hope that English statesmen will understand our position, and see that our rulers are children, who are afraid of the fire which they have been poking up, but do not like to say that they are afraid. Every country has its intriguers, but in no country in the world are intrigues which require time to succeed, less to be feared than in this. We live from hand to mouth. We are not planning and plotting, in order that eventually Turkey may become ours. Our policy is a day-to-day policy. Our sympathies for the Christians, under Ottoman rule, have cooled down. We are not ready for war, and we do not know when we shall be ready. Probably we shall never be ready. Anyhow, do not aid intriguers among us, like Ignatieff, to make war inevitable. If your newspapers will go on telling us that we are deep lags ever scheming to acquire Turkish territory, we shall, in the end, believe it ourselves, and if they will insist that we are aiming at some grand diplomatic victory, we shall fancy that Europe will despise us if we do not gain this victory.—*Truth*.

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From the San Francisco News Letter.

#### OUR JAPAN LETTER.

YOKOHAMA, April 12th, 1877.

**Dear News Letter:** No fresh news from the seat of war. Troops continue to pass through here on their way there. Last Sunday, over two thousand men embarked. The native newspapers contain chiefly blanks, which renders their personal highly interesting, and bothers the editors of the foreign newspapers, who, to vent their wrath on the Government for withholding news, try to write up rebellion in all its phases. This is much to be regretted. The *Tokio Times* is an honorable exception; so is the *Japan Punch*. The Mikado is still at Kioto, and his maids of honor making lint for the wounded. The fighting has become mediæval; swords and lances are freely used, and with effect. The policemen are Saurural, accustomed to the use of the sword. It is for that reason that so many of them are sent for, it must sound strange to those not on the spot that policemen should fight instead of soldiers. The soldiers fight, too, but they have no swords except those used for bayonets, and the Insurgents won't come down from their passes in the mountains to fight in the open, which rather bothers the Imperialists. Kumamoto Castle still holds out, and though the Insurgents have not yet been beaten, they have made no advance, which is so much gained by the Government. A few smaller insurrections have broken out in Hiushiu. The Chinese frigate that was here has left for Hiogo. The Government has ordered a levy of 10,000 men, in addition to the 40,000 already at the seat of war. The only other item of news I have to communicate is, that this settlement is still *unlighted*.

Yours, as usual,

THE PIOUS JONES.

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More than one hundred and twenty-five mountains in North Carolina were measured by Professor Guyot. Of this number the lowest is some 2,500 feet, and the highest is 6,707 feet. There are fifty-four mountains over 6,000 feet in height; forty-five over 5,000 feet in height, but not so much as 6,000, and fifteen mountains over 4,000 feet, but no so much as 5,000 feet high. Black Mountain is the highest, being 6,707 feet.

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**The First National Bank** in Bristol has three women on its board of directors: Mrs. Sarah Flanders, Miss Fanny M. Lawless, and Miss Alice C. Lawless.

### THE EASTERN POLICY--THOSE HORRIBLE TURKS.

Mr. Gladstone has just published a pamphlet on the Eastern question. In it he inveighs loudly against England's apathy in allowing the continuance of the fiendish outrages on the part of the Turks, yet notably fails to suggest any practical method of carrying out his proposed scheme of vengeance. Oppression and violence, it is true, appear still to be rampant, and in the very worst form. The *Fortnightly Review*, in alluding to the cruel rapacity of the tithe gatherer and other officials, quotes some glaring atrocities just recently perpetrated. It says: "The rapacity of the official is of the very essence of Turkish government, as it has been the essence of all governments of Turkish type. The regular taxation is the least part of the oppression. Indeed, it is said that the amount of the legal and nominal taxation is not at all intolerably heavy. But this is no measure of what is really exacted. The nominal charge is doubled and trebled by arbitrary extortions. There is no limit to imposts and requisitions and lawless exactions. Here is an instance, taken from a very good authority:

"Even in ordinary times the Turkish Zaptieh bent on business, or the Turkish official bent on pleasure, visit the Bulgarian villages, eat and drink and leave without paying. As a rule they shun Mussulman and even larger Bulgarian villages, where they know there is an inn to be found, and are not allowed to billet themselves in private houses. But where there is no inn they and their horses are sheltered and fed in private dwellings, and the expenses thus incurred are afterwards assessed by the inhabitants on the whole village. The expenses which some of these villages have had to bear this year for such purposes are something incredible. Thus the case is reported of a poor widow of Kourtovo Konare (Youtcholare), whose total annual contribution for direct taxes amounts to six piastres, while the share of the common village expenses she has had to pay reached the figure of eighty-five piastres! All this is illegal, as, according to the law, the zaptieh must pay for what he consumes. But the peasant, knowing that if he is mysteriously robbed or ill treated, after he has had an unpleasantness with the zaptieh, he can hope nothing from the law, shrinks from a step which he knows will be fraught with danger to his future safety."

Here, too, is an episode in tax-collecting, which it can hardly be called mere sentimentalism to view with disgust:

"Ala Bey being gone, the Lieutenant left in charge of Pozar bade his men arrest all the male population of seven years and upwards, and beating them most unmercifully, he shut them up in the stables, crowded together like sheep in their pens, by this means compelling the women to satisfy the unjust demands of the tithe-gatherer, Bekir Pehlevan. Remonstrances against the iniquity of these demands and against the unprompted ill-treatment of their children were attempted by some of the more respectable imprisoned heads of the families, but the Lieutenant, by way of answer, threw them back into prison, ordered his men to get into the houses and have themselves served by the women with the best the larders afforded, and allowed the old women, if they attempted to keep the young ones out of sight, to be exposed to the most infamous and obscene insults and tortures, which cannot be described to English readers. The village was thus militarily occupied for two nights and one day: the men in durance, the women at the ravagers' discretion. Some of the worst Turks of the neighboring villages came up, seizing Christian laborers where they chanced to be in the field, and compelling them, in their own ribald, grotesque way, to carry them pick-a-back like beasts of burden, using their knives as spurs to urge them on, when, through age or illness, they fainted on the way."

"Some of the peasants had, in the meanwhile, found their way to Vodena, and described to the Kaimakam the condition to which their village and people were reduced, in consequence of the iniquity of the tax-gatherer. The Kaimakam, as the custom is, appointed a Commission of Inquiry, consisting of one Christian and two Mussulmans. The Commission, acting under the influence of Dourzi Caratzovali, Ala Bey's friend, made no report. The village, meantime, had been robbed, every house gutted, and hardly a tile left sound upon the roofs. All the produce of the poor people, the furniture, clothing, etc., or as much of it, at least, as did not tempt the plunderers, became the property of the tithe-



gatherer, who picked up a sum of 30,000 piastres in silver, while the sum for which he had farmed the village tithes, for three years, was only 51,000 piastres. The peasantry have at last been left, sorely beaten, terrified, and destitute of everything, after submitting for three days to every kind of outrage."

One more frightful horror remains yet, as described by the *Times* Correspondent, to have happened at St. Cyr or Woolwich. The students of the Military School at Constantinople laid before the Porte a Memorial, protesting against the banishment of Midhat Pasha, and asking for his recall. Whether or not they had any right to mix themselves up in this political question, may or may not be; but the punishment inflicted was more in accordance with the customs of Dahomey than with those of a Government supposed to have been humanized in the least degree. The students were summoned by roll-call, and the name of the individual who penned the petition was demanded. A young man aged twenty-two, unwilling to compromise his companions, bravely avowed the authorship. Forthwith dragged to prison, and summarily tried, he was condemned to two hundred blows with a stick, on the soles of his feet, but died when little more than half of the torture had been inflicted. "Old Russia," with its "knout," and Austria with her custom of making an offender "run the gauntlet" between two rows of soldiers, with bayonets pointed at his breast, is nothing compared with this relic of barbarity that the "reformed" Turk so pertinaciously clings to!"

"This happened scarcely six weeks ago, and everybody knows that there is no more chance of punishment or redress than if all the parties to the outrage had been transferred to the moon. And then, when the people rise against such villainies, we are assured that the rising is wholly due to Russian intrigue!"

Surely Turkey is getting "civilized!"

### SANTA CRUZ JUSTICE.

There is food for much solid thought over the startling intelligence from Santa Cruz. Francisco Arias and Jose Chamalis, the murderers of a man named de Forrest, were found hanging on Thursday morning from the upper cross-beams of the San Lorenzo bridge. The details of the murder, according to the confession of Chamalis, are as follows: The two men wanted to go to a circus and had no money, whereupon Arias took his shotgun, and they went out hunting the necessary coin together, very much as ordinary citizens are accustomed to search for quail or rabbits. De Forrest was the first game that appeared, and he was immediately bagged with the second barrel. The victim panned out eight dollars, of which Mr. Arias kept five and a half for his professional services and handed his partner the balance for spending money. Having dragged the body of de Forrest out of the way, the two murderers went to the circus, and apparently enjoyed the comicalities of the clown and the equestrian acts as much as anybody. If any community can produce a horror to equal this we should like to hear it. Santa Cruz is one of the quietest of seaside towns, and its citizens of that mild type which characterizes the inhabitants of pleasant fishing, bathing and Summer resorts. It is therefore to be regretted that they should have been so fearfully agitated by the terrible crime as to have taken matters into their own hands and anticipated the solemn execution of the law. There were probably two feelings in the breasts of the self-appointed judges—utter detestation of the revolting and bloody assassination, and a terrible fear that the culprits would escape. It is easy to condemn their action, but it is better to forget it while a record of fifty odd deliberate murders against three or four executions is staring us in the face in San Francisco. There are deeds of violence which will rouse to frenzy a settlement of Quakers. In this case the murder was fully confessed and avenged by citizens in hot blood, and while it is bad to have to acknowledge that lynch law exists in this country in the year 1877, it is still worse to know that the constant defeat of justice and the mockery of its sessions can sometimes be pleaded in excuse of acts in themselves indefensible.

### THE WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The protocol, from which present, if not permanent, peace was expected, is effectually killed by the action of Russia in crossing the Pruth. It was like some children of promise. Six eminent political physicians assisted at its birth, but it could not stand the rude northern blast, and in a brief period it was no more. The protocol took six weeks of careful preparation by the great Powers, and in six days it was powerless and null. The following is the exact text of Lord Derby's protest: "Inasmuch as it was solely in the interests of European peace that her Britannic Majesty's Government have consented to sign the protocol proposed by Russia, it is understood beforehand that in the event of the object proposed not being attained—namely, reciprocal disarmament on the part of Russia and Turkey, and peace between them—the protocol in question shall be regarded as null and void." Nothing could be more straightforward and manly than this declaration. At the same time it betrayed a lurking distrust of Russia in the mind of Lord Derby, which subsequent events confirmed. What really did happen immediately after the signing? Count Schouvaloff, who is a species of diplomatic Suwarrow, rough, discourteous, and ready to obey the least dictates of his master, however contrary to good faith they may be, was so haughty and insolent at Constantinople, in his manner of insisting upon disarmament, that it was said of him that the Porte treated the insurgent government of Servia with far more consideration than the Russian ambassador displayed toward a country with which his sovereign was at least nominally at peace. Russia must have been perfectly aware that it would be morally impossible for Turkey to disarm in presence of the forces arrayed on her frontiers, nor could she allow any intervention in the affairs of Montenegro, which, though virtually sustained by Russia in her revolt, is in reality a Turkish province. Then it was proposed that Turkey should send an ambassador to St. Petersburg, to which the Porte assented, but Russia threw fresh obstacles in the way. It must always be borne in mind that, in all their diplomatic proceedings, the Turks have never evinced the ungoverned impulse, or the want of tact and sometimes of temper, which have been displayed by other diplomatists. They did not, indeed, follow the lead of Europe in the game recently played on the official green table, but they had won every trick up to that point, and yet the position of the Porte throughout the whole Conference was most critical. The Great Powers of Europe were, as it seemed, trying her for a capital offense; an immense army encompassed her frontiers, ready to invade her at the least excuse; dissatisfaction and rebellion, prompted by her enemies, were within her borders; the support of Great Britain was withdrawn, the Government was disorganized, the Sultans murdered or deposed, the treasury bankrupt and creditors clamorous. Yet with all these the Porte has maintained its dignity, and certainly has out-generated the most astute diplomats of Europe. The late action of Russia has united the Turkish nation, and to-day the world looks on with admiration at the proud attitude of the invaded kingdom. Granting the misgovernment and cruelty that has existed in Turkey, and the necessity for reform, still when that reform had actually commenced, not through outside coercion, but by conviction of its necessity; when a Parliament had been summoned which was working actively for the amelioration of the Sultan's subjects, surely that was not the time for a hostile army to invade her territory under the plea of protecting those whose wrongs were being redressed, and of exacting that which was already progressing. No diplomatic sophistries, however skillfully they may be worked up, will blind Europe to the fact that if Russia desired a pacific solution, sufficient compromises might have been found in the protocol itself. But if her intention has been all along to subvert the Ottoman Empire, abundant pretexts seem to have been easily found by an imagination so fertile in such resources as those possessed by Prince Gortschakoff, or by Count Schouvaloff's Declaration, so imperious in tone, so unjust in principle and so incompatible with the idea of demobilization, which the Declaration itself was professedly designed to realize. But Turkey could not prostrate herself in the mire in order to satisfy the arrogant fanaticism of the Slavs, and the guilt of war lies at the door of Russia and at hers alone.

Meanwhile, the belligerents appear rather to be feeling each other's

strength than actually coming to close quarters. The affair at Ratoum, which was magnified into a victory by the Turks, appears to have been merely a reconnaissance by General Milikoff, who left his camp at Ziani on the 29th of April, accompanied by some battalions, forty pieces of artillery and some regiments of Cossacks. He advanced to the defenses of Kars, and, after a skirmish wherein one Turkish gun was dismantled, withdrew to his headquarters, leaving a body of cavalry at Vizinkeff, and taking a hundred prisoners, probably native Armenians. A more serious movement is on the Danube. One, some reports say two, Turkish monitors, appeared off Ibralia and proceeded to shell the fortress. The Russian batteries replied, and the monitors withdrew. There was no harm done, and probably the attack was more to ascertain the position of the batteries than as an assault. Still, it is the first gun fired in Roumania, and it may tend to force Prince Charles into a stronger alliance with Russia, and to declare war on Turkey, whose only safety at present appears to consist in the jealousy by the Russians themselves of the Roumanians. The Russian Generals object to the Roumanian forces being formed into a separate corps under their Prince, who, in his turn, insists on leading his own troops into action.

The last news of any importance is, that the Russians are advancing in great force toward Kars, with the object of cutting off Turkish communication with Erzeroum, and that the Porte has notified the representatives of the Powers of the blockade of the whole Russian coast of the Black Sea. We also learn that it was the Russians who fired the first gun at Ibralia. The Austrian Ministers state in the Reichstag and Diet that they do not deem a resort to warlike measures necessary in view of the attitude of the other Powers. If this state of things continues the war will be confined to the two present belligerents—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

#### A MUNICIPAL BROOM NEEDED.

However hastily the last Grand Jury may have rushed through their duties, it is undeniable that they have presented to the public several forcible suggestions of great value. They say well that ignorance, crime, vice, hoodlumism and idleness, as well as speculation and extravagance, are fast driving men to the conclusion that city governments, as now practiced in America, is a failure, and prompt remedies must be found and applied. For the great increase of crime and hoodlumism in our city parents of children must accept a large share of the responsibility. Homes that without parental discipline, and the abode of ignorance, idleness and drunkenness, are producing a percentage of looseness and crime among the rising generation in this city that is fearful to contemplate, and unless remedies are applied, the whole atmosphere of social life will become affected. They further urge the advisability of taking from the State the power it now exercises to appoint the principal executive officers, and, profiting by the experience of New York, to vest the power in the Mayor, by and with the advice and consent of the Board of Finance. In view of the importance of local reform and local self-government for San Francisco, they recommend the immediate formation of a Municipal Society, irrespective of party, composed only of those who pay taxes, and whose names appear upon the city and county assessment roll, the object of the Society to be, not the nomination of specific candidates for office, or the election of specific candidates to office, but primarily to obtain such legislative action at the next session of the Legislature as will secure to the city absolute control of her own municipal affairs without State legislation.

Sadyk Pasha, lately the Turkish Ambassador at Paris, hearing of "guarantees," told the following anecdote: A Jew at Routschouk was bargaining with a poulterer for a pair of fowls. At last he said, "Well, I will take them at your price, only I have not my money with me." "Oh, then," said the dealer, "there is an end of it." "Not at all. The bargain is struck. I will only take one of your fowls, and will leave you the other as guarantee."

**CUCKOO! CUCKOO!!**[See *Shakespeare*.]

Now, there are divers kinds of fame—the statesman and the hero  
 Contend for notoriety with Herod and with Nero;  
 The martyr's crown is less observed than is the murderer's halter—  
 What faultless man is talked about like Tweed, the Boss defaulter?

And having fame of any sort and earned in any fashion,  
 We know the famous one forthwith contracts a rapid passion  
 For lecturing us, which, you'll perceive, is but a pleasant fiction—  
 To see the man, you gladly bear the audible infliction.

And now, behold, of all the mob of ranting rostrum-madmen  
 That ever sought to draw a crowd as good men or as bad men,  
 We have the very queerest chap that ever woman suckled—  
 A Tilton—who is popular *because he is a cuckold*.

Go, pay your dollars down in haste, ye Benedicks and matrons;  
 Ye are the sympathetic folk he counts on as his patrons;  
 Go, ladies, study well his horns and learn how to bestow them,  
 Go, gentlemen, and learn from him how well it pays to grow them.

There have been times when men who had this fellow's provocation,  
 Have thought that *blood* alone could pay for such deep degradation;  
 Poor fools! they should have gilt their horns, like this "poor outraged  
 creature"—

Though, true, it is not all men's luck to owe them to a Beecher.

—T. A. H.

**SAN FRANCISCO TO YUMA.**

In another week the iron horse will have connected Arizona with California. Trains are already running up to the Colorado river, and we are promised that Yuma will be opened early in May as a regular agency station, and as the railroad terminus for all prominent points in Arizona and New Mexico. It seems only the other day that our pen was performing its mission of congratulation to the Southern Pacific Railroad on the opening of the road to Los Angeles, and now we have to record the completion of nearly 250 miles more of the company's enterprise. Yuma is just 719 miles from San Francisco, 248 from Los Angeles, and 300 from Tucson, which is reached by the Southern Pacific Mail Line of passenger stages. The old pioneer will smile as he looks back twenty years, and remembers the time it took to get to the southern portion of the State, the hills he had to plod over, and the rivers he had to cross. Now he can board the cars in San Francisco, repose in his sleeping car all night, and land fresh and bright in Los Angeles twenty-two hours afterward. If his business carries him further south, a ride of some sixteen hours takes him to Arizona, where steamers, stages and freight teams are ready to convey him either north or south. It is impossible in the limits of this short article to dwell on the advantages to the immense tract of country which is opened up and made accessible by the construction of this line. The innumerable products of Southern California—its fruit, bullion, wool, honey, hides and grain—are all now within easy reach. Lands that have hitherto had no value, on account of the impossibility of conveying their produce to a market, now afford rich prospects to the agriculturist and the farmer. The Gulf of California is now within forty hours' travel of this city, and we can run up the Colorado river in about the same time that it used to take to reach San Diego five years ago. From Yuma, steamers go north to Castle Dome, Picacho, Camp Colorado, Ehrenberg, Colorado Indian Reserve, Aubrey Landing, Chimehuevis Ranch, Camp Mohave, Hardyville and El Dorado Cañon. Stages connect with Stanwix, Maricopa Wells, Phoenix, Wickenburg, Prescott, Florence, Silver King Mines, Globe City, Tucson, Apache Pass (Camp Bowie) and Mesilla (New Mexico). It requires no skill to enumerate the immense advantages to be derived immediately from this last advance of the locomotive, but there is cause for great self-congratulation at its accomplishment, and the Southern Pacific Railroad deserve immense credit for their indomitable energy.



## THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

CAPE TOWN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, April 3, 1877.

**Dear News Letter:** I write this from my old stamping ground of Constantia, twelve miles from Cape Town, the road to which on both sides, as you personally know, is clothed with geraniums ten feet high. I will, from time to time, send you further particulars of our diggings, on one condition, that you fail not to send on regularly a copy of the *News Letter*. You know 'Frisco is my home:

It is barely ten years since the first diamond ever found in the Cape Colony was taken away from some little Dutch children who were playing with it, and now the annual value of the exports in these gems is to be counted by tens of thousands of pounds. Nor is there any fear that the diamondiferous soil is being worked out; on the contrary, the greater the depth reached by the elaborate machinery which is daily taking the place of the more simple contrivances originally used, the more satisfactory are the results. To the generality of English readers the geography of South Africa is so vague and unknown that a more particular description of the localities whence the diamonds are brought cannot fail to be a necessary prelude to the due comprehension of any information regarding them. Some 600 miles inland, as the crow would fly, to the northeast of Capetown, lies a small territory lately acquired by the British Empire by cession from the Chief of the Griquas, and known as Griqualand West. A certain rather important portion of it is still claimed in amicable fashion by the Orange Free State, and the exact question of the boundary line is barely settled. Only 100 miles from north to south and 150 from east to west, it yet attracts a population which is numerically great as compared to the meagre returns from other parts of the colony. 15,000 white people, 10,000 colored, and 20,000 native laborers, make up a respectable total of inhabitants, especially as they are nearly all centered in one spot.

Diamonds were at first found singly and scattered along the course of the Orange and Vaal Rivers, and diggings were established in various promising spots. Attempts were also made to find whether the natives had ever thought it worth while to collect and preserve any of the shining stones, and in this way the famous "Star of South Africa" was purchased from a Caffre witch-doctor, but no other equally valuable stones have since come to light in the same way. The digging at first was mere surface scratching, and it was only five years ago that the now famous Kimberley mine, originally known by the rough-and-ready name of New Rush, started into existence. Unfortunately, diamond diggings is fatal to the symmetry or beauty of a landscape, and Kimberley resembles nothing so much as a giant ant-heap crumbled into ruins, with the swarming inhabitants busy repairing damages. But no flapping, smoothing-over process is really at work; each day more earth is turned over, fresh claims, divided and subdivided into minutest sections, are being worked, and over all the confused heap of excavations stretches a labyrinthine network of wire ropes, 70 ft. above, by which to haul up the buckets of wash-dirt. The first diamonds were found very close to the surface by the river banks, and even heavy rains would affect the quantity discovered. They used to be washed out of the gravelly soil by a cradle, such as is used by gold-diggers, and, considering the rude and imperfect nature of the process, the quantity found even then and the quality of the stones were suggestive of vast treasures still concealed. Yet the report of more than one geologist sent out expressly for the purpose was that South Africa was distinctly diamondiferous, and that the stones found by the river-side were accidental, and the claims would be worked out at a depth of five or six feet, which was actually the case. In spite of all this, diggers swarmed along the valley of the Vaal, camps sprang up in all directions, solitary Boers, who had not seen half a dozen people together in their lives, woke of a morning to find as many hundreds hard at work by their drift, or waiting to ask at what price they would sell their barren acres. Of course the vicissitudes of fortune were great, and men were ruined or made wealthy by turns, and by turns the fame of the South African Diamond Fields rose and fell. It was not until the system of dry digging had been fairly established, five years ago, at New Rush—rechristened the Kimberley mine—that diamond digging took its place as one of the recognized industries of the world, and that a large thriving town has sprung up around the small surface which incloses unknown wealth. At first the digging was hasty and superficial, as might be expected, but when the ground came to be more equally parceled out, the debris already thrown up and supposed to have been carefully searched, yielded, by the new process of water-washing brought to bear on it, diamonds to the value of upwards of a million of pounds. In fact, the richness of the soil of this especial mine will be best understood by the statement that from 90 to 95 per cent. of all the diamonds exported from the Cape come from the Kimberley mine, and yet its surface only extends over some nine acres. For every foot it has been worked down the average yield has been in value £100,000, and at a depth of 80 feet below the surface diamondiferous ground has been struck.

In spite of these stubborn things, figures and facts, it will, however, always be a mystery to geologists why so great a profusion of diamonds should be hidden in ground bearing so few of the characteristics of the best-known diamond mines elsewhere. It can only be accounted for by a theory of eruption, and this is supported by the constant intrusion of broken rock, limestone, shale, and basalt, into the true

diamondiferous ground. Besides which, it is also a singular fact that different parts of the mine, and it should be recollected how close such parts must be, so small an area produce totally different diamonds as to color and weight. These portions mine acres pay a royalty of £6 per annum for every 31ft. square, and there is besides a license on the diamonds found. The mine at Kimberley is surrounded, as are most of the mines, by a girdle of distinctly non-diamondiferous rock, and it is from this sort of basin-like form that the Dutch took their word "pan" as the earliest name for the depressions holding the rich deposits here and there. In contradistinction to this is the term "kopje," a hillock, and although diamonds have been found in small quantities in the "kopjes," still it is into the "pans," or reservoirs, that the true diamondiferous material has evidently been washed. It is curious, too, that these "pans" are all surrounded by the same sort of ring of porphyry, or green stone, and that other precious stones of less value, such as emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, are also found, with large quantities of garnets. The water struck below the surface in some of the "pans" is salt, and the color of the diamond-bearing clay changes from yellow ochrous to bluish gray as it gets deeper.

Every step made towards the present state of prosperity, especially of the Kimberley mine, has been gradual, which makes it all the more satisfactory, and the necessary experience—so exceptional are the geological conditions—has had to be bought inch by inch. At the mine itself there is a strong feeling in favor of the gradual amalgamation of the small claims and a consequent concentration of the resources and labor obtainable. One of the great difficulties common to all diamond diggings is the facility of theft, and this necessitates a constant and somewhat costly system of supervision. Many improvements have necessarily been made in the diamond-finding process. At first it was carried on in a very primitive fashion by the simple method of emptying the sifted diamondiferous soil up on a long deal table, and setting a score of Caffres to search for the stones with iron scrapers, but this was tedious beyond expression, and gave great opportunities for concealing any particularly fine gem. It is not more than a couple of years since the system of washing the diamond-bearing clay was introduced, and at first it met with great opposition, but it has gradually made its way, and is now universally adopted. Among its other advantages the saving of labor—always a consideration, in spite of the swarming black population—is great, and the possibility of theft is reduced to a *minimum*. Wages are high for even native labor, and although the Caffres do not remain long at the Fields, still fresh ones come with every new moon to fill the vacant places. No native cares to remain and work for a longer time than is sufficient to earn money to purchase some sort of firearm and ammunition, and it has been found necessary at the Fields to relax the stringent regulations in force elsewhere about arming the natives. It is an anxious question with South African politicians as to how far they have been justified in holding out the only bribe which would have attracted sufficient labor to the new industry, but it became a matter of choice between no labor at all, to be obtained for love or money, and labor purchased at the cost of arming an excitable native population, thick as the sand on the seashore. In all Colonial legislation the exigencies of the moment have to be met and dealt with as best they may, and in no other fashion could the demand for labor in the Fields have been supplied. At present the supply of labor is well kept up at Kimberley, and there is, therefore, no difficulty to be anticipated on this point.

As a field for the investment of capital, the gold and diamond fields of the world are peculiarly attractive, though the days are long gone by when the ruined spendthrift, the dishonest clerk, the social failures of society, could set off thither as to a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground. Now over almost all these subterranean treasure-halls rise piles of complicated and costly machinery, whether for crushing gold-bearing quartz or sifting diamondiferous clay, and skilled labor is at a premium. It is true fortunes can still be made at diamond and gold fields in as many months as would take years elsewhere, but they are chiefly realized by storekeepers and grog-sellers, and the overcharged working bees in the great underground hives of earth look eagerly to the fast approaching lines of railroad to reduce these gains to a more healthy level.

ARGUS.

**Something Like a Gun,** says *Coming Events*, has been invented by Sub-Constables Kevnan and Patchells, of Waterford, and will so we are informed shortly be brought over to the War Office for inspection. It consists of forty chambers of regular rifle size, enclosed in a single cylinder. The chambers can be simultaneously charged with cartridge, fired, and cleaned out with such rapidity that the weapon fires 800 rounds per minute. The inventors calculate that if 10,000 men were armed with 1,666 of these guns, they would fire 1,332,800 shots per minute; whilst if 100,000 men were armed with the Martini-Henry rifle they could not fire more than 1,200,000 per minute. In other words, 10,000 men armed with 1,666 of the "Irresistible Guns," as they are called, would be equivalent to 100,000 men each provided with the ordinary British rifle. The gun is built on wheels, and is cased with bullet-proof steel; and in case of retreat the men could still fire about 800 shots per minute.

### THE BELL-PUNCH SYSTEM AND ITS RESULTS.

Of all the street railroad companies, but three have so far adopted the bell-punches on their lines, and after a trial of nearly a month, they pronounce the results decidedly satisfactory. The agent for this comparatively new system, Mr. Beadle, in introducing his patent from the East, has, however, declined to sell his right out of hand, but has entered into a contract with those using them to supply and keep in repair any number of punches at a royalty of 15 cents per car. The offer has been accepted for one year by the Central, North Beach and Mission, and the Market-street roads. The Superintendent of the Central expresses himself as highly pleased with the experiment, and whether or no on this account cannot be ascertained, but certain it is that the receipts for the last month are largely in excess of previous months, and of the corresponding time last year. The usual number of cars daily running on their roads is about thirty-three, and with all contingencies, they do not calculate that the punches used (which average  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to each car) cost altogether then more than \$5 a day. As the patentee has just returned East, Mr. Gould, the Superintendent of the Market-street road, in deference to his wishes, has just drawn up a report of the working of the system on his lines. He says that the increase in the receipts during the adoption of the bell-punches has been too trivial to notice. He takes, however, a higher view of the good effects that he thinks will invariably follow, in that an opportunity is afforded to well-disposed conductors to prove their honesty beyond a shadow of a doubt. The alacrity with which all the old conductors under him have responded to the "deposit plan," which prevails rather generally East, has been very pleasing, each man cheerfully agreeing to deposit a certain sum, from which all shortcomings, as registered on the punch, are deducted or charged against his salary. The class of men, too, who have applied for positions under the new regulation have shown a marked improvement, and he has great hopes that the general character of car conductors will now be raised to a higher standard than before. The North Beach and Mission Superintendent pronounces the system a success, though as yet the books show no appreciable difference in the receipts. The Sutter street railroad will shortly adopt a distinct patent of its own, purchased by Mr. Casebolt, and manufactured in this city by Mr. Harris, on Leidesdorff street. The chief feature of the "Casebolt patent" is that it is a bell-nipper instead of a bell-punch. The tickets will be nipped, not punched, and so be available again for transfer purposes. Another advantage lies in the fact that although no register is affixed, the bell cannot be made to ring without the tickets being actually inserted. It is certainly the more cumbersome of the two machines, weighing some  $2\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, whilst the "Beadle patent" only weighs about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, the former being calculated to cost \$10, against \$20 or even \$25 as the price of the latter. The bell-punch is not intended to dispense with the services of the usual number of private detectives, or "spotters," employed on the different lines, but it is found to be of great assistance to them, besides acting as an additional check in the interests of the companies. On the whole, a new era seems to be dawning for those interested in the street car business, both as regards the employers and the employed.

### "AN HEIR WANTED."

Mr. Edward Preston writes: "The following curious advertisement appeared in 1820: 'Information.—Any person who can give information of Mr. Henry Ferguson, who died in 1808, aged ninety-four years, a native of America, will receive a good compensation for the favor. He was found dead near the Tower, £1,500 in bank notes was discovered sewed in between his clothes, and a bundle of manuscript was found in his pocket, containing a "Learned History of the Progress of the Arts and Sciences from the Period of the Romans up to 1808." In his wretched hovel near the City a very valuable library was also found. Apply at 253 Oxford-street.' I have numerous romantic heir-at-law advertisements, but the above is quite unique in its way."

A number of Church of England clergymen have formed a church league for the separation of Church and State.

## AN APRIL FOOL.

To think that Spring was tapping at your latch ;  
 Her fingers smell of flowers. Did you not know it ?  
 Her pretty voice is like the rain on thatch—  
 The tinkling rain with never a wind to blow it.

Incautious violet!

You sprang from out your bed in such a hurry,  
 Tied on your cap and laced your kirtle blue,  
 Opened the door, all bright with joyful flurry,  
 And there stood naughty March awaiting you!

Poor foolish violet!

Mischievous March, who loves to fool and tease,  
 To tickle flowers with hands all chilly-fingered,  
 Nip them and pinch, and make them shrink and sneeze,  
 And wish that they in the warm earth had lingered.

Misguided violet!

The moment that he saw you standing there,  
 He seized and pulled, and roughly dragged you out,  
 Out of the door into the frosty air,  
 And "April Fool!" he cried with laugh and shout.

Dear little violet

The tears are standing in her blue, blue eyes;  
 Next time my pretty one must be more wary,  
 Keep fast her door, lie still, refuse to rise,  
 And wait the summons of the April fairy.

—Susan Coolidge.

## ROD AND GUN

The California Sportmen's Club, which held its annual meeting on Wednesday, was originated by a few gentlemen desirous of seeing the game and fish of this State protected, and the laws relating to them fully carried out. They were determined to attempt to check the indiscriminate slaughter of quail, trout, deer and other game, which has prevailed for so many years, and which had almost put an end to all sport in our streams and on our hillsides, both for the adult sportsman and the ardent young Nimrod. The work so far done has been well done, and it is to be hoped that the Club will do still better in the future, for it has the best material in its ranks of any organization in this State, and is second to none in America. We hope they will look more fully to the propagation of game fish than they have during the past year, and a little more to the protection of game and fish killed out of season, as we find that many infringements of both take place every year. As the same gentlemen have been honored with a continuation of the confidence of the Club, we hope they will give its affairs the full benefit of their valuable experience in these matters. They control the fishing privilege of three of the most beautiful sheets of water in America or Europe, when it is considered that the one so near the city, Merced, can be reached in fifty minutes, San Andreas in one hour and twenty minutes, and Pilarcitos in two and a half hours. All these lakes are full of the speckled beauties, and many of them are taken by the members of the Club each week. Now that the San Andreas has been opened, we expect to hear of some large fish being taken, as we know this lake comes next to Merced in size of its fish, but in quantity San Andreas has the lead. This is owing to lack of judgment, in our opinion, for if Merced was properly handled, we feel assured it would soon become one of the most famous places for trout and game fish in America. We trust the Directors will use a little of their funds on these waters.

The latest story about Patti is, that she is seriously contemplating embracing the Greek Faith, in order to wed Nicolini. The prima donna will embrace anything to get rid of the Marquis de Caux, but what she seems most desirous of eventually embracing, is the aforesaid tenor singer.



### FRANK LESLIE AT THE NEW CITY HALL

Hearing that Mr. Laver had made a visit to the New City Hall, and had accidentally met our Eastern visitors, Mr. Frank Leslie and party, and, anxious to know his criticism thereon, the *News Letter* dispatched a reporter to the residence of that gentleman on Howard street to ascertain particulars.

REPORTER *N. L.*—I understand that you incidentally met our friend and confrere, Mr. Leslie, the father of the illustrated press of the United States, on the New City Hall building.

ARCHITECT.—Yes, it was the merest accident, my being invited by a friend at that hour to visit the Hall of Records. I first met the Commissioners, their Secretary, George Thomas, and ex-Governor Purdy, the Superintendent, all of whom received me with overwhelming courtesy, but under the circumstances of my retirement, brought about through political pressure and influence, which are well known to the public, my presence on this occasion was evidently not included in the programme.

REP. *N. L.*—What do you think of the New Hall of Records, now it is so far completed?

ARCHT.—That is a very leading question, but I might modestly say, with the exception of the details, the *tout ensemble* effect is better than I had anticipated. There were many defects, generally known, in my design, which unfortunately have been during my retirement carefully carried out. These, had I been permitted, I had intended to alter from my first architectural studies and large scale drawings. A model in large buildings is very desirable.

REP. *N. L.*—What do you mean by a model?

ARCHT.—I mean, molding the shape of the building in clay or plaster or other material, from the design, so as to judge the effect of a large work before its commencement, that where so much was involved no mistakes in the proportions, nor otherwise, would be made. This I recommended to the first Commission.

REP. *N. L.*—What did Mr. Leslie say in reference to the building as a work of art?

ARCHT.—Very little. On being introduced by His Honor Mayor Bryant, I stated that he had honored me with a plate in the pages of his *Illustrated Weekly* in 1869, of the new State Capital at Albany, N. Y.

REP. *N. L.*—Did he in any way compare these buildings you have designed?

ARCHT.—Yes, he said that I had done something very inexpensive here as compared with the New York Capitol. I replied that it had been very cheap and unpleasant, so far as I was concerned, and that I hoped that the architectural critic attached to his staff in New York was not one of the party. There being ladies present, I promised Mr. Leslie that I would meet him at his hotel on my return from the country, in the course of a week.

### THE LAST PENALTY.

The Chinaman Chin Mook Sow suffered the extreme penalty of the law yesterday afternoon at two o'clock. His death was instantaneous, and he met his doom with considerable fortitude and resignation. Mr. E. J. Pringle and Mr. Solomon Sharp were unceasing in their efforts up to the last to procure his reprieve, but Governor Irwin very wisely decided to allow the law to take its course. The point which the *News Letter* is constantly urging on its readers is the necessity of the stringent carrying-out of the law, as the only means of suppressing the reckless spirit which is so unhappy a feature of the rising generation. There are fourteen prisoners now awaiting trial in this city on charges of murder, and while it is to be hoped in each case that the innocent may be acquitted, it is equally to be desired that the guilty may suffer full and adequate punishment for their crimes. Nothing short of this undeviating rigor will stop the flow of blood in our streets and the deeds of violence which are daily recorded. Whether the murderer fears the gallows or not, it at least rids us of his presence; and as a garden requires to be constantly weeded, so our community demands the extirpation of the vicious element which is assuming such terrible proportions in our midst.

## MY ANSWER.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing  
 Ever made by the hand above,  
 A woman's heart and a woman's life,  
 And a woman's wonderful love?  
 Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing,  
 As a child might ask for a toy,  
 Demanding what others have died to win,  
 With the reckless dash of a boy?  
 You have written my lesson of duty out,  
 Man like you have questioned me.  
 Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,  
 Until I shall question thee.  
 You require your mutton shall always be hot,  
 Your socks and your shirts be whole;  
 I require your heart to be as true as God's stars,  
 And as pure as his Heaven, your soul.  
 You require a cook for your mutton and beef:  
 I require a much greater thing—  
 A sempstress *you're* wanting for socks and shirts—  
 I look for a man and a king.  
 A king for the beautiful realm called home,  
 And a man that his Maker, God,  
 Shall look upon as he did on the first,  
 And say, "It is very good!"  
 I am fair and young, but the rose will fade  
 From my soft young cheek one day;  
 Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,  
 As you did 'mid the blossoms of May?  
 If your heart an ocean, so strong and deep,  
 I may launch my all on its tide?  
 A loving woman finds heaven or hell,  
 The day she becomes a bride.  
 I require all things that are grand and true,  
 All things that a man should be;  
 If you give this all, I would stake my life  
 To be all you demand of me.  
 If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook  
 You can hire—and little to pay—  
 But a woman's heart and a woman's life,  
 Are not to be won that way.

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A correspondent in Paris, writing on the 9th ult., says: "The report that the Bank of France has advanced 20,000,000 f. in gold to the Russian Government to assist it to pay its next coupon was inexact, but there was some foundation for it. The Bank of France could not have made such an advance unless it had been authorized to do so by a special law of the National Assembly; and no such law has been submitted to the Chamber. Yet it is perfectly true that the advance has been made to the Russian Government; not, however, by the Bank of France, but by some private bankers who have deposits in that bank. As to the proposed resignation of Prince Bismarck, there is good reason to believe that it was prompted by deeper motives than those mentioned in the papers. It was intimately connected with the attitude of Germany toward Russia; so much so that Count Andrassy, whose strongest supporter is the German Chancellor, has abandoned his plan of making a short stay in his country-house at Terebes, apparently because he thought it more prudent to remain at Vienna until the position of affairs should become more definite at Berlin."

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We believe that the army should be abolished. It is unnecessary; it is a heavy drain upon the resources of the country, and it is a dangerous and anti-republican institution. —*New Orleans Democrat*.

## WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

If Sir H. Elliot intends, as I am informed, to write an account of recent 'Clouds in the East,' he will probably have some rather startling disclosures to make on the sending of the British fleet to Besika Bay. A story current in military circles is, that General Ignatieff obtained so great a hold over the wretched mind of Abdul Assiz that he at last persuaded him to let him garrison Constantinople with Russian soldiers. Whereupon Sir H. Elliot sent for the British ironclads, who received orders to blow out of the water any Russian who attempted to land at Constantinople. If so, what fanatic Liberals called 'an idle Beaconsfield demonstration' may have been a downright strategic necessity.—*Atlas*.

If we are to believe veracious telegrams there are 2,000,000 workmen out of employment in the United States. The entire population of the United States is 38,558,371. Assuming half to be women, there are 19,279,186 males. Assuming half of the males to be children, there are 9,639,592 men. We are, therefore, called upon to believe that every fifth man in the United States is a workingman out of employment. This is all the more absurd, as in agricultural districts there is no want of employment, and in many parts of the Far West there is more work than hands to do it.—*Truth*.

It is surely time for some enterprising publisher to produce an American dictionary; for word coinage is progressing so rapidly in the United States that without a vocabulary the newspapers of that country are well unintelligible. 'Ulsterated' is the latest addition to the language. It sounds formidable, but only signifies that any one so dubbed is in the habit of attiring himself in one of those coats which take their name from the northern province of Ireland. Pigeon English is as naught compared to the language of trans-atlantic editors.—*World*.

Good news for the builders! The polka is to be in vogue this season, and naturally when all the couples engaged in it give a stamp simultaneously there is no dance so trying to the floors. At Lady Catherine Weyland's and at Lady Leslie's lately, the guests were in abject terror of being hurled into the supper-room below while the polka was being danced, and there are many houses in London less substantially built than those presided over by these fair hostesses.

The best news we have heard for a long time from Germany is that, when the Marquis d'Abzac, Marshal MacMahon's first aide-de-camp, was sent to Berlin to compliment the Emperor on his eightieth birthday, the Prince Imperial of Germany gave him heartiest greeting and welcome, not on his own account only, but as the envoy of France. 'That abominable war party,' said the Prince, 'would have made such a handle of it, had not France sent a representative for the Kaiser's birthday, that we were really anxious lest that excuse should be furnished them.'—*World*.

Who is to conduct the foreign policy of England, her Majesty's Government or the member for Greenwich? I ask this because I hear, on excellent authority, that in an interview with General Ignatieff Mr. Gladstone urged upon him that Russia should not give way in any one point, and above all that she should not demobilize her armies. Is this patriotism?—*Atlas*.

So 2,500,000 francs' worth of debts, owed by gamblers to the late Homburg Bank, have been sold for £260. Every player used to be allowed to play one coup on parole without staking any money. This coup, however, could not be for more than 500 francs. Therefore, there are five thousand persons wandering about Europe whose word has not proved as good as their money.—*Truth*.

Schouvaloff paid the Prince of Wales the compliment of attending at the Charing Cross Station to see him off to the Continent. If our memory serves us right, in the prize-ring they always shake hands before fighting.

Princess Mary of Hanover, after taking eight months to make up her mind, has finally refused the hand of her cousin H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

## UNTIL DEATH.

Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend,  
 To love me, though I die, thy whole life long,  
 And love no other till thy days shall end—  
     Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so ;  
     I would not reach out of my quiet grave  
 To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go—  
     Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk serene  
     In clearer light than gilds those earthly morns,  
 Above the jealousies and envies keen  
     Which sow this lane with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress,  
     If, after death, my soul should linger here ;  
 Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,  
     Love's presence warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully  
     That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe  
 For my poor sake ; what love thou hast for me,  
     Bestow it ere I go !

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead  
     The praises which remorseful mourners give  
 To women's graves—a tardy recompense—  
     But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head  
     To shut away the sunshine and the dew ;  
 Let small blossoms grow there, and let grasses wave,  
     And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay  
     Than I ; but, trust me, thou canst never find  
 One who will love and serve thee night and day  
     With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die. The violets  
     Above my rest will blossom just as blue,  
 Nor miss thy tears ; e'en Nature's self forgets ;  
     But while I live, be true !

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**A noble English lady** married, some years ago, a noble foreign gentleman, and the happy pair reside in one of the Midland counties. The noble foreigner is fond of shooting, but is as dangerous with a gun to his friends as to his game. His keepers, therefore, substituted saw-dust for shot in his cartridges. This continued for two years, and the noble foreigner enjoyed "le sport" without danger to man, beast, or bird. The other day a rabbit presented itself to the unerring aim of the saw-dust sportsman. The incautious animal was sunning itself within a few feet of the nobleman and his keepers. Bang went the two barrels, but the rabbit was unhurt. An explanation took place, when the keepers were obliged to own the trick which they had played on their master. They, however, explained to him that they had done it in his own interest, as, by English law, a sportsman inadvertently shooting a human being is at once executed. The noble foreigner has determined to give up shooting in a country where so strange a law exists.—*Truth*.

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**Having observed protests** in the newspapers against the sale of American partridges and Norwegian grouse, I was led to buy and eat these foreign birds. The former are somewhat more gamey in taste than their English relatives ; the latter are absolutely tasteless. The partridges cost 1s. per bird, and the grouse 9d. per bird. They are, therefore, cheap, without being nasty.—*Truth*.



## LADIES AND HORSES IN PARIS.

PARIS, April 20, 1877.

The statement that "*le cheval est un noble animal*" is made so frequently by Frenchmen, it is put forward by them with so much persistence and so much apparent conviction, that it has acquired the external characteristics of a national article of faith, and has taken a modest place beside the sun of Austerlitz, galette, blue blouses, and the immortal principles of '89. I do not presume to decide whether the belief is real, or whether, as happens sometimes with other elements of doctrine, it is asserted simply as a duty to society; the fact of its superficial existence is all that I allude to, and as to that no doubt is possible.

The horse, then, being accepted as "noble," it is natural that a "*Société Hippique*" should have constituted itself in order to still further proclaim his nobility, and that this Society should get up annual shows of him in the chief towns of France. The Paris show is now going on, and I have spent my recent afternoons in a patient contemplation of as many as possible of the five hundred "*echantillons de la race chevaline*" which are collected in the Palais de l'Industrie.

Let me, however, at once declare, honestly and additionally, that I have passed those afternoons in looking at women quite as much as in looking at horses. It would indeed be more honest still to avow that I have looked a good deal more at the women than at the horses. In doing so, I have acted like all my friends and acquaintances. We all pretend that we have a bottomless admiration for the noble animal; that we rise up into enthusiasms the moment we behold him, and that we are exhaustively learned in everything that concerns him; but every one of us is of opinion that woman is a nobler animal still, and that we know still more about her.

This being so, a horse show, like many other entertainments in this place, is but an excuse for love-making; the women are as well aware of that as we are, so they come to it in crowds. The result is that the *Société Hippique* is a rich and prosperous institution; for there is not one more proper thing to do in the world of Paris than to subscribe to that Society in order to have the right to meet one's friends in the reserved stand.

Then, again, the show is held in April, when the trees and Spring fashions are simultaneously budding; just at the very moment when Winter clothes are being abandoned, and when fresh stuffs and brilliant colors are timidly peeping out.

For these good reasons the southern side of the Palais de l'Industrie is filled each afternoon with pretty women and highly-civilized men, who look negligently at the horses and earnestly at each other. Considered as a horse show, the thing can scarcely be said to rouse the emotions of the spectators; but regarded as an exhibition of women, it is very brilliant.

And yet the horse part of it is really not bad at all. The French are manufacturing horses with the same laborious attention and the same undeniable success as they have been manifesting lately in the fabrication of eggs, locomotives, and telegraph wire. They are selling all these products against us on our own ground; and the horses, perhaps, are the best of them all; they are at all events better than the eggs, and are at least as good as the locomotives. Nothing higher is to be found at Islington than a good deal of what is now being trotted out here. The *grands carrossiers*, particularly, are a remarkably even and good-looking collection. The saddle-horses—though many of them are excellent in shape and action—are less satisfactory as a group; but then that may be, perhaps, because they are seen with a man on their backs. I wish to speak with the humblest reverence of the riding capacities of the French nation, and I eagerly proclaim that there are members of it who mount superbly on a horse; but still I think that it will be generally admitted that, somehow or other, taking the situation as a collective whole, horses and riders do not always go quite together in France. I have noticed, during these afternoons, two men and a boy who really did sit in their saddles as if they liked it; the boy particularly (a handsome little fellow in the blue-velvet-bound cap of the Jesuit schools) pounded about on a long gray pony in a workmanlike fashion, fully worthy of a young Briton home for the holidays, only the little Jesuit took off his cap to his acquaintances as he galloped past, with a circling wave which was beyond the power of

the Briton. But the rest of the riders did not appear to me to be altogether on even terms with their animals; their objects in life were not absolutely identical; each went his own way, and the divergence of sentiment and of movement was not attractive, particularly in the jumping. Some of the riders shouted and jerked up their arms at every hurdle; others seemed to wish to relieve their horse by doing part of the jumping themselves; it was very kind and considerate of them, of course, but still it was not in harmony with the notions which prevail in England.

One small personage, a dealer, was an excellent performer. His ways were a little too suggestive of a rough-rider, and there was a want of finish about his legs; but his back, the carriage of his head, and the movements of his hands were all quite perfect; he really did go with his horses (he rode five or six yesterday) as if he belonged to them.

Such of the male spectators as do not content themselves with the society in the stand stroll about magnificently in the mud in the middle of the arena, render their boots lamentably dirty, and incur a serious risk of being run or ridden over by the competitive animals which are rushing about all day. But then the gentlemen in the middle enjoy the counterbalancing privilege of looking as if they understood it. That a few of them do so is quite certain; the French have won our races often enough to prove that some, at all events, amongst them know quite as much about a horse as we do. But it may be surmised that a majority of the visitors to this show are less instructed, and that the air of critically appreciative experience with which they scrutinize each candidate is not a justifiable consequence of their previous education. I saw one fearfully fat man yesterday (the father of two short round young ladies in green), who put his hat on one side, and stooped laboriously, and investigated hind legs as if he had spent his entire life with hind legs, and knew their mysteries, and was not to be deluded by them. Yet I happen to be aware that the fat man is a clerk in a Ministry, and that he "knows no more about a horse than p'raps he does of Greek."

And there was a young gentleman who endeavored to assume an aspect of the intensest science, who took notes, who shrugged his shoulders from time to time with sadness and scorn, and who at other moments exhibited all the signs of satiated contemplation, but who nevertheless did not manage to impress bystanders with the conviction that he could accurately distinguish a mule from a donkey.

The women have not, however, offered us anything very strange at this year's show: the new-born fashions have been indicated, but they have not appeared in force. We all could see that yellow and mottled *feuille-morte* (like the shell of a plover's egg) are the coming colors; that yellow parasols are already dethroning the red ones of last year; that satin and silk, and satin and wool, are largely mixed in the same dress; and that the bonnets are garlands of leaves and flowers. These facts have been evident for a week past to the most careless eye, and furthermore they were confirmed to me authoritatively yesterday by a very animated person who bore a costume of orange cachemire and dead leaf silk, with inexplicable superpositions of yellow satin all about it, whose head sustained a coronet of gold roses with vast yellow strings, whose right hand brandished a yellow umbrella, and whose left arm supported a thin overcoat of almost yellow-drab cloth. I mention these details because they manifestly form part of the history of our time; but I cannot conscientiously advise English women to adopt orange cachemire gowns with satin splashes, because, so far as my capacities permit me to judge, the arrangement is nauseously ugly.

Yet that orange composition remains in my mind as the great fact of the horse-show; my memory mixes up chestnuts, blacks, grays, bays and browns in an undistinguishable crowd of trotters and jumpers, but the gamboge invention stands out before my eyes as clearly as if I were still gazing at it; and this proves to me once more that the tendency of Paris exhibitions is to advertise one thing, and to show you another. The Exposition Maritime, two years ago, was composed exclusively of furniture and garden-tools; this time we go to the Palais de l'Industrie for horses, and we find petticoats. Perhaps it is quite right. It is just, however, to call attention to the fact that no prizes whatever are given for dresses, and that, on the contrary, there are two hundred and sixty-six prizes for horses, amounting together to nearly £4,000.

Another time the experiment might be tried of leaving the horses n

their stables, and of keeping the ring clean for the ladies to walk about while the band plays. Indeed, Mademoiselle Oropoff suggested that very plan yesterday to a member of the committee. She said, with charming simplicity and frankness, that she regards the spectacle of the horses as a privilege which she is forced to enjoy, but which she cannot sufficiently regret. She comes every day, like all the others, because the thing has to be done, because it is the inevitable duty of a woman in society to be seen there: but how much pleasanter it would be if there were no galloping and no tobacco and no grooms in shirt-sleeves!

Madame Naxos, who was in red all over (a remnant of the now abandoned principles of a month ago), held a court yesterday on a front bench, where the men in the ring could lean over the barrier and talk to her. She was very much surrounded, and she was particularly eloquent. Her theories, however, were special to herself; her notion of a horse-show seemed to be—so far as I could understand it—that all the candidates should be put successively into her carriage and be driven up and down the Champs Elysées. None of the women present supported this idea; but a good many of the men declared that there was merit in it.

After all, women are not safe judges to follow in the matter—Frenchwomen, I mean. Their general notion of a horse is that it is a machine whose function it is to drag them about; provided it drags, they ask no more from it. As the horse-show point of view is different, very few of them understand it. And why should they? For myself I have fancied sometimes that it would be a wise plan to exclude them altogether from the show, and to strictly limit it to horses. But, then, if that were done, nobody would pay to go in, the receipts would disappear, there would be no money available for prizes, and consequently no show. The circle is a vicious one: without women no show is possible; with women no show is looked at. The only way out of it is to reflect that, on one point at least, there is a resemblance between women and horses, and that there is an old French proverb which observes that "*Des femmes et des chevaux il n'en est point sans défauts.*"

—*Maif in the World.*

### THE DEAD--CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

Too great care cannot be taken in the disposing of the bodies of persons who have died from any contagious disease. The prevalence of diphtheria and small-pox in our midst may, perchance, be traced to this origin. A walk through various portions of our cemeteries must impress the most casual observer with this idea. The proper place for a corpse is, undoubtedly, underground, or in an underground vault; but the placing of bodies in open vaults, and there leaving them in every stage of decomposition, cannot fail to be an extremely dangerous practice. Every breath of wind that is wafted through these temporary resting-places, may carry on its wings the deathly seeds of fresh disease. Whatever affection we may treasure toward our dear dead, and however loth we may be to consign them to the cold, cruel dust, surely some consideration is to be expected for the equally dear living! The sextons at Lone Mountain tell of numberless persons who make a practice of daily spending hours closeted in the damp vault with the remains of one that is lost to them, and then returning to the bosoms of their family, it may be to deal yet further destruction, and add one more victim to the inhospitable charnel-house. For the sake of the public health such risks should not be allowed. In the case of a person who has died from any contagious disease, only those friends should be allowed to visit the vault who have medical permits, and then only when *all* danger of infection is past. We are certainly exposed to sufficient risk on the streets, and in the course of our every-day life, without running the chance of catching disease from a man who has not only succumbed to it, but is popularly supposed to have been buried some six months ago. Without wishing to wound the feelings of the most sensitive, some precaution is urgently needed in the matter.

You can talk by telegraph now, and there is no use in trying to get out of reach of your mother-in-law's tongue.

## THE EMPTY CRADLE.

Sad is the heart of the mother, Who sits by the lonely hearth, Where never again the children Shall waken their songs of mirth. And still through the painful silence, She listens for voice and tread, Outside of the heart—there only She knows that they are not dead!	Little she thought of a moment So gloomy and sad as this, When close to her heart she gathered Her child for its good-night kiss. She should be tenderly cherished, Never a grief should she know, Wealth, and the pride of a princess, These would a mother bestow.
Here is the desolate cradle, The pillow so lately pressed, But far away has the birdling Flown from its little nest. Crooning the lullabies over That once were her babe's delight, All through the misty spaces She follows its upward flight.	And this is the darlings portion In Heaven—where she has fled; By angels securely guarded, By angels securely led. Brooding in sorrowful silence Over the empty nest, Can you not see through the shadows Why it is all for the best?

Better the heavenly kingdom  
Than riches of earthly crown;  
Better the early morning flight,  
Than one when the sun is down;  
Better an empty casket,  
Than jewels besmirched with sin:  
Safer than these without the fold,  
Are those that have entered in.

—Scotman.

## RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

In another part of this issue will be found the full text of Lord Derby's reply to the circular of Prince Gortschakoff. It is a remarkable document, not only for the grave and logical rebuke it administers to the Russian Government, but also for the frankness in which it is worded and the absence of diplomatic phraseology that usually accompanies such dispatches. The letter, although not imitated by the other Powers, has met with their approval, and in Great Britain, spite of the factious opposition of Mr. Gladstone and his followers, the public entirely support the bold and fearless style with which England, through her Premier, asserts her dislike and disapprobation of the underhand action of the Czar. To the very last the Czar expressed to the British Minister how much he deplored the inveterate suspicion of Russian policy and the continual fear of Russian aggression and conquest. He had on several occasions given the most solemn assurances that he desired no conquest, nor aimed at any aggrandizement, and that he had not the slightest wish or intention to be possessed of Constantinople. What, then, does he intend? What does he wish? Can any one for an instant believe that war is declared for the sake of securing the peace and safety of the Christian population of Turkey? There was once a Christian community in Poland, whose only difference with the Russian was that they belonged to the Roman instead of the Greek Church, and acknowledged the Pope instead of the Patriarch. It was the object of the Russian Government to extirpate this heresy. From 1871 to 1875 the work went on; the Cossacks were let loose on the unhappy peasantry, who cared little about the distinctions between the two communions, but had a deep-rooted veneration for the usages in which they and their forefathers had been brought up. Over a million of these recalcitrants were either killed, sent to Siberia, or became sullen converts to the Greek faith. Therefore there is no faith to be placed in Russian sincerity for Christian welfare when it clashes with her own policy. The first cry was autonomy, or self-government, but that was found to be inconvenient, and was abandoned for the more popular one of persecuted Christianity, and on this plea the armies of Russia have entered Roumania, are swarming in Asia, that torpedoes are being sown in all the harbors of the Black Sea, and that the horrors of war are to be enacted. There is every probability that if the Czar had his option he would have confined his attack to Asia alone; but the ground of action being in European Turkey, it became necessary to invest the Danubian



provinces. Fifty years ago a similar event occurred. On the 6th of May, 1828, the Russians crossed the Pruth, defeated the main army of the Turks, and ravaged the country as far as the Balkans; they took Adrianople, and at the end of the following year were preparing to march upon Constantinople. England at that juncture came to the rescue, and the well known treaty of Adrianople secured a temporary peace. Supposing that the same should happen again, that the Russians should cross the Danube—a thing they don't seem to be at present in a great hurry to do—and should carry their victorious arms over the northern provinces, there is no reason whatever, till Turkey is cleared to the Balkans, why any other European power should even prepare for war. The position of Turkey is very different now from what it was on the eve of the Crimean war. She had then all the effective force of Western Europe on her side, and many causes conspired to excite nations to slip into hostilities. Now, while the whole continent is an armed camp, there is a strong disinclination to take a single unnecessary step towards war. Western Europe will be hostile to Russia only in so far as she menaces its interests, and all that France, Austria and England can say is that they have no interest in the perpetuation of misrule in Bulgaria. No decisive action has as yet taken place on either side. Some slight skirmishing in the vicinity of Kars, and endeavors on the part of the Russian General to intercept communications between that city and Erzeroum, but all accounts of engagements vary according to the source from which they proceed. The invading army has not yet crossed the Danube, but the present point of attack appears to be Ismail, where the three branches of the Danube take their separate courses. There have been, also, some interchange of cannonading between Kalafat and Widdin, and the modern long range artillery has certainly become a drawback to the Turkish fortresses on the Danube, as it brings them within range of artillery fire from the Roumanian bank of the river, and thus Widdin, the fortifications of which extend along the bank, is now commanded by the heights of Kalafat. But this is only the case to a very limited extent, for these heights do not lie immediately opposite to Widdin, but higher up the river, so that the nearest range will not be much under three English miles, while the Turks have, right opposite to Kalafat, on a similar bluff, a strong earth battery armed with large Krupp guns, which would give quite enough work to any artillery the Russians might bring up on the heights of Kalafat. There might, indeed, be some inconvenience to Widdin by an occasional shell from Kalafat, but as to any real danger from that side, it is out of the question. Therefore, it is not likely that the Turks will maintain a large force at Widdin, which might be so much more useful elsewhere. The debate in the British House of Commons on Mr. Gladstone's motion still continues. The most important clauses, Nos. 3 and 4, were withdrawn by the right honorable gentleman, and to a certain extent the motion implying a vote of censure on her Majesty's Government loses its force. Few of the leaders, except Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gathorne Hardy, have yet taken part in the debate, but the feeling outside the House is strongly in favor of the policy of the Ministers. The last news from the seat of war shows that the Russians were defeated in an attempt to cross the Danube at Reni, and Constantinople dispatches say they have withdrawn from Kars, but the latter wants confirmation.

**A useful warning** to ladies and others who indulge in the practice of obtaining sleep by means of narcotics, is conveyed by a story told at the meeting of the Cambridge Board of Guardians, recently. A man named Lawrence, a railway porter, who had been suffering from an attack of bronchitis, apparently died. His remains—or rather what were supposed to be his remains—were placed in a coffin, and the surgeon having certified that his death was sudden, the coroner was consulted as to whether an inquest should be held on the body. Happily, in the end this question was disposed of by the deceased himself, who, after reposing—let us hope not uncomfortably—for two days, got out of his coffin and sat down on a chair in the room where he had been deposited. His prolonged insensibility, it turned out, had been caused by a sleeping draught, which his mother had administered to him. Lawrence may congratulate himself that he was neither dissected nor buried alive; but the case is nevertheless, on the whole, an uncomfortable one.

[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

Following the example of Saul, who consulted the Witch of Endor; of Faust, who summoned Mephistophiles; and our landlord, who is always raising the devil at the unpunctuality of our payment of house rent, the *T. C.* this week determined to have an interview with Beelzebub with regard to getting Theodore Tilton out of California. After the usual invocations and the excellent device of repeating the prayers of our youth backward had all failed, we determined to consult a first class necromancer, who has a thoroughly reliable book on the blackart. His information was to the effect that Satan was getting old and cross, and did not answer summonses as readily as he used. He thought, however, that the old boy could be tempted by the preparation of a Spanish dinner, flanked by libations of burning alcohol. Accordingly we engaged a good warm Methodist church, where Apollyon has a sitting, and offered up three gallons of unadulterated, blazing rum, a plate of boiling Cayenne pepper soup, a dish of fried Chillies, deviled kidneys, two bottles of Tabasco sauce, and an Indian curry with sulphuric acid trimmings. In a short time Nicholas appeared in a high state of good humor, and after clearing the table in three minutes, and remarking that he felt nice and warm, he demanded the reason of the holocaust. "Get Theodore Tilton out of California!" he shrieked. "What! my Theodore? Never! I would sooner part with my pet cloven hoof than cause this well-loved servant a moment's annoyance!" With a fearful imprecation on our sinless head Satan fled the scene, and, seeing how the matter stands, his will shall be repeated, and never more shall the name of Theodore Tilton disgrace these columns.

The attention of the authorities is called to a nuisance which should be checked at once, before it results fatally. We allude to a peripatetic fiend who peddles spectacles from house to house. This week, one of these perambulating monsters called on a lady residing in the Western Addition, and insisted on suiting her with a pair of eye-glasses. The poor woman protested in vain that her sight was perfect, and that she had been so assured by her family optician. She attempted to close the door, but the heartless villain had his pack half inside, and, knowing his advantage, continued to press his wares on his victim. "Madam," he said, "you do not know it, but one glance at your face convinces me that you have no epithelium in your cornea. The muscles of your sclerótica are all wasted away, and your retina is entirely destitute of vitreous humor." Here the poor lady turned white, and handed her tormentor a dollar and a half—all the money she had in her pocket. Pocketing the coin with a ghastly smile of contempt, the fiend continued: "Madam, the glasses you require will cost you three dollars, as I find that your optic nerve has no focus. You exhibit symptoms of diplopia, which should be a dollar more, and you really ought to allow me to burn your lids with blue stone, as they are evidently horribly granulated." At this point the poor woman fainted on the hall floor, and the rascally interviewer vanished through the garden gate, murmuring that times were hard, and no signs of rain before October.

The Berkeley students come to the front this week in a new role. Emulating the example of older colleges, they are accused by an anonymous correspondent of a daily paper with being intoxicated, and throwing furniture out of a third-story window. "*Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus!*" Let us make hay in the sunshine of our youth, and perish the narrow-minded Uriah Heap who objects to such innocent hilarity. The *T. C.* minds him of many such merry tilts beneath the roof of a far-off Alma Mater, where he used to carve his name on the bench during chapel, and read off a repetition lesson from another boy's back. Only there the penalty was paid in red stripes, which gave a poecilitic appearance to the buttocks of the birched offender, while here the peccant student is threatened with exposure in the daily papers. If the *T. C.* can only discover the name of the anonymous assaulant of our Berkeley boys, he will send it to a trusty sophomore, and help craftily to douse the craven hound in a pond, smear him with pitch and lamb's wool, and otherwise brand him as a miscreant, stool-pigeon, and a sneaking spoilsport.

Mr. C. A. Franklin informs the public that the small-pox in Arizona is such a mild and pleasant disease that he is desirous of inducing persons to emigrate there on purpose to catch it. He says: "Should it be proved that the climate of Arizona is antagonistic to this loathsome malady, then our Territory is the best place for parties to contract and get well of this disease, and I should have no hesitation in recommending any and all to come here and, if possible, take our small-pox at once." The horrible thought flashes across the remnant of our brain that Mr. F. is an Arizona undertaker, and has just bought a job lot of coffins cheap. We once knew a country editor who invited every one to come to Santa Barbara on account of the quiet and retired position of the cemetery; but his mind was diseased through preaching the gospel in early life and he was excusable. It may be, however, that Mr. Franklin's views are correct, and that hidden beauties exist in the amusement of catching the small-pox, which are only just being developed. In our humble opinion, however, the advantages offered are not even sufficient to induce an ordinary man to send his mother-in-law there, and until some new and pleasing features, such as twelve foot rattlesnakes, cholera morbus, or sunstroke can be exhibited and safely relied on, we shall keep ours at home and trust to Providence to remove her in some special manner.

It is not exactly pleasant to be chased by a large and hungry lion, or to find a boa constrictor on your chest when you wake in the morning; but it is a great deal worse and far more shattering to the nerves to be pursued by the modern interviewer of a daily paper. It is said that Mr. Pinney looks under the bed every night before retiring, and frequently finds three or four reporters concealed there. Senator Sargent shakes the door-mat, and hunts the drawers of his bureau, before he is convinced he can retire in safety, and even these precautions are of no avail, for he noticed, one night this week, that his bolster was a little hard, and on examination it developed a *Chronicle* man, taking short-hand notes of everything he said in his sleep. It is bad enough to know that the chimney or the stove contains a fire-proof journalist, but it is carrying things too far when a live paper disguises its employes as hotel servants, especially when they have to black up for it, as at the Palace. However, the public must have information, even if "the snapper up of unconsidered trifles" has to personate an exiled Polish count.

**Puck** is a new and excellent weekly illustrated paper, published in New York, and beaming with wit and satire. This week, however, we notice a cartoon representing President Hayes as *Perseus*, slaying the dragon of Misrule, which is about to devour *Andromeda*, who personates the "South." We always understood that *Cepheus* had chained this young lady to a rock, to appease the wrath of Mr. Neptune. Under these circumstances it is a little surprising that the picture should be entitled "The Modern St. George." What the patron saint of England, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Diocletian, has to do with the adventures of the fabulous son of Zeus and Danæ is not very clear. *Puck* is also informed that *Perseus* had a sickle-shaped sword, that *Pegasus* had wings, and that Mexican stirrups were never in fashion in Ethiopia. The *T. C.* is pleased to call attention to this capital publication; and as *Puck* is very young, he must not mind being hauled over the coals for the badly-mixed mythological cocktail which has provoked a touch of our lunar-caustic quill.

There is an undersized little cur who may be seen daily on the Oakland train scented, oiled and polished, as is the manner of liliputian hoodlums who stare at young ladies and "mash" them. He is remarkable for an aquiline nose and a small black moustache, and he invariably puts his feet up on the cushions until some young and pretty girl comes along, when he withdraws them with considerable display in the hope of attracting her attention, and inducing her to take the place by his side. Of other passengers he takes no notice, so it is gratifying to have to record that the other evening a very stout old woman with a large market basket flopped right down on the beast's hoof, and came within an ace of crushing his foot and breaking his leg. As this description and also the facts are perfectly accurate, we have only to say that any one who will sprain the young gentleman's ankle by sitting on it successfully, shall receive a free copy of the *News Letter* for a whole year.

**A Book-firm** advertised this week for a "sterling Catholic," and offered him a remunerative position. The salary of the *T. C.* not being more than sufficient to intoxicate him daily at a neighboring saloon, he answered the advertisement, in person, and interviewed the proprietor of the store as follows: "Dominus vobiscum, cum multis cocktailibus! I appear, sir, as an applicant for the position you offer, and would have come sooner, only I make a practice of hearing five Masses every day, and going to confession three times a week. 'Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,' which means, "as I begin I continue, and don't intend to stop." "Laudate Dominum omnes gentes," with a shade of Angostura bitters in it, is the strongest thing I ever drink, and I have the highest recommendations from two undertakers, who have frequently eulogized my demeanor at funerals." The appeal was wasted, however, as a man with a large brass cross on his chain, and a holy-water-stoup in each pocket had secured the position an hour previously.

**To-day** the most important event of the year will be settled, and the fierce war at the polls of the Democratic primaries will for a time hush the roar of the Russian artillery and divert attention from the bloody waters of the Danube. To-day we shall know whether McGuffin carries the day or O'Finnigan and Flaherty are defeated. Excitement is running very high, and one ticket contains the name of Monsieur Timothy McManus—a wily device to try and catch the French vote. Personally we shall vote for McGuffin. He accommodated us lately with a trifling loan from motives of pure good nature. The clear and limpid waters of politics are pleasant to bathe in, and we love to see reflected on their rippling bosom the golden rays of—twenty-dollar pieces. Vote for McGuffin.

**It is a dangerous experiment** to try and lick a butcher boy. Mr. Fabri undertook the castigation of his assistant this week, and before he knew anything at all he found himself hung up on one of his own meat-hooks, skinned and quartered, and the boy on the point of selling him for soup-meat. Had not timely assistance arrived he would inevitably have been cut into chops, his roasting parts neatly rolled up and fastened with string. The boy was thoughtless in treating his master like a sheep; but what can you expect from a butcher? The *T. C.* intends starting a market of his own shortly, and would be glad to secure the services of this young knight of the cleaver to make mince-meat of a whole army of frauds, who are constantly besieging this office.

**Will some well-disposed money shop** kindly cash a little Navy Yard certificate in our possession? The document avers that as soon as there are funds in the Treasury that office will pay the *T. C.* \$49,786 67½ for furnishing attar of roses to grease the machinery of Uncle Sam's steamers. The indorsements are correct in every particular, as we are very careful of our spelling; but should they prove unsatisfactory, we have in reserve a document acknowledging that the Department owes us \$47,351 50 for Lubin's best soap to wash decks with. The names attached to this last paper defy the smartest expert in signatures. The two are for sale for \$1,000 and a free passage to Pernambuco. For further particulars apply at this office.

**The good people of Nebraska** are about to commence a season of prayer for the destruction of grasshoppers. If the experiment is a success, which it will be if the newspaper men will keep out of it, it would be well for the people of San Francisco to follow suit and inaugurate a series of orisons calling down divine vengeance on fleas and mosquitoes. The *T. C.* will guarantee not to join in the petitions, or in any way interfere with the probable granting of the request. On the contrary he will disseminate and pray the other way until the last insect is defunct. Next to praying, flea-powder or pennyroyal are probably the best available remedies for this plague.

**We shall wait** the arrival of Miss Emily Soldene with intense anxiety, for, next to the mammoth cave, if there is anything in the world that is beautiful to gaze on it must be that young lady's mouth. The *Illustrated New Yorker* remarks on the subject: "It is said that Ashton kisses Soldene three times on the mouth, when the stage business only calls for once, but then it takes him three times to get across." Mrs. Oates had a generous lip, but, judging from this description, Miss Soldene seems to be far more liberally supplied with osculatory appliances. Time will show.



## OLD LETTERS--IN VERSE.

[BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.]

Just a bundle of yellow old letters,  
 The mouldering records of years,  
 Rising up like dim phantoms unbidden  
 With tales of their joys and their tears.

Cut the knot in the fast fading ribbon  
 And sort them once more as they came;  
 Smile again o'er the pleasures now vanished;  
 Forget all the heart-aches and blame.

Gather up the crushed leaves of old fancies,  
 Sweep down the thick cobwebs of time,  
 Brush the dust from the chamber of friendship  
 And wake it to memory's rhyme.

Ah! here's one—the oldest and yellowest—  
 So daintily worded and penned;  
 But the fingers that traced it have crumbled  
 To the dust o'er which violets bend.

Here's another in queer, printed scrawlings,  
 The first from a wee, dimpled hand,  
 Treasured fondly, more precious than jewels,  
 And often and lovingly scanned.

Eager missives that tell of ambition,  
 Or the story that's never grown old,  
 Glow with pictures of hope or fruition,  
 Life's morning in crimson and gold.

Trembling characters traced by the aged,  
 With words that are half a caress,  
 Turning back on the brink of the river,  
 To comfort, to cheer, and to bless.

Curls of hair, faded roses, dim pictures  
 Of faces long since turned to clay,  
 Who can tell with what visions they're blended,  
 What hopes that went down in a day.

Oh! the host of half-slumbering memories  
 That cluster round relics like these,  
 When pleasure has quaffed the full goblet,  
 And time has left nothing but lees.

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A German editor has turned the leisure afforded him by the Easter recess to account by making a collection of mixed metaphors. "We will," cried an inspired Democrat, "burn all our ships, and with every sail unfurled steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom!" Justice Minister Hye, in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared: "The chariot of the Revolution is rolling along and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." A pan-Germanist Mayor of a Rhineland corporation rose still higher in an address to the Emperor. He said: "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany, such were the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty has always had in its eye." Professor Johannes Scherrs in a criticism on Lenau's Lyrics writes: "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up carrying far flashing pearls of thought in their beaks."

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Mr. John B. Weller, Junior, Assistant City and County Attorney, is about to apply to the Legislature for permission to change his name from Weller to Better. Comparatively speaking, there can be no objection to the granting of his petition, and in a grammatical sense it will be an infinite relief to an educated community.

## ENGAGED.

**Criminals, and especially murderers,** fully appreciate the necessity of engaging an attorney who is so busy that he cannot possibly attend to their case within three months. The delay generally saves their lives, and is one of the prettiest *finesses* ever indulged in by members of the bar. Let us see how the matter stands. An indignant public demands the speedy trial of some hideous assassin, and the case is called. He is represented by one or more celebrated lawyers, who inform the Judge that they cannot possibly attend to the interests of the wretched criminal for two or three months, and the Court, recognizing the impossibility of the prisoner's being defended by any one else, immediately remands the accused to prison, until such time as the public have forgotten all about the affair, and it suits counsel to try it. Our city is teeming with lawyers, yet every day cases are postponed for the convenience of some one or other of them. Months go on, and the red-handed violator of the law gradually turns into a persecuted man, and becomes an object of general sympathy. Important witnesses disappear in the meantime, and a great deal of valuable evidence drifts off on the wings of *Lethe*. The delay opens up endless loop-holes, through which wrong-doing fires a volley, and justice is defeated. The pale prisoner bears no resemblance to the bloody hoodlum of three months since, and the sympathetic jury forgets the magnitude of his crime in its illimitable pity for the transgressor. The rope is never soaked, nor the majesty of the law vindicated; but some years afterward, the papers contain an item of the escape of some desperate convicts, followed up by a chapter of crime and murder. Thousands of dollars are spent to re-capture the escaped prisoners, and the State has at last the gratification of knowing that the community is free from the presence of some of its worst characters, who would have been executed for their crimes years before—only their attorney was engaged. Officer Cootes was shot down without a moment's warning, two weeks ago, but his murderers are not to be tried, we believe, till July. In the meantime, the gallows itches, and the public shrugs its shoulders.

A great fiddler, not so great as the gentleman with the superfluous j, was Sir William Fairbairn, the eminent engineer. The following story is told, by Sir William himself, of his exploits on that fascinating instrument: "When a young man (he says) the violin became my constant traveling companion for a number of years. I could play half a dozen Scotch airs, which served as an occasional amusement, not so much for the delicacy of execution as for the sonorous energy with which they were executed. For several years after my marriage my skill was put to the test for the benefit of the rising generation; and although duly appreciated by the children, the fiddle was never taken from the shelf without creating alarm in the mind of their mother, who was in fear that some one might hear it. A dancing-master, who was giving lessons in the country, borrowed the fiddle, and, to the great relief of the family, it was never returned. Some years after this I was present at the starting of the cotton-mill for Messrs. Gros, Deval & Co., Westerling, in Alsace, where we had executed the water-wheel and millwork (the first wheel on the suspension principle in France). After a satisfactory start, a great dinner was given by M. Gros on the occasion to the neighboring gentry. During dinner I had been explaining to M. Gros, who spoke a little English, the nature of home-brewed ale, which he had tasted and much admired in England. In the evening we had music, and, perceiving me admire his performance on the violin, he inquired if I could play, to which I answered in the affirmative, when his instrument was in a moment in my hands, and I had no alternative but one of my best tunes, the 'Keel Row,' which the company listened to with amazement, until my career was arrested by M. Gros calling out at the pitch of his voice: 'Top, top, Monsieur! By gad, dat be *home-brewed* music!'"

A Pennsylvania Spiritualist materialized half a dozen mackerel the other night, but it was discovered the next morning that they belonged to the spirit of a live man two blocks away.

# HIS SATANIC MAJESTY'S DILEMMA.

[*Respectfully Dedicated to His Satanic Majesty by Lillie Dale, Daisy Deane, Aura Lee, and One Thousand Others.*]

King Satan's in a fretful mood,  
His eye is wild, his form is spent;  
He has no appetite for food,  
His soul no longer knows content.  
He wanders up and down the street  
With puzzled men and gloomy brow;  
His choicest friends when him they greet  
Beg him to tell what ails him now.

"Dear King, but one short week ago  
Thou wert the gayest of the gay;  
But now the smiles that cheered us so  
Have faded from thy face away.  
We are thy subjects staunch and true,  
A goodly band of gallant men;  
Thy bidding 'tis our joy to do,  
If thou wilt only smile again."

King Satan bends his haughty head,  
And silent views the kneeling throng  
Of worshippers he long had led  
In paths of wickedness among.  
Then raising high his royal hand,  
They rise, the signal to obey,  
And patient wait for his command,  
For them to go, for them to stay.

"My gallant friends, it grieves me sore  
That I have been remiss of late;  
And you have had so scant a store  
Of good things from my vast estate.  
'Tis true that you have ever been  
Right loyal subjects to your king—  
And I can trust you safe, I ween,  
Whilst secrets from my heart I bring.

They went away, this gallant band,  
But ah, the maid they could not find  
Named Lillie Dale in all the land.  
And so with tears their eyes are blind,  
Their king is cross and frowns on them;  
He frets, he storms, he tears his hair.  
"Where is this Lillie Dale?" he cries,  
But only echo answers "Where?"

"Tell me, my friends, why should it be,  
The women all such rebels are  
To my commands? They turn and flee  
With terror if they think I'm near.  
Only last week some impish girls  
Sent me a protest writ and signed.  
How I would love to *singe* their curls,  
If I the saucy jades could find!

"This is my grief. Could I but know  
Where I could see that 'Lillie Dale,'  
Or 'Daisy Deane,' or 'Aura Lee!'  
But ah, its all in vain. I fail,  
They are so deep, they baffle me.  
'I do not know; it isn't I,'  
Is all that I can get from them.  
How true, dear friends, that girls are sly.

"We oft-times *sing* of 'Lillie Dale,'  
The mocking fair ones smile and say;  
'But she and Daisy Deane are dead,  
If you and I believe the lay  
Then Aura Lee has long been wed,  
She was the 'maid of golden hair.'  
Please, Satan, go to brother Ned,  
Don't worry me, it is not fair.'

"So now, my braves, you know full well,  
Why I have turned from king to churl;  
'Twere better far my throne to sell,  
Than to be baffled by a girl!  
If one among you all can trace  
Where in this world lives Lillie Dale,  
The victor's crown your brow shall grace;  
So go your ways; you *must not fail*!"

## THOSE SHIPS.

The wires tell us that English shippers are somewhat agitated over the presence of the Russian men-of-war in American waters. It is not probable that any serious rupture will take place between England and Russia within one hundred and twenty days, before which time there will be enough English war vessels on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts to protect their commerce, and, if necessary, annihilate the little cruisers who are now our guests. The idea, however, that the Russian squadron contemplates seizing Victoria and bombarding Vancouver's Island is gross folly. The acquisition of that territory could in no way benefit the Czar, unless he succeeded in selling his conquest to the United States; and although British bottoms might be, perhaps, prevented from lifting anchor, and cargoes be temporarily delayed, there is no bellicose significance to be attached to the presence of the Russian men-of-war either here or in the Atlantic. Navies have to be kept moving, and the English navy, in particular, is remarkable for its system of cruising round the world. Indeed, Russia will have all she can do to hold her own at sea with the Turkish ships of war. Apart from *Peter the Great*, and one or two other big ships, her navy is vastly inferior to that of the Sultan, and even if her armies cross the Danube successfully, and penetrate to Constantinople (which Europe will never allow), it is absurd to suppose that her ships could have any political significance here, or betoken anything else except good will toward the American Republic

### INDECENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

At every turn the pedestrian in the streets of the city is subjected to an intolerable nuisance, by having some bills or advertisements thrust unceremoniously into his hand, and forced on him, whether he will or not. The majority of these are of an outrageously obscene description, the outpourings of the diseased mind of an unscrupulous quack. One cannot turn a corner without encountering some sturdy urchin, or strapping agent, both equally importunate, who persist in presenting you with a revolting list of loathsome diseases. The name of the one man that alone can effect a cure in your distressing case is conspicuously printed on the bill in glaring letters. Surely it is infliction enough, and demoralizing enough besides, to be unable to take up any morning paper or periodical without these unseemly announcements staring you in the face. With these, however, it is only a question of business, and one is not forced to pierce the offensive matter. On the street the case is different, and before we are enabled to discover the disgusting contents, our every sense of decency and propriety is unwillingly shocked. Boys of tender age, respectable matrons, young girls, all are invited to accept the proffered paper, and there are few, either from curiosity or ignorance, who do not peruse at least a portion of the handbill before throwing it away to add to the accumulated litter of our already too filthy gutters. Thoughts that might never have occurred to the young of both sexes are unavoidably suggested, and their innocent minds are forthwith poisoned with immodest ideas, which had it not been for their scandalous intrusion, would perchance forever have remained buried in the seclusion of a pure breast. However laudable the object of these angels of mercy may be in wishing to save the afflicted, who are bordering on the brink of the grave, surely some judgment, some little discrimination should be used in thus ruthlessly distributing to every one alike what may prove the cause of the very downfall they profess to be so anxious to avert. It is sufficient nuisance to be called on to wade through the vauntings of every self-satisfied sewing machine man or cheap clothing store, but in such cases the annoyance is the only harm done. In the other, it is a baneful, pernicious system, which is calculated to produce an amount of moral depravity terrible to contemplate. Few steps could be taken which would give more satisfaction to the well-disposed than the suppression of so mischievous an evil as this.

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"Well, you are a nice boy to send on a message," said an Aberdeen woman to a boy who had lost a bundle with which she had entrusted him. The boy replied: "Not being a common carrier and not having entered into a contract with you to carry your parcel for and in consideration of any sum, I have incurred no liability and am liable to no penalty. If I had undertaken to carry the parcel for my own particular profit, my father, even, would not have been responsible for the loss (see Butler against Bassing), unless, indeed, he paid me smaller wages because of the opportunity thus afforded me to take small sums. On this point I will only quote Smith against Brewster. But, rising from the law to the equity of the case, I have only to say"— But before he could say it, he received sufficient to retire with, remarking: "This puts a clear case for the law. I shall have you served with a writ to-morrow, and retain the Solicitor-General."

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The King of Bavaria has again devised for himself an innocent but rather singular amusement. Near his château of Hohenschwangau, in the Bavarian Alps, he has had constructed a reproduction of the cottage of Hiendig as it was represented at Bayreuth, in the first act of the *Walkure*. This first act is to be performed there during the starry summer nights to come. The singer, Vogl, and his wife will appear as Siegmund and Sieglinde, and the King, costumed as a warrior of the primitive ages of Germany, will traverse the near lake in a boat drawn by swans. Suppose the swans won't go the right way? There ought to be a last recourse in steam, well concealed.



## PITY POOR PINNEY.

Peculating Pinney, pilgrim Pinney's back again;  
 Plundered parties pause perplexed he promises to pay!  
 Pious people, please perceive, Pinney is a paragon—  
 Penniless and penitent, pity P., I pray!

Pinney, pranksome pilferer, proves the past a paradox—  
 Puts his plea so plaintively, so pluckily and pat,  
 Points at Page, the patriot, as pirate and as plagiarist—  
 Palliate his peccancy, and pity P. for that!

Pestilent reporters, pause, pause ere ye persecute  
 Pinney's peerless partners! If ye persevere,  
 Possibly will Pilly Carr—plastic politician—  
 Proprietor of prattling periodicals, appear.

Poor, plucked-pigeon Pinney! prospective pinions pester thee!  
 Perchance 'twere proper policy to still have posed *perdu*;  
 Pilgrimage is preferable, at least, to penitentiary;  
 Repack, then, thy portmanteau, pretty private, for Peru.

When an unfortunate wretch, weary of life and maddened by despair, stands on the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, prepared to end his or her troubles in the heart of the Thames, a humane policeman seizes him or her, transfers the would-be suicide to the police-cells, and the kindly magistrate induces repentance by means of solitary confinement and the ministrations of a prison chaplain. But the illogical law permits thousands of people to assemble, and thousands of shillings to be paid, at the Agricultural Hall, whilst a couple of madmen, under the pretence of sport, shorten the lives allotted to them in the presence of the police as surely as do suicides from the bridges of the Thames. A modern walking match attended by doctors, priests, ladies, and the representatives of English pluck, is about the most sickening spectacle that could well be devised by a nation indignant at cock-fighting, and virtuously outraged at vivisection. Words could not well describe the painful sight of American athletes half delirious from want of sleep, half hysterical with tortured nerves, lollopping along a track with their tongues out, to the brutal applause of the British people. Ears would be shocked to hear the pitiful pleading of the pedestrians wakened from their restless sleep, and compelled to rush out, half slobbering up their food as they pursue their merciless and quite unnecessary course; and for what? Sportsmen tell us, for the sake of showing nature racked to its highest tension, and of proving the sublime endurance of man. Common sense tells us, for the sake of earning a few hundred pounds in the most cruel fashion. It is all over now. The men have done walking, and they have not died; and that is all that can be said. The Catholic youth of London are to give a feast to O'Leary, who fasted throughout Lent, and won a wonderful wager, making himself the while into a miserable spectacle. But 'all's well that ends well.' Let us have no more of these walking-matches, lest, encouraged by the mercenary applause, the bow is bent too far and the thin string of life is cracked. The doctors, the priests, and the noble sportsmen would not care to see O'Leary drop down dead on the track, or to see Weston walking over the brink of his grave and into it. Society would not hold those spectators guiltless if the next walking-match ended in a ghastly tragedy.—*From Atlas in the World, and well worthy of the Old and New.*

The Australian "Medical Journal" states that Mr. Sydney Gibbons recently delivered a lecture before the Australian Health Society, at Melbourne, on "Kissing and Its Consequences," his object being to show that many forms of disease, especially those presumed to depend upon fungoid bodies for their reproduction, are communicated by this means. The London *Chemist and Druggist* remarks: "We urge the attention of the promoters of the new city of Hygeiopropolis to this item. All their elaborate drainage will be of no avail if a crowd of amorous lunatics are to be permitted to continue the osculatory inoculations emanating from their fungoid carcasses."

### MR. ROEBUCK'S SPEECH.

Pressure on our columns prevents us from publishing Mr. Roebuck's magnificent speech in its entirety, but below we give the concluding portion of it, believing that it echoes very faithfully the general sentiment of Englishmen toward Russia at this time. Its temper is vigorous, earnest and bold, and if its conclusions are sound, there can be but little doubt as to the ultimate course of Great Britain in the present Eastern difficulty. Mr. Roebuck says:

I am not a prophet, sir, but of this I am sure, that, whatever may happen, England will not see Turkey pass into the hands of Russia. Austria will not see it; Germany will not see it; Italy will not see it; and France will not see it. ("Hear! hear!" from the Opposition.) You say "Hear! hear!" I wish your "hear, hears" were loud enough to be heard in St. Petersburg. It is for that purpose that I desire to refer to that great dream or expectation of the Russian people—you cannot meet one of them without feeling that they cherish it—the expectation that they will one day be at Constantinople. Doubtless the climate of Moscow and St. Petersburg is such as would make it an agreeable exchange to go from it to that of Constantinople, and the passing of the Czar from the frozen North to the beautiful banks of the Bosphorus would be a very happy change for him. But let him not lay that flattering unction to his soul. The Russian will never be permitted to take Constantinople while England has a ship at her command or a soldier that she can send. If we are to have war, the consequences and the responsibilities of that war must rest on the Russian Government and on the late Administration of this country. I do say, and there are people in this country who will believe what I say, that the conduct of the late Administration was last year anything but that of patriotic statesmen who thought only of their country's interest and its honor. The responsibility of a war, if a war is to come, must be shared, I say, by the late Administration. That, I know, may be deemed a bold assertion. It never has been my habit to withhold the opinions that I entertain. It has been my habit in life to express myself in very plain language. I do say on the present occasion, and I feel satisfied that when the time shall come for posterity to decide, as it must decide, on the shares of all who have taken part in these great transactions, their praise will be given to the present Administration and their reprobation to the last.

It appears from a communication made to the German Parliament that 40,000 copies of the official history of the Franco-German War have been sold, and that the clear profits realized thus far, after paying the cost of printing and all other expenses, already amount to £15,000. This sum it is proposed to devote to the promotion of military science. Almost equally great has been the success of a work of a very different description. Of the German edition of Carl von Scherzer's "*Novara Expedition*" no less than 29,000 copies have been sold, and translations in Italian and English were published besides. The official account of this expedition fills twenty-one volumes, illustrated with 229 plates and maps. Their production cost £25,179, and the sales of the scientific portions of the work only yielded £3,824. About 400 copies were presented to learned societies and savants.

During 1876, says the *Athenæum*, 443 journals were published in Spain; 95 were political, 65 religious, 78 literary, 105 scientific, artistic, and industrial, and 100 were miscellaneous. The *Correspondencia de España* has the largest circulation, having circulated during the last year nearly twenty-one millions of copies, besides about two millions of extra sheets (supplements.) Upward of eleven millions of copies were sent to the provinces, while 9,700,000 were absorbed by Madrid. About 24,000 advertisements were inserted in the *Correspondencia* during 1876.

Carriages with blue-glass windows are fashionable. They cure everything except jealousy and envy. For this affliction only green glass should be used.

### YOUTH, SPRING AND AGE.

When ringdoves bill with cooing sound,  
 And violets blue the meadow round ;  
 When wood-pinks bloom in amorous red,  
 And woodcock nest, and partridge tread ;  
 When maple trees their sweets distill,  
 And gleeful maids like planets fill ;  
 When their sweet lips show love's desire,  
 And thine own blood warms like a fire—  
 Then woo them to thy throbbing heart,  
 And feel the glowing current start ;  
 Then shall they blush a rosy pale,  
 And trembling lisp the tender tale—  
 O blissful joys, when love is young !  
*Springfield, April 16th, 1877.*

When willow buds begin to swell,  
 And bluebirds soft their matings tell ;  
 When blackbirds whistle from the trees,  
 And Mayflowers scent the morning breeze ;  
 When meadows smoke with foggy steam,  
 And trout run upward in the stream ;  
 Then kiss thy wife in fond embrace,  
 Though age has dimmed her youthful  
 grace ;  
 And mark the twinkle of her eye,  
 Her beating heart and tender sigh—  
 "Age chills my blood, but not my love,"  
 C. C. MERRITT.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**Animal Vaccination.**—The *Medical Examiner* publishes the report of the commission on animal vaccination, as practiced in Belgium, where small-pox has been stamped out. Jenner proved that direct vaccination from the cow was an absolute protection against small-pox, but that humanized lymph was less infallible. The commissioners point out that animal vaccination avoids the risk of introducing disease, which is the rallying cry of anti-vaccinationists. They visited the State Vaccinal Institute of Brussels, which has been established eight years. Calves are let by the owners for seven days. The results are perfectly successful. In the severe epidemic of 1871, not one of the 10,000 children vaccinated from the institute took small-pox.

It is a thousand pities that the vast stacks of arms up at the arsenal, which Mr. Longfellow likened to an organ ever so many years ago, cannot be sold at this time to some of the combatants in Europe. But nobody cares for muzzle-loaders, even of the excellent Springfield model with which the great rebellion was fought. Besides, the attempt to sell off some of them during the Franco-Prussian war involved some scandals. It is stated that the Government of the United States has about 400,000 of these muzzle-loaders still on hand. They are not likely to rise in value as we recede from the muzzle-loading era, and it would be good economy for the Government to realize on its junk at the earliest opportunity.—*Springfield Republican.*

**The cheap restaurants in Paris** known as the "Bouillons Duval" increase in favor, as is proved by the following return, giving the number of meals served during the last six years:—1871, 2,356,991 ; 1872, 2,409,760 ; 1873, 2,590,849 ; 1874, 2,659,828 ; 1875, 2,925,093 ; 1876, 3,045,801. The average cost of each meal to the customer has been as nearly as possible 1s. 6d., and the profit on each to the company 1½d. The receipts of the different restaurants during 1876 were £226,283, and from the butchers' shops attached to them £94,199, making in all £320,482, or £12,729 more than in 1875. The expenditure for 1876 was £303,981, leaving a net profit of £16,504 for distribution among the shareholders.

**A German preacher**, speaking of the repentant girl, said : "She knelt in the temple of her interior and prayed fervently," a feat no India rubber doll could imitate. The German parliamentary oratory of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture ; but two must suffice. Count Frankenberg is the author of them. A few years ago he pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of time by the forelock ;" and in the last session he told the Minister of War that if he really thought the French were seriously attached to peace, he had better resign office and "return to his paternal oxen."

**According to the researches of Herr F. Muench**, our earth has at one time or other been inhabited by 155,000 kinds of animals, of which 20,000 are now extinct, while the other 135,000 are still with us. Among the survivors are 2,000 varieties of mammalia, 1,000 of birds, 1,500 "creeping things," 8,000 of fish, 100,000 of insects, 4,000 radiata, 3,500 polypifera, 1,400 infusoria, and Herr Muench himself.

**In times of domestic war** prepare for a piece—of your wife's mind.

What are the "best man's" privileges at a wedding? A young woman, named Connor, summoned in the Dublin Police Court a certain Dr. Lynch for having, at a wedding recently, several times attempted to kiss her, and in the somewhat energetic struggles that took place, having torn her dress, worth £4. The doctor promised to replace the dress, but did not. For the defence it was pleaded that he only took the recognized liberties with the bridesmaid; but the magistrate, Mr. O'Donnell, said that not being "best man" he was not privileged. The crowd in court were greatly amused, and the magistrate finally told all concerned to "go away out of that?" His decision, however, that "best men" at weddings are "privileged" is important, but it would have been more satisfactory if his worship had more particularly defined what their privileges are. He surely cannot mean that they can, with impunity, tear a lady's dress in their anxiety for an embrace.

The old Whig party is dead; dead as a door-nail; dead as a mackerel; dead as the bulrushes round little Moses on the old banks of the Nile. It is dead, never to be recalled to life. It was too pure to live, and it died. It died and was buried—ruffles, silver cane, red silk handkerchief, snuff-box and all. If the miraculous hand of God should touch it into being, and should bring it back for a moment to the face of the earth, its old eyes would be dazzled and its old respectability would be affronted, and its old heart would be sickened by the sights it would encounter. Not even here in Kentucky, the source and resource of Whigism, the home of the greatest Whigs of them all, is there so much as a live old Whig coal.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The Chinese Minister and suite visited the Woolwich Royal Arsenal on April 18th. They proceeded first to the torpedo range at the canal, where they witnessed some trials of the Whitehead fish torpedo, several very successful "runs" being made. They were then taken to the butts to see one of the 38-ton guns fired, and the method of measuring the rate of flight of the projectile, both within and without the gun, was explained. One of the arsenal locomotives next conveyed the party to the Royal Gun Factories, where the operations of rolling, coiling and welding were illustrated, and the visitors appeared to be unusually interested in the performances of the great hammer.

The steam-horse in the streets of London, pulling or pushing trams, is to be the next novelty. It has been on trial, and the Select Committee of the House of Commons recommend its adoption. The machine must be perfect. No ugly exhibition of machinery, no danger to passengers, no noise, heat, or smell, no smoke or noxious vapor. Perfect brake-power, and in every respect the comfort and safety of the public on the roads, and passengers, are to be ensured. What progress committee-men make! If tramways are thus looked after, we shall presently hear that the absence of risk, noise, smoke, smell, with attention to brakes, and the comfort and safety of passengers, are to be rules for railways.

John Wolfe, who went from Stockbridge to California last Fall, died there recently, and when the telegraphed news reached his mother, Mrs. Richard Wolfe, of Stockbridge, she was taken with convulsions and now lies in a critical condition. She had protested against John's going away, and the fact of his illness had been concealed from her.

The Jockey Club, on motion of Mr. Alexander, has resolved that the lowest weight in handicaps shall in future be 4 st. 7 lb., instead of 5 st. 7 lb. This resolution (the *Sportsman* says) will take the racing world by surprise, as any change in the matter was expected in the raising rather than in the lowering of the minimum impost.

Chiropodists are anxiously watching European events. The grain market will probably be considerably stiffened if the struggle goes on, and, of course, there can be no one to whom the subject is of such importance as a corn extractor. The best thing to drink after perusing this item is strychnine.

A bucket of white paint will work marvelous improvements about a man's premises, but perhaps the most picturesque effect possible to produce with it, is obtained when a man leans his back against a fresh painted fence.—*Syracuse Times*.



**THE PROPHET'S STANDARD.**

The Sultan calls a holy war, And lifts the flag the Prophet bore. Proudly o'er Islam doth it float— The fair Ayesha's petticoat.	Each Muscovite or turbaned Turk, From Istambol to Petersburg, Must follow or must fly before The garment that Ayesha wore.
The Prophet's favorite wife was she, The fairest maid of Araby. This standard, by Osmanli's laws, Is raised but in the Prophet's cause.	For why? It is no shame to yield, With such a standard in the field; The wisest man that ever wrote Surrendered to a petticoat.
No Russ need feel a pang of shame To kneel before this oriflamme— How oft did Moscow's gallants bow Before a petticoat ere now!	And men in peace and men in war Will follow such a garment far, While even Christians worship dress Enshrining female loveliness.

So, high before the Sultan's troops,  
The standard floats. The Russian stoops  
And who can blame the human throat  
That cheers and toasts "the petticoat?"

—*Tilton.*

**LORD DERBY'S REPLY TO THE RUSSIAN CIRCULAR.****Gladstone's Pro-Russian Resolutions -- New Armaments.**

LONDON, May 7.—Lord Derby's answer to Gortschakoff's circular note is published. It is in the form of a note from Lord Derby to Loftus, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. The following is the text:

LONDON, May 1.—I forwarded to your Excellency on the 24th ultimo a copy of Prince Gortschakoff's circular, announcing that the Emperor of Russia had given orders to cross the frontiers of Turkey. Her Majesty's Government have received this communication with deep regret. They cannot accept the statements and conclusions with which Prince Gortschakoff has accompanied it as justifying the action thus taken. The protocol, to which Her Majesty's Government, at the instance of Russia, recently became a party, required from the Sultan no fresh guarantees for the reform of his administration. With a view of enabling Russia better to abstain from isolated action, it affirmed the interest taken in common by the Powers on the condition of the Christian populations of Turkey. It went on to declare that the Powers would watch carefully the manner in which the promises of the Ottoman Government were carried into effect, and that, should their hopes once more be disappointed, they reserved the right to consider, in common, what means they might deem best fitted to secure the peace and well-being of Christians. To these declarations of intentions of the Powers, the consent of the Porte was not asked or required. The Porte no doubt has thought fit, unfortunately in the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, to protest against this question as implying encroachments on its independence; but, while so doing, and while declaring they cannot consider the Protocol as having any binding character on Turkey, the Turkish Government have again affirmed their intention of carrying into execution such reforms. Her Majesty's Government cannot admit, as contended by Prince Gortschakoff, that the answer of the Porte removed all hope of deference to the wishes and advice of Europe, and all security for the application of reforms, did not necessarily preclude the possibility of the conclusion of peace with Montenegro, or of an arrangement for mutual disarmament. Her Majesty's Government still believe that, with patience and moderation on both sides, these objections might not improbably have been attained.

Prince Gortschakoff, however, asserts that all opening is now closed for attempts at conciliation. Whether resolved to undertake the task of obtaining by coercion that which the unanimous efforts of the Powers failed to obtain by persuasion—and he expresses his Majesty's conviction that this step is in accordance with the sentiments of Europe—it cannot be expected that Her Majesty's Government should agree in this view. They have not conceded their feeling that the presence of large forces on the frontiers of Turkey, menacing its safety, rendering disarmament impossi-

ble, and awakening feelings of apprehension and fanaticism, constitutes a National obstacle to pacification and reforms. They cannot believe that the entrance of those armies upon Turkish soil will alleviate the difficulty or improve the condition of the Christian population. But the course on which the Russian Government has entered involves a greater and more serious consideration. It is in contravention of the stipulation in the Treaty of Paris, by which Russia and other Powers engaged to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire. In the Conferences of London, in 1872, at the close of which the above stipulation, with others, was confirmed, the Russian Plenipotentiary, in common with those of other Powers, signed a declaration affirming it to be an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can liberate itself from an engagement of a treaty, nor modify the stipulations thereof, unless with the consent of the contracting parties by means of amicable arrangement. In taking action against Turkey on his own part, and having recourse to arms without further consultation with his allies, the Emperor of Russia has separated himself from Europe in concert, and has at the same time departed from the rule to which he himself had solemnly recorded his consent. It is impossible to foresee the consequence of such an act. Her Majesty's Government would willingly have refrained from any observation in regard to it, but as Prince Gortschakoff seems to assume, in his declaration addressed to all the Governments of Europe, that Russia is acting in the interest of Great Britain and of other Powers, they feel bound to state, in a manner equally formal and public, that the decision of the Russian Government is not one which can have their concurrence or approval.

Signed,

DERBY.

### EUROPEAN ARMIES.

The fifth edition of Baron de Worms' book, "The Policy of England in the East," contains some interesting tables on the population and armies of the different European nations. According to these returns, the Ottoman Empire, inclusive of the tributary States, comprises 13,000,000 Turks, 1,500,000 Arabs, 600,000 Tartars, Turkomans, and Zingares, 5,123,000 Roumanians, 2,000,000 Greeks, 4,800,000 Bulgarians, 500,000 Servians, and 800,000 Bulgarians professing the Mahomedan faith. In Servia there are 450,000 Roman Catholics, and 100,000 in Albania. Altogether, the population of the empire reaches 52,032,068; but this is inclusive of nearly 11,000,000 Nubians, 5,000,000 Egyptians, and 8,000,000 Roumanians and Servians. In another table, the effective of the armies of the different Powers are stated as follows: Russia, 1,789,571; Germany, 1,248,834; France (inclusive of the reserves and territorial army), 1,118,525; Austria, 964,268; Italy, 871,871; England, 655,808; and Turkey, 629,736. In the Turkish army there are 154,376 regulars to 475,360 irregulars, while in the other European armies, with the exception of England, there is about an equal proportion of active and reserved forces. In respect of fleets France has 63 ironclad vessels, as against 61 possessed by Great Britain, but the latter Power has 449 other war vessels as compared to only 366 in the French navy. Russia has 31 ironclads and 124 other men of war; Turkey has 21 ironclads; Italy, 17; Austria, 12; Germany, 8; and Greece, 1. Montenegro has only 190,000 inhabitants, with an annual revenue of £5,000, but it has 26,000 soldiers—in other words, all the able-bodied men are under arms. The public debt of Russia exceeds £300,000,000, or half as much again as that of Turkey.

A new twin steamer for the English Channel Steamship Company, built upon the same principle as the *Castalia*, but differing in important points of construction, and intended to secure speed as well as prevent sickness, was launched from Leslie's yard, on the Tyne, on the 14th ult. This vessel is named the *Express*, and is composed of two complete hulls, 300 feet long, from the inner sides of which rises an arch, bearing an immense superstructure, containing cabins and saloons, and occupying nearly the entire width of the hull and almost the whole length of the bow. The vessel steams either way, as there are complete and independent engines in each hull. The total power is 5,000-horse.

TIME TO ME.

Time to me this truth hath taught, So, in many a loving breast,  
Tis a truth that's worth revealing; Lies some canker-grief concealed,  
More offend from want of thought; That, if touch'd is more oppressed,  
Than from any want of feeling. Left unto itself—is healed.

If advice we would convey, Oft, unknowingly, the tongue  
There's a time we should convey it: Touches on a chord so aching,  
If we've but a word to say, That a word, or accent wrong,  
There's a time in which to say it! Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a beauteous flower decays, Many a tear of wounded pride,  
Though we tend it e'er so much: Many a fault of human blindness,  
Something secret on it preys, Had been soothed, or turn'd aside,  
Which no human aid can touch! By a quiet voice of kindness!

Time to me this truth hath taught,  
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;  
More offend from want of thought,  
Than from any want of feeling.

PINNEY PRO AND CON.

This is an age of exposures. No one is surprised at the impeachment of his neighbor, and the sounding of the morass of impurity develops an apparently bottomless stratum of mud. However much the ordinary reader may be inclined to accept unproven accusations for gospel, it is, nevertheless, every man's duty to separate the endless chaff of aspersion from the solid wheat of criminality. Mr. Pinney comes to the front this week with an array of charges against Senator Sargent, Congressman Page, General La Grange, Mr. Carr, and others, which cannot be passed over in silence. Time will develop the truth or falsity of Pinney's accusations, but as that gentleman is at one and the same time a public prosecutor and an acknowledged absconder, it will not be amiss to sift the gist of his statement, and analyze the matter of his bombshell. Pinney's plea is that he was the victim of a gang of unscrupulous politicians, who made him their scapegoat, and saddled their iniquities on him. The weak points of the confessor are, that he does not tell us anything about his relations with the notorious woman who was the companion of his flight, or give us the slightest clue as to the reasons for her being his fellow passenger. If she was not his partner and paramour, but merely a fellow passenger on the same vessel, why did he give the captain of the *Baron Ballantyne* \$2,000 extra to land him on the extreme eastern coast of Brazil to avoid her company? Unless Mr. Pinney explains fully this seemingly disreputable portion of his history, the *gravamen* of the remainder of his wrongs as a victim will lose nearly all of its *avoids*. The fact that his wife obtained a divorce from him, consequent upon this scandal, is an additional reason that it should be cleared up. The subsequent reported reconciliation has no effect on this page of the narrative. His plea that the same woman caused the ruin of the captain of the *Ballantyne* is an aggravation of, rather than an excuse for, his acts. The fraudulent raising of money on certificates of alleged indebtedness of the Navy Department to contractors, if true, demands no criticism, and the idea of a man leaving a million dollars of security, in order to abscond with \$12,000, is, on the face of it, equally childish. No intelligent citizens have ever believed that our Federal Offices in San Francisco were held by incorrupt individuals. Admit that the Custom House is seething with venality, that the Mint is as crooked as an ivy branch, how do the developments of Mr. Pinney release him from the penalties reserved for criminals of his class. Granted that he is not a deserter, and that his evidence may be fatal to the men whom he accuses, there does not seem to be any loop hole by which, even on the ground of his turning states-evidence, he should escape. As the matter stands, his statements are worthless. Should they prove true, it is still to be hoped that George M. Pinney may yet receive the full deserts of his infamous complicity. If, however, Mr. Pinney has returned, as he states, to pay up all his liabilities, and prove that he is the victim of a deeply laid plot, he will find no stauncher friend than ourselves to aid him in his work.

### CONFIDENCE IN MINES.

A howl goes up to heaven from a chorus of directors and trustees that the public will not pay assessments, and that prospecting in the mines must soon cease. The long-suffering and badly duped stockholder is actually realizing that many of the certificates which he has so long cherished in his safe are of more value as a means of lighting the kitchen stove than anything else. His mind is pregnant with a list of assessments, paid freely and willingly, which he knows now served to fatten directors and secretaries, instead of being used to purchase pick-axes and giant powder. The public has lost all confidence in the flimsy underground bubbles, and the good must suffer alike with the evil. Where an honest and reliable venture can get a hundred dollars to-day to aid in its development, four years ago it could have had a hundred thousand. The commissions alone on stocks bought and sold each year have run away up into the millions; but these totals are paltry and insignificant compared with the fabulous sums raised by assessments, the larger part of which were fraudulently engulphed by the propagators of the different schemes, and never used in the working or development of the mines. People ask where has all the money gone to, which we hear is lost lately in mining stocks? The answer is simple. The paper part of it, which existed only theoretically, has fallen down the abyss of fictitious securities; the silver and gold has passed from the hands of the brokers to buy lands, houses, horses, carriages, and modern luxuries. In fact, it has been squandered by these modern Croesuses, just as schoolboys spend their pocket-money. Whether public confidence will ever revive is doubtful, unless mining money is handled as scrupulously, and regulated as carefully as money invested in other commercial investments. We have all bitten at the molten cake, and found the taste exceeding sour, and many who, a year ago, were laughing at the credulity of the Englishmen in buying Egyptian loan stock are now forced to confess that they have been duped themselves, on a much larger scale. It is imperative that stockholders should have such access to the company's books as their interests demand, and a board of Public Audit would be a useful check on the dishonesty of directors. Above all, the workings of the diamond drill ought to be known, and truthfully reported; all of which reforms are as likely as the millenium.

### USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

The statistics of suicides in France for the year 1876 have just been printed. From these figures it appears that during the past year 5,617 persons put an end to their existence in that country. Of these, 4,435 were males, and 1,132 females. The methods employed for the destruction of life were, of course, various—hanging, strange to say, appears to have been the most popular, no fewer than 2,472 persons having killed themselves by means of the rope. Drowning comes next on the list, numbering 1,514 victims, 895 destroyed themselves by firearms, 407 by the fumes of charcoal, 129 by poison, 154 threw themselves off public buildings, 31 threw themselves under railway trains, 13 died from "internal combustion produced by the absorption of liquids," one threw himself into the fire. Among the most frequent causes of suicide were, mental alienation 1,433; drunkenness, 509; physical suffering, 798; domestic trouble, 633; and fear of destitution, 320. The suicides are classed as follows: 1,828 peasants, 1,038 workmen, 927 persons belonging to the liberal professions, 241 to the commercial classes, and 228 domestic servants; 1,946 were unmarried; 1,087 married, with children; 958 married, without children; 29 were under sixteen years of age, 193 between sixteen and twenty-one, 648 between twenty-one and thirty, 829 between thirty and forty, 1,053 between forty and fifty, 1,161 between fifty and sixty, 983 between sixty and seventy, 528 between seventy and eighty, while 77 were eighty years old or upward. By far the larger number of suicides were committed in the department of the Seine, which contributes 915 to the melancholy list, while even in the most thickly peopled of the other departments the suicides hardly number 100 for the twelvemonth.

The most remarkable fact in the statistics of European armaments is that France has two more ironclads than England. The numbers are, France 63, Great Britain, 61.



### THE BLUE LAKES SCHEME.

The Water Commissioners met at half-past ten o'clock yesterday, to consider the proposition of A. H. Rose, President of the Blue Lakes Company; present, Mayor Bryant, Auditor Maynard and District Attorney Murphy. Following is the

#### PROPOSITION OF THE BLUE LAKES COMPANY.

To the Board of Commissioners for Water Supply for San Francisco: The undersigned propose to furnish water for the use of the inhabitants of the city and county of San Francisco, from the source known as the Blue Lakes.

#### SOURCES OF SUPPLY—RAINFALL AND WATERSHED.

This source embraces the Mokelumne river, with its entire tributaries and watershed, the waters of which are so abundant that if this scheme be adopted, water meters will never be required for the restriction in the use of water to its consumers.

The watershed of this large river, available for the use of the city, covers an area of more than five hundred square miles in the high altitude of the Sierra Nevada mountains, commencing at an elevation of 2,500 feet, and reaching at the highest peaks of the mountains 10,000 feet.

Over this area of watershed the annual rainfall exceeds sixty inches, and in the driest season never falls below thirty inches.

The territory embraced is of a granite formation, not susceptible of cultivation, nor suitable for habitation, but, on the contrary, is peculiarly well adapted by nature to the purposes of an ample supply of water for the individual and municipal uses of this great and growing city, whose necessities are already painfully manifest.

The sources and tributaries of the Mokelumne river are: The Blue Lakes, three in number, at an elevation of 8,000 feet; numerous small lakes in the same vicinity; the South Fork, furnishing at this time, or (to be exact in this statement) on the 5th of May present, 39,000,000 gallons of water daily; the Licking Fork, 10,000,000 of gallons; the Middle Fork and Bear Creek, at their junction, 25,000,000 gallons; Blue Creek, 178,000,000 gallons; the main North Fork, above the junction of the Blue Creek, 3,041,000,000 gallons, amounting to an aggregate daily flow of water at this time (following the past almost rainless Winter, and available for the uses and purposes of the city) of 3,293,000,000 gallons.

This large flow of water continues far into the Summer months, as will be readily appreciated and understood when it is suggested (as the fact is) that the snow banks, which at no season of the year melt entirely away, are now so deep that only the lower portions of the watershed can now be penetrated.

On the north side of the North Fork we have Bear river, Rubicon and Summit City Fork as tributaries, emptying their waters above the junction of the North Fork and Blue creek.

Thus it will be seen that the supply offered is equal to any and all requirements the city may have for all time to come, without doling it out in limited quantities to the consumers, stinting its public parks or curtailing its other various municipal uses, even though the city, in its bright future, should in its population and magnificence rival the city of London or Paris even.

#### ITS QUALITY.

As to the quality of the water that the city may thus generously furnish to her inhabitants, we apprehend that no eulogy of it is required, when it is known that the entire supply is of pure mountain water.

The Mokelumne is one of the large rivers flowing westward from the Sierra Nevada mountains, the natural flow of which, in the driest seasons, as ascertained by a critical observation of twenty-five years, has never been less than thirty-two millions of gallons, daily; and when we take into consideration the fact that vast fields of snow, covering its tributaries to the depth of many feet, are deposited every year, without exception, whether there be much or little rain in lower latitudes, and which the summer sun gradually transforms into water, it will be seen that the supply offered can never be dependent upon the contingency of a season of great or slight rainfalls.

The snow forming these immense deposits never fails in its annual

advent; it is as certain as the immutable laws of nature; and these deposits are never exhausted before the next annual snowfall, piling up its treasure for the ensuing year as before.

#### ITS CAPACITY.

The storage capacity for the waters of the lakes heretofore described, and other reservoir sites, already examined and ascertained (in addition to the snow storage already adverted to), is 64,623,800,000 gallons, which, after making due allowance for evaporation, is equal to a daily supply of 100,000,000 of gallons for a period of six hundred and twenty days, to say nothing of the natural supply at all times running in the river and its tributaries. During eight months of the year a daily supply of 100,000,000 gallons could be drawn from the rivers, and still leave billions of gallons to be stored for emergencies, and which of itself, thus stored, would be more in quantity than would be required for the remaining four months. Not only this, but from the end of these eight months, the natural supply diminishes only by degrees for the other four months, and, as has been shown, is never less than 32,000,000 gallons daily, so that the amount that could be stored from the eight months' excess, over the daily 100,000,000 of gallons, would be far in excess of what the city could possibly use, however prodigal she might be, for municipal purposes, or in supplying her inhabitants with water to a general use of it for family purposes, and in beautifying their homes.

In addition to all this, the water would at all times be running, moving, living water, because, however much might be stored, every reservoir would be constantly fed by living streams of clear, cold, pure, fresh water flowing into them the year round from various mountain streams.

#### WORKS REQUIRED.

The line of works required to bring this water to the city is as follows, to wit:

First—A canal, commencing on the south bank of the main North Fork of the Mokelumne river, 41 rods above the mouth of Blue creek, already mentioned, in Calaveras county, Cal., extending in a southwesterly direction to the Calaveras Butte Valley reservoir, in sections 33 and 34, Township No. 4, N. Range 1 E., Mount Diablo base meridian, in said

county of Calaveras. The canal, eighteen miles from its head, intersects the Middle Fork of the Mokelumne river at the junction of said Middle Fork with Bear Creek, and one mile further on it intersects the Licking Fork of the Mokelumne river.

From this last mentioned point, for a distance of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, the water of said canal will pass down along and in the channel of said Licking Fork to the junction of the same with the South Fork of the Mokelumne river, and thence, at a distance of 11 miles, the canal forms a junction with the Clark Ditch or Clark Canal.

Thence the canal extends to the Calaveras Butte Valley Reservoir already mentioned, and terminates at an elevation of 1,400 feet distant from the initial point, or point of diversion of water,  $51\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

Second—From the Calaveras Butte Valley Reservoir, a wrought iron pipe, 40 inches in diameter, to Livermore Pass, a distance of 62 83-100 miles; and thence a wrought iron pipe, 42 inches in diameter, by way of Niles' Station, around the southern end of the bay of San Francisco, and along the western shore thereof, to the city limits, 74 91-100 miles.

The Calaveras Butte Valley Reservoir mentioned will be constructed according to the specifications of your engineer, with a storage capacity of 564,000,000 gallons.

At Livermore it is proposed to construct a reservoir, in accordance with the specifications of your engineer, with a capacity for storage of 15,000,000 of gallons, with a side pipe running from the main pipe (to be made also of wrought iron), through which the reservoir is to be filled.

This reservoir is to provide for any emergency that may arise from accidents, and is to be filled by a continuous stream of water from the main pipe running into it, so that the water, when withdrawn for use, shall be living water, like that running for daily use from other sources. This storage, thus provided for, will be equal to a daily supply of 100,000,000 of gallons for a period of 150 days.

## THE CANAL.

The canal heretofore mentioned, extending from the North Fork of the Mokelumne river to the Calaveras Butte Valley Reservoir, shall be constructed according to specifications furnished by your engineer, with a capacity of 100,000,000 gallons daily, to be delivered at said reservoir. The iron pipes leading from the Calaveras Butte Valley Reservoir to Livermore, and from the latter place to the city of San Francisco, shall be constructed on the dimensions mentioned, of wrought iron, according to the specifications of your engineer, with a capacity sufficient to deliver at said city daily 40,000,000 gallons of water.

We propose to sell and convey to the city and county of San Francisco the hereinbefore mentioned waters of the Mokelumne river and its tributaries, the waters of the Blue Lakes mentioned; the reservoir and reservoir sites enumerated; the canal and water-pipes referred to, built and constructed in the manner and of the capacity stated, together with all the rights and privileges embraced therein, and deliver and turn the same over to the city for the sum of \$14,000,000, to be paid in the bonds of said city and county specified in the Act creating your Commission.

In the event of an acceptance of our proposition, and a ratification of such acceptance in the manner hereinbefore stated, we propose to build and construct a system of service pipes in said city in accordance with the estimate herewith submitted, for the distribution through the city of water, for the sum of \$3,419,900, to be paid us in bonds of said city and county, of the same character as those hereinbefore mentioned.

Respectfully yours,

W. V. CLARK,  
A. HAYWARD,  
A. H. ROSE.

May 17, 1877.

## SMALL DROPS.

Mr. Rose, in answer to questions, said: "If in making this statement of price we understand the requirements of the Commission, we reserve the right to change our figures. If the Commission should stipulate a smaller pipe and a smaller quantity, we will reduce our price in a corresponding degree. If the Livermore reservoir is not required, our price will be reduced.

To MR. SCHUSSLER—I have known Blue Lakes twenty or twenty-five years. Never saw the water below the level of the outlet. It is seldom that the lakes freeze over. Miners' ditches all over the State fill with snow. The evaporation is greater at the sea level than at Blue Lakes. The lowest minimum supply on North Fork is 32,000,000 gallons daily. We say that our 40-inch pipe will carry 40,000,000 gallons daily. The natural running supply will more than compensate for the evaporation. We want the public to use 100 gallons a day per capita, if they desire it. We will not be compelled to duplicate the pipe in thirty years.

MR. NOUGUES—By the calculation of Scowden, a 48-inch pipe will only carry 22,000,000 gallons. Accepting this as true, will not the size of your pipe have to be increased?

MR. ROSE—We are convinced that the pipe described, with the pressure described on the line described, that a 48-inch pipe will carry 40,000,000 gallons daily. We have no doubt whatever of its capacity to deliver 30,000,000 gallons.

The Commissioners will hear Mr. Forman, of the Campo Seco scheme, next.

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**All the newspapers.** it is said, have selected their special correspondents for the war. Dr. Russell is to be attached to the headquarters of the Russian Army, and Mr. Archibald Forbes, a terrible thorn in the side of Russell, is to march with the Russians for the *Daily News*, to superintend their military operations. Captain Creagh will play a similar part for the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Kelly, the special correspondent at Belgrade, is relinquishing newspaper work for the Bar. The *Telegraph* has a dashing fellow at Constantinople, Mr. Drew Gay, and Major Leader, an Irish cavalry officer, will go out with the Turkish army. The *London Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News* have five correspondents and artists each.

CHANGED.

From the outskirts of the town,	Is it changed or am I changed?
Where of old the mile-stone stood,	Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
Now a stranger, looking down	But the friends with whom I ranged
I beheld the shadowy crown	Through their thickets are estranged
Of the dark and haunted wood.	By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me,
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

COL. MacDONALD'S PROPOSITION TO THE AMERICAN  
GOVERNMENT TO ORGANIZE AN AUXILIARY  
INDIAN ARMY CORPS.

To the Hon. the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C.:

SIR—I have the honor to transmit herewith a proposition of sufficient importance, I trust, to attract your enlightened attention, your critical understanding, and, I hope, your co-operation.

Circumstances which have raised a harvest of prejudices, in any ordinary matter, might have discouraged me from pursuing a line of action, which, though persuaded in my own mind of its necessity, have led me to conceive it to be a duty, from which I will not shrink.

Such being the case, a brief resumé of the present status of the Indian race will enable me to present my proposition in more direct form.

It is admitted that the cause of these mutual slaughters between the races is the enforced conditions on which the primitive proprietors are required to surrender their lands, and in every instance their retirement into the wilderness before the approach of civilization, has been with feelings of reluctance and ill-disguised resentment. The civilized invader, in apparent consideration for their interests, commences by setting apart reservations of land for exclusive Indian uses; but at length the frontier adventurer trenches on their rights—which results in relentless war. Massacres of whites have been painfully frequent; but in too frequent instances, upon investigation, the cause has been some wanton infringement upon the Indian's domestic peace. But, as *lex talionis* is their hereditary principle, we find that, when one native life is taken by the "higher race," the principle is put into action, a struggle for existence ensues, the weaker goes to the wall, and the result is extermination. To the humane mind, this is a sad condition of things to contemplate. But at whose door shall the blame be laid? In alluding to the report of the Indian Commission appointed in 1867, and of which General Sherman was the head, a prominent statesman of the day, carried away by his sense of shame for the atrocities that were brought before the Commission in its official capacity, held them up as the most terrible pictures ever drawn of the wrongs the Indian had suffered from the nation; and, expatiating upon the subject, exhibited in unmistakable manner how we had surrounded him with demoralizing influences, and tempted him to every vice. On the plains we had violated the rules of civilized warfare, robbed him of his lands, and uniformly broken faith with him; and, in the commission of atrocities, they had simply copied, at an humble distance, the example we had set them. And again, while the Indian had been suffering all these wrongs, neither pulpit nor press, nor political party, would listen to his complaint. Even in the face of this, I may not be considered extravagant, when I affirm that the red man is still reclaimable, and willing to be made a useful being; and that, too, upon the least showing of consideration to him, and confidence in his integrity. A menial at present he cannot become, being naturally of a haughty nature; but for the army, *here* he would find his sphere and home. He is apt and invaluable when properly trained.

In this connection I may be permitted to testify as to his capability, having for several years past spent a large proportion of my time in drilling and perfecting in the use of arms numbers from the various existing tribes. It has been my province, for the greater part of my life, to have had under my care and training military organizations—a fact well-known to officers in the West; and my experience has been sufficiently ample to enable me to judge correctly of the material requisite in the making of a soldier. The Indian makes superb material for military purposes, having the natural attributes of courage and endurance. Add to this the teaching of them the "art of arms," and nothing is left but to recognize in them at once, efficient and reliable troops.

The native Algerines form a most important element of the French army, commanded by French officers. The *Turco* has not the *physique* of the Pawnee, Sioux, or Comanche. The Arab is no better horseman, and the Sepoy is their inferior. The measure of intelligence is equal, and in tractability of character, before the military training they received, no preference is conceded for the English or



French native corps, over our American Indian. I have invariably found them, under the influence of kind treatment, tractable and obedient. Their *morale* is most excellent, and they acquit themselves in their drill hours with an earnestness and a *dignity* even, that is in every way commendable. Furthermore, I feel safe in asserting, that it would require no greater effort on my part to drill a greater or lesser number. The project of organizing an auxiliary Indian army corps, to be commanded by American officers, has occupied my mind for years; but it was not until I had tested by actual experiment that I as much as confided the matter to my most intimate friends. I was not without hope at the outset (having made the character of the Indian a study previously), that I should achieve comparative success; but as for meeting with the signal good fortune which ultimately attended my labors in demonstrating the capabilities of these men, believe me, no such expectation ever entered my mind; and I myself was a participant in the surprise which my detachment of Indians occasioned in their performances at large (and so widely noticed by the press in Europe as well as America), as much also as the public itself. This much I state, in justice to the intelligence and reliability of these children of the forest. It is an aggravating fact, when we contemplate the millions of dollars that have been wasted upon the Indians in the past, when it can be shown that another and better method could have been employed, had the idea happily occurred to any responsible party. It is not only the sums of money wasted, and the fierce Indian wars that could have been prevented, but the lives of our own race, following the behests of the army, that could have been protected from the malaria of new country places, and the exposure and mortality of distant frontiers. That I may be free from any suspicion of pursuing promotion of any kind in the premises, I deem it proper here to state, that I have an independence.

To come at once to the proposition which I now make to the Government:

Upon receipt of official authorization, I will proceed to the Reservation whereon are concentrated any particular tribe (either Pawnees, Sioux, Comanches, or others), and at once commence the task of training them, *where they are*, selecting a sufficient number to form a regiment; only asking that I shall be under no control, and not subject to interference until such time as I shall consider that I have perfected them up to the point of full military requirement. From the experiment, carried out as I propose, an example would be set, which would bring even all the Indians into perfect organization, were it deemed necessary for the benefit of the nation. The Indians, in so far as military matters are concerned, would be very emulative. Their natural warlike disposition is at once the explanation of this. The different tribes would be eagerly seeking admission into this auxiliary corps, were it organized and set in motion. And, from this point of view, other branches of civilization would follow, and emulation be carried into the arts of husbandry—naturally following that of arms—into mechanical and educational pursuits; and then, by transplanting these trained organizations to other localities, where their services might be required, order would spring from chaos, and friendship grow up with *esprit de corps*, making a glittering page in the solid history of advancement. First commencing with their natural instinct, and the rest will follow. The French eagles never soared aloft so proudly as when borne by their Algerine Turcos. The pride of the Frenchman in his native corps will only equal that of the American, when the trained Indian passes in review before him, and, sitting at the feet of the statue which surmounts the Capitol, the savage will recompense the Christian.

The detachment which I had the honor of recently perfecting, and which I personally accompanied to the Atlantic States and Europe, received at the hands of some of the best masters in the world, the most hearty and unqualified praise for their proficiency; and now that the Generals of the Army, and politicians, are congratulating the country upon the success of Spotted Tail in bringing in the hostile Indians, the Indian Commissioners propose to form the same organization which for years I have advocated and demonstrated throughout the East and West, as well as throughout Europe. But before I commenced training these people I was ridiculed by the press and by those who now fall into my groove. At this date it is not presumption for me to claim originality in this matter, for even after my death (if not before) the principle will be established which was foreshadowed by the N. Y. *Herald* of July 10th, 1876, and many other of the principal journals of this country and Europe, after they had witnessed the results of my efforts.

My object in training these Indians was to prove that they could be trained; and my exhibitions have so far demonstrated this important fact, that the question of annihilation has been solved; and now, when we contemplate the bloody history of our frontiers, the nation is about to act upon my proposition, and utilize the savage. The fatal error, however, will be the employment of Indians as officers. The "blind leading the blind"—the old maxim. I see no reason why a corps of 20,000 native troops could not be added to our army without additional expense.

I shall require the services of a few officers only, as assistants. These to be, of course, of my own selection.

These conditions being complied with, I guarantee that at the end of six months after commencement of training, I will march these Indians, by permission of the Government, into the city of Washington, and encamp them before the Representatives of the whole country, in order to fully convince them that I have made them the friends of the nation, proud of their organization, and ready to successfully compete with any military organization in the world.

This to be done without additional expense to the Government, further than they incur upon their squallid, hopelessly demoralized reservations.

The execution of an idea well conceived, brings with it conviction to carping skeptics; and I submit to the American people this solution of the Indian problem. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

San Francisco, Cal., May 9, 1877.

C. E. S. MACDONALD.

### OUR JAPAN LETTER.

YOKOHAMA, April 22d, 1877.

**Dear News Letter:** Kumamoto Castle has at length been relieved, after a siege of 52 days, and the Insurgents driven out of the Province of Hiogo. Where the Insurgents have gone to, what are their intentions, and what they want, no one can at present tell. The foreign newspapers here in Yokohama are all in favor of the Insurrection, and against the Government. Why? They do not know themselves any more than they know anything at all about the Rebellion, its origin, its cause, the fighting, the number of killed and wounded, the battles, or the politics of the Insurgents; in fact, my boots are about as well informed as the Yokohama Press—perhaps better. By taking the side of Anarchy against Law and Order, the Press of Yokohama has eternally disgraced itself. Admiration for individual bravery is, no doubt, a noble sentiment, and that the rebels are brave no one can for a moment deny; but, looking politically at the question, no Government can allow one of its provinces to be independent of the Central Government, however obnoxious one or two of the members of that Government may be. Some excuse may be found when a conquered people revolt against the conquerors; but nothing but the most unjust tyranny can excuse a people rising against the rulers it has itself elected. The Satsuma Clan was one of the principal authors of the present Government, and it seeks now to destroy what it has created. Why? In order to be the *de facto* Government of Japan! There is no other reason; and all the excuses, if put forward by the Insurgents, concerning the attempted assassination of Saigo, the "New Virtuous Government," and other absurd arguments, are not worth one moment's consideration. Satsuma was powerful. It saw that it was soon about to lose its power—hence this revolt; and anything that may be said or written to the contrary must be taken for what it is worth; that is, a snap of the fingers. Japan can no more allow an independent province in the Empire than the United States could allow itself to be split in two; and the same energy is being displayed here, in crushing the rebellion, that was displayed in the United States during the Confederate War. The sympathies of some newspapers were then in favor of the Confederates, and their bravery was extolled to the skies; but the political aspect of the question was entirely overlooked. Such is the case here. The Government must win, or Japan, as a nation, cease to exist. I have said.

Yours, as ever,

THE PIOUS JONES

**A farmer of Cherville**, in the district of Caux, France, was struck with horror the other day, upon opening a cabinet, to discover that five bank notes, one for 500 francs, the other four for 100 francs, had been gnawed to pieces by mice. He collected the fragments and sent them to the Bank of France, who, after much pains in trying to fit together the pieces, reported that a considerable portion of the notes was missing, and suggested that as mice do not eat fine paper, but simply cut it up to carry away as lining material for their nests, he should organize a hunt and seek for the abode of the despoilers. The farmer at once set to demolish an old wall pierced with mice holes, and found a nest composed of the precious fragments. These were put together and sent to the bank, where the officials managed to fit them in with the pieces previously sent to them, and accordingly paid the farmer the value of the notes.

**The Anglo-American Telegraph Company** announce a quarterly dividend of 10s. per cent. on the Ordinary Stock, adding £25,000 to reserve, and carrying forward £26,000.

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**"GOD KNOWS."**

Oh! wild and dark was the winter night,  
 When the emigrant ship went down,  
 But just outside of the harbor bar,  
 In the sight of the startled town!  
 The winds howled and the sea roared,  
 And never a soul could sleep,  
 Save the little ones on their mothers' breasts,  
 Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,  
 No rope could reach the land;  
 There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,  
 There was many a ready hand:  
 Women who prayed, and men who strove  
 When prayers and work were vain—  
 For the sun rose over the awful void  
 And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—  
 All day they scanned the deep;  
 All night the booming minute-guns  
 Echoed from steep to steep:  
 "Give up thy dead, O cruel sea!"  
 They cried athwart the space;  
 But only a baby's fragile form  
 Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all  
 Who with the ship went down  
 That night, when the happy babies slept  
 So warm in the sheltered town?  
 Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,  
 It lay on the shifting sand,  
 As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,  
 With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,  
 "God knoweth," the pastor said,  
 When the sobbing children crowded to ask  
 The name of the baby dead.  
 And so when they laid it away at last  
 In the churchyard's hushed repose,  
 They raised a stone at the baby's head  
 With the carven words—"God knows!"

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**Selling an Island**—or trying to sell an island—is not an everyday occurrence. And it is well so. Buyers of islands do not abound. At the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, Eng., the other day, Messrs. Chinnock & Galsworthy put up for sale the island of Herm, which is situated about three miles from Guernsey and Sark, and sixty-five miles from Weymouth. It is not a very large island—comprising altogether an area of some four hundred acres, one hundred and thirty of which are said to be in a high state of cultivation. Among other advantages which would accrue to the purchaser were enumerated valuable granite quarries and important fisheries, while for residential purposes there is an old-fashioned house (with an ancient monastic chapel attached thereto) in one part of the island, and close by the sea is a villa which has only recently been built. And, happy place! there are no taxes whatever, besides no export or import duties. However, notwithstanding all this, and though there was a very crowded attendance on the day of sale, no one offered to bid, and the property was withdrawn. And yet the island might have its attractions—for any one fond of solitude, for instance, or to a man wishing to be monarch of all he surveyed, and his right none to dispute. Or, again, it might suit as a safe place to banish Dr. Kenealy or Mr. John De Morgan to. For one of these purposes—if it does not find a better—the Land of Herm must surely find a purchaser.

## JEM MACE.

Probably the most popular pugilist who ever stepped into a ring is James Mace. While in San Francisco he made many friends of a class that does not usually fraternize with boxers or athletes. Mace is now in Australia, where he seems to have been as kindly received as he was in San Francisco. Those who know him say that no more good-natured Hercules ever existed. He is free from all degrading habits, and is a quiet, sober character. His name will probably go down to future generations as an example of a man who, although his profession was punching heads and receiving hard knocks, in private life commanded the respect of all who knew him. The *Sydney Evening News* says of him:

James Mace, the champion pugilist, who arrived in Sydney from California by the mail steamer *Zealandia* on the 3d of March, was born at Beeston, in the county of Norfolk, England, in 1833, and began his pugilistic career at the early age of 16. After several youthful fights, he undertook a professional tour through the provinces in company with the Norfolk champion and the celebrated Nat Langham (who afterwards defeated Tom Sayers), and they gave sparring exhibitions during a period of about three years. In the course of this tour, Jem Mace fought ten off-hand matches, being the conqueror in every one of them. Amongst his antagonists in these battles were some of the celebrities of that day, including Dick Harvey, the Suffolk champion, Henry Benner, of Boston, and Sydney Smith, of Wisbeach. Shortly after concluding this tour, Mace was matched by Ned Langham against John Pratt, the Norfolk champion, and they fought in 1851 (commenced and disturbed on Muscleeath) at Draytonbreaks, when, after a severe contest of 75 rounds, Mace was declared the victor. The battle lasted for two hours and twenty minutes. In the same year Mace encountered, at Melden Hall, a crack member of the ring, in the person of Bob Slack, of Norwich, whom he defeated, after a short set-to, in nine rounds, lasting only 19 minutes. Up to this period Mace's reputation was only provincial, but shortly after his defeat of Bob Slack, he was matched to fight Bill Thorp, of London, for £25 a side; and, upon this occasion, the London ring had the first opportunity of witnessing the skill of the young Norfolk pugilist. The fight took place in 1854, and Jem Mace was declared the conqueror, after a well-contested mill of nine rounds, in twenty-seven minutes.

During several years after Jem Mace's first appearance in the London ring, he fought almost every man of note in the P. R. Amongst the very few defeats he ever suffered was one with Bob Brettell in 1854, when the two men fought for £100 a side, and Mace was beaten. He next fought Posh Price, of Birmingham, for £50 a side, and won after a battle of 8 rounds. He then met Bob Travers, the black, at Aldershot, for £100 a side, when, after fighting seven rounds, the police interfered, and the battle was adjourned for one day and then finished, Mace coming off victor after sixty-nine rounds, which lasted for 1 hour and 38 minutes. In 1859 Mace again met his old antagonist, Bob Brettell, from whom he had suffered defeat in 1854. He now fought him again for £400 a side and the championship of the middle weights, and gallantly wiped out his former defeat in a short and sharp fight of five rounds, in only 17 minutes. His next most notable encounter was at Purfleet, in Kent, in 1861, when he fought Sam Hurst, the Stayley Bridge Infant, for £400, the championship and belt, and won, after a smart battle of 20 rounds in 42 minutes. Joe Goss next entered the ring against Mace, challenging him to fight upon the unequal terms that Mace should stake £600 to Joe's £400, and fight at 10st 10lb. Jem boldly accepted the challenge. Both men deposited the money, in all £1,000, and Joe bit the dust and parted with his coin, after a brilliant encounter of two hours' duration.

Tom King next tried conclusions with Jem Mace, and fought him for the championship and £400; but Mace was too much for him, being adjudged the victor after a fight of 1 hour and 10 minutes. Not satisfied with this defeat, King again challenged Mace for the championship, and this time beat him, after a fight for 37 minutes; but Mace declaring that his conqueror had won by a fluke, he immediately challenged King to another fight, which King declined, and forfeited the belt, of which Mace thus again became the possessor. Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, now undertook to wrest the belt from Mace and win the championship besides. The men met accordingly, but the police interfered, both were arrested, and the match was declared off.

In 1864 Mace again met Joe Goss for £400 a side and the championship; but, unfortunately, Mace sprained his foot, and the battle was declared a draw. As soon as he recovered they met again in a 16-foot ring, and Mace won in 27 minutes. Soon afterwards Tom King and Mace had another trial of strength for £50 a side, but Tom was disposed of easily in 8 minutes—12 rounds at Tattersall's. Joe Wormhold next entered the list as a competitor for the championship and £400, but Wormhold paid forfeit and the fight never came off. He was next matched against Bill Ryall for £400 and the champion belt. Ryall forfeited £340 the week before the championship came off, and the like result came of a match for £100 with Jack Grant, who paid forfeit before the day fixed for the fight. Mace being at this time the undisputed Champion of England, and holder of the belt, issued a challenge to all the world to fight him for the championship and £1,000, and this was accepted by Tom Sayers, who, however, afterwards declined the contest and paid forfeit. About this time (1860) Heenan (the Benicia Boy) and Tom Sayers fought their celebrated battle, and soon afterwards Mace offered to fight either of them for any amount of



money; but nothing came of this offer, as Sayers, after accepting the challenge, seemed to think better of it, and again forfeited to Mace. Mace being thus left in quiet possession of all the honors of the P. R. in England, in 1871 he first visited America, and soon after his arrival in that country he was challenged by Tom Allen (the champion of the United States) to fight for \$10,000 and the championship of America. Mace having accepted this handsome challenge, the fight came off in 1871, at New Orleans, when Mace was declared the conqueror after 10 rounds in 42 minutes. Joe Coburn then challenged Mace to fight for \$5,000, and the combatants met in Canada; but for some unexplained reason the American champion did not come to the scratch, although on the ground, and the referee then ordered the fight to come off at Kansas City, Missouri; but as Coburn did not even show on the ground, although the ring was formed and everything in readiness, the referee ordered the stakes to be handed over to Mace. The next and last man who challenged Jem Mace in America was O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, who undertook to fight for the American championship and \$5,000, but, as the men could not agree upon a referee, the matter fell through without a battle; and thus, at this moment, and at the age of 43 years, James Mace holds the proud position of being champion of both England and America. Mace is 5 feet 8 inches in height, and now weighs 14 stone.

The champion belt now in Mace's possession is the champion belt of England, between 30 and 40 years old, and which has passed through the hands of a generation of the foremost pugilists in the world, and has been the subject of a series of the most famous contests in the annals of the prize ring. It has finally become the property of Jem Mace. It consists of a number of massive silver plates with gold hinges, the last a beautiful specimen of Bonanza silver, having been presented by Messrs. Flood and Mackey, the famous Bonanza Kings. There are seven other massive plates in the belt, with designs as follows: 1, a lion crouching; 2, the figures of two pugilists in fighting attitude; 3, the words, "Champion of England;" 4, the Royal Arms of England; 5, plain (left for Mace's inscription); 6, two pugilists in fighting position; 7, a star, with two hands clasped in the center. The last plate, presented by the Bonanza Kings, is of pure bullion, taken from the mine, with a beautiful figure of the American eagle. The belt intrinsically is valued at £200. It has been on view at Punch's Hotel during the day.

The eagle alluded to in the above article was a present from Mr. Stewart Menzies to Mr. Mace. It was manufactured by Mr. Laird, the well-known jeweler, and is a beautiful piece of workmanship. Mace is never tired of talking of the kindness which he received from his San Francisco friends.

### EGYPTIAN BONE TRADE.

One of the most curious things in this world is the Egyptian bone trade. What three or four thousand years ago would a respectable Egyptian paterfamilias have thought if he had been told that his and his children's bones would be torn from their graves to afford manure for some obscure island in the German Ocean, of whose name, if it had one, not the most learned philosopher on the banks of the Nile had ever heard? He would probably have asked with "Hamlet," "Did these bones cost no more the breeding" that they must be converted into phosphates for cornfields? Yet it is so, and the trade, which is by no means a new one, has come rather prominently before the public of late. According to an Alexandrian correspondent, the Egyptian Government requires the modest sum of £4,000,000 to pay its debts on account of wages, goods supplied, etc. Of this sum £400,000 must be found at once, though where it is to come from the Government scarcely know. To raise the wind in order to keep things going, they have sold the concession to export old bones to an English firm, and the sepulchres of Egypt are to be ransacked to provide English farmers with bone-dust. This is a rather new way of paying old debts, or, as the Vulgate hath it, of coming "down with the dust," and must be credited with having suggested to "Charles Surface" the neat little plan of paying his debts by selling his ancestors or their pictures by auction, for, as Charles argued "When a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations."

The sale of the Shandon collection of art treasures belonging to the late Robert Napier, of Glasgow, created much interest at the sale room of Messrs. Christie and Manson, a few days ago. Four pieces of Sèvres china similar to the Sèvres service in the collection of the Queen, at Windsor Castle, were sold for £813. It is said that the sale cannot be brought to a close earlier than the middle of June next, so extensive is the collection.

## TOO FAR.

I care not for thy gold, oh stars  
 Glittering on high,  
 The buttercups and dandelion  
 Shine as I pass them by—  
 A warmer, truer light than thine,  
 And I may pluck and call them mine.

I care not, rainbow, for thy sheen  
 Spanning the vault aloft,  
 More lasting colors I have seen  
 In eyes of violet soft,  
 Nor strained my own to see them glow,  
 As needs must I to thy distant bow.

Nor care I, moon, for thee, save when  
 Thou ting'st lilies white,  
 And build'st ladders for the elves  
 Who revel in the night.  
 Thou art too cold, too coy, too far,  
 Earth's myriad glow-worms better are.

And, cloud, I love thee best on earth,  
 In stream, and rain, and dew;  
 How swiftly now thou pass'st by,  
 Proud of thy throne of blue;  
 But I can laugh at such as thee  
 That fain must come to earth to me.

—Marie Le Baron.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**Literature Primers.** Edited by John Richard Green, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 549 and 551 Broadway. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Two more of these excellently condensed primers are to hand. The first, "Classical Geography," by H. F. Tozer, is a very careful *resume* of ancient Upper Asia, Syria, and Palestine, Arabia, Egypt, Africa, Asia Minor, Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, Italy, Rome, and outlying Europe. The whole series has always elicited our warmest commendations, and there can be no greater incentive to young people to study than these thorough little books.

"Philology," by John Peile, the second volume alluded to, is equally perfect in its ways. It treats of the constant change in language, shows how *many* languages have been formed, how words are made, and how got ready for use. While old philologists will find it deeply interesting, young students cannot fail to comprehend it; and the universal praise given to the whole series is most decidedly applicable to Mr. Peile little volume.

**BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.** A novel, by Frances Eleanor Trollope; with numerous illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 549 and 551 Broadway. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

This is a very cleverly written story, never flagging in interest, and beautifully illustrated, with some of the cleverest wood-cuts which ever helped to adorn a tale. The Lowrys of Lowry were one of these good but proud families which England loves to boast of, which contained the usual black-sheep, without which no family is interesting. This particular *brebis noir* was the heir, Sir Cosmo Lowry, who had recently made a wretched *mesalliance* with a farmer's daughter. His indignant father had many years before disinherited him for a similar cause, but, through the entreaties of his sister, Mary Lowry, had partially forgiven him, and left him a portion of his property. The first wife died, and he had again married, when the old Squire died. The vulgar bride No. 2 becomes Lady Lowry, and is greatly incensed at the sister of her husband having any portion of the property, especially the family Domain. An amusing and excellently drawn character is an American spiritualist, named Dr. Flagg, half humbug and half good-hearted, who leads Lady Lowry on to the idea that Sir Cosmo's father had made a second will; leaving all to him.

The *denouement* is, that a later will is found, utterly disinheriting his son for his second *mesalliance*, which had been communicated to him before his death. The Peppiatts, Czernovics, and other characters, are all admirably delineated.

**TWO LILIES.** A novel; by Julia Kavanagh. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 549 and 551 Broadway. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

We must confess that "Two Lilies" failed to create in us an inordinate interest by its perusal. Furthermore, we must admit that we did not read it all; in fact, that we could not get through it after struggling through half the volume. We got tired of Maitrey Jacques Cœur, "seated on a stone bench outside, with the dappled light and shade of a pear-tree playing on his brown face and white cotton night-cap;" and we got heartily sick of Mr. Graham in the first one hundred pages. It is always better to blurt out truth about books than to smother it in allegorical sauce. We acknowledge that we may have lost some fine reading in the latter part of the book, but the first half unfitted us for its enjoyment.

**FROM TRADITIONAL TO RATIONAL FAITH: OR, THE WAY I CAME FROM BAPTIST TO LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.** By R. Andrew Griffin. Boston: Roberts Brothers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Mr. Griffin spends 219 pages in the sorrowful recital of the change in his religious opinions, which has resulted in his leaving the Baptist Faith and joining the Sect of Unitarians. When he turns Quaker, or Mormon, we shall be delighted to notice another work from his pen. The present one is very prettily bound in cardinal red and gold, and will ornament the top shelf of our book-case until it fades. We agree with Mr. Griffin that "the opinion of a recent convert can be of little weight, concerning his ecclesiastical relations;" and, furthermore, we beg to assure him that whether he embraces the doctrines of Mahomet, Confucius, or Brahma, or whether he becomes a proselyte to the Roman, Greek, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, or any other body ecclesiastical, we shall always entertain the deepest respect for him personally, on the condition that he does not insist on our perusal of the latest phase of his religious convictions.

**The Kriegspiel**, or war-game, which has become so popular of late years in the army, has been introduced into the German Navy, after experimental trial and adaptation of it in Berlin, and found much acceptance. The object of the Naval Kriegspiel is to excite interest of naval officers in tactical rules of sea-warfare; to enable them to observe the maneuvers of the fleets or vessels of two hostile parties, which are allotted to a leader or a number of officers, and to study the most favorable formation of the fleets at the beginning of the engagement, the grouping of ships in separate squadrons or divisions, the application of artillery, rams, and torpedoes in individual cases of encounter with an enemy, etc., and to provide opportunities of conversation and the exchange of opinions on what has been done. Certain problems or tasks are appointed in the game. Thus two hostile fleets, the number and strength of whose ships are known, required to find one another in the open sea, or before the enemy's harbors, and, if the leaders think fit, to give battle. Close by a plan for the details of the battle has to be worked out. For the strength, value, and work of the separate ships, their velocity, number of guns, data of calibre, plating, quantity of coal which each can carry, and the quantity used in given times, special tables are constructed. For the turning of ships, turning circles are made of the corresponding diameter. The weather conditions are taken from the weather reports of the Observatory. The movements of the individual ships and the fleets take place on the ordinary naval maps; the battle proper, after the enemy has come in sight, on a grated plane, divided into millimetres, on a scale of one to 2,000; here the movements and evolutions of the ships are simultaneously produced.

A reporter, in describing the turning of a dog out of court, says: "The ejected canine, dragged from the room, cast a glance at the judge for the purpose of being able to identify him at some future time."

## SANGUINE.

Hold on! Let me talk to you quiet,  
I've struck it at last, I'll go bail;  
Why, Flood & O'Brien can't buy it—  
It isn't for sale.

Is it rich? Why, man dear, it's a cau-  
The ore works as easy as sand, [tion;  
And in every blast there's a fortune  
Blown right to your hand.

The stock would go up like a rocket,  
But I don't mean to let it be sold.  
Look here! I've a piece in my pocket:  
How's that for free gold?

But this is no sample! A rugged  
Outcropping I picked as I passed,  
There's tons just as rich a nug-  
get  
Blown out every blast.

But just see the veins running thro'  
And this is no specimen, mind! [it—  
My God! if these blowers but  
knew it,  
'Twould just bluff them blind.

They talk of bonanzas—but listen,  
If ever they travel my road,  
And see but my outcroppings glisten,  
They'd sell the whole lode.

It mills—I don't talk of an assay—  
As high to the ton as you like;  
No wonder a fellow feels sassy  
Upon such a strike.

I tell you it's mining on velvet,  
The first blast pays all the expense;  
Time was when I'd dig it and delve it  
All day for ten cents.

I'm down here, but still I'm not idle,  
I start in to work in the spring,  
I'm busy perfecting my title—  
No chance in this thing.

If you know some one wants an in-  
vestment—  
And he needn't be a millionaire,  
That's a mine that don't want an as-  
I'll give him a share. [sessment—

For there's some things would be  
great assistance,  
That nothing but money will buy—  
The mill's such a h—ll of a distance,  
The grade is so high.

You see that the chance is so splendid  
Investors can hardly go wrong;  
I'll see that your case is attended  
If you do it. So long!

## VALUABLE ESTATE.

The Lawrence-Townley Property.—Millions of Pounds Await-  
ing an Owner.

D. B. Carver, a prominent lawyer of Albany, and a well-known authority on antiquarian studies, has been engaged for several years compiling and tracing the pedigree of the Townley-Lawrence heirs, with the view of securing to them the vast Townley estate, in land and money, in the Bank of England, valued in all at over \$500,000,000. He has associated with him Mr. George Day, a prominent lawyer of Troy, a brother of Hon. John Day, of Montreal, Counsel to the Queen, who will act as Counsel and Barrister with them in the prosecution of the claim in England. Richard Townley, the father of Mary Lawrence, died, and his will was proved and recorded in Doctors' Commons, in London. His widow survived, and shortly after died, leaving her vast estate, in land, jewels, plate, and money, in the Bank of England, by will to her two daughters, Mary Lawrence and her heirs in America, and Dorothy Howard, of Corby Castle, England, and to their heirs and at their disposal. Dorothy Howard died without issue, and willed her estate, both real and personal, to her sister, Mary Lawrence, in America, and her heirs forever. The estates at that time, for want of an heir in the name of Mary Townley Lawrence, were administered upon by the government of England, and the rents, as well as the money, jewels and plate of Mary Weddington Townley and Dorothy Howard, are deposited in the Bank of England, drawing interest at three per cent. a year on the money so deposited. The entire estate, both real and personal, is thus held subject to the recovery by the true heirs in the descent from John Lawrence and Mary Townley, his wife. Messrs. Carver and Day leave for England in June to assist in the preparation of the Bill in Chancery to be filed in London. Mr. Day's sister-in-law, Mrs. Luce, who is one of the heirs, now resides in this city, and has instructed P. George Murphy, of California street, to employ Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Fleming, Q.C., on her behalf.

The best fish for the millions on Friday comes C. O. D.



## JEWS.

No people are more widely spread over the surface of the globe than the Jews. Amongst no race are there more cognate men, and yet, singularly enough, no race has suffered more from popular fallacy in regard to its natural characteristics. That Jews prefer wealth to poverty is no impeachment on them. There are few Christians who do not share this trait with them. But the current idea that their modes of acquiring riches are exclusively the practice of usury and parsimony is inconsistent with fact. When they were settled in Judæa, they engaged, like their neighbors, and even more than their neighbors, in agricultural pursuits. They had flocks and herds, and they converted mountain slopes, which are now parched and rocky deserts, into terraced gardens. When driven from their homes, and no longer possessed of land, they, perforce, turned their attention to commerce. They were the money changers and bankers of Europe, during an age when coarse, illiterate, feudal barons made existence almost intolerable to all except themselves, and fancied that they had a divine right to appropriate to themselves money which belonged to those who were not of their religion. . . . The love of dealing in money still clings to Jews, but in their monetary ventures they are singularly bold, and are far too ready to incur risk of loss. It is very questionable whether, as a race, they are exceptionally rich. Some few who have been fortunate in all their ventures are very wealthy, but most of them lose in one venture what they have made in another. They delight too much in the *gaudia certaminis* ever to rest and be thankful. In monetary campaigns Jews rush in where Christians fear to tread. Their caution is extolled to the skies, when, in point of fact, the excitement of the gamblers renders them habitually incautious. Show to a Jew a probability of gain, and he will cheerfully incur the possibility of loss. In massing his forces, and in maneuvering them on the field of battle, he is an able general, but, like the ablest generals, he can only minimise the elements of chance in his combinations; he cannot eliminate them. Were he, indeed, able to do so his pleasure would be gone. Neither victory nor defeat eradicates from his heart the passion of combat. If successful, he seeks new fields on which to conquer; if defeated, he collects his shattered forces for a new campaign.

Still more erroneous is the idea that Jews are penurious and miserly in their habits, or that they derive pleasure from the mere accumulation of money. There are few people more lavish. In business they are fair dealers, and naturally look after their own interests, but what they earn they expend freely. The *alieni avidus sui profusus* is applicable to them. If they have an itching palm, they have no sparing hand. Far from stinting themselves, they deny themselves nothing which money can afford. Ostentation, rather than stinginess, is their failing. They are fond of practicing a large and liberal hospitality. They are, too, singularly charitable. It is not because there are no poor Jews, that no Jew ever becomes a burthen on his parish, but because the poor are supported by the alms of the rich. All England is divided into districts, and at the head of each district is a guardian, who affords relief to those who require it. The means are provided by voluntary contributions, and the guardians meet periodically in London to discuss the affairs of their districts, and to settle the manner in which contributions are to be apportioned. The Jews, moreover, have hospitals, convalescent homes, schools, almshouses, and soup kitchens for those of their race, although their charity is not hedged in by distinction of race and religion, for seldom is an appeal made to them without their generously responding to it. . . .

Honest men ought not to make common cause with scamps because the latter happen to be of the same religion, and honest Jews have long suffered by allowing it to be supposed that they are responsible for the acts of dishonest Jews. They are wise in openly repudiating them. No people hold in greater horror the practices of the West-end usurers than the collective Jewish community, and yet, because amongst these knaves there are Jews, usurer and Jew have become synonymous terms. With equal justice might all Irish be called murderers, because some Irish have a habit of shooting their landlords.

We have endeavored in the above remarks to show that Jews are not, as a race, the sordid, close-fisted bondsmen of Mammon of popular prejudice, and that they may justly complain of being the victims of a miscon-

ception, arising in part from their having been peaceful traders during ages of armed barbarism, and in part from the failings of a few of their race forming the groundwork for the approved estimate of their national characteristics. Their minds are inventive as well as receptive, and whenever success is to be attained by acuteness in conception, combined with boldness in action, they have achieved it. Some of them who have devoted themselves to money-making have acquired almost fabulous wealth; but others have achieved fame in the fields of art and of science, of politics and of philosophy. As companions, they are as a rule more agreeable than Anglo-Saxons, because they are more cosmopolitan in their views, and their thoughts range over a wider field. They are, too, singularly free from all narrowing prejudices. "J'aime, Montrond," said Talleyrand, "parcequ'il a si peu de préjugés." "Et moi," replied Montrond, "j'aime Talleyrand, parcequ'il n'en a pas."—*Truth*.

### MATTERS AQUEOUS.

"What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!" is a remark which the Commissioners may be readily excused for making, just at present. On Tuesday the Feather River Company made their proposition, which embraced six distinct bids. They are as follows: First—A supply from the headwaters of Feather river, from \$13,969,775 to \$22,984,770. Second—A supply from the waters of Stony creek, in the Coast Range, from \$11,260,000 to \$15,110,000. Third—A supply from the same source, but also taking in the waters of Putah creek, and furnishing reservoirs in Berryessa valley, from \$12,250,000 to \$17,000,000. Fourth—A supply from the headwaters of Eel river, from \$10,150,000 to \$15,000,000. Fifth—A supply from the headwaters of Putah creek, with reservoirs in Berryessa valley, from \$8,500,000 to \$13,000,000. Sixth—A supply from the headwaters of Russian river, from \$9,650,000 to \$14,200,000. The El Dorado people followed suit on Wednesday with their proposition to bring the South Fork of the American river into the city. They gave no figures, but Mr. Garnett said: "In a few days I hope to be able to submit to you in writing our terms for the sale and introduction of this water. All I can say at present is that I find from the estimates that we shall be able to state a figure considerably less than \$16,000,000." Thursday was occupied with the Blue Lakes scheme, which may be briefly stated from the report as follows: They propose to sell and convey to the city and county of San Francisco the waters of the Mokelumne river and its tributaries, the waters of Blue Lakes and other lakes, the entire watershed specified, the reservoirs and reservoir sites enumerated, the canal and waterpipes referred to, built and constructed in the manner and of the capacity stated, together with all the rights and privileges embraced herein, and deliver and turn the same over to the city for the sum of \$14,000,000, to be paid in the bonds of said city and county specified in the Act creating the Commission. In the event of an acceptance of the proposition, and a ratification of such acceptance in the manner hereinbefore stated, they further propose to build and construct a system of service pipes in said city for the sum of \$3,419,900, to be paid in bonds of said city and county. This would bring the entire cost of the scheme up to \$17,419,900. The Commissioners have now got through the major part of their work, and within thirty days one of the numerous propositions now before them will be offered to the public to vote upon. Until that point is decided, all discussion as to their relative merits is out of place and useless. Yesterday Caleb T. Fay had the floor in conjunction with the Mokelumne and Campo Seco Canal and Mining Company. Mr. Fay's proposition was to furnish 100,000,000 gallons daily for \$16,000,000, and the Campo Seco people desire to sell out for half a million. This completes the resumé of water propositions up to date. The Commissioners adjourned until next Tuesday to hear a detailed proposition from the Campo Seco Company.

**Allen Hannah**, of Jersey City, was married recently to Miss Hannah Allen. Miss Hannah Allen is now Mrs. Hannah Hannah, and is, perhaps, the only woman in the world who can spell her entire name backward and forward with the same letters.—*Springfield Republican*.

**MEDICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.**

The public are greatly deceived when they put medical advertisements on a par with those of ordinary trade. Advertising is the legitimate means of communication between tradesmen and the public, and is indispensable for conveying information with respect to facts; as, for example, that dry goods may be purchased at a certain store at such a price, or that a steamboat sails at such a time. But when it is advertised that lost manhood can be restored by chemicals, or that diphtheria will infallibly be cured by a certain gargle, the public are asked to believe a mere statement, made by interested parties without a particle of evidence, and only to be verified by payment and considerable risk. The value of such statements can only be determined by the ability and character of the advertiser, and if these were more generally considered, medical advertisements would have very little weight. Whilst advertising is very properly patronized by honorable tradesmen, it has always been discountenanced by professional men of character and skill. No honest medical practitioner would consent to put his name to the advertising of specific remedies. He knows for example that there can be no such things as a miraculous cure for piles, an infallible liniment for rheumatism, or sure specifics for female irregularities. In fact, such statements are simply lies intended to deceive the public. So also the man who advertises some special method of treatment, and who pretends to have knowledge far beyond that of others, stands self-condemned amongst the quacks. If any one doubts the character of medical advertisers let him turn to the columns of the daily press. Do we not find those who formerly figured in our Quack List, but who, thanks to a defective administration of the law, are still permitted to delude the public in broad day? These persons are even better off now than under the old law, for many have received a license from the State, and the rest we dare no longer brand with the death's head and cross bones. Amongst the greatest advertisers are men without diplomas; men with bogus diplomas; men with worthless diplomas, and one at least who once possessed one of the most honorable parchments in the world, which was canceled and withdrawn on account of practices disgraceful to the honorable body from which he was expelled.

A moment's consideration ought to satisfy the public that the statements of such persons are utterly and entirely worthless. They are made only to deceive, and it is a reflection on an educated community that they succeed. But again, if further evidence were wanting, no honest physician could afford to pay one, two, and even three thousand dollars per month for long advertisements in every journal in the State which will prostitute its columns to their admission. A physician would require an established reputation and an iron constitution to earn such an enormous outlay by legitimate and proper fees; indeed, such an one would have no need to advertise at all. His patients would be sufficiently his friends. The quack advertiser pays his way simply by robbing his victims. He operates on their fears. He magnifies the danger of their complaint. He discourses of the evils of mercury and other harmful drugs, and of the safety and innocence of those which he employs. He frightens him with the prospect of a ruined constitution, and the injury inflicted by physicians of the ordinary kind, whose practice he condemns. He alone possesses the secret of certain cure. He then displays his pile of gold notes, and boasts the number of his rich and grateful patients, who, by the way, are never seen or heard of by any one else, because consultation with such persons is always secret, and he fails not to demand a fee proportioned to the effect produced.

Some years ago, in London, these and worse practices were exposed at the trial of a member of the Royal College of Surgeons for obtaining money from a young gentleman. The member was convicted and expelled the college. His diploma was withdrawn and canceled. It may be that he has transferred his operations to another quarter of the globe, where diplomas and State licenses are more readily obtained, and never canceled.

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A few years ago there was a man in Boston who had six very corpulent daughters. When asked how many children he had, his answer was, about 84 cwt. of girls.



### THE "GEM" OF THE PACIFIC.

Her Britannic Majesty's ship "*Opal*" left our waters on Thursday for Victoria, British Columbia, in obedience to telegraphic instructions from London. The presence of the *Opal* on this coast contemporaneously with the Russian squadron, who have been wintering at Vallejo, has afforded a fine field for those excursions into the realms of conjecture and vaticination for which newspapers in this country are so justly celebrated. One of our contemporaries, who enjoys a great reputation for being "alive" and thoroughly well informed on its points, gravely told its readers that the corvette was sent here direct from England in order to prevent any contemplated attack upon British possessions or shipping by the Russian vessels of war, and also published an authentic (?) and highly colored report of an entirely supposititious incident said to have taken place on the departure of the gun-vessel *Japonetz* for Vallejo, about a week since. On the occasion the commanders of the two vessels were described as glaring at each other (through strong telescopes), and making every possible preparation for immediate battle; and in a subsequent issue the same inventive genius relates an entirely imaginary conversation, in which the gallant Captain of the *Opal* is credited with the utterance of a lot of bombastic balderdash respecting the capability of his vessel to dispose of the whole Russian fleet, which would disgrace, if it were possible, the writer of the article himself. It is almost needless to say that no expression of animosity was manifested either by the Russian or English officers. No such feeling, in fact, exists, and even if a state of war were *in esse* between the two countries, it cannot be for a moment supposed (except by the imaginative genius of a "live" newspaper reporter) that any infringement of ordinary etiquette would be permitted. A rupture of peaceable relations may possibly occur between the government of the Czar and that of Her Britannic Majesty, but in the meantime official courtesies are, as a matter of course, exchanged between the officers of both countries wherever they may chance to meet. When Admiral Pousino arrived from Vallejo last Tuesday in the *Bagan*, his flag was saluted by the *Opal*, and Captain Robinson shortly after waited on the distinguished officer on board his vessel, the visit being duly returned within a few hours. The great cordiality that exists between the British and Russian officers is proverbial, and must be well known to everybody except the benighted being who wrote the trash to which we have referred above.

The *Opal* is one of a new class of corvettes (known as the "gems," from the circumstance of their being all named after the precious stones). Her sister vessels are respectively called *Aurethust*, *Diamond*, *Emerald*, *Garnet*, *Ruby*, *Sapphire*, *Tourmaline* and *Turquoise*. They carry an armament of sixteen heavy guns, the bow and stern having a special fitting for direct fore and aft fire. Their average tonnage is about 2,000 tons, and their horse power is 350 nominal. They are all very fast steamers and are remarkably efficient sailing vessels, enabling them to make long passages with rapidity and economy. They carry a complement of 225 officers and men, and are the representative of the most advanced ideas of the "cruising" type of ships of war of the present day.

Captain Frederick Robinson, who commands the *Opal*, has served with much distinction, and latterly was Commander of the *Rinaldo*, in China, where he covered himself with honor in operations against the pirates who prey upon commerce in the Malay waters. The gallant officer was subsequently appointed to the superintendence of the naval establishment at Hongkong, with his broad pendant as Senior Officer in the *Princess Charlotte* (one of the old line of battle ships which bore the flag of Sir R. Stopford, at the siege of St. Jean D'Acre in 1843).

The *Opal* was commissioned in November, 1875, by Captain Robinson and has been stationed in the Pacific since leaving England. It is to be regretted that her stay here was so short, as the officers had made many friends amongst our citizens, and the vessel herself was an ornament to the bay.

Mrs. Robinson arrived by the overland train on Tuesday from Europe, and leaves by the next steamer for Vancouver, to join her gallant husband. The strict regulations of the British Naval Service do not permit her to accompany him on board the *Opal*.



### "THE WORLD'S" FORECAST.

**War** is now a certainty. The diplomatists are about to make way for the soldiers. The Gordian knot that feeble-minded bureaucrats thought they could untie remains as hard and solid as it was eighteen months ago, and has now to be cut by the sword. Two great military Powers are left alone, face to face, to try the last arbitrament remaining—the desperate test of war. For a while the other nations stand aside. While yet this solemn pause endures, ere the clash and clang of arms, the thunder of cannon, and the cries of the wounded deaden our ears to all other sounds, and drown the quiet voice of reason, it may be well to think for a moment of the probable course of events. For long months past a mass of secondary questions has obscured our view of the main issue, and the public gaze has been so riveted upon such petty questions as the terms of peace with Serbia and Montenegro, or the wording of this or that document, that it has scarcely comprehended the one great fact—Russia's steadfast resolve to attack Turkey. As a man pursued by wolves throws them at intervals all that he possesses, so Russian diplomacy has thrown to Englishmen bait after bait, to turn their eyes from its real purpose. As the picador's red flag attracts the enraged bull, so have Bulgarian atrocities diverted the English people. But now the final scene is prepared. The matador steps forward with his sword, and makes his bow before plunging in the steel. The Czar repairs to Kischeneff, and launches forth his armies.

What will be the course of events? He would be a bold man that would dare to predict with confidence the situation of Europe six months hence: but by disregarding minor matters, and fixing our attention only upon the great facts which remain unchanged, we may arrive with tolerable certainty at some idea of the future.

At the very root of the situation we find two great moving causes: the first, the resolve of Russia to tear up the Treaty of Paris, to gain the freedom of the Bosphorus, and to establish her naval superiority upon the Black Sea—in a word, to obtain for her ships of war, as well as for her merchantment, unrestricted access to the Mediterranean; the second—we doubt if it should not even be placed first—Bismarck's resolve to compel France to discontinue those warlike preparations which, however unable she may be to attack now, will, in due time, enable her to seek in a war of revenge the revival of her lost military glory.

To the honest English mind it is repugnant to believe in such deep-laid plots and schemes. Our own policy is so straightforward, it is so impossible for our Ministry to resort to shifts and tricks which Parliament would be the first to condemn, that average Englishmen can scarcely bring themselves to believe that foreign statesmen can cheat and lie with a purpose. But as regards Russia, we ask our countrymen to remember that her policy has for scores of years been steadily unchanging. We ask them, when they doubt if it be possible for Russian princes to speak falsely, to remember that Count Schouvaloff, by the Czar's desire, four years ago, made promises to our Foreign Minister in regard to the Khivan expedition and the annexation of Khiva, which were immediately deliberately broken; and that the Russian Emperor, while vowing that Russia was giving no aid to Serbia last year, was allowing his officers and soldiers to go to Serbia on leave, to fight in Russian uniform against Turkey. Equally difficult is it to our peaceful unaggressive minds to believe that, without fresh provocation, Germany would attack France; but it is now matter of history that two years ago Bismarck would have declared war but for the protest of Russia. He has scarcely made a secret of his creed, that his work is not complete so long as France is permitted to build up anew her military strength, compelling Germany to remain under a burden of conscription and taxation which is crushing her vitality. To the initiated there has been ample proof that he has fomented insurrection in the Turkish provinces. A child in politics could see that he has been desirous to promote war in the East; and our Government, as well as those of the other Powers, is thoroughly aware that his wish was to embroil all the countries of Europe—above all, Russia—that he might be left face to face with France alone, sure of the help of his ally Italy.

So far the game has been well played. By skillful manipulation Russia has succeeded in placing Turkey in the position of a criminal before Europe, in isolating the Sultan, and leaving him without a friend. Against him she is about to proceed, after weakening him by insurrections in his kingdom, and revolts among his tributaries. She has assembled on her frontiers two great armies, the one on the Pruth, the other in the Caucasus. With both hands she is ready to strike. But she has done even more than this. She has kept open the wounds inflicted on her adversary last summer, which drain his blood and weaken his power of resistance. She keeps Montenegro in arms. The Emperor had confided the task of helping this principality to Tcherniaeff, and he had enlisted a foreign legion, in which, we grieve to say, nearly three hundred Englishmen were enrolled. But now he has been sent for by the Emperor, and is to have a post in the Russian army; so Montenegro will have other help. Russian agents are again stirring up the Servians, in order to detain Turkish troops. Fresh revolts are prepared in Bosnia and Herzegovina. A rising in Crete is certain as soon as Russia attacks. Arms and ammunition are being smuggled into the island, and every detail is prepared.

Forced to disseminate her troops to guard her Asiatic frontier on the one hand, the Danube on the other, to keep troops on the Servian and Montenegrin borders, in Thessaly, Epirus, Crete, in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Turkey can bring but small forces to any one point. Eighty thousand troops in Asia from Batum to Bayazet, a hundred thousand on the long line of the Danube, are all she can collect

against her chief foe. But the Russian forces on the Pruth are not so great as they have been systematically represented to be. The best information places the army of Kischeneff, with the division at Odessa, at barely 160,000 men. From Poti to the Persian frontier there are scarcely more than 100,000. But in organization, though not in arms, the Russian army is far superior to its enemy. Aided as she will be by insurrections in Europe, and by Persia in Asia, Russia can win on both sides, unless there is foreign interference.

Will there be such interference? Undoubtedly there will be in Europe. We go back to first principles. It is impossible that Austria can allow Russia to hold the Danube. It is certain that England will not allow her to take Constantinople. Any forecast of events must take as its basis these two facts: Austria's vital interests are at stake on the Danube; our imperial existence is at stake at Constantinople. If, therefore, Russia attacks in Europe, she does so knowing that she will not, even if successful in war, be allowed by Austria to hold a foot of ground on the Danube; and it is an admitted maxim by the Russian strategists, that no Russian army can remain south of the Pruth, unless the neutrality of Austria is secured. Further, she attacks, knowing that the one great goal of her ambition—Constantinople—will be barred to her by English fleets and English soldiers, should Austria allow her to advance to the Balkans.

Is it, then, conceivable that Russia will attack in Europe at all? Yes; for two reasons. First, because the army so long kept upon the Pruth is an element that cannot be disregarded, and it demands action as a reward for its months of weary inaction, satisfaction for its miseries and its hardships of the winter; secondly, because even to the Czar, Gortschakoff has had to cloak his ambitious designs under the garb of Slavonic sympathies, punishment to Turkey for her mis-government of the children of the true Church, relief for these from Mussulman oppression; and the lie must be acted out and covered. But in Europe Russia can gain no reward for her costly preparations, for the losses in blood and money that war will yet entail. It is in Asia that she will seek this. It is in the rich provinces of Armenia that she will find some compensation; and when once she has crossed the frontier, she will make no peace till she has taken, not only Kars, but Erzeroum, not only Batoum, but Trebizond; till she has thus secured for herself the outlets of the Persian trade, and seaports upon the eastern coast of the Black Sea; till the valley of the Euphrates is in her hands, and that route to India forever shut to England, her jealous foe.

That Austria will move troops into Boenia is most probable. The line of action for England is plainly marked out. There are tasks we cannot, and tasks we can, undertake. We cannot attempt to cope with Russia in the open field; for our small contingent of 40,000 men, far from its base, would soon dwindle to a shadow. But we can defend Constantinople if need be; we can prevent Crete falling into other hands. And we believe it will be found that no sooner will Russia have crossed the frontier than our Government will dispatch what force it can collect, not to Constantinople, but to Crete, and to the peninsula on the west of the Dardanelles; there to bide events in healthy camping grounds, giving no aid to the Turks, but ready, if our interests are directly threatened, to occupy lines west of Constantinople, and hold them against all comers.

Before Russia can close the war on which she is now about to embark she will be financially bankrupt; and Turkey, though she may have to yield Asiatic provinces, can pay no indemnity. Thus the injury to Russia from this war will be far beyond the gain. Her credit will be ruined, her dream of a free Bosphorus will not be realized.

In the blackness of the situation one gleam of light shines out. We have at length learned that Prince Bismarck's retirement, which it is endeavored to attribute to German internal politics, is due to his inability to bring the Emperor to his views regarding war with France. The Emperor, stern as he is, shrinks from the idea of so soon entering on another great war without any immediate striking provocation, and the Chancellor sees all his efforts foiled. All his plans have been in vain. While Gortschakoff has conquered the Czar, and made of him an unwilling tool, the old German Kaiser is firm and unyielding; and even the great Bismarck has to give way. The influence of the Prince Imperial, and of "that Englishwoman" whom Bismarck likes not, are to be traced in this. If Europe is spared the horrors of this War in the West, in which Italy would have assented chimed in, all the horrors of the war in the East may more easily be borne.

The voice of the British people has not yet spoken. Led away on false tracks, Englishmen have been hoodwinked and deceived. With statesman-like reluctance, our Ministers have said no word against the Government of the Czar. But when Russia throws aside the mask; when our Government speaks out, and tells the deeds of lying and chicanery which it knows full well; when the English people learn how they have been cheated and beguiled—with one voice the nation will cry out to be revenged for the deceit, and will demand that our honor and our interests be protected by the might of our strong right arm.

The following is given as a specimen of the conversation of Chicago young men: "Do you abbreviate?" "Why, cert. Don't you?" "Bet. I think its splendid, don't you?" "Magnif." "Going to hear Carl Schurz's lec?" "No, he's on Hayes' cab and won't lec here." "Is that pos?" "Dead cert." "Well, it makes no diff to me, I wasn't going."

**RUSSIA AND TURKEY.**

The position of affairs between the two nations at this present moment are not only matters of grave interest, but of grave apprehension. The stubborn resistance of the Moslem and the pride of the Russian are again in opposition. The fatal word spoken from the Kremlin must be attempted to be carried out, even though the endeavor result in failure. It is somewhat in the nature of a duel, where the challenging party must go to the ground although he runs the risk of being wounded. But the grave matter is not only the fact of the two combatants facing one another on the banks of the Danube and fighting for position in Asia Minor, but the very serious implication of all Europe in the quarrel. Two hundred thousand Russian troops may have crossed the Pruth and massed in squadrons on the banks of the Danube. They may cannonade from Kalafat, or threaten Rutschuk from Girgevo, or swarm across the marshes of Bruduscha; they may have battles and sieges and triumphant conquest, and the landmarks of Eastern Europe may appear to be torn up until they reach the Balkans. The Russian may also occupy Bulgaria, but all that is solely a question for Austria and Germany, who would never allow the Danube to become a Russian stream. The integrity of the Danube belongs to Germany and Austria, conjointly with Russia and Turkey; the integrity of the Bosphorus belongs to England and Turkey. The range of the Balkan mountains separates the two political interests, and therefore it is that this war now entered upon may endanger the peace of all Europe, and therefore it is to be regarded with apprehension.

The Russian declaration of war and the Turkish memorandum, which will be found elsewhere, are but in the one case the repetition of the speech at Moscow, and in the other the expression of that stubborn resistance to outside pressure which up to this moment has so well served the Ottoman diplomacy. With reference to the Russian manifesto, we may go back to Lord Derby's answer to Lord Stratheden and Campbell from his place in the upper house. It was asked whether it was true, as the Czar said, that he represented the interest and views of Europe in declaring war. The answer was that the Government did not accept nor admit its conclusions. His Lordship followed up his remarks by expressing his opinion that whatever the Turks had been willing to accept the Russians would certainly have rejected.

From the mass of contradictory telegraphic dispatches, all that we can gather is this: That the Russians are massing their forces at Rutschuk, to endeavor to force the passage of the Danube at that point; that heavy cannonading is going on along both sides of the river; that the invading army has suffered a check on the shores of the Black Sea, as well as in the neighborhood of Kars; that English men-of-war have moved to Port Said to protect British interests in that quarter; that the first hand-to-hand fight in European Turkey may be hourly expected, and that Roumania has tacitly if not openly declared her adhesion to Russia, with a protest against such adhesion on the part of Austria. The major part of the telegraphic information furnished the newspapers is founded on rumor, and must be accepted with reserve. The only reliable source of news must be the European papers, and although the telegraph anticipates, we have to wait for those more certain sources of information for its confirmation. The statement in a morning paper of this city that General Kauffman was ordered to march a hundred and fifty thousand Russian troops from Turkestan, and enter Affghanistan by way of Pameer, in case of war with Great Britain, is an instance of this loose style of intelligence. Affghanistan does not belong to Great Britain. Its passes are extremely difficult. Its inhabitants are more jealous of Russia than they are of England. The population is composed of a warlike race of mountaineers, whom the Indian Government have vainly endeavored to subdue, and were too glad to secure as allies and a northwestern barrier for Hindostan. Pameer is a barren table-land almost impossible for the support of troops. Its name, in the native tongue, signifies "the roof of the world." Its height is some fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and it would be a sight worthy of the gods to view a hundred and fifty thousand Russian troops looking from that eminence across the mountains of Affghanistan through the Khyber Pass into the Indian Empire that owns the British sway.



### SOMETHING LIKE A CHAIN-GANG.

As we—the royal and mystic We—walked out the other day, we met the chain-gang, outward bound for Washerwoman's Bay. We closely scanned each member's face—we looked them through and through; but fancy what was our surprise—not one of them we knew.

And yet the number of our friends is anything but small, and as for scoundrels worth the name, we think we know them all. Struck by the strangeness of the thing, we hastened into town, and through the crowded thoroughfares meandered up and down.

'Twas then we met them one by one—the parties we had missed; but not a manacle wore they on ankle or on wrist; and not to Washerwoman's Bay were these fine gentry bound; and not in jail when work was done could these fat rogues be found.

O, no; in broadcloth they were clad, and linen white as snow; to well-paid offices of trust and honor they did go; and when they'd drunk and talked enough, they left all care behind, and driving to their palace homes right royally they dined.

This set us thinking what would be the limits of the chain that shackled every rogue in town; it really gives us pain to state 'twould reach from here to—well—we needn't name the place—it's far enough away to make the distance a disgrace.

We next set out to count the cash the gang would represent, and found if but the half of it were with discretion spent, no judge or jury would convict, no jail would close its door, and chains would be, as they are now, forged only for the poor.

### AUSTRALIA AND ENGLAND.

We have written so frequently on the subject, and given friendly advice so often to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, that it seems a hopeless task to lead in the right direction. How is it to be expected that this company can compete with the influential and progressive P. and O. steamship line, when no single step is taken to make proper use of the proud position in which our American owners are placed by force of circumstances and the geographical position of our port? All seems to be going along in the same lazy and slipshod fashion as heretofore, whilst the English capitalists have been materially advancing their claims to preferment by increasing the power of steamers placed between Point De Galle and Melbourne. In the present threatening aspect of affairs it becomes more important than ever that special attention be directed to the increase of facilities for travel and postal communication between the Colonies and England, as, in all probability, after a period not far distant, it will be the only available route. San Francisco ought to be reached from Sydney (and the trip can be made by the steamers now on the line) in twenty days. In order to attain that desirable end, no out-of-the-way ports must be touched at; a port of call must be established at the Bay of Islands for the New Zealand traffic, and the mails ought to be delivered to a coasting steamer at the Fiji Islands. They are difficult of approach, and considerable delay is experienced in entering and leaving the harbor. If this course is adopted the desirable result will be achieved of landing the mails from Sydney in London within 33 days. Even if there was no war in the horizon, the result can never be attained by the English, however strenuous their efforts may be, and we therefore again suggest more energetic and prompt action than has been heretofore shown. The table of arrivals and departures which we publish evinces great laxity in the management at both ends of the line, and it will be seen at a glance that promptitude and swiftness were, comparatively speaking, more the order of the day when third-rate vessels were performing the temporary service, than since the beautiful and powerful steamers now in use made their appearance in our waters. We learn by the wires that correspondence is being carried on between the authorities at headquarters, in New York, and the Colonies, to reduce the expenditure. Energetic action is what is required, and not a correspondence, which may be prolonged to the termination of the contract without any beneficial result to the public. The company has not taken the only course open to



secure such a result, by dispatching an agent authorized to arrange terms upon a proper workable basis, which the present contract can never admit of.

### Temporary Service--1875.

ARRIVALS			DEPARTURES		
Due.	Vessel.	Arriv'd.	To Sail.	Vessel.	Sailed.
Jan. 27th	Cyphrenes .....	Jan. 30th	Feb'y 6th	Cyphrenes .....	Feb'y 7th
Feb. 17th	City Melbourne .....	Feb. 14th	M'ch 7th	City Melbourne .....	M'ch 3d
Mch 17th	McGregor .....	Mch 20th	M'ch 30th	McGregor .....	M'ch 30th
Apr. 12th	Mikado .....	Apr. 11th	May 1st	Mikado .....	May 1st
May 14th	Cyphrenes .....	May 13th	May 24th	Cyphrenes .....	May 24th
June 6th	City Melbourne .....	June 6th	June 21st	City Melbourne .....	June 21st
July 8th	McGregor .....	July 12th	July 19th	McGregor .....	July 19th
Sept. 5th	Mikado .....	Aug. 2d	Aug. 16th	Mikado .....	Aug. 16th
Sept. 2d	Cyphrenes .....	Sept. 3d	Sept 13th	Cyphrenes .....	Sept. 13th
Oct. 23th	City Melbourne .....	Oct. 26th	Oct. 11th	City Melbourne .....	Oct. 11th
Nov. 22d	Mikado .....	Nov. 20th	Nov. 8th	McGregor .....	Nov. 9th
			Dec. 6th	Mikado .....	Dec. 9th

### Permanent Service--1876.

ARRIVALS			DEPARTURES		
Due.	Vessel.	Arrived.	To Sail.	Vessel.	Sailed.
Jan. 17th	City Melbourne ..	Jan. 21st	Jan'y 2d	Granada .....	Jan'y 9th
Feb. 10th	Mikado .....	Feb. 13th	Feb'y 2d	City Melbourne .....	Feb'y 6th
M'ch 9th	City San Francisco ..	M'ch 9th	Feb. 28th	Mikado .....	Feb. 29th
April 8th	Granada .....	Apr. 11th	M'ch 27th	City San Francisco ..	April 3d
May 4th	Zealandia .....	May 5th	Apr. 24th	City New York .....	Apr. 26th
June 1st	Colima .....	June 5th	May 24th	Zealandia .....	May 24th
June 29th	Australia .....	June 28th	June 19th	City Sydney .....	June 21st
July 27th	City San Francisco ..	July 27th	July 17th	Australia .....	July 19th
Aug. 24th	City New York .....	Aug. 25th	Aug. 14th	City San Francisco ..	Aug. 16th
Sep. 19th	Zealandia .....	Sep. 20th	Sep. 11th	City New York .....	Sep. 13th
Oct. 18th	City Sydney .....	Oct 18th	Oct. 9th	Zealandia .....	Oct. 11th
Nov 16th	Australia .....	Nov. 17th	Nov. 8th	City Sydney .....	Nov. 8th
Dec. 14th	City New York .....	Dec. 13th	Dec. 4th	Australia .....	Dec. 7th

### 1877.

ARRIVALS			DEPARTURES		
Due.	Vessel.	Arrived.	To Sail.	Vessel.	Sailed.
Jan. 11th	Zealandia .....	Jan. 10th	Jan'y 1st	City New York .....	Jan'y 4th
Feb'y 8th	City Sydney .....	Feb. 11th	Jan. 31st	Zealandia .....	Feb'y 3d
M'ch 8th	Australia .....	M'ch 9th	Feb. 28th	City Sydney .....	M'ch 4th
April 5th	City New York .....	April 6th	M'ch 28th	Australia .....	M'ch 28th
May 3d	Zealandia .....	May 5th	Apr. 25th	City New York .....	Apr. 25th

**At the Mansion House**, London, Fred. Ford was brought before the Lord Mayor, having been apprehended at San Francisco for thieving £2,000 of New South Wales Government bonds, the property of his employer, Mr. Hewett, a solicitor in the city. Mr. Straight was instructed to prosecute, and Mr. F. C. Meyhew appeared for the defence. The prisoner, it will be remembered, was engaged as clerk to the prosecutor, and he took advantage of his position to steal twenty £100 bonds of the New South Wales Government, and absconded to San Francisco, where he was apprehended by Sergeant Green upon a warrant, and sent back to this country under the Extradition Treaty. In his possession bonds and money of the value of £1,400 were discovered at the time of his apprehension. The prisoner, who reserved his defence, was fully committed to the Central Criminal Court for trial.

**The test of true love** in Wisconsin is in permitting a young man with measles to kiss his sweetheart.

**KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.**

In all seriousness it is a fair question to ask—whither are we daifting? There is hardly a public man among us who is not openly accused of dishonesty or charged with venality. Stocks are down, valuable securities suddenly become worthless, and the solid paper of three months ago is as flimsy as the baseless fabric of a dollar shirt which has been once to the wash. The nervous man will talk about the terrible depreciation of mining property, and his assertions are unanswerable. He will point to the late failures of Friedlander and other merchants, and discourse on the dry season and the stunted wheat crop. His arguments are incontrovertible. He will add that Federal offices are held by corrupt men; that the Custom House is far from immaculate, and the Mint not wholly clean. His views are probably correct. Pursuing his line of argument, the despondent prophet will further urge that small farmers cannot pay their rents; that the potato crop is killed by blight, and the agricultural prospects generally at zero. He will point to the accusations made by Pinney against Senator Sargent, Congressman Page, Carr, Haggin, General La Grange and other prominent men, and infer from them that the State is politically rotten. Perhaps his inferences are just. In conclusion, he will insist that San Francisco is ring-ridden; that our water supply is inadequate, and that we are in danger of being still more heavily burdened by chimerical schemes to bring fresh supplies from the mountains. If he has any breath left, it will be expended in general abuse of the Supervisors; complaints about the dust and dirt of the town; the inefficient sewerage; the badly graded streets; the heavy taxation, and the Chinese invasion. All of these charges are difficult of denial. This aggregation of evils is not lessened by shelving them, nor can any one abuse be counteracted by poohpoohing it. The best course to pursue is to face the music. If our garden is full of weeds it is idle to pretend they are flowers. But by all means let us look this Black Friday in our history square in the eye, and not whine or cringe because the night is darkest just before day breaks. The people must constitute themselves bodily into a Hercules, and turn the cleansing river through the foul Augean stables of our State Government. They must also bear bravely any dry season and bad times which may come to us, and believe that we do not get more than our share. Chicago has been rebuilt; France has paid her huge debt, and while India has been suffering from famine, Belgium from floods, and Russia and Turkey are at war, at least we have had peace if not plenty. Economy may be, nay is absolutely necessary this year; but there is no danger, which the veriest pessimist can imagine or predict, from which California cannot and will not emerge brighter than the traditional Phoenix from its mythological ashes.

A painful scene appears, by the account given of it in the *Stirling Journal*, to have occurred recently in a church near Gartmore, Scotland. The minister, who is in the habit of warning his congregation on special occasions against the machinations of the evil one, was delivering a discourse on his favorite theme, when suddenly a large window-blind and roller behind the pulpit lost its hold, falling right over the preacher, and completely concealing him for a time from his flock. In its descent the roller smashed a number of window panes, and the clatter of the falling glass added panic to the already terrified condition of the enshrouded preacher. Ignorant of the cause of the sudden darkness and horrible noise, he thought that he might have exceeded the bounds of discretion in his denunciations of the devil, who had thereupon arrived hastily in person bent on retaliation. A frightful shriek of "I am gone!" echoed through the church, and the maddened preacher with one bound cleared the pulpit, nor ever stopped until he had reached the extreme corner of the edifice. It may be well imagined that the suddenness of this alarming incident, and the dramatic nature, exercised a most powerful effect on the nerves of all who witnessed it. Fortunately there was no general panic, or the consequences might have been serious; but the story should be a lesson to those ministers who touch upon the delicate question of the personality of the devil to retain their self-possession under any circumstances, and not to leave the pulpit unless absolutely ejected from it by force.

### THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS IN FRANCE.

Since the fall of Thiers nothing graver has happened in France than the resignation or virtual dismissal of Jules Simon. Some time ago one of the followers of Marshal McMahon was reported to have said at Brussels that the Republican Minister of the Left would be replaced by a reactionary Minister of the Right. Be it understood that Simon, Gambetta and their followers, although they have mutually their personal piques, represent the party of the Left, or extreme Republicans, whilst Dufaure, the Duke de Casas, MacMahon, and a confused mass of Bonapartists, Legitimists, Orlanists and moderate Republicans compose the Right, or as they call themselves the Conservative party. The Brussels report above mentioned was denied; but recent events have proved that the *coup d'état* was contemplated. The quarrel ostensibly arose on the question of the repeal of the law restricting the freedom of the press. In the Cabinet Council, presided over by Marshal MacMahon, it was decided that Messrs. Jules Simon as Prime Minister, and M. Martel as Member of the Senate, should oppose the passage of the bill. Neither of them did so, pleading illness, and the French President wrote as follows to Jules Simon: "In view of the attitude assumed by the head of the Privy Council, it remains to be seen whether he can sustain that position in face of the chamber." The letter contained other remarks of the like nature, and immediately Jules Simon gave in his resignation, which was accepted, President MacMahon saying, after an interchange of some argument: "I belong to the Right;" "and I to the Left," replied Simon. "That is very evident," said the other. The opportunity Gambetta has so long been looking for has arrived, and now he comes to the fore. He preaches the doctrine of philosophic Republicanism, predicts war if the Ultramontane, or Conservative, or Bonapartist faction prevails. France applauds. President MacMahon may form a new Ministry, may appeal to the nation, but at all events the present situation is eventful for France.

### THE DECLARATION OF WAR BY RUSSIA.

Our faithful and well-beloved subjects know the warm interest we have constantly felt in the destinies of the oppressed Christian population of Turkey. Our desire to ameliorate and assure their lot has been shared by the whole Russian nation, which now shows itself ready to bear fresh sacrifices in order to alleviate the position of the Christians in the Balkan Peninsula. The blood and treasure of our faithful subjects have ever been dear to us. Our whole reign attests our constant solicitude to preserve for Russia the blessings of peace. This sentiment did not cease to animate us at the time of the sad events which happened in Herzegovina and Bulgaria. The end we, above everything, assigned to ourselves was by means of pacific negotiation and in concert with the great European Powers, our allies and friends, to ameliorate the position of the Christians in the East. In concert with the great friendly and allied Powers, we have for two years made incessant efforts to effect reforms which might protect from the arbitrary will of the local authorities the Christians of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Bulgaria. The accomplishment of these reforms was entirely involved in the previous engagements solemnly contracted by the Porte towards all Europe. Our efforts, backed by diplomatic representations made by the other Governments in common, did not attain the desired end. The Porte remained immovable in its categorical refusal of any effective guarantee for the security of the Christians, and it rejected the conclusions of the Conference of Constantinople. Desiring to try every possible means of conciliation in order to persuade the Porte, we proposed to the other Cabinets to frame a special Protocol comprising the essential conditions laid down by the Conference, and to invite the Porte to share in this international act, tracing the extreme limits of our pacific demands. Our expectation, however, has not been realized. The Porte has not deferred to the unanimous will of Christian Europe; it has not assented to the conclusions of the Protocol. Having thus exhausted all pacific efforts, the haughty obstinacy of the Porte obliges us to proceed to more decisive acts. A respect for equity and our own dignity dictates this to us. Turkey, by her refusal, places us under the necessity of resorting to the force of arms. Profoundly convinced of the justice of our cause and humbly trusting in the Divine grace, we make known to our faithful subjects that the moment has now arrived which we foresaw when we uttered at Moscow the words to which all Russia responded with such unanimity. We expressed an intention of acting independently of the other Powers when we should judge that this was necessary and that the honor of Russia required it. To-day, invoking God's blessing on our brave armies, we order them to cross the frontier.

"Given at Kischeneff this 12th (24th) day of April, in the year of grace 1877, and the 23d of our reign.

ALEXANDER.

[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

**Mr. Child's many friends** will be delighted to know that he is now out of danger. He was safely trepanned last evening by his family physician, and a silver plate, 3½ inches in diameter, has been inserted in the place of that part of his skull which was removed. He is still very feeble, but all his brains have been carefully put back again, and the plaster from the ceiling washed off. As far as is known of the accident, it appears that he went into a prominent sportsman's emporium, and feeling tired sat down in the first place which came handy. Unfortunately for himself he selected for his resting place one of Bogardus' new shooting traps, which project a glass ball fifty feet in the air as soon as they are pulled. The proprietor was out and Mr. Child was all alone, excepting the presence of a small boy at the other end of the store. By some accident he touched (he thinks with his walking cane) the spring of the trap, and he remembers no more until he was trepanned. The hole in the ceiling has been repaired by a skillful plasterer, and Mr. C. is doing well. It is not right to leave these very dangerous traps already set. Everybody is not acquainted with their use, and casualties from unavoidable causes are quite numerous enough without their being added to by accidents such as these, which are the result of criminal thoughtlessness.

**Doctors are not in the habit** of bleeding corpses as a general thing, and it is a popular idea that after a man is beyond recovery he should be allowed to die in peace. This week, however, after a long period of gestation, the stock brokers have parturited in secret session, as is proper, and the result is a newly-born scheme to induce people to gamble some more, and to further rob a broken and deluded public. We rejoice in the knowledge that public confidence in mining operations is completely squashed; personally, we would sooner believe the word of an unsworn Chinese chicken thief than the statement of a mine jobber all cinched up with stiff oaths. *Le jeu est fait*, cry the *croupiers*, but no one bets. The deceived and ruined investors have left the gambling tables, and the commentators sigh in vain for the fish that have fled. The strings are broken, and the puppets will no longer dance. All consultations of the management are now untimely and useless. The public intends to keep out of stocks and stick to business, and the obese, diamond-bedecked mining-sharp of the past will gradually slide out from California street to the neighboring slums, and shrivel up like an expiring blow-fish, or a toad in the throes of dissolution.

**It was the Duke of Clarence**, as our memory be true to us, who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine at his own request. Truly he found death in the wine cask. This week, however, a quondam Judge of the Supreme Court—Charles Bryant by name—was choked to death by a piece of beef which stuck in his throat while dining at a chop house in Carson City. The old motto, "Beware of the dog," will have to be changed into "Beware of the cow;" and *care canem* should have an *r* denda inserted in it so as to henceforth read *care carnem*. Truly the vegetarians have now their hour of triumph, and it will be idle to dispute their dietary theories, in the face of the undeniable proof of Mr. Bryant's being asphyxiated with a lump of meat. Unless some flesh consumer can offer in evidence a case where a man died from eating asparagus or green corn, we are afraid that the advocates of biscuit and porridge will continue to crow. The *T. C.* would add in mitigation, however, that all men must die once; and personally he would prefer to be choked by a tenderloin steak rather than by a well soaped rope attached to a stout beam. Different people have different opinions. Some likes leeks, and some likes onions.

**Sandjak Cherif** is the name of the holy banner of the Turks. When this cherif flag is unfurled the Mussulman glows with ardor and immediately enlists as a soldier in the service of the Porte. In this country, when the Sheriff's flag is unfurled and floats gaily over the doorstep of our neighbor, the wife of our bosom develops a sneer about four feet high and goes in to see whether Mrs. Jones' carpet was not a two-ply, as she had always suspected. This illustrates the advantages of Christianity over Islamism, and the lessons are so plain that you cannot easily miss 'em.



**A morning contemporary** chronicles the fact that "Mr. E. Brooks Scovel, who married the wealthy daughter of Judge Roosevelt, of New York, and with his wife has been spending several months in San Francisco and neighborhood, has just returned home. The intention is, after a brief delay in New York, to both leave for Milan, where Mr. Scovel will spend three years in the study of music." Had the itemizer been a lover of truth, which is not to be expected, he would have said that a little puppy, with a milk-and-water tenor voice, who married a not very handsome young lady for her money, and lately paraded our streets in a vulgar ulster and a pair of yellow gloves, was about to loaf around Europe at his wife's expense, in the vain attempt to cultivate and improve his feeble squeak. Mr. Scovel always imagined he had a voice until he heard Ben Clark one night at the Bohemian Club. After finding out his mistake, it appears he is going to try and learn something in Italy.

**The following touching little ode** was found in George M. Pinney's note-book. It is supposed to be a soliloquy reflecting on the ring which treated him so badly. Unlike Silas Wegg, there is no extra charge on this occasion for dropping into poetry :

"I'll example you with thievery :  
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :  
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,  
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen  
 From general excrement : each thing's a thief,  
 Excepting Sargent, Page, and Billy Carr."

**When thieves fall out**, we all know what happens ; but when the secret Order of Caucasians disagrees, the consequences are fearful to contemplate. Mr. Dorney has been expelled from this mighty organization, and he now threatens to reveal all its secrets. Heaven grant that we be not forced to listen to the foul arcana which Mr. Dorney is eager to thrust on us. Their scoundrelly grips and winks, their insensate nods and tomfooleries, their blind hatred of John Chinaman, and the contents of their illiterate and splenetic debates, have no interest for us. Mr. Dorney can be prevented from ejecting his nauseous revelations by being charged with and convicted of lunacy, as evidenced by his joining the Order of Caucasians in the first place, and his contemplated action at the present time.

**The spectacle** of a Methodist minister suing a broker has been one of the attractions of the week. In our humble opinion, it is the universal stock gambling by clergymen which has broken the market and reduced it to its unfortunate condition to-day. Satan loves to get a good thing on parsons, and when he sees them preaching holiness and morality on Sunday, and buying mining stock short on Monday, he just cinches them as tight as he knows. It is natural to presume that the Almighty, disapproving of his ministers' conduct, declines to interfere, and Satan has it all his own way. The *T. C.* predicts that there will never be another booming market in California until every proprietor of gospel-saloons, heresy-shops, schism-dens and prayer-dives parts with his last certificate, and leaves stocks to wicked people. The Reverend Mr. George Washington Beatty, Esquire, is respectfully requested to lay this advice to his pericardium, and press it to the upper ventricle of his grieving heart.

**A curious fact** in ecclesiastical architecture has been developed this week. There is a very pretty little Episcopal Church on Stockton street, near Filbert, known as St. Peter's. The front of the edifice is adorned with the two cross-keys, which are typical of St. Peter's position as porter of the heavenly gates. It now appears that these keys were designed by a noted burglar, who repented of his crimes and became an architect. His passion for his old profession of picking locks never entirely died out, and when called upon to execute the emblems of Saint Peter he unwittingly reproduced a fac simile of his favorite skeleton door-openers. Most of the notorious thieves in San Francisco recognize the pattern, and in their unemployed time they may frequently be seen gazing at the sacred edifice with looks of undisguised admiration.

The happy way in which rival companies are offering billions of millions of water to the city, renews our confidence in the grit of Californians. If bids were called for to use some other light than the sun, it is quite certain that a commission appointed for the purpose could easily be occupied for a period of ten years in entertaining the propositions. The easy manner, also, in which private parties recklessly desire to vend immense water sheds, suggests to us that there must be nearly as much fluid available for our municipal wants as covered the earth when Noah was keeping the ark close to the wind on the top of Mount Ararat. We feel like the ancient mariner on the putrid sea as regards the amount of water in sight, but we trust that some of it may be drinkable.

San Jose is a rich valley, boasting its vineyards, oranges, corn, wine and olives. Figuratively it is a garden of Eden; practically it appears to be a kind of Sahara for poor folks to perish in. The latest story from there is of a man and his wife and children starving. The wife died with a babe at her breast, after subsisting for some days on a scanty allowance of potatoes and salt. The narrative is not a very pretty one to have to own up to, and our neighbor will hardly be proud of it. Shakespeare tells us of a prince who was willing to give his

"Large kingdom for a little grave.

A little, little grave; an obscure grave."

And that we presume the good people of San Jose have already furnished the poor woman who happily is no longer in need of their potatoes.

The Supervisor of the Twelfth Ward courteously presented us, this week, with tickets of admission to the Caledonian games, shortly to take place. He rather surprised us, however, by writing on the back of one of them, "DAM a lady." Supposing that his municipal labors had produced temporary aberration of his intellect, we pocketed the ticket without resenting the apparent insult. After studying the matter, however, we find that the mistake was ours. D. A. M. are the initials of Mr. Donald A. Macdonald, which he wrote to ensure the admission of a lady to the grounds, and he had no intention of insulting the fair sex at all. It would still, in our opinion, be a wise thing for Mr. Macdonald to alter his DAM initials.

San Quentin society is becoming very aristocratic. Mr. Vermehr goes over there to-morrow for a little holiday of six years, during which time his clothes will cost him nothing. Baron de Vernier has already rooms on the first floor of the State Prison hotel, and the Brothertons, poll tax forgers, and others, make up quite a select party. Lieutenant Fleming, the defaulting military quartermaster, will probably go East to Albany, the air there being better suited to his complaint; and there are one or two other gentlemen arranging their affairs preparatory to a short retirement from the cares and temptations of our busy metropolis.

The New York Commissioners of the Institution for the Blind have lately recommended a new site for their asylum, on the ground that it commands a capital view. The fine scenery will doubtless be a great comfort to the sightless inmates, and this step should be followed up by the inauguration of a *prima voce* debating society for the dumb, and a singing club for the deaf. As time rolls on, science makes monstrous strides, and an astronomical observatory conducted by lunatics would seem to be the next project which should be seriously entertained.

A young man in Dubuque lately manifested considerable annoyance at his sweetheart for declining to accept his advances. His irritability was such that when the time came for a parting kiss he bit her nose off, remarking that in future no other feller should gaze on her *smeller*. He still continues to write poetry, but it is on the walls of a whitewashed cell, where he is temporarily compelled to mourn his unrequited love, and ponder on the intricacies of the law of mayhem. His defense will be, probably, that the girl was sweet enough to eat.

One of the Moody converts is said to have restored \$13,000 which he stole many years ago. Moody's commission on the transaction amounts to \$2,600, and it is said that the parties to whom the money was refunded have given the evangelist fifty per cent. of the whole. This is the last paper we shall contribute to. Next week we go into the revival business.

## THE LATE GENERAL BARTLETT.

For the sake of his gentleness,	For the sake of the duties done,
For the sake of his manliness,	For the sake of the fame he won,
For the sake of the Wilderness,	For the sake of the days to come,
Where his blood stained the lea;	Green may his memory be.

—*Morris Schaff, of Pittsfield.*

## IS THIS FELONY?

The quacks still flourish like weeds in a wilderness, but the *News Letter* keeps up its fight and incessantly renews its endeavors to crush them. For two years our Quack List contained the name of "F. Hiller," but on his sworn affidavit, which is printed below, we removed his name, and temporarily conceded that he might be a legally qualified medical man. We did not rest here, however, in spite of Mr. Hiller's protestations of veracity and his oft-repeated lame explanation that he had dropped half of his name in this country on account of its length. We sent the affidavit, sworn to by Mr. Hiller, alias Hillerscheidt, and witnessed by Drs. Sidney Worth and W. N. Griswold, to Berlin, and asked for full information as to the credentials of the party in question. We now give the affidavit alluded to. It runs as follows:

I hereby certify that I was admitted, in the year 1838, to the "Medicinisch und Chirurgisches Frederick Wilhelms Institut," in Berlin, Prussia; studied until 1840, when I was transferred, by military order, to the position of Surgeon to the Garde Dragoons. After serving six months, I was transferred as Surgeon to the Third Hussars, where I remained about eighteen (18) months. April 22d, 1845, I passed the "Staats Examination," and was assigned, under the full title of "Doctor," as Battalion Surgeon to the 3d Battalion 2d Regiment Garde Landwehr.

SIDNEY WORTH, W. N. GRISWOLD, Witnesses.      FREDERICK HILLER.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of October, 1876.      [SEAL.]

This was forwarded to the Bureau of Medical Affairs on the 30th October last, with a request that we might be informed as to the truth or falsity of the document. The subjoined letter, signed by the great German scientist, Sydow, is very explicit and official. Below we give the verbatim letter and translation:

MINISTERIUM DER GEISTLICHEN, UNTERRICHTS UND MEDICINAL ANGELEGENHEITEN, }  
BERLIN, den 12 ten April, 1877. }

I. No. 1885 M.

Auf die Zuschrift vom 30 October v. Js. erwiedere ich Ihnen bei Rückgabe der Anlage, dass nach Ausweis der Acten des General Stabs-Arzt des Armees, so wie des medicinisch chirurgischen Friedrich Wilhelms Instituts in Berlin ein Arzt Friedrich Hiller oder wie Sie schreiben Hillerscheidt weder dem genannten Institut als Studierende angehört, noch als Militairarzt beim Garde-Dragoner, dem 3 Husaren noch bei dem 3 Bataillon 2 Garde Landwehr Regiments gestanden hat. In den Acten des Ministeriums der geistlichen Unterrichts, und Medicinal Angelegenheiten hatsich über die Angabe des p. Hiller, dass er im Jahre 1845 die Staats, Prüfung abgelegt habe, Nichts ermitteln lassen.

In Vertretung des Königlich Preussischen Ministers der geistlichen, Unterrichts und Medicinal Angelegenheiten.      SYDOW.

An Herrn F. Marriott (*California Advertiser*), zu San Francisco.

[TRANSLATION.]

OFFICE OF THE CLERICAL, EDUCATIONAL AND MEDICINAL AFFAIRS, }  
BERLIN, 12th April, 1877. }

I. No. 1885 M.

DEAR SIR:—To your letter of 30th October, 1876, I have to reply by returning the inclosed, and stating that according to the showing of the Registers of the General Staff Surgeon of the Army, as well as that of the Medicinal and Surgical Frederick-William Institute, in Berlin, Doctor Frederick Hiller, or, as you write it, Hillerscheidt, never studied in the said institute, nor ever served as Military Surgeon with the Dragoon Guards, the 3d Hussars or the 3d Battalion of the 2d Landwehr Guard Regiment. In the records of the Bureau of Clerical, Educational and Medical Affairs, it has been impossible to find out anything about the assertion of the said Hiller, that he had passed the State examination in the year 1845.

For the Royal Prussian Minister of the Bureau of Clerical, Educational and Medical Affairs.      SYDOW.

Whether Mr. Hiller can be arrested for perjury on the above evidence is not clear; but the good work goes bravely on, and every exposure is a step in the right direction.

Section 13 of the Act to regulate the practice of medicine in California says: "Any person practicing medicine or surgery in this State without

complying with the provisions of this Act, shall be punished by a fine of not less than fifty dollars (\$50) nor more than five hundred dollars (\$500), or by imprisonment in the County Jail for a period of not less than thirty days nor more than three hundred and sixty-five days, or by both such fine and imprisonment, for each and every offense; and any person filing or attempting to file as his own, the diploma or certificate of another, or forged affidavit of identification, shall be guilty of a felony, and, upon conviction, shall be subject to such fine and imprisonment as are made and provided by the statutes of this State for the crime of forgery."

Whether this section or any portion of the Act can be made applicable to the case in point is for the Medical Society to decide. Our duty in the matter has been fulfilled at any rate, and we leave the matter with them and the public.

### A HEINOUS CRIME.

As an instance of the extraordinary devices which are practiced in the pursuit of politics, we offer for perusal the following remarkable document, which was printed and distributed in the Eleventh Ward of this city on Saturday last, the day of the Democratic primaries. The gentleman alluded to actually did give his washing to a Chinaman, as charged, and his mangling is still presumably done by a Mongolian. The offense, however, seems to be an unpardonable one in the eyes of the Democracy, and although the regular ticket was elected in the Eleventh Ward, the candidate in question was badly scratched and ignominiously defeated. We publish the circular alluded to as a warning to all aspiring candidates for Democratic offices. They will be required in future to sign an affidavit that no Chinaman has ever ironed their shirts, and to produce a testimonial from an Irish washerwoman guaranteeing that the same is true:

#### Information to the Voters of the Eleventh Ward, S. F.

GENTLEMEN: We wish to draw your attention to the fact of a Mr. Bloomer being a candidate for Legislative Committee in the seventh precinct of this ward. He was acting in opposition to the Anti-Coolie organization last Summer, by giving the Chinese his washing, and patronizing them otherwise. He was, and is, on the South San Francisco Anti-Coolie black list for so doing, and he publicly boasted of his conduct on the occasion. We challenge him to deny these facts. They are too well known to us, and can be seen in part on the minutes of the South San Francisco Anti-Coolie Club. Too much inconsistency for honorable Democratic voters. Gentlemen, you can have full proof of these assertions if you wish otherwise.

THOMAS McMAHON, JOHN CRUMMEY.

The Empress Eugenie has arrived at Rome and is residing in the Gabrielli Palace, having parted from her son at Pisa. She purposes going to Naples, where she will embark for Palermo and Spain. The ladies of the Florentine aristocracy, at the wish of the Empress, did not go to the station to bid her adieu, and she also refused a saloon carriage which was offered for her journey, contenting herself with an ordinary first-class compartment. The Prince Imperial has visited the fortifications of Spezzia, and, as previously stated, will go to Genoa and Turin before returning to England by way of Germany.

A good story is told *apropos* of a recent Hamlet, who proposed to play the part of the Dane in a red cloak, which intention was reported to a Shakspearian actor of the old school, who said, "Very well; I do not see anything shocking in that." "But is it right?" asked the interlocutor. "I dare say it is," said the actor; "red was the color of mourning in the Royal House of Denmark." "But how do you get over this," persisted the other quoting: "'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother?" "Well," said the old Shakspearian, calmly, "I suppose that there is such a thing as red ink."

A contemporary says: "The Police of Paris embrace 2,756 persons." A policeman's embrace is not, as a rule, either a pleasant or desirable kind of hug. It is not the kind of club life we are partial to, any way.



**CRIMINAL CONCEALMENT.**

From a private but reliable source we have authentic information of the management of the Overman mine, which demands serious investigation. Our correspondent says: "In the absence of new developments, it seems hard to see how matters can mend. Overman has given the death blow to the lead, for the present at least. Such a fall is unheard of. From the time the stock sold for 90 until it reached 15, *no one* except A. Borland was allowed to go in the mine; therefore, when the crash came, nobody was prepared for the bad news when the mine was opened, and it was found that the prospect had given out. This is the place to be as long as prospecting continues. The different mines are so low that a strike would enhance the value of stock 500 per cent. But until something of that kind occurs, there is no use buying stocks." This is only a repetition of the history of other mines. They are closed to the public the moment there are signs of giving out, and the inside ring unload, leaving the outsiders to bear the crash which ensues. The Overman is only one example of this kind of robbery. It occurs every day, and no one is surprised. Every holder of one share ought to have a right to inspect the mine, if he pleases, or to send an expert to do so. He has a perfect right to know the result of the workings of the diamond drill just as minutely as the heaviest stockholder in the company. Judge Morrison's decision in the recent Borradaile Coal Mining Company is a valuable precedent for the assertion of stockholders' rights, and will doubtless be of great service hereafter. As the majority of investors live far away from the Comstock lode, and could not, even if they would, tell anything from a personal inspection of the property in which they have shares, it is only just that they should be able at all times to have full and perfect knowledge of the state of the mines, the withholding of which we think we are justified in terming criminal concealment.

**PANIC AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.**

The social and pecuniary effects of excitement, like that now raging in San Francisco, New York, Paris and London—indeed, on all the Stock Exchanges of Europe—are apparent. The victims of loss and embarrassment bear the marks of injury on the surface features of their lives in their purses. There are, however, unhappily, deeper and more serious consequences which escape notice, but nevertheless work dire and lasting mischief, too often culminating in ruin. Perhaps there is no greater wear and tear of mind than the speculator undergoes in periods of suspense and panic. Even the investor suffers acutely, while the gambler, who trusts only to chance, and is ever haunted by the consciousness that he has no solid resources to fall back upon, endures an agony of alternate hope and fear few minds can sustain. All this mental torture counts for nothing in the estimation of the public, but wrecks of mind are found drifting on the stream months or years after a panic has been forgotten, and many a strong craft sinks shattered at the time. This is a terrible aspect of the subject. It would be well if, by stating the facts faithfully, we could hope to warn triflers of their danger. If the prospect of ultimate profit by speculation were more certain than it is, the game would scarcely be worth the candle, seeing the life it entails and the springs of happiness it may poison or exhaust. Many, who dare the chances of pecuniary loss, are not aware of the mental perils which await them in the crisis of the venture. The stake is not one of money alone, but mind. In the moment of supreme tension, the faculty of mental cohesion and control may be overstrained. Recovery, in all cases highly improbable, is in the great majority of instances impossible. The significant symptoms of decadence do not at once, perhaps, become apparent. The death-blow has been dealt, but the collapse is deferred, and seems to supervene slowly, perhaps attributed to some other cause. We have no desire to play the part of alarmists in the matter of mental disease, but here is a grave and overlooked source of deadly mischief, and it is a duty to cry "wolf."

Call a lily by any other name and it will smell as sweet.

## MAY-DAY.

If I were asked the season,  
I could not tell to-day;  
Should say it still was Winter—  
The calendar says May.

If this, indeed, be May-day,  
I must be growing old;  
For nothing I was used to  
Do I to-day behold.

On May-day in New England,  
In that old town of ours,  
We rose before the daybreak,  
And went and gathered flowers.

If there are woods in Hingham  
I have forgot; I know  
That there were woods in Seekonk  
Some forty years ago.

And thither went the children,  
For there the wild flowers grew;  
They plucked them up by handfuls,  
With fingers wet with dew.

And then, in pretty baskets,  
With little sprigs of green,  
They placed them, and stole homeward  
And hoped they were not seen.

Along the roads and by-ways  
The merry creatures crept,  
And round their sweethearts' houses,  
While still their sweethearts slept,

The baskets on their windows  
They hung, and stole away;  
And no one knew who did it,  
Or, knowing, would not say.

It spoiled her simple pleasure  
If any maiden knew  
Who sent her her May basket—  
She had to guess out who.

Ah! those indeed were May-days,  
But *this*—this dreary day—  
The calendar's mistaken,  
'Tis not the first of May!

Why, if it were, my lady,  
I would have gone in time,  
And made you your May basket,  
If only one of rhyme!

But I haven't done it, darling:  
The words that I have sung  
Are faded recollections  
Of May when I was young.

—R. H. Stoddard.

## THE SITUATION IN EUROPE.

If it were possible to depict the general feeling in Europe by one word that word would be *anxiety*. A painful anxiety pervades every Government; an ominous dread of what is to happen extends itself to the people; the war-agitators exult, and the peace-at-all-price party are correspondingly dejected. Hungarian-Austria imperatively demands the inviolability of Servia, whilst the Cabinet at Vienna seek to temporise with that of St. Petersburg, and in the midst of all this the bombshell cast by Marshal MacMahon has created dissension between France and Italy and Germany. Italy, true to the traditions of Count Cavour, and who was the greatest gainer by the Crimean war, is now watching her opportunity for further aggrandizement, or at least solidifying her home rule. Great Britain, to whom all turn as arbiter, is distracted by varied interests and by opposing political views. In the meantime she is quietly buckling on her armor ready for any emergency, and strong enough to meet it. Turkey and Russia remain much in the same position. The Sultan appears to have lost ground in Asia, whilst as yet the Russians have not been able to cross the Danube. But this state of things cannot last. The Russian army entered the Danube of course without asking anybody's leave, and took what it wanted, as all armies must do, promising as usual to pay ready money. In a few weeks this will be found impossible on a large scale, and then the Wallachians and Moldavians will have to accept bits of paper for hay, corn, straw, horses, vehicles, cattle, and every stick to be found on a farm, so that if the soldiers cross into Bulgaria they will be able to compare Bashi Bazuks with Cossacks, and to say which sweeps the earth cleanest of men and things, for soldiers will not starve if everybody else does so. It would no doubt be very easy for the ingenuity of blind passion or ignorance to give the interests of England in this question such a definition as would cast her not only into the present strife but into every great war, and embroil her by turns with every nation in the world. Some wild partisans urged her advocacy of the Southern States. Less heated folk were disappointed that she did not fight for Denmark during the Schleswig-Holstein war. With equal force they might have maintained that she should have taken the side of France or Germany in 1870, with plausible reasons for either case. In fact, outside philosophers

could so magnify the interests of England that by letting them shape her conduct she could double the national debt in a very short time. The only advantage that England has over other nations is that her army is afloat and can be anchored off Kiel or Cherbourg, or in the Bosphorus. Armies on the other hand need enormous equipments and are tardy of movement; but a fleet can be kept in readiness, and can reach even distant points long before trains of artillery and strings of military wagons.

Yesterday's dispatches say that the entire Russian army is to be mobilized, in order to cross the Danube, and proceed with an overwhelming force to Constantinople. Now, to those who merely look at a map as a piece of plain surface paper, over which they can draw a line with a pencil, such may appear very easy. Constantinople is no more in Bulgaria than Antwerp is in France, and there can be no grosser absurdity than the idea that a Russian army, even if it had forced the Balkans, could rush forward and seize the Turkish capital. Few cities are so capable of swift and easy defense as Constantinople, so long as the Black Sea, the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora are not occupied by hostile fleets. But in such a case it would not only be Turkey alone that Russia would have to meet, nor Turkey and England combined, but the whole of Western Europe. It is not to be contemplated that Austria, or even Germany, would permit Constantinople to become a Russian arsenal, any more than England would allow it to be the toll-gate to India. But the Russians have not crossed the Danube, and it now appears that recent rains have so swollen the river that its passage is almost impracticable. In addition, the southern or Turkish side of the river is very strongly fortified. Take, for example, Silistria. It is situated in the center of an arc of hills, the ends of which touch the Danube, so that the river forms, as it were, the chord of the arc. The principal of these hills are eleven in number, and are all strongly fortified with Krupp guns, so that it will not be easy for the Russians to pass at this point, and yet it was their point of attack both in 1829 and again in 1854, but at that time it was insufficiently protected both by guns and artillerymen, the service of the latter being now famous in Turkey.

At present all is suspense. We cannot count upon Turkish successes but only on Turkish repulses, for Russia being the aggressor the absence of victory is virtually defeat. It remains to be seen what Russia will do in the case of victory, and whether she will adhere to her solemn promises; but if ever she is arraigned at the bar of history for systematic perfidy, her best defense will be that she was saved the trouble of treachery at the outset by the eagerness or willingness of the rest of Europe to play into her hands. She may have been like the gambler who sits down to play with the fixed intention of cheating, but whose blind or reckless antagonists either laid their cards upon the table or neutralized every advantage by not following suit.

### A MURDEROUS SEA-FLLOWER.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely on a rocky bed. Who would suspect it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them—so well hidden that one could scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge greedy mouth, and he is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

## A - MAYING.

How sweet and loving were the "And here," she said, "at last is  
My little girl was saying, [words The very place to suit us; [found  
As, happy with the songs of birds, Sweet breezes bear from all around  
Together we went straying! The fragrance of arbutus."  
The early morning, fresh and fair, Hard by a drift of snow we spied  
New beauty seemed to lend her; The delicate pink blossom;  
To linger in her golden hair, "O, what a cruel fate," she cried,  
And make her smile more tender. "To rest in winter's bosom!"

Dear Child, who felt my lightest She plucked the flower, I caught her  
Cut in a childish fashion; [touch What laws could I remember? [hand,  
Who could not know how much, how "My darling, do you understand  
My soul was filled with passion. [much What May owes to December?  
And still she talked with rapid tongue This little flower, this rare sweet  
In quaint, delightful phrases, With winter snows around it, [flower  
That made me, though no longer Has gained in beauty every hour,  
Go wishing for her praises. [young, Till your dear fingers found it.

Through tangled branches swift she What tinged its petals snowy white,  
While I sped swiftly after; [sprang, With such a pink as this is?  
She sang to mock the birds that sang, What but the wooing day and night,  
She filled the woods with laughter Of winter's loving kisses?"  
That voice, how sweet its changes She turned her face away from mine,  
My very soul was crying [were! But still I saw its flushes,  
To send its question out to her, And took it for a happy sign,  
And hear her voice replying. This power to call her blushes.

She stopped at last, and waited me; With tender clasp I drew her near,  
The little race was over— I raised her eyes to read them,  
And following half regretfully, I found no words to say how dear  
I gained the bank above her. The child was—did she need them?  
My eyes were fastened on her face, My heart beat loud as she at last,  
Ready with smiles to greet me; With crimson lips a-quiver,  
Was ever form so full of grace, Low murmured, "Is it I?—then fast,  
As this just turned to meet me? O, hold me fast forever."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Mary E. Salisbury.

## UNCOMMON PETS.

**Proud Wolsey** was on familiar terms with a venerable carp; Cowper doffed his melancholy to play with his hares, and Clive owned a pet tortoise. The driver of a London hansom was wont to carry a little cub fox on the top of his cab, to their mutual enjoyment. G. F. Berkeley made a household pet of a young stoat, rendered motherless by his gun. Sir John Lubbock contrived to win the affections of a Syrian wasp. A lady, becoming possessed of two butterflies of different species in a chrysalis state, resolved to try how far they would be amenable to kindness, and placed them for security in a glazed cabinet in her well-warmed bedroom. A few days before Christmas she was delighted by the appearance of a little yellow butterfly, but was puzzled how to cater for the delicate little creature. Taking a fairy-rose then in bloom, she dropped a little honey and rose-water in a blossom, and put the plant in the cabinet, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the butterfly take its first meal. In a fortnight it would leave the rose to settle on her hand when she called it by its name, Psyche. By and by a peacock-butterfly emerged into active life from the other chrysalis. The new-comer accepted the sensation of active life at once, and, like its companion, delighted in being talked and sung to, both especially enjoying being waved in the air and danced up and down while quietly resting upon the hand of their mistress. Upon the coming of summer the cabinet was moved close to the window, and its doors thrown open. For some days neither of its tenants cared to venture beyond the window-sill, but one bright afternoon their protectress, "with many bitter tears," beheld them take wing and join some wild companions in the garden; at night, however, they returned to their lodgings. Next day they took the air again and were not seen until September. One afternoon there came a heavy thunderstorm,



and when it was over, a yellow butterfly was found dead on the window-sill—which the lady, with some warrant, lamented over as her own particular one; the “peacock,” too, would seem to have met a like fate, for it was never seen again. It would be hard to find a more repulsive-looking reptile than the iguana, nevertheless society of one afforded much pleasure to an American lady residing in Brazil. Pedro, as he was called, was well provided with raw meat, bananas, and milk; allowed to bask in his mistress's room in the daytime, and to make himself cozy between the mattresses of her bed when the sun went down, he cheerfully accepted the novel situation, like a wise iguana. His loving lady was wont to carry him abroad in her arms—a practice that kept acquaintances at a respectful distance—for, however they might pretend to admire Pedro's bead-like spots of black and white, his bright jeweled eyes, and elegant claws, they were careful not to make any near approaches. Nothing pleased madame so much as to drop her pet without warning at the feet of unsuspecting gentlemen, and elicit from naval officers symptoms of terror such as would not have been drawn forth by an enemy's broadside or a lee-shore. Of course Pedro came to grief. Rambling one day unattended, he came across “a marauding Frenchman,” his owner's maid arriving only in time to rescue his lifeless body. It was sent, wrapped in black crape, to a neighbor with a weakness for fricasseed lizard; but having seen this especial one fondled and caressed, he could not find the appetite to eat it; and so Pedro was consigned to the earth instead of the pot. De Candolle tells of a fair Switzer who made a companion of a young wolf, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the fond beast fall dead at her feet in a paroxysm of joy at her return home after a long absence. But the proprietress of a loving leopard that came regularly to her chamber-door in the dead of the night, and howled loudly enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, until its mistress turned out of bed and quieted her disturber with an offering of warm milk, might well doubt if she had bestowed her affection wisely. When Capt. Burton was domiciled in Syria, he left the management of his live stock to his wife, and under her fostering care that department assumed formidable proportions. Not content with horses and goats, a camel, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and pigeons, Mrs. Burton must have her own especial pets—a white donkey, a young St. Bernard dog, four English terriers, a Kurdish puppy, a snow-white Persian cat, a lamb and a leopard. The last-named, according to the lady's account, became the pet of the household; which it deserved to be, if the household abhorred a quiet life, for the leopard behaved much after the manner of the gazelle whose owner sang:

He riled the dog, annoyed the cat,  
And scared the goldfinch into fits;  
He butted through my newest hat,  
And tore my manuscript to bits!

Mrs. Burton, with pretty good care, confesses her husband had fair cause for saying his happy family reminded him of the house that Jack built; for the fowls and pigeons ate the seeds and destroyed the flowers; the cat fed upon the pigeons, the dog worried the cat; while the idol of the household harried the goats until one of them drowned itself in sheer disgust, and frightened the donkey and camel by jumping upon their backs, and indulging in a shrieking solo, horrible enough to scare any animal of a well-regulated mind into madness.—*Chamber's Journal.*

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In the event of British troops being required to proceed to the East, it is more than likely that two of the highest commands will be entrusted to Engineer officers—General Lord Napier of Magdala, Governor of Gibraltar, and Lieut.-General Sir Lintorn Simmons, at present at the War Office as Inspector of Fortifications and Director of Works, having both received intimation that their services may be required at any moment. It will be remembered that Sir Lintorn Simmons rendered important services twenty-three years ago as British Commissioner with the Turkish forces under the late Omar Pasha.

[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter. ]

**Here's a pretty Bill!** "The Estate of Simon Schusterbaum, deceased, Dr. to Doctor Mathew Hazeldine -To Professional Services, viz: disentangling the intestines of a cat, and preventing rupture of the same, \$300." The heirs of the estate protested against payment of this monstrous charge, and averred that the doctor never was in deceased's house, never saw his cat, and, in fact, had no acquaintance with deceased beyond having gone hunting and fishing with him. The case was tried in the Oakland Probate Court, this week, and the doctor swore that he had performed the operation—which was a very difficult one, and occupied a great deal of time. He swore, also, that it was done at the request of deceased. The case seemed entirely in his favor, until the defendants introduced the testimony of Mr. Charles Kaeding and Dr. Toland Jr. The evidence of these gentlemen was to the effect that the disentanglement of the feline intestines alluded to, simply consisted in Dr. Hazeldine's having climbed a tree on several occasions when out fishing with the deceased, in order to extricate his cat-gut line, which was caught in a branch. They admitted that a doctor could do this better than an ordinary man, but thought the charge monstrous and unprofessional. Deceased was a very awkward fisherman, and was always entangling his line. The plaintiff, re-examined, stated that the evidence of the last witness was correct, but he had climbed one oak alone at Pilarcitos over thirty times, and he valued his services at \$5 a visit to the tree, and \$5 for the disentanglement. Deceased was very fat, and could not climb. The jury, after retiring for five minutes, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$15, and ordered him to pay his own costs.

**A child on its mother's breast:** an autumn sunset; the dew on a budding rose, or the ocean at rest;—all these are beautiful objects to contemplate;—yet their glories fade like the last ray of an idiotic rainbow before the following scene, so touching, so utterly and transcendently lovely in its peaceful tranquility, that a bolder pen than ours might falter at the effort to describe it. The hour was noon, and the place Montgomery street,—not the flaring sidewalk with its busy hum, but a cool, quiet retreat, inviting the wayfarer to step aside and rest, or slake his thirst with a cool iced drink, and recruit his strength at a modest repast. To be brief, it was a saloon where lawyers love to congregate. The centerpiece of the picture was a table on which reposed in calm indifference a cold pig's head. The eyes were sightless (having previously been extracted by the cook), but the placid face seemed to gaze mournfully on three eminent and learned Judges, who were trying it. Solemnly they cross-examined the snout, and cut out the evidence of its ears; pitifully the poor head scanned the learned faces of its investigators, but justice was ruthless. The covering of its cheek-bones was laid bare, and the imposture of its jaw detected—silently, yet vigorously and censelessly. As the trio moved gently away from the *corpus* they had *habeased*, nothing broke the perfect stillness of the bower save the gurgling of the falling stream of ruby wine, and the faint click of the ligneous toothpick. It might have been a dream, but it wasn't.

**Persons who think** that any one can fulfill the duties of an usher at a theater nowadays, know very little about the requirements of the position. Everybody has noticed how the young gentlemen applaud with their hands, huzza with their lungs, and stamp with their feet, after the audience is seated and no longer require their services. This is especially noticeable at the California, where the ushers have to learn their parts and listen to the actors' speeches, which are the cues for their applause. A competent usher has to have a number nine hand to applaud with, a two-inch sole on his boot to stamp with, and his voice is invariably tested by the leader of the orchestra, to see if he can hooray in the key of G. In addition to these stringent conditions, it is obligatory on the usher to part his hair in the middle, and perfume himself badly with stale patchouli. He can't go out between the acts and get a drink, and his black pants have to be kept in a constant state of repair. Any one who can successfully pass the necessary examination could graduate with the greatest ease at Harvard, which accounts probably for the limited number of ushers and graduates flying round just at present.

The corresponding degradation of humanity, which seems to be evolved by the startling marches of science, presents our readers this week with the piteous spectacle of a jury being impanneled to try a case of clairvoyance. The point at issue is whether spiritualism and its concomitant tomfoolery of mediums, table rappings and dark cabinets, is, or is not, a religion. It was thought that when atheism and materialism were in full swing, the intellect of man would cease to advance in the field of religious inquiry. The gelatinous protoplasm, and the glories of the mastodon, might reasonably be supposed to require all the spare time of the doubting Didymuses or Didymi of the nineteenth century. Alas, no! Ceaseless ingenuity has constructed a religion out of tambourines, and men tied with ropes in dark closets. The new altar is dedicated to Mesmer, and the priests change places with the congregation, and for the nonce are somnolent during divine service. The clairvoyants may have the power of raising some spirits, but hardly those of the jury in the present instance. It would perhaps be wiser for the professors of spiritualism to conform to the modern usage of keeping their own names, as we notice that Dr. (?) Clarence Mathews is summoned under the alias of John Doe Maynard. However, what's in a name?

The following points of analogy between a fool and a wise man are respectfully offered to Messrs. Tilton, Ingersoll and the other learned lecturers who have recently been exhibiting their oratorical powers at the small charge of one dollar a head. A circus clown and a professional lecturer both advertise their entertainment. Both plaster our walls with their bills and render our windows grotesque with their pictures. They both employ advance agents to work up the business. They are both, as a rule, servants—one the hireling of a Lecture Bureau, the other of a Barnum. They both indulge in an equal amount of weak platitudes, Shakespearean quotations, dull anecdotes and bad conundrums, but the clown follows his natural profession, whereas the lecturer too frequently degrades that of the Bar or the Church. They both advertise themselves as the most brilliant men living, so that modesty can hardly be called a candle to their merit. Of the two who play the braggart with their tongues, the *T. C.* infinitely prefers the clown. His dress is livelier, and his reputation as a ruler better than that of the lecturer. Of the latter it may be said in most cases with Cowper:

"His wit invites you by his looks to come,  
But when you knock, it never is at home."

Many odes have been written, fulsomely praising the months of May and June, but to the average newspaper reader they bring no pleasant memories. In place of useful intelligence, the columns of the dailies are filled with long lists of dirty-nosed little boys who have learned to spell p-i-g "under the able tuition of Miss Snuffles," and an endless string of names of vain little girls who have made great proficiency in arithmetic, "under the efficient care of Mr. Prig." In despair the reader turns to another page, only to be met with a long description of the commencement exercises of some fifth-rate seminary, in which whole paragraphs of butter are spread on the figurative bread of young Toodles, aged four years, for his masterly recitation of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck." Principals are smothered in commendatory sauce, and the crimply faced schoolmarm's all oiled up preparatory to their summer vacation. Perhaps the worst is, that whatever of interest the paper may contain is unintelligible, for the children are all at home, and making more noise than the Falls of Niagara.

The Fashion Gazettes are always very interesting reading, especially in the month of May, when new costumes for the summer are in order. The latest style in boys' dresses is particularly good this year, and the young *T. C.* may be seen any day in front of our house on Nob Hill dressed in it. The pantaloons are of the finest yellow gunnybag, with brass kneecaps and a fancy seat of rawhide. A pretty sack of thick sail-cloth, trimmed with leather at the elbows and the buttons riveted on all over, constitutes the upper part of the costume, which is greatly set off by alligator-skin shoes, with copper toes and heels. It is a delightful dress for the country, as should it need repairing at any time, the job can be easily done by a neighboring blacksmith.

Our great general who wields the sword as easily as the pen, and who one day leads our troops on to glory, and dismounts from his charger only to exchange the sharp sabre for the equally keen pen of the dramatic critic—this great general, the Bismarck of California, the Napoleon of San Francisco, and the Wellington of our Metropolis, Brigadier-General John McComb, is the greatest living combination of military and literary genius. This week he spits on his barbed lance the wretched author of the libretto of *L'etoile du Nord*, for daring to make one of the characters say "shoulder bayonets." Horror of horrors! that a driveling rhymester should dare to profane the sacred orders which only the greatest commanders dare utter! Yet, while the *T. C.* is crushed at the contemplation of the writer's offense, the crime fades before the consideration of the magnitude of the intellect which thus exposes the villany of the scribbler, and he humbly thanks Providence for the creation of that almost omniscient hero, General John McComb.

Mr. Thomas McInerney will probably give up going to pic-nics for some time to come. Arrayed in the uniform of the Jackson Dragoons (to which he does not belong), he joined their festivities, lost all his money at pool-shooting, got his nose inflated to the size of a child's balloon, and had his head laid open with a sabre. The *T. C.* has written about pic-nics *ad nauseam*. The theme is a beautiful one, only it requires deep contemplation in a sewer for several days, in order to do it justice. The resort of the foul hoodlum, the drunken bummer, and the abandoned girl—truly an average public pic-nic is a disgrace to the State and citizens of California.

They rush with a will to fires at Chico, however busily citizens may be engaged in business at the time of the alarm. This week the tocsin sounded while one of the murderers of the six Chinamen was on trial. In less than a minute the Court was empty, the Judge had hold of the nozzle, the jury and spectators worked the hand-engine, while the prisoner unreeled the hose. They had that fire out in less than ten minutes, all took a drink at a saloon, and then returned to try the accused. That's the way they do business in Chico, which accounts for the purity of its municipal administration and the harmony which prevails among the citizens.

A Mannix and Brady partisan writes us that he knows a man who voted the Opposition ticket at the Democratic primaries thirteen times during the day. Our correspondent is probably wrong in his figures, because there is nothing remarkable in them as they stand. Being evidently unused to writing he perhaps placed the three on the wrong side of the one. To vote thirty-one times at a primary requires ingenuity and a frequent change of horses, but there is nothing in the feat as it stands which challenges our powers of belief or causes the slightest sensation of surprise.

Mr. Happy Jack, the gentleman who advertises his subterranean musical hell by appearing on the streets in grotesque costumes, recently personated "Buffalo Bill" on Kearny street. It is said that the renowned star pulled the dive proprietor's nose. Now Buffalo Bill cannot positively certify to having slaughtered any one, whereas it is a matter of record that Happy Jack killed Billy Dwyer. If first-class actors have to be first class murderers, it still seems to us that Happy Jack has the call on Mr. Bill in either capacity.

Sires of Revolutionary Sons is the name of a new society just started. Any parent who has an unmanageable son is eligible for membership, and the club will hold debates once a week on the best method of cowhiding their rebellious progeny, and effecting the reformation of their intractable offspring. The subject of the next discussion is, "Does a strap or a cane hurt most?" Several interesting practical experiments are expected to illustrate the arguments and enliven the meeting.

Mr. Mullan alluded this week to a political opponent, who has unfortunately lost his sight, as "a blind cur." The meeting took exception at his remarks, and considered them ungenerous. Why it is hard to tell. Mr. Mullan's remark was slightly satirical, but there is certainly no more unkindness in it than torturing a helpless prisoner, or practising vivisection on a dumb beast.



## POEM.

[From "The New Republic." London: Chatto & Windus.]

Mine own, my one desire,  
 Virgin most fair  
 Of all the virgin choir.  
 Hail, oh most pure, most perfect, loveliest one!  
 Lo, in my hand I bear,  
 Woven for the circling of thy long gold hair,  
 Culled leaves and flowers, from places which the sun  
 The spring-long shines upon,  
 Where never shepherd hath driven flock to graze,  
 Nor any grass is mown;  
 But there sound through all the sunny sweet warm days,  
 Mid the green holy place,  
 The wild bee's wings alone.  
 Yea, and with jealous care,  
 The maiden Reverence tends the fair things there,  
 And watereth all of them with sprinkling showers  
 Of pearled grey dew from a clear running river.  
 Whoso is chaste of spirit utterly  
 May gather there the leaves and fruits and flowers—  
 The unchaste, never.  
 But thou, O Goddess and dearest love of mine,  
 Take and about thine hair  
 This anadem entwine—  
 Take, and for my sake wear,  
 Who am more to thee than other mortals are,  
 Whose is the holy lot  
 As friend with friend to walk and talk with thee,  
 Hearing thy sweet mouth's music in my ear  
 But thee beholding not.

This is worth more than all the smart things and all the unkind hints and sneers in "The New Republic." No one who can write verses like these need seek success in personalities nor occupation in parodies.

## AN ELECTRICAL CANDLE.

The utilization of electricity for ordinary purposes of illumination has at length been accomplished by a Russian scientist, M. Iablochkoff, of St. Petersburg, and the *Magazin du Louvre*, in Paris, has been successfully lighted by six illuminators deriving their electricity from a single source. Arrangements have also been made to light up one of the London docks, so that loading and unloading ships may, when desirable, be carried on by night as well as day. The chief obstacle to the employment of electricity for ordinary illumination has been the difficulty of subdividing an electric current and producing a number of lights from one source. This obstacle has been successfully overcome by the invention of a candle composed of carbon points embedded parallel to each other in an insulating substance, by which they are separated from each other. This substance is consumed in the electric current, and occupies the same relation to the production of light as does the wax or tallow of an ordinary candle. This substance is called by the inventor "Kaolin," from containing much of that material, and it is anticipated that the carbon points will eventually be dispensed with altogether. As many as fifty constant and uniform lights can be produced from a single machine of the ordinary kind; in short, M. Iablochkoff appears to have satisfactorily solved the question of dividing up the electric light by a method which insures perfect steadiness in the light so divided, and of distributing throughout a building lights of varying degrees of intensity. We observe that W. R. Applegarth, an old Californian, has been appointed agent for the introduction of the invention into England.

Level boot-heels and a light heart always go together.—*Judy*.

## REVIVALISTS — HISTORICAL NOTES — THE MODERN UNICORN.

The car of the gospel is no longer drawn in the old fashion. The "cords of love and the bands of a man," in a very literal and material sense, are becoming unpleasantly conspicuous in the driving gear. The hoary old wheelers—Episcopal and Dissenter—are still nominally attached to the vehicle; but they are not drawing so much as being dragged along. The Christian team is no longer a pair. It has become what is known to horsey men as "a unicorn team." There is a strange third horse in front of the wheelers; a marvelous felonious beast; a regular circus-and-big-tent horse; a roarer; a buck-jumper, with a running at the mouth, consisting of gospel epizooty, or revivalism. A great ladies' horse the beast is—or rather, ladies' unicorn.

Now, La Bruyère has wittily said: "It is too much to pit against a husband, both devotion and gallantry; a wife should take her choice." That is to say, to stir up against a husband's influence both heaven and earth; both the conventicle and a gallant is unfair; a woman should choose one or the other. The horns of a pleasing dilemma! Extensively solved of late in devotional feminine circles by twisting the two horns together—two roots and one point. Fathers and husbands beware of the revival unicorn!

Moses (see *Deuteronomy* XXXIII, 17) in "magnifying the strength of Joseph," compares it to that resident in the horn of a unicorn; though with this simple analogy, all similarity between Joseph and the modern unicorn must, for obvious reasons, end. The learned Cruden says that this animal was in Greek *monoceros*, and in Hebrew *reem*. It is not quite certain whether this *reem* is akin to the rhinoceros of the Nile, though a certain common littleness of eye, thickness of skin, and insolence of temper make the supposition not unreasonable. Our animal has also been allied "to a certain kind of wild goat, called the *oryx*, which is very large and strong and untractable." If to this we add "*and unsavory*," the likeness must again appear striking.

When Isaiah (XXXIV, 7) prophesied the devouring fury of the Lord upon Idumea, the most awful of the threatened judgments was not the "great slaughter," nor the "stink," except so far as this latter was connected with a descent of revivalists upon the doomed land; "and the unicorns shall come down. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest." Does not the very marrow creep in one's bones? What figurative, prophetic language can be more exact to describe a great revival meeting? Woe wert thou, oh Idumea!

David, that eminent *maestro* of the Jew's harp, has referred in feeling terms (*Psalms* XXII, 21) to the divine mercy in rescuing him "from the horns of the unicorns;" yet somehow, though he was tossed severely, he cannot successfully claim our pity. There was quite too little of the Joseph and quite too much of the *reem* about this devout singing person to merit our lively sympathy.

It would take too long to follow our horny animal in his Greek and Latin developments as the satyr Pan or the darkness-loving *Fatuus*—though the latter name is still suggestively preserved in the word "infatuated," the most charitable term that can be applied to the followers of this beast. In all forms he is a goat from the waist downward; in all forms he has the tongue of Belial and the heart of Priapus. And now too, as when the world was young, he is the cause of a certain semi-spiritual delirium, made up at one moment of a raving, ranting impudence, and at another of "an anxiety or alarm arising from no visible or intelligent cause," formerly called "Pan's terror," or *panic* fear, now known variously as "a hell stampede," or a "devil's scare," or a "revival."

The firm of Pope & Dam has lately been swindled by a clever rascal to the tune of \$3,500. Mr. Pope was always a bosom friend of Mr. Dam, but now he swears by Dam from morning till night. It is the first word he utters in the morning and the last at night.

## BOOK REVIEW.

AN ANALYSIS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By Viscount Amberly. D. M. Bennett, New York.

In a foregoing number we have reviewed the general scope and object of this book; and, making the author's study of Jesus Christ the main subject of our notice, we pointed out that he considered the life and character of that most eminent (to Christians) of the "Prophets" from three points of view, viz: the historical Jesus, the mythical Jesus, and the ideal Jesus.

Not having space to follow Lord Amberly throughout his ingenious researches, let us confine ourselves now to the "mythical view of the case, which is, perhaps, the most attractive, from the fact that it rests upon indisputable truths, and not merely on conjecture, as must be the case when we try to decide upon what is historical and what ideal.

The author finds in the mythical life of Jesus (which exists in the synoptical gospels, but more especially in the first and third) three classes of myths: 1. Myths of the typical order, common to a certain kind of great men in certain ages, and therefore purely unhistorical; 2. Myths peculiar to Jesus, in which the miraculous element so predominates that it is impossible to recognize any, or more than the very slightest, admixture of history; 3. Myths peculiar to Jesus, in which there is a more or less considerable admixture of history.

An excellent instance of the first order of myth, or myth typical, is to be found in the conflicting genealogies of Jesus, as given in the various gospels. As our readers know, the discrepancies are glaring and irreconcilable, but they are mainly important as showing what little credit is due to writers who could insert such documents. The genealogy is, however, a typical myth, inasmuch as it has been a practice in all ages to endow one who has risen from obscurity to greatness with illustrious ancestors. Thus it was with Zoroaster, Mahomet, Confucius, Romulus, and innumerable others. The immaculate conception and miraculous birth of Jesus, in the same manner, find parallels in the classic lore of China, Greece, India, Arabia, and of New Zealand, for that matter.

The miraculous recognition of the child as an infant of no common order finds its almost exact prototype in the case of the Chinese hero, How-tseih, the Buddha-Sakyamuni, Ali of Flam, and others.

Then, the direful influence which the birth of Christ was to have upon Herod is a myth of a common order, and is called by Amberly the "Myth of the Dangerous Child." The reader has only to call to mind in this connection the legends of Kronos and Zeus, of Perseus and Akrisios, of Oidipous, Kyros, Moses, the son of the King of Patsala, etc.

Next come the prognostications of the infant's future greatness by wise and eminent persons. Remember the prophecy of Rishi Asita on the infant Buddha, of Abd-al-Motallib over his granchild Mahomet.

Is not the temptation of the Buddha by Mara, the Indian Devil, or of the Persian prophet by Angramainyus, the "Temptation on the Mount" over again? But it is useless to pursue the theme. The analogies are as numerous as they are striking, and the author is as interesting and as much at home upon the more difficult ground of peculiar and necessary myths as he is when dealing with those that are purely typical.

We commend this book to our readers—orthodox or heterodox—as a work that is apt to do great service as a broom of common sense among the cob-webs of credulity.

**Irish honors** are being showered on Daniel O'Leary, the pedestrian. The workmen of Southwark presented him recently with a very eloquent address, "printed in gold letters on white satin, encircled with shamrocks, and ornamented with the harp, Irish wolf-dog, round tower, ancient coins, and other Irish emblems, the whole being surmounted by the Irish and American flags." O'Leary was complimented, not so much because he had won a victory over Weston, but because he sustained by it the "name of Ireland." Mr. O'Leary was almost mute with gratitude, but still he could assure his friends that the "address which had been read, and the feelings which had prompted it, would often be the subject of his thoughts, and in future days would many a time shed a happy light on his heart."

## FIRST LOVE.

When first we love, you know, we seldom wed—  
 Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not  
 The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead;  
 And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,  
 Much given away which it were sweet to keep.  
 God help us all! who need, indeed, His care;  
 And yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now  
 Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;  
 He has his father's eager eyes, I know,  
 And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,  
 And I can feel his light breath come and go,  
 I think of one—Heaven help and pity me—  
 Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago.

Who might have been—ah! what, I dare not think,  
 We are all changed. God judges for us best.  
 God help us do our duty, and not shrink,  
 And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not if some appear  
 Too cold at times, and some too gay and light;  
 Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear,  
 Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah! were we judged by what we might have been,  
 And not by what we are—too apt to fall!

My little child—he sleeps and smiles between  
 These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know all.

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A correspondent at St. Petersburg says, writing on the 11th inst.: The late Socialist trial was very fully reported by the papers here, but a characteristic speech delivered by one of the accused, a peasant named Aleksieff, who occupied a very prominent position in the conspiracy, was omitted from the reports, apparently by order of the censorship. This speech has now been printed at the secret Socialist press of St. Petersburg, and I have obtained a copy of it, from which a few extracts may be interesting. "We, the millions of the working population," began the speaker, "are cast upon the world almost as soon as we have learned to walk; undeveloped, both physically and mentally, we become prematurely dull, being crushed by a labor too great for our strength. From the age of ten we are sent to work. We are sold to the capitalist for a piece of black bread, and we are placed under the orders of full-grown men, who accustom us by blows and kicks to a work above our powers. We eat God knows what; we breathe with difficulty in a fetid atmosphere; we sleep on the ground, without sheets or pillow. No wonder that in such circumstances mental capacity is blunted, and the moral sense remains undeveloped. What can we feel but hatred for the capitalists who thus treat us? . . . Forty kopeks is all we get for seventeen hours' work a day; and out of this sum we have to maintain ourselves and our families, besides paying the Government taxes. All this is strange, inconceivable and sad; but what is most sad of all is that a man who has worked all his life seventeen hours a day, for the privilege of feeding himself and his children on black bread, should now sit on the bench of the accused. I know something of the working men's question in the west. Their position is quite different from ours. In Western Europe they do not persecute workmen who employ their leisure time and many sleepless nights in reading books; on the contrary, they speak with pride of such workmen, and they look upon us as a half-savage and enslaved nation. . . . In Russia, to be like a workman is to be like a beast. People talk of the reform of the 18th of February, 1861" (the



emancipation decree). "Alas! that so-called reform was for us nothing but a delusion and a dream. We remained in the power of the capitalists as before; we remained dependent upon them for bread, and we were given a little land that was of no use to us. . . . If we are obliged to ask for a rise in wages, we are punished by banishment to Siberia. Evidently we are still serfs! If the capitalist dismisses us, and we are unable to pay the fines he has chosen arbitrarily to impose, we are forced to work for him without wages until his claim is satisfied. Evidently we are still serfs! If no workman is allowed to bring a charge against a capitalist, and any foreman may strike us in the mouth and kick us out of doors—are we not still serfs? . . . The workman can only look for redress to the intelligent youth of Russia. They alone have offered him the hand of a brother; they have heard the groans of the Russian peasantry; they alone cannot look with indifference on those tortured peasants, crushed under the yoke of Russian despotism. . . . They will lead us and assist us, until the powerful arm of the working millions shall be raised, and the yoke of despotism, defended by soldiers' bayonets, shall be scattered into dust."—*Budget*.

**Mr. Labouchere** is a very clever fellow, and ought to have all credit for his cleverness. But Mr. Labouchere, like Ignatieff, is supposed to have only a very confused conception of the difference between that which is and that which is not. Perhaps we do him an injustice in this; but the editor of *Truth* is unrivaled for one thing—audacity, and that trait in his character is said to be hereditary. The editor of *London*, one of the smartest newspapers now published, although, because it is Conservative and clever, it does not seem to take, has been digging up out of the files of the *Times* a story of one of Mr. Labouchere's ancestors, which is as characteristic of the present man as it was apparently of the original. In 1822 M. Labouchere, a clerk in the banking-house of Hope, of Amsterdam, was sent by his patrons to Mr. Baring, the celebrated London banker, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in the affair so much ability as to entirely win the esteem and confidence of the English banker. "Faith!" said he one day to Baring, "your daughter is a charming creature. I wish I could persuade you to give me her hand." "Young man, you are joking; for seriously you must allow that Miss Baring could never become the wife of a simple clerk." "But," said Labouchere, "if I were in partnership with Mr. Hope?" "Oh, that would be quite a different thing; that would entirely make up for all other deficiencies." Returned to Amsterdam, Labouchere said to his patron, "You must take me into partnership." "My young friend, how can you think of such a thing? It is impossible; you are without fortune, and—" "But if I became the son-in-law of Mr. Baring?" "In that case the affair would soon be settled, and so you have my word." Fortified with these two promises, Labouchere returned to England, and in two months after married Miss Baring, because Mr. Hope had promised to take him into partnership; and he became allied to the house of Hope on the strength of that promise of marriage. Mr. Labouchere lived to wear an English coronet and to sit in an English Cabinet. His nephew is the editor of *Truth*.

**The "Koran"** has never been a very popular book even in Mahomedan countries. The prohibition of printing it, and the great care and trouble required to produce manuscript facsimile copies has rendered the volume so scarce that it can be found only in the mosques and libraries of the rich and learned. In this respect it has been very different from our Bible, which has been printed and circulated in every known language. But recent events in the East having called attention to the "Koran," large editions of it have been issued in Europe, and one enterprising London publishing firm has sold many thousand copies. The chance that the infidels may best know their sacred book, perchance, has influenced the Moslem ecclesiastical authorities to employ photo-lithography or photo-zincography for its multiplication for home use. The objection to types is thus avoided; but the thin edge of progress is thus introduced, and a beginning made towards popularizing a book which has hitherto been generally left for priests to conjure by.

### WOULDN'T EAT HIS DINNER.

"A storm in a teacup" has lately taken place at Hiogo in Japan. Hiogo is the port of Kioto, and last January the Mikado, in making a journey to Kioto, landed at Hiogo. The United States Consul at that place took advantage of this visit of the Mikado to extend to His Majesty and suite "the hospitality of the United States Consulate at a private dinner." The invitation was, however, declined, on the ground of the Mikado's haste in passing through, whereupon the Consul prepared an address, which he endeavored to present to the Mikado on his return from Kioto, and communicated it to the local press two days later, on February 7th, as having been actually presented. In the address he professed to speak in the name of the Hiogo municipality and of the foreign community generally, thus making them responsible for the grammar and spelling of the address, alleged to be defective, and for the style—asserted to be ridiculous and otherwise objectionable. A special meeting of the municipal Council, of which the United States Consul is chairman, was in consequence convened, and he was asked by his colleagues, including several of the resident Consuls, to explain by what authority he had presumed to speak for them, and who had "devolved upon him" the "pleasant and honored duty of welcoming" the Mikado. In reply he merely explained that he believed he was expressing the sentiments of the Council, whereupon he was asked to resign. In a discussion which followed he stated that he had been informed by the Governor that an address on behalf of the foreign community would be acceptable. This, however, was contradicted by the British Consul, who was authorized by the Governor to say that the proposal came from the United States Consul himself, and had been rejected; but that the latter nevertheless forced the address upon him in the railway station, when, out of good nature, he received it and put it into his pocket. The debate ended by the United States Consul refusing to put the resolution requesting him to resign. At the regular monthly meeting of the Council the resolution was renewed, but declared out of order by the Chairman, upon which the Council dissolved itself by resignations, to form again without the United States Consul as one of its members.—*Budget*.

Edward Atkinson closes an admirable series of letters on cotton in the New York *Herald* with some observations on the relative advantages of New England and the South as seats of cotton manufacture. He cautions the South against reckless experiments in this field. Cotton spinning, he says, requires large capital at a low rate, few operatives, ample banking facilities, a good system of distribution, a machine-shop on one side and a paper-mill on the other, and especially a cool climate and a habit of persistent and arduous indoor labor in the people. Many of these requirements are wanting at the South, and must be wanting to isolated mills of small capacity. The South needs the wheelwright, the tinman and the toolmaker, before it needs the cotton-mill. In the former occupations a small amount of capital pays a great amount of wages; in the latter a large capital pays only a small amount of wages. An investment of \$150,000 in cotton manufacture would not give employment to over 100 people, or disburse over \$30,000 annually in wages. These are interesting considerations, and mark the economic value of Mr. Atkinson's studies, which will, we trust, be placed in the reach of the public in a more permanent form. He urges a more precise system of agricultural statistics, and thinks that if the Department of Agriculture were as wisely and ably supervised and directed as was the last census, its value would be "almost boundless." He looks to specie payments, a repeal of the navigation law and increased freedom of trade to assure us a long era of prosperity.

The "Hawkeye" relates that a distressed night editor, when he saw the report of a Turco-Russian war, took down the map, glanced calmly over the field, saw what manner of names he would have to read proofs of this summer, and went out and shot himself dead in the neck.

### FAIR TIPLERS.

Let us follow the movements, for the brief space of twelve hours, of a young girl who goes much into society. Somewhere about nine or ten A.M. she makes her appearance in the morning-room—after having jiggled about in a crowded assembly until daybreak—languid, heavy-eyed, unrefreshed by the matutinal tub. Without the ghost of an appetite she sits down to an unwholesome meal of spiced and peppered dishes, hot rolls, strong coffee and cream. After breakfast—too tired, in all probability, to ride—she whiles away the rosy hours until lunch-time in doing intricate things with colored silks, writing notes, or fluttering the pages of the books sent in from Mudie's. Luncheon is a heavier breakfast, with the addition of wine and pastry. A turn or two in the park, lolling back in a barouche, varied by an interval of shopping in a West End "emporium;" home to afternoon tea, with plenty of sweet cakes to destroy the little appetite created by the fresh air; another spell of the *dolce far niente*, a languid toilette, and then dinner. The real business of the day begins long after the birds are asleep and the stars are shining in the sky. A *menu* in which you look in vain for plain roast or boiled; the glare of a score of candles; a wine for every course; laughter, excitement, coffee, flirtation, and finally the brougham, in which the flushed and feverish girl is whirled away to more hot rooms, more excitement, more champagne; what can result from such an unnatural and unhealthy mode of existence but an increased craving for dissipation, and an impatient desire to be relieved from the lassitude attending reaction by the abuse of alcoholic stimulants?—*Whitchall Review*.

**A New Dish.**—Every one will wish all possible success to the enterprising Americans who are now helping to lower the price of meat in our markets. Any English speculators who may be anxious to develop an equally profitable trade from English ports—or at least from those of her dependencies, and which might be profitably shared by their French neighbors—will doubtless be thankful for the following hint, for which we are indebted to a work recently published by Mr. P. L. Simmonds. The City of Paris is, it is well-known, the chosen home of the rat; nowhere else is that ravenous but useful animal found in such countless numbers, except in West Indian sugar plantations, where his presence is an unendurable nuisance. Now, the flesh of the rat is said by those who have tried it to be by no means bad eating. White, firm, and tasting very much like chicken, it is declared by some to figure oftener than weak-stomached epicures imagine on the tables of those doubtful Parisian restaurants where dinner may be had for "one franc, with wine and bread at discretion." However this may be, in China the rat is eaten openly, and the soup made from his bones by the Celestials is declared equal to ox-tail. Such is the demand for rats in the Flowery Land that their carcases sell for eight shilling the dozen. Now, Mr. P. L. Simmonds suggests that a very profitable venture might be made from Kurrachee, on the Western coasts of India, where rats abound, to Canton and Hong-kong. He declares that seven million could be salted and packed aboard a four hundred ton ship, and he estimates the profits of the speculation as follows: 7,000,000 rats at three pence per dozen, say £7,200; salting and curing, say £3,700; total cost under £11,000. Proceeds of 7,000,000 rats sold at eight shillings the dozen, say £233,333, leaving the very satisfactory balance of at least £220,000 for freight and profit. Should the Heathen Chinee have reason to bless the Western barbarians for the increased supplies of the delicious rodent, quite a profitable trade might be created, and none be the worse off except English wearers of "kid" gloves.

**The Khedive** is becoming mentally incapable. Unless he takes a turn for the better, he will soon be a driveling idiot. His eldest son is about 22 years old, and is a quiet, sensible youth.

**During the excitement** the other day a bald-headed man wanted to be admitted to the Stock Board as a "bear."

## WAR NEWS.

[By Special Wire to the "Daily Liar."]

Says Russophobe: "O have you heard  
The latest news about the war?  
The gallant Turk has won again,  
And slaughtered Russians by the score.  
I see a smile light up your face;  
I know you're glad to hear the news;  
That's right—the thrashing of the Russ  
Should match with every good man's views."

Says Russophile: "Good sir, I smile  
That you should be so misinformed;  
I beg to state that by the Russ  
The Turk has had his jacket warmed.  
I saw the fact chalked up, just now,  
So I am sure the news is true;  
I'm really glad, and beg to add,  
I'm just as good a man as you."

Yells Russophobe: "Well, I declare!  
You sorely do my temper try!  
Take that—you Russian pig, and learn  
To never give a Turk the lie!"

Howls Russophile: "You Moslem vile,  
Take that, and that, and that, and that!  
I'll show you, sir, that I can use  
The logic of an autocrat!"

Groans Russophobe: "You've bruised my nose!"  
Moans Russophile: "You've blacked my eye!  
So come with me and be convinced—  
The news is written up close by."

Says Russophobe: "I'll gladly go,  
But you will find the Turks have won."  
"I'll bet my pile," says Russophile,  
"That you will learn the Turks have run!"

Reads Russophobe: "The latest from"—  
Spells Russophile: "the seat of war"—  
Reads Russophobe: "is, that the fight"—  
Spells Russophile: "which, just before"—  
Reads Russophobe: "this latest news,"—  
Spells Russophile: "we really thought"—  
Reads Russophobe: "had taken place,"—  
Spells Russophile: "WAS NEVER FOUGHT!"

**An unpleasant incident** is reported from Lower Gornal, in Worcestershire, England. A few nights since, a party of people were returning home from Dudley to Lower Gornal, when in the main road, known as Bagley's Lane, they were alarmed by a host of snakes and lizards advancing along the road, which literally swarmed with them for a distance of more than ten yards. They were, in fact, so plentiful that it was difficult to walk without treading on them at every step, and the nerves of the ladies of the party were so shocked that they requested the gentlemen to carry them. This request was of course immediately complied with, and the snakes and lizards, although squashed by dozens, fortunately do not appear to have shown any loss of temper, but pursued their mysterious march without attacking any one. It is supposed that they came from "the Ruff," part of which has been on fire for years, owing to old colliery workings being there, and that the heat has at last become so unendurable that both snakes and lizards have been compelled to retreat and find a new home. It may be that the reptiles are *en route* to London, with the intention of seeking a shelter in the Zoological Gardens.

**It is curious** when the Turk hitches up his gunny bag breeches that everything else goes up. Look at wheat.



## AN IMPERIAL BIRTHDAY.

To-morrow's Sabbath, says an exchange, will probably bring some strange reflections to the mind and memory of the Czar. He has entered upon a struggle against forces as yet unknown, and upon two continents is waging the strength of his Empire without an alliance or an encouragement on any side. But it may be presumed that he has confidence in his cause, and feels that the right has been transmitted to him of protecting the Christian populations in Turkey. Moreover, some personal circumstances in connection with him have to be considered before we judge his policy. People speak of him as "the young Emperor." Well, he is nearer sixty than fifty, and has had time enough, in all conscience, to mature his political ideas. Favorite son of Nicholas, and separated by antipathy from his younger brother, the Duke Constantine, he was not, after all, educated by his father, but by his mother, Alexandra Fedrowowna, sister to the then Prussian King, Frederick William the Fourth. She chose for him, as a tutor, neither a Russian nor a Frenchman (of course, not an Englishman), but a "Governor" German by nationality and religion, who so inspired him with ideals that his father had to bully them out of his head before he could recognize in him a proper Muscovite soldier. So, at least, complains the national poet, Ionkvaski, who, however, declares that he never was the genuine master of the second Czaro-witch, because the Czar kept him always in hand, made him a Corporal in the Army, wearing that subaltern uniform, announced him to have attained his majority at the age of sixteen, and then promoted him as by a lightning flight above all the Generals of the Empire. This is the way in which Emperors are educated. The second Alexander, whose birth is commemorated to-morrow, was in the prime of his youth appointed First Commander of the Imperial Lancers Guard, then Chief of the Cossacks, immediately afterwards the Emperor's principal Aide-de-Camp, and so on, until Prince Bismarck himself might have envied so rapid a translation from rank to rank and dignity to dignity. Of course, his existence at that time was simply one of military maneuvers, intercepted by a not very fortunate marriage with the Princess Marie, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt in 1841. New honors, however, came thick and fast upon the head of "the Imperial votary" who was so swiftly passing on to his father's throne.

In January, 1821, he had been made Chancellor of the University of Finland. Subsequently he founded a chair of Russian and Finnish literature, by all which it may be seen that he is a modern scholar, who, war notwithstanding, accommodates himself to the appeals of modern civilization. Next he became patron of the Finland Academy, with whose works we have not as yet the happiness to be acquainted; promoted foreign explorations; exhibited a deep interest in the military schools of the empire, and was complimented by his august parent as displaying "a truly Russian spirit." What "a truly Russian spirit" exactly means we have still to learn. But it is interesting to note the antecedents of this sovereign, whose policy threatens just now to convulse the Eastern and Western world. In 1850 he commenced a long course of travel, visiting the remotest provinces of Southern Russia—Nicolaiëff, Sebastopol, Tiflis, Ervan, Derbent, and even the almost inaccessible valleys and villages of the Caucasus—always accompanied, be it remembered, by a staff of military engineers, the most acute and scientific that Europe could supply. Five years later—that is, on the 2d of March, 1855—the Czar Nicholas died, in the midst of the agony of a great war, and the Second Alexander became Czar, having won and worn the Star and Cross of the Order of St. George by an act of personal gallantry in the field. Here began the embarrassments of his career; though he glorified his earlier fame by his emancipation of the serfs—an act of humanity and statesmanship long contemplated by his father. He inherited for himself a position which he had not created. He had made vows which it was scarcely possible for him to keep. He had been taught that the retention of Kars was to Turkey almost equivalent to the possible loss of Constantinople; and he retained his father's ministers in a body, with a single exception—Nesselrode. Nesselrode was allowed to abdicate, as it were, and Gortschakoff was accepted in his place.

Since then Prince Gortschakoff has signified the policy of the Russian Empire—for the most part, however, its foreign policy. Prince Gortscha-

koff has never troubled himself much with interior or domestic affairs, leaving them to his Imperial Master, while he managed, according to his will, like a Bismarck on a Muscovite model, the business of diplomacy. Thus the new Emperor, profiting by his travels and experience, endeavored to turn them to account for the advantage of his subjects, whose numbers no census has hitherto accurately calculated. He commenced, as we have shown, a series of local reforms, educational and other; he established a new Faculty of Languages; he gave a new organization to the University of St. Petersburg; and he did a greater thing "than this, than these, than all"—he recalled, and restored to their homes, upwards of a thousand exiles in Siberia; saying, at the same time, "Finland and Poland are as dear to me as any other provinces of my Empire." It was on a birthday of his, by a coincidence, that Schamyl—the man who flogged his mother—surrendered, and the long war of the Caucasus was brought to an end. Since then, however, it is true that Russia has rarely been altogether at peace, though her conflicts have been mainly in the East, against nationalities of Central Asia, Turkestan, and the constantly plotting Emirs of Bokhara. Samarcand—"the silken"—fell into her hands in June, 1868; but more than a year previously—that is, in March, 1867—the Czar gave up, for a consideration, to the United States, the whole of his American possessions. Such a potentate it is who celebrates his near approach to his sixtieth year to-morrow. It will, as usual, be an affair of gunpowder and banners, of parading regiments and sounding trumpets; yet, into the midst of all this pageant, will not one spectral horror intrude? The ghastly scene that is being enacted in the East, which, lawful or lawless as we may deem it, must be closed as soon as may possibly be.

It was said that the Czar reserved for his birthday his declaration of war; but he evinced a better spirit than that. Declarations of war are not the fitting opportunities for thanksgiving, and a man passing the great climax of life may have to think, with even more than seriousness, upon the dying and the dead who may soon be prostrated at his fiat. We are not in all this veering away from the original view which we took of the Turkish abominations. They are as black as ever in our sight, as they must be in the sight of the human world. But an enormous responsibility rests upon the Czar just now, while, with an Empire rejoicing over his natal anniversary, he is coloring with blood the map of Europe and staining with blood, also, the steppes of Asia. It is for him, to-morrow, if he speaks at all, to give assurance that the sword shall be sheathed whenever a glimpse of the hope of peace opens through the dark and storm-laden sky of the actual day. This much the world will expect of him, or else he will be accused of a false pretence and a treacherous ambition. Let Turkey be brought to terms, if terms can be enforced by Russia; but, upon the earliest hint of her submission, it will be for her enemy to accept whatever capitulation may be offered. Such a resolve would well accord with the congratulations of an Imperial Birthday.

**A curious and distressing case** has recently been under the consideration of the police at Moscow. A few months ago a Russian peasant, with his wife and four children, were traveling in a sleigh along the banks of the Pruth, when they were pursued by a pack of wolves. The peasant urged on his horses as much as he could, but soon perceived the horrible fact that the wolves were fast gaining upon him. At the moment when the sleigh was surrounded by the ravening beasts, the man seized one of the children, threw it into the midst of them, and while the wolves were struggling over their prey, he hastened on his horses, and gained ground. Four times the wolves came up with the fugitives, and four times the horrible sacrifice was completed. At last the peasant and his wife arrived at the nearest village, leaving behind them the bones of their four children. In the bitterness of her despair the mother informed against her husband, but the Judges, considering that if the peasant had not resigned himself to the sacrifice, he would not only have lost his children, but also his wife, acquitted the prisoner.

### THE WAR AND THE CARRYING TRADE.

Americans are jubilant over the prospect of slaughter and bloodshed in Europe. Already do they speculate upon the C. O. D. orders for the munitions and weapons of war, wherewith the bloody game may be played. All this is fair and legitimate enterprise. They long to see England drawn into the struggle, and vainly flatter themselves that such a contingency would give them the carrying trade of the ocean. One would suppose that England set an embargo upon the citizens of the United States engaging in such trade, and that so long as English vessels are free to traverse the seas, and enter all the ports of the world, Americans are debarred from sharing the busy commerce. Well, they are debarred, but by themselves. By their own selfish policy; by their own Government. A contemporary says there is "a lion in the path," and that the protection of the American flag cannot be extended to any vessel built out of the United States, and further says that this law was "forced upon us by England." Does England *continue* to force this law upon free America? Does England say that if a citizen resides in a foreign country and is owner of a ship, he cannot have that ship protected by the American flag during such residence? Does England force the forty million consumers to pay high prices for all they consume when brought from an Atlantic port to the Pacific, or *vice versa*, because the coasting trade laws give the few American shipowners a monopoly in such trade? Does England put such a tariff on the materials for constructing a ship as to permit the building of them in this country? or do we do these things ourselves? Bah! So long as American citizens have such financiers to conduct their affairs, and will allow corrupt officials and representatives to play into the hands of a few monopolists, they will have no carrying trade. Let them not lay the flattering unction to their souls. No matter what wars England may engage in she will not muzzle the trade of her people. *They* will be free to possess ships and sail them under her protecting flag wheresoever they may reside and wheresoever such ships are constructed; and the citizens of other powers will be welcomed to her possessions to share in her commerce throughout the world without bar or restriction. Let us live and learn.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

**To Editor News Letter**—DEAR SIR: I have vainly looked for your usual efforts to put down wrong. Can't you do something for us by ventilating the assessment question? A very little would open it wide enough to drive out a big devil of dishonesty. We have had the amusing rehearsal of Satan reproving sin, in the late meeting at the Palace Hotel. A more fitting place could not have been found out of hell for this Committee to meet. How the actors must have enjoyed the farce? How correctly for them to say they disclaim any attempt to submit the private affairs of any company to unwarrantable scrutiny, knowing they won't stand investigation? Right on top of this meeting some of them met to declare another freeze-out assessment of 20 cents on a stock selling for 35 cents per share. I allude to the Imperial. This mine has for years been assessing, till they have collected enough to build a Palace Hotel, and the end is not yet.

Now what we want to know is, Where does the money go? During the past 60 days they have had an average of fifteen men employed, at an average of \$4 per day, or \$3,600 for sixty days. This has been their main expense, and for this they collected an assessment of \$125,000, and now want another of \$100,000. It is time that those who are fools enough to pay these assessments should know where the balance of the money goes.

Let Mr. Fry and Mr. Sharon speak.

Queen Victoria was fifty-eight years old last Thursday. In answer to many correspondents the T. C. would say he is only thirty-three. There is therefore twenty-five years difference between the two celebrities.

## AMERICA'S SYMPATHY.

In an article recently published in this city, it was stated that the sympathy of the American Republic was entirely on the side of Russia as opposed to England in the present Eastern complication. Assuming these premises to be true, the writer deducted a series of illogical and lame conclusions, all of which were as baseless as the starting point. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that a mean and dirty spirit of hatred to England may exist among a section of naturalized citizens, it is fair to ask on what reasons it is based. It is absurd to imagine that the country still fosters ill-will or nurses wrongs committed by the English Government a century and a half ago. We are too great a nation for that supposition to hold water. It is equally idle to pretend that England's course during our late war still exposes her to the undying hatred of the American people, and there are no other apparent causes possibly provocative of ill-will. The truth is that American sympathies are not anti-English. No intelligent or good citizen would like to see Great Britain worsted in a struggle with any other European Power for the following reasons: We are all members of the same Anglo-Saxon family; we speak the same tongue, and have the same blood in our veins, drawn from common ancestors. We are cousins of close degree, and, as is right, we are on terms of perfect peace one with the other. When a great disaster fell on us recently, and one of our largest cities was consumed by fire, it was England that telegraphed us her gold before even San Francisco could forward her generous relief to the sufferers. Sadly we admit that there is a class of citizens in our midst who would rejoice over England's downfall; a class of turbulent, plotting malcontents; men who wring the last dime from the pockets of the poor working-girl under the false pretence of liberating their country; men who are not good citizens here, nor would be anywhere else; loud-mouthed, ignorant champions of fancied wrongs, ever ready to discover an insult under every bush they pass. These men are not true Americans—ten generations will not make them such; but their influence on American sentiment is happily as insignificant as it is unhealthy.

The American journalist is indeed a riddle to the staid English quill-driver. A puzzled editor of a British humorous paper (God save the mark!) writes as follows: The laconic is in great favor with Transatlantic journalists, who have a knack of making fun out of very serious matters. For example: A circus rider in Texas tried to turn three somersaults on horseback; the manager sent to New Orleans the following day for another somersault man. A man warned his wife in New Orleans not to light the fire with kerosene; her clothes fit his second wife remarkably well. Few men would attempt to dry gunpowder in the kitchen stove; a man in Canada did. His afflicted family would be glad of any information as to his whereabouts. A boy in Detroit disregarded his mother's warning not to skate on the river, as the ice was thin; his mother don't have to cook for so many as she did by one. In Massachusetts, the other day, a man thought he could cross the track in advance of the locomotive; the services at the grave were impressive. Were this style of reporting to become naturalized here, the penny-a-liner's vocation would be gone; suicides might cease to be everyday occurrences if they were chronicled thus: John Smith, of New York, revolver; Anne Jones, of New Jersey, laudanum; G. Jenkins, of Philadelphia, third-story window.

The main thoroughfares of the great metropolis were given up for some hours Tuesday morning to a curious rabble and a vulgar advertising procession, devoted to beer, groceries, and a general distribution of handbills, which made Broadway as white as a snow-storm. In the event there was a bigger mob, and a poor parody of the allegorical masquerades done in southern cities on Mardi-Gras. This affair was hardly worth while for New York. Mayor Ely showed a degree of sense in refusing to "review" the shabby humbug. But he would have done better to forbid it altogether as a public nuisance.—*Springfield Republican*.



VIVAT REGINA!

The fifty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of Queen Victoria occurred on Thursday last. Her Majesty, having been born at Kensington Palace, on the 24th of May, 1819. It is said that the sun never sets on the British Dominions; and there is no corner of the world, however remote, in which there cannot be found some hearts who loyally celebrate "the Queen's Birthday." Even to the Englishmen living in this land of liberty, under the beneficent regis of Republican institutions, such an occasion causes a flow of affectionate regard toward "the old country," which is apt to get blunted or faded by long absence and the associations which surround us. There are a few persons who affect to desuise the proud privilege of being Englishmen; but these are exceptional cases, and such individuals are usually those of whom their country has no reason to be proud. In San Francisco the day was celebrated chiefly afloat, as is most fitting. The numerous British vessels in the bay were dressed with flags, and gay with bunting. On shore the Union Jack was displayed over the British Consulate on California street, the Palace Hotel, the British Benevolent Society's Rooms, the Union Club, the London and San Francisco Bank, and other buildings, while the flags of the foreign Consulates were also hoisted in honor of the day.

In the evening a banquet was held at the Palace Hotel, at which Her Majesty's Consul, Mr. Lane Booker, Esq., took the chair. Covers were laid for 250 persons. After dinner the Chairman proposed the health of "The Queen," which was drunk with the usual honors. Other loyal and patriotic toasts followed, and the entertainment was not concluded until after midnight.

It is pleasant, on such an occasion, to remark that Her Majesty is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and that she has latterly emerged a good deal from the comparative seclusion in which the years of her widowhood have been passed. Let us trust that it may please Providence to spare her for many years, to continue the Victorian era.

Professor Davidson, of the United States Coast Survey, has made the following report of the recent tidal wave noticed here: "Sharp earthquake waves occurred on Thursday, May 10th, at 6 o'clock and 18 minutes A. M. Five rises and falls of nine inches in eighty minutes. Then nine maxima or crests, forty-eight minutes apart, with secondary maxima, largest fifteen inches. Then six sharp rises, fourteen inches each, to regular broken crests, one hour apart. Then to 5 o'clock Friday morning double maxima as at commencement, largest rise eighteen inches. From 5:20 A. M. Friday until 1:15 P. M. irregular maxima; then sudden fall sixteen inches, and action continuing until 5 P. M.; no well defined maximum of action, but exhibitions of markedly different character."

[Communicated.]

Marcus D. Boruck for United States Senator.—The name of this gentleman has been mentioned as a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Hon. A. A. Sargent; and from the very favorable manner in which it has been received by the press, is evidence that he has considerable strength in the State. He is a man of fine intellect, of great executive ability, and with a full knowledge of the requirements of the State. To him more than any one else is the Republican party indebted for the success of last year. Should he be chosen as Senator, he would never bring discredit upon the State or himself.

Lord Beaconsfield was recently congratulated by a brother peer upon his translation to the Upper House. "I feel," said the Premier, "like a man already dead, and"—for he suddenly remembered that he was addressing a peer—"in the realms of bliss."

### PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

Professor Tyndall states that there is a complete parallelism between the phenomena of disease poisons and the phenomena of ordinary putrefaction. In the case, for example, of flies carrying disease from one person to another, is exactly paralleled in putrefaction. Thus, he had chopped up a beef-steak steeped in water, and made a clear and strong beef-tea. Exposed to the air, this liquid soon becomes turbid, and is found swarming with living organisms. By heating the clear beef tea it will be sterilized; everything capable of producing turbidity and organisms will be destroyed, and kept away from all floating particles, the liquid may be kept clear for years. If, however, a fly dipped its foot into the turbid liquid, and went to the clear fluid, that contact would be sufficient to infect the sterilized fluid, and in forty-eight hours the clear liquid would be swarming with living organisms. Here also, as in the case of infectious diseases, there was a period of incubation. The Professor ventured to predict that in ten years there would be no great names in favor of the spontaneous generation either of germs or disease. Small-pox poison never produces typhus, or *vice versa*. There is no subject in the whole range of medical art of equal importance to that of the prevention of infectious diseases. People do not like being pressed into good behavior by external influences, and all really great sanitary improvements must come from the people themselves. In communities, where the people are jealous of Government interference, it is of primary importance that they should be properly instructed in such subjects.

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The trial of Rev. John Miller for heresy, before the New Brunswick presbytery at Trenton, N. J., closed on Friday with his suspension from the ministry of the Presbyterian church until he should recant his errors. These were: Holding that the soul is not in itself immortal, but dies with the body and is resurrected with it; that Christ, as a child of Adam, inherited a corrupt nature and needed and was redeemed by his own death; and that there is but one person in the Godhead. Concerning this trial of Mr. Miller, the *Christian Union* well asks: "Seriously, who are the followers of Christ; the Moodys and Murphys and Miss Willards, who are giving their lives to raise the fallen and redeem the lost, or the doctors of divinity who are assembled to discuss what they shall do with the man who audaciously declares that 'persons and hypostatic differences are ideas or terms in reference to the Divine Being which find no warrant in the Bible when critically examined?' Can we imagine Christ leaving the blind in their darkness, the deaf in their silence, and the publicans and sinners in their iniquity, to discuss with the twelve apostles 'hypostatic differences?' Brethren, this is following the Pharisees, not Christ."

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**Important Milk Discovery.** - Professor Boedeker, with a view to arrive at certain results, has analyzed the milk of a healthy cow at different periods of the day. The professor found that the solids of the evening's milk (13 per cent.) exceeded those of the morning's milk (10 per cent.); while the water contained in the fluid was diminished from 89 per cent. to 86 per cent. The fatty matter gradually increases as the day progresses. In the morning it amounts to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., at noon  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and in the evening  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The practical importance of this discovery is at once apparent; it develops the fact that while 16 ounces of morning's milk will yield but half an ounce of butter, about double the quantity can be obtained from the evening's milk. The casein is also increased in the evening's milk from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., but the albumen is diminished from 44-100ths per cent. to 31-100ths per cent. Sugar is least abundant at midnight ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.) and most plenty at noon ( $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.). The percentage of the salt undergoes almost no change at any time of the day.

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**W. H. C. Hosmer**, the poet, died at Rochester, New York, this week.

**MONTENEGRO.**

The May number of *The Nineteenth Century* contains the following sonnet, signed Alfred Tennyson:—

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,  
 They keep their faith, their freedom, on the hight,  
 Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night  
 Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales  
 Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,  
 And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight  
 Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight  
 By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.  
 O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne  
 Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm  
 Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,  
 Great Tsernogora! never since thine own  
 Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm  
 Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

**EARTHQUAKE CHIMNEYS.**

**Fire Wardens Scannell, Brady, Corbell, Henretta, Riley** and Durkee addressed a communication to the Board of Supervisors this week, in which they say, by Order 1318 permission was granted to Williams & Co. to construct in this city, in lieu of brick chimneys, a chimney known as the Williams Fire and Earthquake-proof Chimneys, and in pursuance of said Order, Williams, Pierce & Co. are constructing chimneys in such a manner as to endanger the safety of the city if allowed to continue, and as the Board of Fire Wardens have and are doing all in their power to prevent the erection of chimneys other than those contemplated by said Order 1318, but find themselves powerless to prevent the violation of said Order, they therefore request the Board to amend Section 23, Chapter 697, Order 1349, by striking out "Williams' Fire and Earthquake-proof Chimney." There can be no more just cause of alarm in our city than the one which forms the matter of the above communication. We are informed that Williams, Pierce & Co. have erected numbers of common sewer-pipes in the Chinese quarter, slenderly supported by wires. Their fall, in the case of an earthquake, would be fearfully disastrous to human life, and the action of Marshal Durkee in this matter, as also that of the Board in striking out the Williams' Patent Earthquake Chimney from the list of privileged chimneys, is highly commendable.

**Automatic Registration of Omnibus Fares.**—The alarm punch and various other devices for registering the number of passengers who travel by tramway cars or omnibuses, and thus establishing a check on the conductors, having proved comparative failures, a new plan for automatic registration has recently been patented by Mr. Victor J. Feeny, C. E., and carried successfully through the last phase of public trial. The registration is ingeniously effected by means of a couple of swing-bars, through which each passenger on entering the vehicle has to pass, and the pressure upon these bars causes the revolution of a cylinder, which in its rotation pierces a slip of paper, or tell-tale. The invention is at once simple and effectual, and arrangements are being entered into for carrying it into practical use on tramway lines in various parts of the country. *Public Opinion.*

**There is now in Liverpool** a cold-air machine, of French invention and very simple construction, which will shortly be exhibited to the public, and which, it is expected, will be largely adopted for cooling rooms, public buildings, Home Rulers, and meat and provision depositories. The machine produces cold air by compression, without the use of ice or chemicals. Experiments were privately tried, recently, in the presence of a number of scientific men, when a very low temperature was obtained in a very short space of time.

## SEA SERPENTS AGAIN.

A Scotch paper has been trying its hand at a sea serpent story, which not only was copied extensively in Europe, but also appeared, this week, in the San Francisco *Post* and the *Evening Bulletin*. "Flaneur," in the *Court Journal*, alludes to the matter as follows: "It is really too bad. I did believe in the sea serpent this time, and was looking forward to hearing what such a naturalist as Mr. Henry Lee would have to say to His Marine Highness, when the vision of the interesting stranger is thus dispelled. Mr. Robertson, manager of the Royal Aquarium, writes to me: 'It may interest some of your readers to know that a detailed statement of the capture of the Sea Serpent at Oban having appeared in some of the daily papers, I immediately telegraphed to Duncan Clark, Writer, at Oban, offering to purchase the same for exhibition, and received the following reply: "The whole thing is a shameful hoax, deserving no attention except to punish the author." That is all very well; but who is the man who thus destroys our hopes of the sea serpent, and why didn't he rig one up and send it off to the energetic Robertson by the next mail?' We have a slight recollection of doing up a sea serpent story ourselves about a year ago, which went the rounds of the Eastern and European press, and, up to this day, has never been impugned. It is evident that they are not skilled in this kind of mystical writing on the other side of the water, which induces us to announce to Transatlantic editors that we supply this sort of narrative, well authenticated and perfectly ready for use, on very moderate terms.

## THE "SHAH."

Following close upon the departure of the *Opal* from our waters may be expected the arrival of Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Shah*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Frederick Rous de Horsey, C. B., Commander-in-Chief of the British squadron in the Pacific. The *Shah* is an iron frigate cased with wood, and is the latest improvement on the class of heavily armed and swift frigates, of which the *Inconstant* was the pioneer. The ship is 4,210 tons register, and her engines have a nominal power equal to 1,000 horses. She carries 26 guns on the broadside principle, and has arrangements for fore and aft fire similar to the *Opal*. Her sailing qualities are very superior to that of most ships of war of the present day, and in steaming she can attain a speed of 17 knots an hour. The *Shah* is commanded by Captain F. G. D. Bedford, who was lately commander of the *Serapis*, the ship in which the Prince of Wales was conveyed to India. The vessel was originally named the *Blonde*, which was changed to *Shah*, in compliment to the ruler of Persia, on the occasion of that monarch's visit to England.

All the newspapers, it is said, have selected their Special Correspondents for the war. Dr. Russell, we hear, is to be attached to the headquarters of the Russian Army, and Mr. Archibald Forbes, a terrible thorn in the side of Russell, is to march with the Russians for the *Daily News*, to superintend their military operations, of course, rather than to write letters for Bouverie-street, and Captain Creagh will play a similar part for the *Daily Telegraph*. We have not heard who is to represent the *Times* with the Turkish Army, for Mr. Gallenga, the best man, is not popular with the Turks, and Mr. Kelly, the Special Correspondent at Belgrade, is relinquishing newspaper work for the bar. But the *Telegraph* has a dashing young fellow at Constantinople, Mr. Drew Gay, and Major Leader, an Irish cavalry officer, will go out with the Turkish Army. If, however, all that we hear is true, that the Persians mean to act with the Russians on the Asiatic frontier—in Armenia—that the Montenegrins and Servians will take the field again, and possibly the Swedes to reacquire their Finnish provinces, twenty or thirty more correspondents may find occupation for their pens and distinction for themselves.



NOTABILIA.

"I would give a hundred dollars," said Budd Doble the other day, just before Goldsmith Maid started to run at Chico, "for one bottle of genuine Old Cutter Whisky to give the mare." A friend heard the remark, who had just received a case of it from A. P. Hotaling, 429 to 431 Jackson street. He galloped home and back to the course without stopping, and returned just after the first heat with the bottle. "God bless you," said Doble, and down went the whisky into the grateful mare's throat. The next heat was the wonderful 2:14½, and Doble cleared \$30,000. Any other whisky would poison a horse except genuine Old Cutter, for which Mr. Hotaling is sole agent.

A poor mother who has one little ewe lamb, a baby of extraordinary beauty, recently took it to Bradley & Rulofson's studio to get it photographed. An eccentric old bachelor happened to drop in at the time, and was struck with the baby-girl's wonderful expression. He inquired into the history of the family, learnt that they were honest, though in straightened circumstances, and a week afterward sent a servant with a note to the house, asking for the "beauty babe's picture," and enclosing a check for \$5,000. All this comes of being photographed by Bradley & Rulofson, corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

There have been red cross knights, red cross mothers-in-law, red cross babies, and red cross flags, but the importance of these articles dwindles into insignificance compared with the merits of Emerson Corville's Red Cross Brand of Canned Salmon. They are put up in one-pound tins from the catch of 1877, at the now celebrated Collinsville Cannery. The Red Cross Brand of fresh Canned Salmon, is genuine, and free from gammon. Buy it, try it, and take *your* fill. It's sold in cans by Emerson Corville. (Tennyson).

Sun-baths are very good in their way, but the fellows who stand on the corners all day ought to try soap and water once in a while to make them look pale and interesting. The best bathing in California is at Santa Cruz, where Mr. and Mrs. Daily have lately put matters on a very different footing. The champion swimmer, Mr. Daily, and his respected wife, are now managing the Smith Place there. The board is excellent, the grounds beautiful, and the attractions generally unsurpassed.

The sweet, timid grass is coming up through the gray landscape, and, with the baby fingers of Spring, is feeling for cows' teeth. The happy season has its drawbacks, for the dread enemy of pic-nickers, poison-oak, also puts forth its shoots. The only known antidote to this unpleasant shrub is Steele & Co.'s Grindelia Lotion. It costs one dollar a bottle, and all fishermen, hunters, and country excursionists, should have it. J. G. Steele & Co., 316 Kearny street.

"Getting through a sight of work" is a favorite expression with business-men, but how little they think that they are getting through with a *sight* without which they can do no work. If there is anything at all dubious about your eyes, get them tested at once by Muller's optometer. The information costs nothing, and may be the greatest blessing you ever dreamed of. Muller, the celebrated optician and importer of spectacles, opera-glasses, and optical goods, 135 Montgomery street.

The managers of the burned hotel at St. Louis attempted to collect bills of the guests who occupied rooms on the fatal night. They charged the guests a dollar extra for "fire in the room." Had the hotel only used the celebrated Union Range in their kitchen, the hotel would have been standing now. It is the safest, best, and most perfect stove ever invented, and Mr. De La Montanya, on Jackson street, below Battery, is the agent.

Poker chips inadvertently dropped into the contribution-boxes are not counted as cash in most churches.

**Dr. E. de F. Curtis, M. D., etc.**, may be consulted at his office and residence, 520 Sutter street, between Powell and Mason streets, daily, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M.; on Sundays from 11 to 2 only. Dr. Curtis is licensed to practice medicine under the new Medical Act; his publications can be obtained from A. L. Bancroft & Co., sole agents for the Pacific coast, or from the author, Dr. Curtis, 520 Sutter street, S. F.

**It makes a man mad** to get up softly in the middle of the night, noiselessly open a bottle of beer, hear its gassy foam escaping, and, despairingly jamming his thumb over the nozzle, squirt a stream of beer all over his wife's face. This would not happen if the man purchased his ales, wines, spirits, and other liquors, from F. & P. J. Cassin, of 523 Front street. They are the purest and best in the market.

**A martial Newark Miss** is having her bathing-dress this season made with a gore, because she wants to wade in it. This is only an allegory we trust. Young ladies prefer, as a rule, wading in ice cream, delicate luncheons, and succulent lamb-chops. The only quiet retreat for ladies, where they can have a quiet chat over the best cooked viands in the city, is the Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street, above Kearny.

**A man with water on the brain** should wear a plug hat. But what should a man do who wants that water pure? He should go to Bush & Milne, on New Montgomery street, under the Grand Hotel, and buy a patent Silicated Carbon Filter, which removes instantaneously all impurities from the foulest water, and renders it sweet and scurrumpitious.

**If you tickle** a mule's hind legs he will laugh until he shakes your sides. To tickle your wife until she laughs, the best plan is to buy her a present from the furniture and bedding firm of F. S. Chadbourne & Co., 727 Market street. Their goods are incomparably elegant and tasteful, and must be seen to be appreciated.

**There was a man too fond of drink,** To-day he's out of debt and free,  
The poor wretch always owed a      And no one looks so dapper;  
Heap of bills, till what d'ye think?      He's given up going on the spree,  
He heard of Napa Soda.      And sticks to work and "Napa."  
Poets on the daily papers are cautioned against copying these verses.

**The Black Sea** and the Blue Danube bid fair to become red as the glorious wines of California. Speaking of wines reminds us that I. Landsberger, 10 and 12 Jones Alley, is sole agent of the celebrated Gerke Wine. His champagnes, also, bear the palm away from all other brands. "Palnam qui meruit ferat," which means "He's a pal o' mine, and has no fear at my merry hit."

**An unmarried lady** in Port Chester, who had been jilted six or seven times, has arrived at the conclusion that she is fearfully and wonderfully maid. She is not like the fine furniture and parlor-sets which are manufactured by N. P. Cole, of 220 to 226 Bush street. They are excellently and beautifully made, and are models of elegance and taste.

**He looked** tenderly at his wife, and said, "My Anna." She looked at him and said, "Pi-anner." He took the hint, and went and bought her one from Mr. Badger, the agent for the superb Hallet & Davis piano, of 13 Sansome street. That house is flooded with melody now, whereas it used to be flooded with tears.

**Coughs and Colds are often overlooked** A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the Lungs or some chronic Throat Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effective COUGH REMEDY.

**The marriage of Miss Lizzie Shattuck** this week is the fashionable event of the season. She was arrested on Wednesday, preparatory to a visit to the Industrial School, but gave bail at \$30. It appears that her mother had given her the choice of a distasteful marriage or seclusion near the old County Road, and Miss Lizzie preferring the former, accepted the ardent swain, and appeared in Court on Thursday with her ring and certificate. It is not stated whether there were any blue eyes or broken heads among the wedding gifts, but from the high-toned nature of the arrangements there was presumably everything of that nature which could lend an additional charm to the happy occasion.

**Mme. Zeitska's Institute** has, in consequence of a long-felt necessity for increased accommodation, been removed from South Park to 922 Post street, between Hyde and Larkin. The present building is much more commodious than the one previously occupied, its locality unsurpassed in the city, and the scholastic advantages for the education of young ladies, if possible, superior to those offered during the existence of the Institute, a period of more than fourteen years.

**The Ivy Social Club** have lately remodeled their laws, and will hereafter give three regular parties a year, and one party and social every four months. The first social will be held June 1st, at Red Men's Hall, as the club are not able to procure Pacific Hall for the evening. The Ivy Club gives the pleasantest and best conducted parties in San Francisco.

**All lots** taxed for the opening of Montgomery Avenue, on which the assessments have not been paid, are now liable to execution and costs. To avoid this, it will be well for owners to call on the City and County Treasurer and pay the amounts set against their names. In case of sale, the extra costs on each judgment will amount to about \$50.

**The best Monograms**, initials and full names for visiting cards are made out of Red Rubber Stamps. For marking clothes, for bill-heads and all commercial purposes, the Red Rubber Stamps have no equal. They are manufactured only by C. A. Klinkner, 103 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter, up stairs.

**A remarkable suicide** has just been committed at Kintbury, Berks. A young woman named Emma Fisher, being disappointed in love, poisoned herself with salts of lemon, and was discovered laid out on her bed, having on a clean night-dress and her chin tied with a handkerchief. Her hands were also crossed over her breast.

**A fearful drouth** is prevailing in the region of Buenos Ayres, South America. The streams have dried to such an extent that fish are putrefying in their beds. Sun fires are destroying the woods in Entre Rios, on the Uruguay river, and steamers are almost unable to navigate that river because of heat and smoke.

**The cathedral of Metz** caught fire from the illumination made in honor of Kaiser Wilhelm the other day, while the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and Count Von Moltke, and Bishop of Metz were present, and they all turned to and helped put out the blaze before it had done much harm.

**Bradley & Rulofson** have just issued an excellent photograph of Colonel Robert Ingersoll. It is a speaking likeness, and by buying the picture you can hear all the eloquent orator's lectures for nothing.

**J. M. Litchfield & Co.** are the leading Merchant Tailors, and dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods, 415 Montgomery street, between California and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

**Dr. Wm. J. Younger** (having returned from abroad) resumed practice at his old office, No. 224 Stockton street, on Monday, April 2d.

**New Music from M. Gray.**—"Lillie the Fair," "Vanity, Let it Be," and from Sherman & Hyde "Peace on the Deep," and "Fading."

## JANE LAWSON.

A passion flower! a maiden whose rich heart  
 Burned with intensest fire that turned the light  
 Of the sweet eyes into a warm dark dew:  
 One of those shapes so marvelously made,  
 Strung so intensely that a finger press,  
 The dropping of a stray curl unaware  
 Upon the naked breast, a look, a tone,  
 Can shoot to the very roots of life,  
 And draw from out the spirit light that seems  
 To scorch the tender cheek it shines upon;  
 A nature running o'er so with ecstasy  
 Of very being, an appalling splendor  
 Of animal sensation, loveliness  
 Like to the dazzling panther's; yet withal,  
 The gentle, clinging sense of love,  
 Which makes a virgin soul. It seemed indeed  
 The gloomy dwelling and the dismal days  
 Gleaming upon her heart had lent this show  
 Of shining life and melancholy shade  
 That trebled it in beauty. Such a heart  
 Needed no busy world to make it beat;  
 It could throb burningly in solitude;  
 Sincerely, kindly, heaven gave it strength enough  
 To rock the languid blood into the brains  
 Of twenty smaller natures.

—Robert Buchanan.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

An ingenious little electric light apparatus, says the *Mining Journal*, has been invented by Mr. Facio, of Paris, and is applicable to watches, walking sticks, and such like. The watch, for instance, to which it is applied, is united by a chain to a link-bar, which may be placed in a button hole; another chain communicates with a pile which may be carried in the waistcoat pocket; to the link-bar another chain is attached in communication with a receptacle or box containing wick, and a "Geissler" tube, which will transmit the spark produced by the electricity. Thus the time can be easily seen in the dark. The apparatus is composed of other conducting chains coming from the pile, and of a receiver which may be perfectly independent, the receiver being provided with a wick or bobbin, and the receiver may be made like a locket or other article, if desired; communication between pile and locket or other article may be produced by means of a button, or other suitable appliance, placed in any convenient position.

The experience of Henry Wood of Woodford shows very poor shooting, or that there is a special Providence watching over deaf men as well as over certain other classes of unfortunates. He was going home from Bennington the other day, when he stopped at a house for a drink of water. The owner called "Come in" in response to his knock, but Wood didn't hear, and kept on pounding, which so alarmed the man of the house that he seized his shot-gun, slipped around to the front of the house and fired three charges at the supposed tramp without effect. Wood kept on knocking during the fusillade, but at length concluded that no one was at home, and proceeded on his way, in blissful ignorance of his narrow escape.

We have all heard often of a piano in the kitchen, but it was left for the Lewes County Court last week to complete the revelations of high life below stairs. A butler was summoned for horse hire. Regularly every morning Jeames had his "constitutional" on his saddle horse from the livery stable-keeper who supplied his master. He pleaded that he tipped the groom, and considered the mount a perquisite. "But you could not have ridden *two* horses," observed the judge. "You are charged for two; who rode the other?" "A lady." "Who was the lady?" "The Cook!"



**A copy of Beaumont and Fletcher** which formerly belonged to Charles Lamb has, says the *Academy*, been bought for the British Museum. It has numerous notes by Lamb, and markings by himself and sister of passages to be extracted for his "Specimens of Early English Dramatic Poets." Many notes by Coleridge are also in it; one runs: "N. B.—I shall not be long here, Charles! I gone, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a relic." S. T. C., Oct. 1811."

**The impending match** between Weston, Crossland, and Vaughan, for £500 a-side, is likely to be a "big" thing, as Crossland has defeated O'Leary in a long walking contest, and is believed to be capable of keeping on the track at least six days. Weston offers, should the match not come off, to walk or run any man in England for six days, giving him fifty miles start. He seems to have more than regained his old popularity, and will certainly not lose by his boldness.

**A leading Paris grocer** offers for sale small bits of macaroni, for use in soup, which are stamped with the image of Napoleon III., instead of, as ordinarily, with the letters of the alphabet. When the macaroni swells, the features enlarge until the nose, moustache and profile of the Emperor stand out in startling relief. He has not yet been prosecuted, as the judges cannot agree as to whether it makes the cause popular or the reverse in the way of a joke.

**A Noble Gift.**—Colonel Sir Frederick Fitz-Wygram, lately commanding the 15th Hussars, has placed the sum of £10,000 at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief in India, for the purpose of providing accommodations in "the hills" for the benefit of British cavalry soldiers and their families. Barracks capable of accommodating sixty families have accordingly been built at Ranihat and Dughai.

**One of the last links** which connected the present generation of Englishmen with Lord Palmerston has just passed away in the person of his chaplain, Rev. Thomas J. Theobald, rector of Nunnery, Somersetshire. Lord Palmerston's idea of a domestic chaplain was a man who could carve, play a rubber at whist, preach a plain sermon, and tell a good story—and the late Mr. Theobald was a man after his own heart.

**It is reported** that the gorilla which is to arrive in London, and be the sensation, is as like a little negro boy in the face as a being not absolutely human can be; his hands are almost startlingly human; and in many of his childish ways and solemn courtesies he is almost more than "anthropomorphic." Indeed it is resolved to call him Morphy.

**Miss Minnie Clark**, of Baltimore, presents her compliments to Miss Myra Clark Gaines, and would like a slice of that estate. She claims that her father, a Baptist minister, was a son of old Daniel Clark, and brother of Myra's, and that she is therefore as much entitled to the money as Mrs. Gaines.

**It is said** that within the last 12 or 13 years Brigham Young has lost no less than 27 mothers-in-law. He feels, however, that

"Afflictions, though they seem severe,  
Are oft in mercy sent."

**The Gladstone ministry** in five years reduced the English debt £40,000,000; the Tory Government in three years has reduced it £14,000,000. Total for eight years £54,000,000, or \$270,000,000. Decrease in the United States in the same time \$435,000,000.

**We leave it** to the good taste of our American citizens, without counting the British population of San Francisco, to judge of the *Mail's* account of the dinner in honor of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the ostensible editor being a pseudo Englishman.

**In consequence** of an interview with the Commissioner-General of the Paris Exhibition, the American Charge d'Affaires in Paris has transmitted to Washington a report in favor of America's participation in the exhibition.

**Late bullion shipments** include \$9,000 from the Miniotta mine, making \$14,000 on May account; also, \$11,000 from the Hite mine, making \$22,318 on May account.

**The North Pacific Coast Railroad** now runs two trains daily from San Francisco through to Duncan's Mills. The enterprise shown by the management is deserving of the public support they are sure to receive. A train leaves San Francisco every morning at 7 o'clock for Duncan's Mills and intermediate stations. The most beautiful scenery in California is on this route, especially in the neighborhood of Russian River. The early train gives parties two hours and a half to remain at Duncan's Mills, where there is a first-class hotel, and also enables them to return to San Francisco by 8:15 P.M. of the same day.

**Strange discoveries** of petrifications are reported from Colorado, near Pueblo. Perfectly formed cocoanuts, but much larger than the ordinary fruit, with the inside of the shell lined with white crystal quartz, were found imbedded in mounds of loose sand and shells, besides several huge petrified sea-turtles, such as now frequent the Pacific ocean. All which tends to prove that the plains at one time were the bed of an immense ocean.

**Adjutant General Townsend** has issued a special order, giving his clerks directions about the manner of signing official letters. To members of Congress they are to sign, "Your obedient servant;" to Army officers, "Very respectfully, your obedient servant;" to humble citizens, simply, "Very respectfully."

**Our friend, "Joe Fraser,"** has returned to San Francisco, after a pleasant trip East. As agent for the Goodyear Rubber Company in this city, he has done a great deal to advance the interests of his principals, besides endearing himself to a host of friends. We congratulate Mr. Fraser on his safe return.

**Mr. Gladstone** will not have to defend himself against the charge of making money by his second Bulgarian pamphlet. It has fallen flat, very flat. The first edition, published at 2s. per copy, is not yet sold out, and the second edition, published at 4d. per copy, hangs fire.

**With the expiration** of the last of the sewing machine patents, last week, prices drop at once 50 per cent. The cost of a machine that has sold for \$70 is said to be only about \$15, so that there will be plenty of profit for the manufacturers left.

**An error** in our last issue blamed the Pacific Mail Company for wasting time on the Australian route by calling at the Fiji Islands. We regret that our information was incorrect, and hasten to rectify the mistake. The steamers of the P. M. Co. no longer touch at the Fijis, but go straight through via Honolulu.

**The Stock Market** shows hardly any variation in prices over last week's quotations, and business is even more depressed than ever. At the close the Bonanzas showed a slight improvement, but outside of this the market is unchanged.

**An "ex lieutenant** of the United States Navy," writing to the *London Times*, May 2d, states that it is reported that General Grant is shortly about to visit Russia, where he will be the guest of the Czar.

**Dr. Charles McCormick**, late Director of Medical Department of the Pacific, died on April 28th in New York city. He was honored by men of science for his attainments.

**Shere Ali**, the Emir of Cabul, seems to have taken it into his head that there is a conspiracy on foot among European Powers to stamp out Mahometanism.

**Silver** was quoted in London yesterday at 53½d. £ oz., 925 fine; Consols, 95; United States 5-per-cent. Bonds, 106½, ex coupon, and 102½ for 4½-per-cent.

**Nuba Pasha**, the ex-Finance Minister of Egypt, and the steadfast upholder of what is termed the English party in Egypt, is now in London.

**Notice!** - We will pay 50 cents a copy for numbers of the *News Letter* of any week during the month of September, 1875.

**There** are eleven thousand Egyptian troops serving in Turkey. The Khedive will send his suzerain no more troops.

**A shipment of \$11,341** was made from the Modoc Consolidated mine on the 23d, making \$77,494 on May account.

## ART JOTTINGS.

**Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt**, seems to have been the first female sovereign of note whose reign history has given record with any degree of authenticity.

Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, according to Rollin, flourished about two thousand years before the Christian era, four hundred years before the Flood; but as other chronologists place her reign from one to six centuries later, the life of that aggressive and warlike sovereign is surrounded with doubt and clouded in mystery. But while the majesty of Assyria, "in sceptered pall comes sweeping by," a mighty but vague impersonation of power, guilt and grandeur, Cleopatra stands before us a vivid reality. Poet and painter, aided by history and the classics, have been busily engaged for two thousand years in weaving about Cleopatra a network of romance which attaches to no other woman of ancient or modern times. Artists vie with each other in seeing who can farthest go toward painting a picture which shall most vividly illustrate some scene in the life of this wanton Queen.

It will not be forgotten that Gerome some years since painted a picture representing "Cleopatra before Cæsar," which was purchased abroad by one of our citizens and loaned to the Art Association for exhibition. The picture represents Cleopatra, after having bribed her way to Cæsar's apartment, in the act of being disrobed by her attendants to display her personal charms to the great Roman conqueror. The figure of the Queen in this picture was but semi-nude, and it is only the historical connection which tends to render the work one of questionable propriety. Henry Picou, of Paris, who studied art with Gerome under the same master (Delaroche), has painted a large picture which he calls "Cleopatra's Galley." It shows the Egyptian Queen in the act of capturing Mark Antony, a member of the Triumvirate, by the same means she so successfully employed upon Cæsar a few years previously. The picture has been received in this city, and will be placed on exhibition on Monday in Snow & May's art gallery. It is what may be called an exhibition picture—that is, painted with a view to its exhibition to the public rather than its sale. It is said to have been very successful in all the Eastern cities, especially in Boston, where anything in art is popular if it be but classic. Mr. Picou has completely outdone his confrere, Gerome, in this extravagant rendering of Cleopatra on canvas; and, as if her shamelessness had grown upon her with repeated success, he has painted Her Majesty stark naked, reclining in the arms of Antony. Cleopatra has ascended the Cydnus to Tarshish, where Mark Antony with his legions were encamped for the avowed purpose of bringing the haughty Queen under subjection for some of her misdeeds. The great Roman warrior became her guest. She tempted him and he fell, just as all men have, from the apple incident in the garden of Eden to the present time. History records two instances where men are said to have withstood temptation, but nobody believes either. The one occurred in Cleopatra's own country, the other in Brooklyn. At any rate, the first is not credited by Bob Ingersoll, and the second cannot be proven by Theodore Tilton.

The artist has shown an utter disregard for the proprieties in thus pandering to a growing and vicious taste. Of course, we do not object to the nude in art when properly introduced and not coupled with improper positions and vulgar sentiments, which is assuredly the case in this picture where Cleopatra leans with lascivious voluptuousness upon Antony and gazes sensuously into his face. History, we believe, says that Cleopatra, in her revels with Mark Antony, personated Venus. This may be so, and was evidently for a purpose. But representing her in the royal barge, in the midst of a large company, including several of Antony's generals, in that loose condition of wardrobe, is a stretch of the imagination of which only a Parisian artist could have been guilty.

Dismissing the subject of the picture we next come to the quality of the work. The first glance impresses one with the entire harmony of its coloring. Of course, the picture is essentially French in treatment and conception, but the artist has preserved the harmony of color so finely throughout, that the eye is not dazed in a single instance, with exaggerated colors. It is, perhaps, by the peculiar arrangement of his shadows and the perfect graduation of light, that the artist has se-

cured the strong effect manifest throughout the picture rather than by the massing of brilliant colors.

So many figures in the work gives it a somewhat crowded appearance, yet each is in good relief, and no defects in drawing are observable, although it requires great study and careful observation to discern the faults in such a picture, it is so manifestly good—there is so much to admire in it—that its shortcomings, if any exist, will escape the notice of any but the most critical observer. The picture was first shown to the press last evening, at too late an hour for careful criticism.

We question the advisability of selecting such subjects for works of art, but while the presentation and perpetuation of historical incidents of this character must be condemned, we should not blind ourselves to the artistic merits of the picture.

"An Australian Billabong" is the title of a large picture on view at Messrs. Morris Schwab & Co.'s. It is by Mr. Johnson, a Melbourne artist, temporarily residing here. The work gives evidence of a careful study of the peculiar scenery which it portrays, as well as a careful attention to light and shade. The color is, it seems, a little singular, but no doubt it is true to nature, as we are told that Mr. Johnson, in many of his works completed since he arrived here, has shown himself to be an excellent colorist.

In the same gallery may be seen a number of fresh works by Sig. Gutierrez, who formerly resided here, but for the past eight years has been studying in Europe, mostly in Spain, and the character of his work shows that the old masters of that school are the sources from which Mr. Gutierrez has drawn inspiration. A large picture of a Mexican playing a guitar is excellently well done, but we think it is in portraiture that this artist excels; the few he has executed since his return have been marvels of excellence.

Mr. Strong, the artist from Munich, shows at the same place a fine study of a setter dog coming through a swamp with game in his mouth. The picture indicates the free and rapid touch which is characteristic of Mr. Strong.

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A correspondent of a morning contemporary remarks on a subject which ought to command the serious attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Much has been said recently of the persistent use of the senselessly and wantonly cruel bearing-rein. It is an ingenious invention purely for the torture of horses, being neither useful nor ornamental; and yet its use is insisted on by people who would probably resent any imputation of wanton cruelty or suggestion of deficiency in civilized feeling. But the bearing-rein is often supplemented by what is even a grosser piece of cruelty, in the shape of a sharp bit put into the horse's mouth, which is not only a constant cause of irritation to the animal, but only needs," says the correspondent from whom we quote, "to watch these horses to see what torture they are suffering. Their heads are drawn back by a pulley attached to one bit, while their mouths are cut till they bleed by another, worked by a lever. Yet, if you speak to the horses' owners of vivisection, they are justly shocked."

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The metropolis of the British Empire, the largest city the world ever saw, covers within fifteen miles, and radius of Charing Cross, nearly 700 square miles, and numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 of inhabitants. It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every region of the globe. It contains more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh. The port of London has every day on its waters 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors. Upward of 120 persons are added to the population daily, or 40,000 yearly, a birth occurring every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes. On an average, 28 miles of streets are opened, and 9,000 new houses built every year.

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Oranges.—Some ten or more cargoes of Tahitian have been received this season, with about 2,250,000, which is an increase over last year. Our Los Angeles crop, also, holds out well, and prices rule low for all kinds.



# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

Computed from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hope, McKillop & Co.,  
317 California Street, San Francisco.

Wednesday, April 25th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Pat'k O'Neill to Mich'l O'Neill....	S 25th, 152:3 e Church, 50x114.....	\$ 300
Wm E Worth to Wm B Swain....	Se Folsom, 47 sw Hawthorne, 35x75....	2
M de Suzato J Haggerty.....	Potrero w, 20 n 23d, 25x100.....	2,200
Chas Johnson to Marg't Johnson....	N 28th, 100 w Dolores, 25x114.....	Gift
C Skidmore to E E Eyre.....	S Pine, 175 w Buchanan, 37:6x137:6, sub to mort for \$3,000.....	5,000
Wm Winter to Geo Winter.....	Strip of ne ¼ sect 24, t 2 s, r 6 w.....	5
Jesse R Smith to C Moulthrop....	Jones w, 87:6 s Geary, 25x60.....	5,000
P G Partridge to B J Shay.....	Sw Army and Church, 228x80.....	2,750
Wm Hollis to Jas McGinn.....	Nw Ellis and Pierce, 27:6x100.....	2,700
B J Shay to Victol Binet.....	Church w, 76 s Army, 25x80.....	400
Same to Rob't Bragg, Jr.....	Nw Church and 27th, 51x70.....	1,200
Same to Jeremiah Clifford.....	Nw Church and Army, 80x50.....	1,100
Same to Jos Coffey.....	Church w, 50 s Army, 26x80.....	400
Same to Denis Kane.....	Church w, 51 n 27th, 25x80.....	400
Jos P Cantin to Edw P Flint.....	S Ridley, 180:8 w Mission, w 30, etc....	2,400
J Quast to Philip Hoehn.....	S 24th, 101:10 e Noe, 50:11x114.....	575
W Richardson to Louis Zeh.....	Sundry lots in Tide Lands.....	5
Louis Zeh to W Richardson.....	Sundry lots in Tide Lands.....	5
Geo Ferine to H Barroillet.....	Ne 6th, 75 se Bryant, 50x90.....	1
N P Ferine to Geo M Ferine.....	Same.....	5

Thursday, April 26th.

Wm Hollis to L F Styles.....	W Joice, 115:6 n Price, n 22x77.....	\$2,700
L F Styles to Elizabeth Styles.....	Same.....	Gift
P G Partridge to Thos Magee.....	Se Stevenson, 235 ne 4th, 20x70.....	4,250
Thos Nelson to Abner Doble.....	S Mission, 250 e 2d, 25x80; also, e Ever- ett, 275 w 3d, 60x80; also, ne Fremont, 137:6 se Market, se 45:10x107:6.....	26,500
Same to same.....	Sundry lots in Western Addition.....	55,000
Same to Eliz'th Nelson.....	50-v lots 1 and 6, blk 418, W A.....	5
Geary St Ex H As'n to H Mahan.....	Lots 3, 4, 9, 10, blk 269, Geary St Ex Hd.....	1,400
Jos M Comerford to J Moore.....	N 25th, 175 e Church, 25x114.....	450
Wm Hollis to A T Green.....	W Valencia, 31:7 s 20th, s 73:5x110.....	12,900
Same to Thos Kelly.....	E Valencia, 126 n 21st, n 23x80.....	5,100
Same to W R Purinton.....	E Stevenson, 107 s 20th, s 22x75.....	3,570
G M Runge to R Brotherton.....	E Laguna, 100 s Union, e 50, etc.....	750
City and Co S F to John H Baird.....	Sundry lots in Western Addition.....	....
Pat'k O'Connor to R O'Connor....	Com 22 ft fr ne cor of Gilbert st and lot owned by Harriet Miles, etc.....	Gift
Same to Pat'k Byrne.....	Com at s cor of Harriet Miles lot on Gil- bert st, 22x36.....	2
J R Spring to S M Mezes.....	Com 61:9¼ w Waverly pl and 94:6¼ n Clay, 25:9¼x35:9¼.....	5
S M Mezes to Patrick Linchey....	W Waverly pl, 68:9 n Clay, 28:7¼x61:9¼.....	9,200
T B Vallentine to J Sagemiller....	Nw Sutter and Webster, 2x137:6.....	24
Geo Torrens to Sarah Torrens.....	N Clay, 179:6 e Larkin, e 20, etc.....	....
T J Bedford to W G Wayman.....	Se 17th and Sanchez, e 76, etc; also, ne 17th and Sanchez, e 82, etc.....	573
Mary Ellis to C A Curtis.....	Nw Eldorado and Vermont, 50x100; also a lot 25x100 adjoining on Eldorado st.....	500
O F Cem'ty As'n to Mrs L Mowrey.....	Lot 3, Rebekah Grove sect 1, O F Cem.....	225
A Hamilton to Bridget Bannan....	Larkin w, 25 n Greenwich, 25x105:9.....	1,250
Same to Cath Griffith.....	Larkin w, 50 n Greenwich, 50x105:9.....	2,500
Willow's L As'n to W H Bayless.....	Mission w, 210 s 18th, 25x80.....	2,750
Paul T'ct H'd As'n to J Donnelly....	Lot 8, blk 59, Paul Tract H'd.....	500

## Friday, April 27th.

Wm Hollis to Jno Wigmore .....	N Vallejo, 125 e Laguna, 25x137:6 .....	\$1,400
J M Livingston to Lloyd Tevis .....	Ne Franklin and Clay, 137:6x127:8½ .....	30,000
Geo Edwards to W H Peckham .....	S 18th, 75 w Hartford, 25x75 .....	1,900
H Joseph to City and Co S F .....	W Dupont, 23 e Sutter, 22x30 .....	13,668
Jno G Kellogg to Wm Hollis .....	N Cal, 191:9 w Laguna, 30x137:6 .....	5
Same to same .....	S Sac'to, 137:6 e Buchanan, 137:6x137:6; n Cal'a, 137:6 e Buchanan, 53:9x137:6; n Cal'a, 137:6 w Laguna, 53:9x137:6 .....	12,300
Wm Hale to same .....	50-vara 2 and 5, W A 236 .....	360
S V H'd As'n to Edw P Hodnett .....	Lot 4, blk 42, S V H'd .....	1,550
Wm Hollis to C C O'Donnell .....	Ne 25th and York, 50x95 .....	32,000
Peter Dean to Geo A Barnett .....	Sw Polk and O'Farrell, 100x120, subject to mortgage for \$11,000 .....	600
F Ackerman to Mary Marchini .....	S 25th, 50:10 w Church, 50:11x114 .....	19,642
B E Babcock to City and Co S F .....	W Dupont, 40 n Sutter, 42x30 .....	5
E W Burr to M Brumagim .....	W Mason, 68:9 s Pacific, s 68:9, etc .....	500
Wm H Benson to M Moritz .....	E Folsom, 65 s 23d, s 30x90, subject to mortgage for \$1,000 .....	72,111
David Hunter to City and Co S F .....	W Dupont, 42 s Bush, 84x30; also, nw Dupont and Sutter, 40x30 .....	700
C Bengenhelmer to Geo Haas .....	N Jersey, 250 w Noe, 80x114 .....	1,500
Nellie M Mel to same .....	Com 80 w Larkin and 60 n Geary, 30x30 .....	

## Saturday, April 28th.

J R Basford to Benj C Wright .....	S Bush, 55 e Gongh, 27:6x120 .....	\$4,250
S F Sav Union to Wm Noethig .....	W Minna, 140 n 15th, 35x80 .....	1,400
F F Fiesel to M P White .....	Nw Minna, 90 sw 11th, 25x80 .....	5
C K Moody to Chas Skidmore .....	S Pine, 175 w Buchanan, 37:0x137:6 .....	8,000
Thos Jennings to J G Jackson .....	N Sutter, 160 e Franklin, 5x120 .....	1,200
Rich'd McCann to Mich'l Welsh .....	S 30th, 75 w Dolores, w 78, etc .....	1,000
G Middlehoff to Marg't Wickman .....	S Oak, 183:9 e Franklin, e 44, etc .....	6,000
Jno Farrell to H E Bullivant .....	W Noe, 105 s 15th, 25x110 .....	850
C B Greenfield to F J Greenfield .....	N O'Farrell, 132 w Steiner, 22x82:6 .....	Gift
Wm Young to City and Co S F .....	W Dupont, 87:6 s Sutter, 25x30 .....	14,945
G Kennedy to C McCarthy .....	N Vicksburg, 69 s 23d, 22:6x100 .....	2,400
Hiram Tubbs to Edw A Davies .....	Iowa w, 83:6 n Sierra, n 65, etc .....	500
C M Hitchcock to Peter Dean .....	Ne Valencia and 22d, e 125, n 63:8, w to Valencia, s 55:4 to com .....	7,500
Peter Dean to J H Schleef .....	Ne Valencia and 22d, e 90, n 58:6, w to Valencia, s 52:6 to com .....	6,000
F C Havens to C Churchill .....	E Folsom, 126 n 34th, 104x245 .....	5
Mich'l Skelly to Wm H Harden .....	N cor Howard and Grant av, 56:8x137:6 .....	12,300
Wm J Shaw to Caroline Wood .....	E Isis, 104:2½ s 12th, s 48:3½, e 73, n 45:1½, w 75 to com .....	2,800
Rob't Smith to Mary Nevers .....	W Broderick, 77:7½ n Cal, 27:6x82:6 .....	1,000
Jas Donovan to L Auerbach .....	N Post, 180:5 w Octavia, 56:8x129 .....	6,500
Wm De Witt to Jane De Witt .....	Sundry lots in different parts of city .....	Gift
Rob't Smith to J O Besse .....	Broderick w, 105:1½ n Cal, 27:6x82:6 .....	1,000

## Monday, April 30th.

Josiah Moulton to J Spottiswood .....	Nw Ellis and Steiner, 137:6x137:6 .....	11,000
B J Shay to Jas Murphy .....	W Church, 128 s Army, 26x80 .....	400
H F William to Edw H Parker .....	Nw 25th and Vicksburg, 75x114 .....	300
A Brand to Franco Amer Sav B'k .....	E Sansome, 54 s Green, 82:6x137:6 .....	5
Chas Kornfeld to Wm K Rogers .....	Und ½ n cor Folsom and Harriet, ne 50, etc; nw Folsom, 75 ne Harriet, 25x75 .....	7,300
D Spreckles to Wm Uhler .....	W Folsom, 125 s 22d, 50x122:6 .....	10,250
Wm T Fonda to Jno Bayo .....	N Sac'to, 137:6 e Baker, 55x117:8½ .....	2,200
S and L Soc'y to P C McNulty .....	Ne 30th and Sanchez, 30x114 .....	100
Mathew Killian to same .....	Same .....	1
P C McNulty to Mary Drucker .....	Same .....	550
Wm Taylor to Jos Holland .....	D 29d, 75 e Alabama, 50x104 .....	2,900
F Jacobi to H Schmiedell .....	N Sutter, 68:9 e Octavia, 68:9x120 .....	5
A T Green to Jno Reagan .....	S 23d, 148 w Dolores, w 24x100; also, e Chattanooga, 100 s 23d, 25x117 .....	2,100
Mutual R E Co to Mary Wiese .....	Ne Mission and 20th, 30x95 .....	4,000
Same to same .....	Same .....	4,000
F L A Pioche to J H Rawlings .....	Lots 9 and 10, blk 47, City Land As'n .....	180
J J Hintz to C Donovan .....	E Guerrero, 75:6 s 21st, 25x100 .....	1,325
G T Vincent to Geo F Sharp .....	50-vara 3 and 6, ln N B Water blk 4 .....	400
A B Grogan to K C Harrison .....	Se Market, 80 sw 9th, 100x160 .....	67,500
Mary A Green to Wm A Green .....	Und ½ nw Battery and Greenwich, 275x 137:6; also, und ½ nw Market, 141:10½ e Eddy, e 45, etc; also, s Ellis, 137:6 e Powell, e 25:7, etc .....	....

## Tuesday, May 1st.

H S and L Soc'y to W Morrissey	W Sanchez, 28:6 s 16th, 25x100.....	\$1,100
A J Plate to Claus Spreckles	Potrero Nuevo blks 11 and 16.....	3,500
Univ'ty College to S F T Seminary	S Haight, 137:6 w Octavia, 68:9x137:6.....	12,000
Louis Peres to C F Wagner	Sw 1st av. 250 se P et, 32x100.....	16,000
Chas Skidmore to E E Eyre	S Pine, 175 w Buchanan, 37:6x137:6.....	8,000
A J Hinkle to B M Hundrup	S Russia, 100 e London' 50x100.....	160
Jo R Hynes to Julius Jacobs	Lot 5, blk 23, lot 2, blk 22, Noe Gard Hd	5
Frs M Kinley to E F Ohm	E Folsom, 100 n 24th, n 52, etc.....	3,300
Henry C Droger to J Hasshagen	Nw 6th and Brannan, 85x75.....	15,000
J R Mains to A W Thompson	Und ½ 50-vara lots 1, 2, in blk 318, W A	500
Jno White to Fanny White	Nw Pacific and Gough, 265:2½x137:5.....	Gift
Wm F Cashman to Jas Simpson	Nw Turk and Polk, 137:6x137:6.....	59,000
Jno B Robins to S K Adonis	W Kansas, 100 s Yolo, 50x100.....	800
J M Comerford to T Pringle	E Church, 101:6 n 28th, 25x100.....	500
Jno Hinkel to Wm C Fox	Lots 2, 7, por of 8, blk 10, Excelsior Hd	1,300
M H Garland to Geo J Reber	S 25th, 50:11 e Noe, 50:11x144.....	750
B J Shay to Henry Godin	W Church, 101 s Army, 25x80.....	400
F S Wensinger to C Nelson	N Folsom, 25 sw Harriet, 25x75.....	4,000
Jno Grant to O de Breteville	N Francisco, 137:6 w Larkin, 137:6x137:6	3,000
Mary A Mowry to Marg't Grace	Dolores w, 151:6 n 28th, 25x100.....	600
Wm Hale to Paul Bunker	S Cal, 206:3 w Buchanan, 25x137:6.....	5
Paul Bunker to A L Sweetland	S Cal, 181:3 e Webster, 25x137:6.....	4,000
Wm Hollis to E H Shearer	E Laguna, 150 s Green, 25x100.....	2,925
Geo McWilliams to Wm Murphy	S 28th, 105 w Sanchez, 25x114.....	300
H E Brooks to Julius Jacobs	W Devisio, 137:6 n Eddy, 25x125.....	1,000
M McGaughrau to Jas Tuohy	S Union, 110:8 w Hyde, 21x65.....	1,650

## Wednesday, May 2d.

T H Selby by exrs to M S Latham	Und ½ sw Market and Main, 45:10, se	35,000
Henrietta I Selby et al to same	45:10, se 91:8, sw 22:11, etc.....	10
Martin Buzzini to Joseph Black	Lot 12, blk 1, Garden Tract Hd.....	300
John White to Edward Barron	S Eddy, 275 e Mason, S 94:9, ne 161:9, w	250,000
T H Holt et al to Jno L Jones	131:3 to commencement.....	4,068
Wm Nelson to F H Druffer	Se Buchanan and Chestnut, e 27:5x137:6	10
City and County S F to H Gabb Jr	N Filbert, 30 w of Taylor, n 60, e 30, etc	.....
H Gabb, Jr to G Dietrich et al	S 26th, 100 e Mission, e 87, s 100, etc.....	2,500
Edward E Potter to Wm B Ward	S 26th, 143:6 e Mission, e 43:6, s 120, etc	2,000
City and County S F to J Sullivan	S Bush, 68:9 w Lyon, 59x137:6.....	.....
J J Reardon to City and Co S F	Nw Market and Polk, n 16:31, etc.....	1
Giuseppe Solari to Cath Solari	Streets and Highways.....	Gift
C W Bonyne to R S Bonyne	Lots 5, 8, 8, blk 21, West End Map 1.....	Gift
Hib Sav and Loan Soc to S Jones	N California, 91:8 e Drmmn, e 38:1, etc.	525
Same to Peter Enright	E Hartford, 86 s 19th, 19:125.....	2,500
Bridget Dowling to Michl Kenny	Nw Clary, 100 sw Ritch, 25x75.....	5,000
Patrick Grady to Caleb J Dopes	Ne Pacific and Salmon, 20x70.....	.....
Wm Hollis to Mary E Talcott	S 19th, 155 e Noe, e 50x114—lot 6 blk 107	150
W Chapman to W J Gunn	Buena Vista Hd—sub to mort for \$450	3,790
M de Suza to Marg't de Suza	N O'Farrell, 337:0 w Steiner, 22x82:6.....	234
Same to same	E Sanchez, 101:6 s Duncan, 25x100.....	Gift
	W Potrero av, 20 n 23d, 25x100.....	1,400
	Lots 1 to 16, blk 235, Tide Lands.....	.....

## Thursday, May 3d.

Theo von Borstel to Chas Quast	S Sac'to, 182:6 w Larkin, 30x118.....	\$9,300
P J Mogan to J H Jones	S 25th, 152:9 e Noe, 50:11x114.....	1,000
Maria A Haskell to B B Briggs	Sw 2d, 175 sw Harrison, 35x90.....	5,000
J Hutchinson to R Hutchinson	N 17th, 160 w Guerrero, w 50, etc.....	11,000
R F Morrow to S Glazier	Ne 5th and Townsend, 183:4x120.....	.....
Geo Tait to E Anderson	Nw Minna, 96 ne 2d, 21x60.....	5
J H O'Brien to B J Shay	Lot 6, in blk F, R R Hd.....	160
J C Duncan to Nathan King	Lots 27, 18, in blk 29, City Land As'n.....	180
A D McDonald to Wm Hollis	W Valencia, 31:7 s 29th, s 5 inch x 100.....	5
Lucy B Benson to Mary Bickford	Lot 6, blk 11, University M'd Survey.....	Gift
A C Morse to Sarah E Morse	N 20th, 205 w Sanchez, 50x114.....	1
M P Mendel to Frank Lacoste	N Hayes, 137:6 e Laguna, 35:1½x120.....	9,500
B J Shay to Dan'l Jones	N Union, 48 e Leav'th, e 25, etc.....	1
G A Coorsen to Mark McDonald	S Ridley, 270 w Valencia, 50x160.....	6,000
Wm A Green to Mary A Green	Und 2-3 nw Market, 141:10½ e Eddy, e	.....
	45, nw 62:6, etc; also, s Ellie, 163:1 e	.....
	Powell, e 112:2, etc.....	.....
Elvira W Hobbs to J K C Hobbs	All interest in the partnership property	.....
	of Hobbs, Pomeroy & Co.....	1

## Friday, May 4th.

H C Anderson to B A Henricksen.	E Vincent 57-6 s Union, 29x58-9.	\$ 850
Jas Paterson to Geo Edwards.	W Noe, 66-6 n 23d, 50x105.	5
Ned Anderson to Henry Unruh.	Lot 1 Spring Valley H'd.	1,000
Hugh McNeely to Eben McNeely.	Lots 3, 4, 5, blk 51, Tide Lands.	1
W J Gunn to Geo Edwards.	N Clipper, 142-9 e Church, 25-11x114.	5
J S Alemany to Jacob Schrader.	S Pt Lobos av, 40 e Cor - st, 25x125.	750
J C Reis to Ralph C Harrison.	Sw 14th and Harrison, 300x264.	17,500
Wm Hollis to Wm A Plunkett.	E San Jose av, 149 n 25th, 37x100.	5,000
Same to M J Donovan.	Ne Sutter and Lyon, 93-5x107.	5,500
Same to M Hartman.	W Webster, 115 s Post, 22-6x87-6.	4,500
Same to Jas N N Shet.	E Stevenson, 173 s 20th, 22x75.	2,250
W J Gunn to Wm Hollis.	W Franklin, 82-8 s Wash'n, 45x137-6.	10,000
Wm Hollis to Edw Zschiesche.	W Webster, 115 n Geary, 22-6x57-6.	4,687
F C Kleebauer to Fritz Koch.	S Clipper, 202 e Church, 26x114.	1,000
Same to F Todd.	S Clipper, 22 e Church, 26x114.	1,500

## Saturday, May 5th.

H S and L Soc'y to J J Foley.	E Noe, 115-9 s Market, 25x100.	\$1,100
Jno Pearson to Mary E Pearson.	Lot 39, blk 83, Tide Lands granted to W Dunphy and others.	Gift
Thos Farmer to Janie L James.	W Snowwell, 125 n 18th, 25x122-6.	1,400
Jno Mott to F C Kleebauer.	N Clipper, 244 e Church, 25-11x114.	425
A Downey to Dennis O'Connor.	Lot 9, blk 21, Market St H'd.	700
Jas Simpson to G G Barnett.	Nw Market, 225 sw City Hall av, 25x100.	17,700
Benj Kleebauer to J C Weir.	S Post, 165-6 w Laguna, 20x37-6.	2,925
R Donovan to F F Taylor.	E Pierce, 55 s Oak, s 82-6, etc; also, se Oak and Pierce, s 55, etc.	1,978
F Arbogast to W G Buchanan.	W Chattanooga, 150 n 24th, 75x100.	1,800
Enza M Davis to Bedema Boyd.	N Broadway, 162-6 w Van Ness, w 268 Edo, to correct 77-1 D 23.	1
E E Gilmor to Geo F Johnson.	Lot 2, blk 44, Excelsior H'd.	400
Kate Hann to H J Tilden.	Nw 23d and Valencia, n 80, etc.	35
Jno F Kessing to Jno R Sims.	Se Howard and 21st, 95x122-6.	5,000
Leopold Weil to David Weil.	N Pine, 56 e Octavia, 56x137-6.	8,250
Thos P Ryan to F M Robinson.	Und 1 acre com on Hunters Pt Rd at intersect'n of land of J Middleton et al, th s 83-1, e 207 chains, etc.	20

## Monday, May 7th.

T R E A to A T Green.	W Valencia, 31-7 s 20th, 73-5x110.	5
Jesse D Carr to Maurice Dore.	S cor Harrison and 9th, 410x550.	5
Wm Hollis to Jno Peat.	N Vallejo, 75 e Laguna, 25x100.	1,500
Geo A Barnett to Merch Exch Bk.	Sw Polk and O'Farrell, 100x120, subject to mort for \$11,000.	32,000
S Hammersmith to J Hammersmith.	Com at nw cor 50 w 953, 19-6x73-6.	5
Pat'k Mitchell to C R Holden.	Lots 1, 2, 7, 8, blk 175, and por blk 183, University Ex H'd.	5
Jos Plank to W J Gunn.	Lots 21, 22, blk 641, Pt Lobos Av H'd.	400
W J Gunn to Jno Carroll.	Same.	470
H Bauer to Edw Sohl.	S 30th, 156-10 e Castro, e 38, etc.	850
J P Newmark to J Baumberger.	Ne Steiner and Tyler, 40x137-6.	5,600
City and Co S F to C H Reynolds.	E cor Braunan and 6th, ne 200, etc.	5
Wm H Rogers to P G Partridge.	Sw Devilsadero and Vallejo, se 12, etc.	5
Chas A Low to Susan M Low.	Nw Brannan, 251 sw 2d, 46x197-6.	Gift
Same to same.	Se Mission, 206-3 ne 3d, 68-9x160.	Gift
Nucleus H'd As'n to H Paulsen.	Lots 31 and 32, blk 37, Nucleus H'd.	1,000
H Paulsen to J D Rohrs.	Und 1/2 same.	900
A Hemme to Rudolph Graff.	Nw Willow and Mission, 30x80.	8,500
Simmons & Rawe to A Mcartney.	N Clay, 68-9 e Drumm, 22-11x50.	90
C H Reynolds to City and Co S F.	Streets and highways.	1
T C Gilman to Wm Levison.	Sw Mont'y and Vallejo, 117-5x45-6.	10,000
S and L Soc'y to T C Gilman.	Same.	3,100
Bridget Bannon to A Demortini.	W Bannon pl, 77-6 n Green, 20x58-9.	10
A Demartini to G Guinasso.	Same.	10
Jno Bannon to A Demartini.	Same.	1,600
Chas Murray to Thos Hobson.	N 22d, 37-6 e Dolores, 30x94.	1,800
C S Cousins to Geo Edwards.	N Clipper, 101-10 e Church, 50-11x114.	5
Geo Hearst to Rob't Orphant.	E Texas, 25-2 n Mariposa, n 79-10, etc.	350
J H Atkinson to J H Turney.	N Cal'a, 137-0 e Laurel, 137-6x132-7 1/2.	1,760
S and L Soc'y to Jno McLane.	N Day, 80 w Church, 25x114.	375
F Madge to M S and L Bank.	Ne 21st and Guerrero, n 102-6, etc.	9,613
F Thomas to Mary Kelly.	S Natoma, 200 w 8th, 25x75.	2,000
Geo H Wells to E P Williams.	S Powell av, 100 e Mission, 50x100.	2,800
H S Ledyard to Geo Frier.	Lot 3, blk 44, Excelsior H'd.	500
Lille L Fair to Jno R Hite.	N McAllister, 206-3 w Jones, 30x137-6.	10,500



Tuesday, May 8th.

Jos Mansur to Henry Gallick.....	S Sac'to, 156:3 w Fillmore, 50x132:6, sub to mort for \$1,000.....	\$3,200
S and L Soc'y to City and Co S F.....	E Jones, 59:11½ s Bay, s 77:6½, etc; also com 206:3 w Jones and 71:6½ n Bay, n 60:11½, w 50:9, etc.....	1,472
Wm Hollis to Pat'k Downey.....	W Noc, 76 s 15th, 39x90.....	1,500
Same to Harriet A Homer.....	E San Jose av, 223 n 25th, 37x90.....	5,600
Same to Leon Levy.....	W Webster, 70 s Post, 22:6x87:6.....	4,709
Same to S Hirschfeld.....	W Webster, 92:6 s Post, 22:6x87:6.....	4,535
Peter Dean to Levi Stevens.....	Sw 4th, 30 nw Brannan, 25x80; also, ne cor Gough and Oak, 27:6x95, subject to mort for \$5,000.....	13,500
H J Moore to Jno Hinkel.....	Se Silver, 72 sw 3d, sw 38, etc.....	4,000
Chas A Low to Chas L Low.....	Nw Clay and San-ome, 91x87:3.....	50,000
Jno J Gay to Geo Edwards.....	Sw Dolores and 25th, 114x101:10.....	5
Jno Grant to C A Low.....	Nw Francisco and Larkin, 137:6x137:6.....	3,500
W McKenzie to J M Neville.....	City Slip lot 20.....	77
Wm Norris to Mary J Blair.....	Und ½ n cor 3d and Silver, 70x90.....	10,000
Isaac Lohman to Jno F Sterling.....	S Clay, 179:2 w Taylor, 25x120.....	7,500
C J Eaton to C Dunker.....	Sw Frem't, 320:10 se Folsom, 22:11x134:6.....	3,000
G Wunsche to Anna Wunsche.....	Se Stevenson, 275 sw 3d, 20x70.....	617
H J Holmes to Thos A Porter.....	W Howard, 66 s 19th, 31x122:6.....	4,550
Wm Hollis to Mich'l Norton.....	W Noc, 115 s 14th, 39x96.....	1,600
J McMahon to P P Latson.....	W Bartlett, 195 n 25th, 65x117:6.....	2,750
M Dore to Mich'l H Quinn.....	Sw 9th, 105 nw Bryant, 25x100.....	2,500
Jno R Spring to Leon Amadou.....	W Powell, 52 n Pacific, 30x45:10.....	2,900
Jno Piore to Wm Stapelfeld.....	Ne Waller and Fillmore, 35:9x87:6.....	2,750
W J Shaw to Francis Garrett.....	Harrison w, 86:0½ s 12th, s 50, etc.....	3,350
Jas G Hayden to Rudolph Herman.....	Se Baker and Tonquin, 137:6x137:6.....	2,500
T Cadogan to P Donovan.....	Ritter w, 75 s Harrison, 25x75.....	2,390
Lewis P Sage to T H Merry.....	Nw Pacific and Broderick, 137:6x127:8½.....	5,000
Cath K Brown to Jno Grace.....	Nw Howard, 100 sw 7th, 26x165.....	7,000
J Catlow to Oregon S and B Co.....	Lot 6, blk 23, and lot 8 in blk 25, Tide lands granted to Dunphy and others.....	25,000
C L Newman to Fred'k Marsh.....	Lot 31, blk 2, Johnston Tract.....	500

Wednesday and Thursday, May 9th and 10th.

Eliza Bergevin to Jesse M Fox.....	Se Stevenson, 295 sw 3d, 20x70.....	\$3,000
Jas Rickards to M Spellman.....	Lots 41 and 42, blk 5, Peoples' H'd.....	600
Sally B Dameron to Wm Carlett.....	E Pierce, 100 n Taylor, 37:6x105.....	27
Jno Grant to Jno Gamble.....	Lot 8 blk 126, lot 3 blk 62, Univ'ty Hd.....	300
Wm Box to Nelson George.....	W Pierce, 50 s Eddy, 27:6x100.....	5,350
Henry J McLerie to D J Murphy.....	S Liberty, 212:6 w Guerrero, 30x114.....	1,500
Mark E Lewis to E Lewis.....	S Geary, 440 w Steiner, 22x92:6.....	1
K Olson to Mary A Caffall.....	N Union, 186:3 e Mont'g'y, 22:2½x60.....	620
Thos H Hatch to R M Brangon.....	Nw Pine and Hyde, 137:6x117:10; also, ne Center and Nebraska, n 214x100; also, lots 10 to 16, blk 457, Bay View H'd.....	5
Nelson Provost to Susan Provost.....	Nw 24th and Shotwell, 92x90.....	Gift
O F Von Rhein to Adam H Lieb.....	Se 24th and Guerrero, 33x85.....	2,800
Jos A Denny to Rob't Stevenson.....	S Columbia, 255 w Sanchez, 50x114; also s Columbia, 255 e Sanchez, e 25x114; also, n 17th, 246:8 e Douglas, 49:4x260.....	5
P Fitzpatrick to J H Munson.....	W Cal av, 240 s Fair av, 30x300.....	13
G H Gray to Mary L Hoffman.....	Se C st and 46th av, 10x100.....	5
C V Stuart to Timothy Driscoll.....	E Capp, 100 n 17th, 50x114.....	2,900
Marie Cassou to Theo Le Roy.....	All int in estate of Pierre Cassou, dec.....	10
Wm Hollis to H C Patridge.....	E Valencia, 140 s 21st, 36x125.....	3,970
Jacob Lewis to Selig Lewis.....	Und ½ se Clementina, 375 sw 5th, se on Clementina, 30x75.....	1,000
S V H'd Ass'n to R D Jones.....	Lot 4, blk 37, S V H'd.....	360
Wm Mooser to Marie Laclaverie.....	S Lombard, 246:3 e Powell, 20x69:6.....	4,500
L Van Laak to F Mayville.....	Lot 16, blk 403, S S F H'd and R R As'n.....	1,200
Jno A Cardinell to B B Harmon.....	S Hancock, 145 w Sanchez, 25x114.....	4,000
Rich'd Ross to Eliz'th Hans.....	N 15th, 255 w Sanchez, 25x115.....	1,400
T J Gallagher to La Soc Francaise.....	Sw 1st and Folsom, 100x275.....	5
Adam Cannan to F S Wensinger.....	N Sac'to, 153:2 w Mont'g'y, w 22:9, etc, subject to mortgage for \$20,000.....	6,000
H S Dexter to Chas A Hooper.....	E cor Harrison & Stanley pl, se 175, etc.....	18,500
S V H'd As'n to R S Hossell.....	Lots 3 and 4, blk 33, S Vale H'd.....	720
J S Hobart to City and Co of S F.....	W Dupont, 82:6 s Geary, 28:6x30.....	21,515
J Brannings to J Van Bergen.....	W cor Mission and 3d, sw 60x25.....	34,250
Same to same.....	S cor Mission and 3d, 75x25.....	31,000
Same to J P Treadwell.....	N Sac'to, 54 e Webb, 27:5x96.....	20,000
City and Co of S F to A Amundsen.....	E Harrison, 104 n 24th, 52x100.....	....

## Friday, May 11th.

L M Cem'ty Co to Jno Curry.....	Lot 616, Lone Mountain Cemetery.....	\$ 525
F B Wilde to G W Frink.....	E Folsom, 172 1/2 s 12th, s 21, etc.....	2,900
A Hemme to Nevada Bank of S F.....	Ne Gough and Wash'n, 137 6x137 6.....	20,000
Same to same.....	S Eddy, 137 6 e Scott, 25x137 7.....	2,000
Same to same.....	Sw Wash'n and Franklin, 55x137 6.....	23,000
Same to same.....	Sw Wash'n and V n Ness, 127 8 1/2 x137 6.....	
C A Hooper to Martha S Hooper.....	e Van Ness, 63:8 s Clay, 63:9x123.....	27,500
E S Harrison to J G Kittle.....	E cor Harrison & Stanley pl, se 175, etc.....	Gift
A Hemme to Nevada Bank of S F.....	W S un-ome, 68:9 n Pacific, 64x137 6.....	6,500
Jno R Sayers to Nettie Sayers.....	Se Wash'n and Franklin, 137 6x19 8; e Franklin, 75:8 s Wash'n, 52x137 6.....	39,500
Emite Daughy to G M Josselyn.....	S Geary, 528 w Steiner, 22x82 6.....	Gift
Jas Cudworth to David Taylor.....	E Mont'y, 76:9 n Wash'n, n 30, etc.....	22,000
H A and F Allen to Jno F Finn.....	W Laguna, 82:6 s Friebert, 27 6x87 6.....	2,100
Ezra Hinckley to Lucy Blackwood.....	Und 1/2 e Mission, 110 s 22d, 30x132:6.....	340
Jno Sloan to City and Co S F.....	W Utah, 102 n Mariposa, 25x110.....	1,000
R R Bohlen to Solomon Birre.....	Streets and Highways.....	1
G W Granniss to F Bihings.....	N Geary, 110 w Polk, 27:6x120.....	14,000
Mich'l Hyde to T W Haywards.....	W A blk 136, Sac to, Cal'a, Octavia and Laguna.....	60,000
Jos Worrall to Annie Worrall.....	E Laskie, 232 nw Mission, 21:2x56.....	1
Bonnet Fallen to Lala Fallen.....	E Jessie, 210 n 20th, 25x75.....	Gift
Mary Moury to F M Dober.....	S Cal'a, s1 w Webster, 51x87 6.....	Gift
Fred'k Lux to Wm McAfee.....	S Valley, 28:10 e Dolores, 27:1x114.....	650
R R Nuttall to Jno Parrott.....	W Guerrero, 183 n 22d, 61x117:6.....	3,600
Jno Piorr to Martin Waggmann.....	W Mont'y, 65:10 1/2 n Cal'a, 25x76.....	40,000
Wm H Taylor to J B Haggin.....	E Fillmore, 59:6 s Haight, 26:9x0:6.....	1,100
F M Smith to S Wangeheim.....	Und 1/2 com in center of Georgia st, 499 s of Sierra, s 35, etc; also, sundry other properties.....	5
W H Farwell to R D Chandler.....	N Bush, 170 w Gough, 37:6x130.....	15,000
	E Stockton, 93:6 s Chestnut, 44x137:6.....	5,100

## Saturday, May 12th.

C E Johnson to Isabella Best.....	Lot 27, blk 5, Flint Tract.....	\$ 1
Ernest Brand to C D Brand.....	Sw Folsom and 21st, s 95x90, subject to mortgage for \$4,000.....	2,550
H S and L Soc'y to J Treadwell.....	Se Minna, 150 sw 4th, 75x75.....	12,125
C E Humbert to David Lehman.....	Lot 1, blk 1, R R H d No 2.....	700
Paul Rousset to G Niebaum.....	Sw Divisadero and Fell, w 412:6, etc.....	22,000
C Ronlier to Sylvester Wegener.....	Ne Mt Vernon av, 2002 nw Telegraphic av, 105:4x90.....	1,500
Paul Rousset to H Mangin.....	Und 1/2 s Turk, 251:8 1/2 e Taylor, e 159 to Market, etc, to secure payment of annuity of \$1,200 per annum.....	1
S and L Soc'y to Edw Danigan.....	N Day, 155 w Church, 25x114.....	375
Same to Owen Connerton.....	N Day, 130 w Church, 25x114.....	375
Paul Rousset to J H Smith.....	E 13th av, 62:5 n J st, 345:7x120:3.....	1

## Monday, May 14th.

Bernard Leddy to Jas F Leddy.....	Nw Harrison and 14th, n 28:8 1/2, etc.....	\$ 1
Jno G Koch to Pat'k Sullivan.....	Nw Howard, 112:6 sw 6th, 37:6x90.....	8,500
Jacob Rosenthal to Marg Foley.....	Lots 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, Gift Map 2.....	700
R R H d Ass'n to Martin Clark.....	Lots 1 and 2, blk M, R R H d.....	692
H F Hastings to E B Ryan.....	Sw Stanley pl, 240:7 1/2 s Harrison, se 34:4x120.....	7,000
J H Munson to P T Seculovich.....	N 1/2 of lot 302, Precita Valley Lands.....	150
R C Market to P A Bernann.....	E Bryant, 156 s 22d, 26x100.....	850
R F Wright to Thos Donnelly.....	Sw Ginton, 100 se Brannan, 25x75.....	1,800
T R E A to M C Taylor.....	Se Guerrero and Market, s 52:4 1/2, etc.....	94,000
E R Johnson to E G Stelson.....	N Green and Sansome, 30:9x76.....	4
Jas Phelan to Agnes Howard.....	Sw Sansome and Clay, 120x40.....	5
A Chamberlin to Carl G Wolff.....	N cor Worden and Porter aces, 237x160.....	1,000
H L Valencia to Jno Hutchinson.....	N 17th, 160 w Guerrero, w 60, n 158:7, ne 50, s 168:3 to com.....	50
R Green to Geo Nicholas.....	Lots 379 and 381, Gift Map 2.....	100
Edw Martin to Rhody Kelly.....	E Shotwell, 134:3 n 24th, 23:3x122:6.....	1,200
Jacob Linn to Paulina Linn.....	E Camino Real, 198 s of Bernal Reservation, n 25, e 129, s 52, etc.....	Gift
H N Bolander to A M Bolander.....	W Folsom, 221 6 s 22d, 37:6x122:6.....	Gift
Jas O'Brien to Marg't J Stevens.....	Lot 1, blk 5, Mission and 30th St Ex Hd.....	Gift
Chas Mayne to Jno P Verges.....	W Dolores, 51:6 n 29th, 25x100.....	625
Owen Connolly to Jno H Wise.....	Lot 27, blk 47, tide lands granted to Wm Danphy and others.....	5
Geo Schultz to W T Coleman.....	Se California and Front, e 91:8, s 89:6, w 51:8, etc; also, se Sutter and Gough, 120x27.....	5
Luigi Arata to Cath Arata.....	N Broadway, 137:6 e Kearny, 43x58.....	Gi

## Tuesday, May 15th.

Eliza Ebers to Mary F Brannan.....	Ne Bush and Dupont, 34x65.6 .....	\$ 500
Geo Edwards to A H Rau.....	N Clipper, 279:10 w Church, 25:6x114 .....	1,675
Same to A Schmidt.....	N Clipper, 229 w Church, 25:5x114 .....	1,725
Same to Chas Clemens.....	N Clipper, 178:2 w Church, 25:5x114 .....	1,700
A Hemme to Nevada Bank of S F.....	Sw Cal'a and Van Ness, 178x120; also, sw Sac'to and Van Ness, w 141x102:8; n Tyler, 68:9 e Jones, 82:6x137:6 .....	78,000
Nevada Bank of S F to A Hemme.....	Ne Gough and Wash'n, 137:6x137:6 .....	20,000
Noe Garden H U to F E Luty.....	Lot 5, blk 24, Noe Garden H'd .....	500
F E Luty to G D Shadburne.....	Same .....	300
J S Alemany to Peter Woll.....	N St Roses, 192:6 w Wood, e 17:6, etc. ....	350
E G Sobey to Katy McCall.....	E Chattanooga, 125 s 23d, 25x117 .....	2,600
Wm Graham to A P Willey.....	Se Clay and Taylor, 53:4x60 .....	11,000
Same to same.....	S Clay, 53:4 e Taylor, 2:8x69 .....	5
J Cunningham to C Cunningham.....	Sw Castro and 18th, 75x125 .....	7,250
Wm F Milton to Wm H Milton.....	S Post, 112:6 w Mason, 25x87:6 .....	Gift
Martin Eagan to P Mulrenin.....	Lot 5, blk 8, Flint Tract H'd .....	5
Same to Mary Eagan.....	Lots 2, 3, 4, blk 8, same .....	1
S and L Soc'y to Jno Coleman.....	S Day, 105 w Church, 25x114 .....	375
Sarah M Jones to Francis Kauce.....	N O'Farrell, 165 e Taylor, 27:6x137:6 .....	11,000
H J Wallis to Wm A Mowry.....	Nw Hancock and Sanchez, 105x26:6 .....	550
Wm Hollis to Wm J Hassett.....	S Geary, 506 w Steiner, 22x89:6 .....	4,050
Alfred Bartlett to Fannie Carter.....	N Sac'to, 29:9 e Pierce, 26x103 .....	4,500
L Stevens to Merchants' Exch B'k.....	Sw 4th, 30 nw Brannan, 25x80; also, ne Oak and Gough, 27:6x95 .....	13,000
T H D Sanchez to Thos Sanchez.....	N 16th, 193:10½ w Guerrero, 2x113½ .....	66
A M Loryea to Esther Stern.....	N Cal'a, 101:1 e Pierce, 27:8x120 .....	1
E L Sullivan to Eliz th Overend.....	N Wash'n, 107:8½ e Kearny, 18:4½x100 .....	12,500

## Wednesday, May 16th.

Jos Armitage to S Heitschu.....	W Kansas, 200 s Yolo, 100x100 .....	\$ 1
Jacob Claassen to C Claassen.....	E Webster, 82 n Grove, 25x77, subject to mortgage for \$2,500 .....	Gift
M B Douglass to Philip McGovern.....	W York, 100 s Solano, 25x100 .....	1,550
Jno C Moody to Sam'l Heitschu.....	S Pine, 137:6 w Buchanan, w 37:6x137:6, subj to mort for \$1,600 .....	1
Wm Norris to Elias M Block.....	Blk 56, Univ'ty Mound Survey .....	7,000
Same to same.....	Sundry lots in Golden City H'd .....	4,000
J E Dougherty to M Cannavan.....	N Wash'n, 25 e Broderick, 43:9x100 .....	5
S J Simon to Mich'l Celler.....	Se Folsom, 25 sw Ritch, 25x75 .....	6,000
Amasa Thayer to Jno J Theisen.....	Sw ½ lot 38, Tiflany and Dean Tract .....	2,000
A Hemme to H & L Plano Mig Co.....	S Wash'n, 137:6 w V Ness, 40:6x127:8½ .....	.....
Manrice Dore to Vincent Nigro.....	Sw 9th, 125 nw Bryant, 25x100 .....	2,500
Wm Hollis to Sarah Thayer.....	W Webster, 47:6 s Post, 22:6x87:7 .....	4,629
W J Shaw to Jno S Wheelan.....	N 13th, 50 e Berenice, e 25, etc .....	1,600
Jno S Wheelan to Marg't Curran.....	Same .....	1,600
Geo Congdon to Alex Weill.....	Sw Taylor and Geary, 137:6x137:6 .....	13,000

## Thursday, May 17th.

W S Hobart to C H Shillaber.....	Se Market, 275 sw 3d, sw 50, etc.....	135,000
P V H'd As'n to Herman Hencke.....	Lots 72 and 73, blk 367, Pleasant Val Hd .....	1
J T Goodman to Ellen Goodman.....	Ne Eddy and Octavia, 120x137:6 .....	Gift
H H Downer to Rob't Irvine.....	Nw Sac'to and Devisadero, 110x51:2¾ .....	3,300
Jos C Collins to Chas A Bayley.....	Se Noe and 23d, 91:2x127 .....	1,900
F B Cornwall to Peter Ditley.....	N Page and Buchanan, 65x120 .....	7,000
Julius Baum to Chas Goldstone.....	N Sutter, 27:6 e Laguna, 27:6x12:6 .....	9,000
Wm S O'Brien to C McDonough.....	N Turk, 137:6 w Polk, 87:5½x137:6 .....	Gift
Henry Frank to C Kohcke.....	Com 308:6 w Guerrero & 86:6 n 16th, etc .....	5
E Wilson to 14th Av H'd As'n.....	Blk 195, por of 196, 197, 168, O L .....	29,400
T R E A to Sarah Thayer.....	W Webster, 47:6 s Post, 22:6x87:6 .....	.....
Same to C D Wheat.....	W Elgin Park, 119 n Ridley, 44x75 .....	6,795
C D Wheat to Nellie M Wheat.....	Same .....	Gift
Same to O D Baldwin.....	Se Market, 108:6½ ne Guerrero, ne 25, etc .....	3,750
Same to Nellie M Wheat.....	W Elgin Park, 119 n Ridley, 44x75 .....	6,795
Wm Hollis to Geo McKibbin.....	S Union, 125 e Laguna, 25x137:6 .....	1,350
T R E A to same.....	Same .....	1,250
Daniel Hack to Bridget Bannan.....	E Pierce, 77:4½ s Clay, 25x93:9 .....	3,850
G McConnell to M J Edgar.....	N Precita av, 94:3½ w Bernal, n 99:3, etc .....	2,000
Chas J King to H P Coon.....	Se Sac'to and Broderick, 82:6x105 .....	5
Jos Brooks to same.....	Sw Page and Franklin, w 94, etc; also, s Greenwich, 90 w Powell, 47:6x87:6 .....	5
Ellen Slattery to Cath Reed.....	Lots 116 to 119, Academy Tract .....	Gift
Herman Hencke to L Enricht.....	Lots 16 and 17, blk 367, Pleasant V H'd .....	1,500
Jno Middleton, Jr, to H C Olsen.....	Lots 7 and 9, blk G, Pac Sav & H'd Assn .....	600

# PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.



The Steamships of this Company will sail FROM SAN FRANCISCO, during the year 1877, as follows:

**From Wharf, Corner First and Brannan Streets.**

**Hour of Departure, 12 Noon.**

## For Yokohama and Hongkong.

*On the 1st of every month,*

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers of the MITSU BISHI Co. for HIOGO, NAGASAKI and SHANGHAE.

## For Sydney and Auckland, via Honolulu.

January 3.	March 28.	June 20.	September 12.
January 31.	April 25.	July 18.	October 10.
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## FOR NEW YORK, VIA PANAMA.

*On the 16th and 30th of every month,*

Taking Passengers and Freight for MEXICAN, CENTRAL AMERICAN and SOUTH AMERICAN Ports; for WEST INDIA Ports; for LIVERPOOL, LONDON and SOUTHAMPTON; for ST. NAZAIRE and for HAMBURG, BREMEN and ANTWERP.

## For Victoria, B. C., Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia and Portland.

*On the 10th, 20th and 30th of every month.*

NOTE.—April 1 and July 1 coming on Sunday, the China Steamer will sail April 2 and July 2.

NOTE.—September 16 and 30, and December 16 and 30 coming on Sunday, the Panama Steamers for those dates will sail September 15 and 29, and December 15 and 29.

NOTE.—May 20, June 10, September 30 and December 30 coming on Sunday, the Victoria and Puget Sound Steamers will sail May 19, June 9, September 29 and December 29.

**WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents.**

SAN FRANCISCO, January 1, 1877.



# **OREGON**

## **Steamship Company.**



**Regular Steamers to Portland**  
**Every Five Days:**

Leaving San Francisco May 4th, 9th, 14th, 19th, 24th and  
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**George W. Elder,**

**Ajax,**

**Connecting with Steamers to**

**SITKA AND PUGET SOUND,**

**AND O. AND C. R. R. CO.,**

**And Oregon C. R. R. Co., through Willamette,**

**Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys,**

**Oregon.**

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**K. VAN OTERENDORP, Agent,**  
**No. 210 BATTERY STREET.**

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—TO—

**NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.**

**THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL  
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Making prompt connection with the several Railway Lines in the Eastern  
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From San Francisco to Omaha, 4 days and 6 hours; to Chicago, 5 days  
and 6 hours; to New York, 6 days and 20 hours.

### Silver Palace Sleeping Coaches,

Second to none in the world, are run daily from San Francisco to New  
York and intermediate points. These Drawing Room Cars by day, and  
Sleeping Cars by night, are unexcelled for comfort and convenience to the  
Passenger while en route—combining the elegance of a private parlor,  
and all accommodations pertaining to a well-furnished chamber, with  
comfortable couches, clean bedding, etc. A competent Porter accom-  
panies each Car, to attend to the wants of our patrons.

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of Age, Free. 100 Pounds of Baggage per full Passenger, Free. Fifty  
Pounds of Baggage per half Passenger, Free.

**Through Ticket Office: Oakland Ferry Landing, Foot of  
Market Street, San Francisco.**

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A. N. TOWNE,  
Gen. Supt. C. P. R. R.

THOS. L. KIMBALL,  
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T. H. GOODMAN,  
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**HOME MUTUAL  
Insurance Company,  
OF CALIFORNIA.**

*406 California St., Next to Bank of California.*

**Fire & Marine Insurance**

CAPITAL,

\$300,000.



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\$300,000.

**H. HOUGHTON**, President.  
**C. R. STORY**, Secretary.

**G. H. HOWARD**, Vice President.  
**N. B. EDDY**, Marine Secretary.

**HICKETHIER & WILKE,**

*General Agents for the Pacific Coast for the*

**Portable and Adjustable Reading  
and Writing Desks,**

**No. 126 Montgomery Avenue, Commercial Hotel Block,  
SAN FRANCISCO.**

☞ This Desk can be attached to a Chair or Bedstead,  
therefore very useful to tourists and sick chambers.

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.,**

Nos. 204 and 208 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**Shipping, Commission**

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Agents of the Hawaiian Islands and Oregon Packet  
Lines.

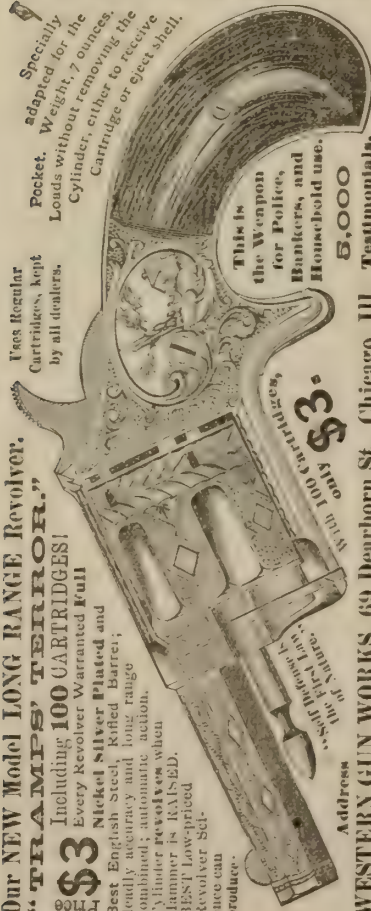
Particular attention paid to the sale or transhipment of merchandise, and all business connected with the Pacific Whaling Fleet. Liberal advances made on consignments.

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**Full Nickel Silver Plated  
7 Shot Revolvers as  
Premiums.**

## A MONTH'S AMMUNITION FREE

Tramps, Burglars and Thieves infest all parts of the Country. Every One Should go Armed.



**Our NEW Model LONG RANGE Revolver.**  
**"TRAMPS' TERROR."**  
 Including **100 CARTRIDGES!**  
**\$3** Every Revolver Warranted **Full**  
**Nickel Silver Plated** and  
 Best English Steel, Rifled Barrel;  
 deadly accuracy and long range  
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Loads without removing the  
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**\$3**  
With 100 Cartridges

Address  
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CUT OUT THIS CERTIFICATE AND RETURN WITH THREE DOLLARS.

**WESTERN GUN WORKS PREMIUM CERTIFICATE.**

**A BOX OF EXTRA FINE TARGET CARTRIDGES FREE!**

THE WESTERN GUN WORKS hereby agrees, on receipt of this certificate and THREE DOLLARS, to send one Elegantly-Mounted Full Nickel Silver Plated Seven Shot New Model Long Range TRAMPS TERRIBLE REVOLVER, including a box of 40 Cartridges, and also an EXTRA BOX of SUPERFINE TARGET CARTRIDGES, loaded with extra strong Rifle Powder, and made especially for long range. These costly Cartridges are only presented to holders of this Premium Certificate and not sold in any other way. Also, Shell Ejector and Cleaning Tools complete, all in elegant case. This offer only holds good for THIRTY DAYS from the date stamped hereon. Fill out and return this certificate with \$3.00 in cash or by check or money order payable to the order of WESTERN GUN WORKS, 1151 S. W. 4th St., CHICAGO, ILL. and you will receive the above named Revolver, EXTRA Long Range Cartridges and entire outfit. Remit by P. O. Order, Registered Letter, Draft, or Express, at our risk. This Certificate only entitles to the Extra Long Range Cartridges when accompanied by the C. sh. Not good on C. O. D. Orders. This Revolver and outfit costs over \$3.00 at retail. Extra fine engraved \$4.00.

WESTERN GUN WORKS  
JUNE 7, 1877.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

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Co. ....  
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**MONTGOMERY AVENUE—CHANGE OF GRADE.**

**Notice is hereby given that on the 30th day of October,** 1876, judgments were rendered by the County Court for benefits, accruing by reason of change of grade of Montgomery Avenue and intersecting streets, against all lots taxed for the opening of said avenue. Said judgments, with interest from said date, are now due and payable to the City and County Treasurer. Owners will please pay to avoid execution and costs, amounting to about \$50 on each judgment, in case of sale under execution. **R. W. HENT,** Attorney for Commissioners.

**STUART S. WRIGHT,** Attorney for Claimants.

May 19.

**OPENING OF RARE AND ELEGANT BOOKS!**

**H. H. Moore** takes pleasure in announcing that having returned from his annual purchasing trip to the great Eastern and European Literary Depositories, that he has received and now has open the largest assortment of **ANTIQUÉ and MODERN LITERATURE** ever before brought to this city, consisting of many old and rare books, and other novelties in literature. No one can fail to find the most acceptable **HOLIDAY PRESENT** for either old or young, male or female, amongst our varied stock. Gift Books in Great Variety. Call and examine our stock. **H. H. MOORE,** 609 Montgomery street.

[Dec. 16.]

**OFFICES OF THE AEROPLANE NAVIGATION CO.,**

Jan. 4.

No. 607 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco.

*Advertisements of the Leading Business Houses  
in San Francisco.*

**P. B. KENNEDY,  
GLOVE MANUFACTURER.**

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In all Shades and Sizes, from 2 to 12 Buttons. In all Shades and Sizes, from 2 to 12 Buttons.

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4 Buttons, \$1 25; 6 Buttons, \$2. 4 Buttons, \$1 25; 6 Buttons, \$2.

**P. B. KENNEDY,**

May 26.]

**232 Kearny Street, bet. Bush and Sutter.**

**INSURANCE AGENCY OF  
HUTCHINSON & MANN,  
NO 314 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.**

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May 5.

314 California street, San Francisco.

**HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.**

**Principal Office, 406 California Street, San Francisco.**

Cash Assets, January 1, 1877, \$595,291; Liabilities, \$5,952; Surplus for Policy Holders, \$589,339. J. F. Houghton, President; Geo. H. Howard, Vice-President; Charles R. Story, Secretary. R. H. MAGILL, H. H. BIGELOW, General Agents.

**DIRECTORS.**—San Francisco—Geo. H. Howard, John H. Redington, J. F. Houghton, R. B. Gray, Robert Watt, John Currey, L. L. Baker, W. F. Whittier, C. C. Burr, E. M. Root, W. H. White, J. L. N. Shepard, W. M. Greenwood, George S. Mann, Cyrus Wilson, W. T. Garratt, C. Waterhouse, A. P. Hotaling, A. Block, A. K. P. Harmon, G. S. Johnson, W. O. Wilson, A. W. Bowman, H. L. Dodge, Charles R. Story. Alameda County Branch—V. D. Moody, Chauncey Taylor, A. C. Henry, Robert S. Farrelly, Joseph B. Marlin, W. B. Hardy, T. B. Simpson. San Diego—A. H. Wilcox. Sacramento—Mark Hopkins, D. W. Earl, Julius Wetzlar, James Carolan. San Jose—T. Ellard Beans, B. D. Murphy, A. Pfister, J. H. Dibble, J. S. Carter, Jackson Lewis, Jacob Rich, John Auzeais, John Balbach. Stockton—H. H. Hewlett, Chas. Belding, J. D. Peters, A. W. Simpson, H. M. Fanning. Marysville—D. E. Knight. Grass Valley—Wm. Watt, T. W. Sigourney. Portland, Oregon—W. S. Ladd, C. H. Lewis, P. Wasserman, B. Goldsmith, D. Macleay. Virginia City, Nevada—John Gillig, Isaac L. Requa. March 17.

**LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (LIMITED).**

**Capital, \$5,000,000, of which \$3,000,000 is fully paid up as** present capital. San Francisco Office, 424 California; London Office, 22 Old Broad street. President, M. S. LATHAM; Manager, JAMES M. STREETEN; Assistant Manager, CAMILO MARTIN. London Bankers, Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank; New York Bankers, Drexel, Morgan & Co.; Boston Bankers, Third National Bank. This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities and all parts of the world. October 23.

**THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED).**

**422 California street, San Francisco.---London Office, 3** Angel Court; New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street. Authorized Capital Stock, \$6,000,000. Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world. FRED. F. LOW, } Managers.  
Oct 4. IGN. STEINHART, }

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,**

**532 California street, corner Webb. Capital and Re-** serve, \$231,000. Deposits, \$6,919,000. DIRECTORS: James de Fremery, President; Albert Miller, Vice-President; C. Adolphe Low, D. J. Oliver, Charles Baum, Charles Pace, Washington Bartlett, A. Campbell, Sen., George C. Potter; Cashier, Lovell White. Dividends for two years past have been  $7\frac{1}{2}$  and 9 per cent. respectively, on ordinary and term deposits. Dividends are payable semi-annually, in January and July. Money loaned on real estate and on United States Bonds, or equivalent securities. October 30.

**PIONEER LAND AND LOAN BANK OF SAVINGS AND DEPOSIT.**

**Southeast corner California and Montgomery streets, Safe** Deposit Block. Incorporated 1869. Guarantee Fund, \$200,000. Dividend No. 106 payable on April 5th. Ordinary deposits receive  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Term deposits receive 10 per cent. This incorporation is in its ninth year, and refers to over 5,900 depositors for its successful and economical management.

THOS. GRAY, President. J. C. DUNCAN, Secretary. H. KOFAHL, Cashier.  
March 31.

**MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,**

**No. 6 Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco, Cal.---** Moneys received on Term and Ordinary Deposits; dividends paid semi-annually; loans made on approved security. This bank solicits the patronage of all persons. [March 25.] H. T. GRAVES, Secretary.

**THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.**

**Capital, \$5,000,000.---Alvinza Hayward, President; R. G.** Sneath, Vice-President; H. F. Hastings, Cashier; R. N. Van Brunt, Secretary. Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers on all principal Cities. Collections made and a general Banking business transacted. August 22.

**MINT OF THE UNITED STATES, AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

**Superintendent's Office, May 21, 1877.---This Mint will be** closed for the annual settlement and repairs on the 1st of June proximo. Due notice will be given of the reopening. O. H. LA GRANGE,  
May 26. Superintendent.

**FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.**

**411 Bushstreet, above Kearny, G. Mahe, Director. Loans** made on real estate and other collateral securities at current rates of interest.

**HICKETHIER & WILKE,**

**General Agents for the Pacific Coast for the Portable and** Adjustable Reading and Writing Desks, 126 Montgomery avenue (Commercial Hotel Block), San Francisco. This Desk can be attached to a chair or bedstead, therefore very useful to tourists and sick chambers. April 21.

**J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON.**

**C. P. Moorman & Co., Manufacturers, Louisville, Ky.---** The above well-known House is represented here by the undersigned, who have been appointed their Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast. July 3. A. P. HOTALING & CO., 429 and 431 Jackson street, S. F.

**CASTLE BROTHERS.---[Established, 1850.]**

**Importers of Teas and East India Goods, Nos. 213 and 215** Front street, San Francisco. Jan. 13.

F. C. SNOW.]

**SNOW & MAY'S ART GALLERY.**

[W. B. MAY.

**SNOW & MAY.**

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

**Pictures, Frames, Moldings, and Artists' Materials.**

21 Kearny St., near Market, S. F.

Dec. 19.

**CUTTER WHISKY.**

**A. P. Hotaling & Co., No. 431 Jackson street, are the Sole** Agents on this Coast for the celebrated J. H. CUTTER WHISKY, shipped direct to them from Louisville, Kentucky. The Trade are cautioned against the purchase of inferior and imitation brands of "J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon." Owing to its deserved reputation, various unprincipled parties are endeavoring to palm off spurious grades. It is really the Best WHISKY in the United States. March 19.

**A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.,**

**S**outheast corner of California and Battery streets, invite the attention of their customers and others to their large assortment of the Best and Finest Brands of CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO, HAVANA CIGARS and CIGARITOS. Consignments of Choiceest Brands of Cigars received by every Steamer. [Oct. 18] A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.

**BAGS, TENTS AND HOSE,**

NEVILLE &amp; CO.,

**113 Clay and 114 Commercial Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

[May 24.

**NOBLE & GALLAGHER,**

**I**mporters and Dealers in Painters' Materials, House, Sign and Fresco Painters, Plain and Decorative Paper-Hangers and Glaziers, No. 438 Jackson street, between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco. Ceilings and Walls Kalsomined and Colored. Jobbing promptly attended to. May 13.

W. MORRIS.

JOS. SCHWAB.

J. F. KENNEDY.

**MORRIS, SCHWAB & CO.,**

**I**mporters and Dealers in Moldings, Frames, Engravings, Chromes, Lithographs, Decadematic, Wax and Artists' Materials, 21 Post street, nearly opposite Masonic Temple, San Francisco. Feb. 4.

**STEELE'S SQUIRREL POISON.**

[Patented October 19th, 1875.]

**S**ure death to Squirrels, Rats, Gophers, etc. For sale by all Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers. Price, \$1 per box. Made by JAMES G. STEELE & CO., San Francisco, Cal. Liberal discount to the Trade. Aug. 21.

**THOMAS DAY,**

**I**mporter of every variety of Gas Fixtures, Crystal, Gilt, Steel and Bronze, and a full assortment of Marble and Bronze Clocks and fine Bronzes; also a full line of Plumbers' Goods. 122 and 124 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Jan. 27.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento. | J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, S. F.

**W. W. DODGE & CO.,**

**W**holesale Grocers, corner Front and Clay streets, San Francisco. April 1.

**H. H. MOORE,**

**D**ealer in Books for Libraries.--A large assortment of fine and rare books just received, and for sale at 609 Montgomery street, near Merchant, San Francisco. Oct. 24.

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**

**W**holesale Auction House, 204 and 206 California street. Sale days, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 10 A.M. Cash advances on consignments. Dec. 14.





GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.

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THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."



"The New World shall redress the wrongs of the Old." -Canning.

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JULY, 1877.

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### SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

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is to be weak;  
to be rich is to  
be strong"



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rest is all far  
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The offices of the CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG and S. F. NEWS LETTER, are at Nos. 607 to 615 Merchant Street.

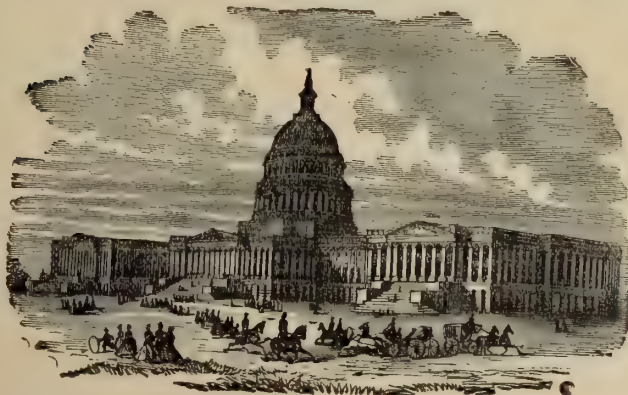
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Vol. 11.]

[No. 3.

THE  
CALIFORNIA



MAIL BAG.

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JULY, 1877.

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SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 607 TO 615 MERCHANT ST.

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## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

### LIFE ON CASTORS.

How strange and evanescent are the vagaries of fashion! "Gone with the gold dust on the butterfly;" evanescent as the dew on the grass of a lawn at midsummer, or as the early worm which is invariably gobbled up by the earliest blackbird. But yesterday (as it seems to me), and what a scene was here! A scene seeming to have waited Belgravia wards from the etherial realms of fairy, or from the opera of the *Prophete*; a scene which haunts me still, though only unfortunately in dreams; a scene which wise men tell me I shall probably never look on again, and which consequently, as "tout ce qui finit et plus touchant que ce qui commence," I cannot recall now without emotion. Let me, before I proceed any further, make myself clearly understood. I am alluding to that paradise of twinkling-footed Peris in Hans place, which, erst the haunt of so many of the *beau monde*, seems now to have become an "abomination of desolation," as far as these are concerned.

According to my custom, I scoffed and caviled at all this for some time (for this is the way I always make a point of treating innovations). But when I could no longer look upon it as the transient hallucination of some few eccentric individuals, but, regarding it as a serious epidemic which had become chronic, I resolved to go and see with mine own eyes this brazen medley of infatuated enthusiasts, who were thus rushing through life upon castors.

I will pass over the time of my apprenticeship. Suffice it to say that one day I emerged, butterfly like, from the dim chrysalis of my apprenticeship; or rather, as the nestling "strains o'er the edge of home and longs for wings," so did I, as yet uncertain of my prowess, look longingly out from the doors of the Nursery where beginners learn, upon the glowing asphalt beyond. Heavens! what a sight met my astonished vision! What a whirling, whizzing, dashing, rushing, grating, scraping phantasmagoria of figures, mingling flashing colors as brilliant as those of any summer *portiere*, and all tearing on wildly to some imaginary and invisible goal to the strains of intoxicating music! Among this motley crew I perceive many friends of my own. Angelina is there, and the perfidious, though fascinating Araminta, the insidious D'Arcy; and, lo, there is even the predestined Edwin floundering about, and earning a certain popularity by the readiness with which he is making a fool of himself. Dear little Poppie and Tootsy are there also, having become quite proficient in the art, and—just Heavens!—can I believe my eyesight? No! Yes! It isn't! It is! Edwin's grandmother, punting herself about in a corner with the aid of her umbrella and the arm of a long-suffering little professional boy! I cannot help smiling at the potency of the spell which had induced this infatuated old lady (with one foot already in the grave) to buckle castors, as it were, upon her remaining beetle-crusher; but I no longer wonder at the enthusiasm of the rest. The fatal fascination is upon me; I have tasted of these intoxicating waters, and gone too far now to retreat. I rush frantically to the castor-house, select a neat well-fitting pair of short *nines* (I was always celebrated for the smallness of my foot), and (slightly to alter the ending of a celebrated line)

"He who came to scoff remain'd to skate."

I am not, however, quite sure of my balance. Angelina (who is skating with Colonel D'Arcy) has need of a discreet "gooseberry," and beckons to me to join her. "Cling to me," she says kindly, as she takes hold of my left hand, while D'Arcy supports her on the other side. "And now give me your right hand," says Araminta, skating up to us, (I must say

she has the most winning manners in the world!); "and if you only keep step with us, and lean a little forward, you're sure not to fall."

And in this manner I started on my first *coup d'essai* down the whole length of the shimmering asphalt, and I must say the sensation was in the highest degree delightful and exhilarating. Once again; and this time I am filled with courage. We are in the same order as hitherto, four abreast; I am not *skating* (as it seems to me), I am *flying*—I am whirling, whizzing, dashing, rushing, grating, scraping, like the rest of them. "Right! left! Right! left! Keep step! Lean forward!" these are the words that Araminta whispers from time to time breathlessly in my ear, as we pursue fleetly and frantically our career. But I heed her not; I am bewildered, enchanted, intoxicated! The awakened blood courses excitedly through every vein; my pulses are beating time tumultuously to the magic grating of the skates. This is fascination; this is real enjoyment! "This is love; this is life!" I think to myself, quoting from the withering poems of poor Ada Isaacs Menken. This reminds me of Mazeppa; I am Mazeppa (for I have utterly sunk all consciousness of my own individuality); or rather I am "the wild horse of the Caucasus," tearing madly on to perdition with Mazeppa on his back! The next moment I imagine that I am a golden eagle, swooping down through ether upon the unsuspecting flocks in the valley beneath me; now I am the goblin huntsman in the opera of *Der Freischütz*; and now I am a Red Indian skating down the Mississippi before it was colonized, pursued by a whole pack of howling, raging, ravening wolves. On, on; whirl, whirl, whirl. Past the castor-house, the tea-room, the chairs with their varied occupants! "Faster, faster still, Angelina! Edwin is close behind us on our track! Fly, Araminta! Hold me tightly, still tighter, by the hand! D'Arcy—"

But just as I had lost all consciousness of what was really going on around me, the foot of the insidious D'Arcy, who formed the outside support to our left flank, accidentally slipped, and he that had been the cause of so many of the falls of his fellow-creatures of the weaker sex, actually fell himself. Bless you, bless you, insidious D'Arcy! Bless you a thousand times for that *faux pas*, though you brought us all down on the top of you! Angelina was unhurt, as she fell gently upon the Colonel's suit of striped flannels, which must have been soft, if it is as much padded as his ordinary clothes. (We patronize the same tailor, and I often amuse myself by trying on his coats. "As for those gentlemen's figures," said the tailor to me the other day, alluding to the D'Arcy family, "pad them and make them up *we must*; I can only compare them to this," and he made a movement with his hands, as if he was scooping out the whole of his inside. But this is a digression.) Angelina, then, fell softly upon Colonel D'Arcy, and my own weight, which came next, was not sufficient to injure her. Araminta, the touzly-fringed, fuzzly-eyed Araminta, with the bewitching dimple, fell next, on me, over me, in my arms. Bless you, bless you for this, I say again, insidious D'Arcy, thou systematic destroyer of the peace of families! As we lay thus struggling and floundering all in a heap, I perceived Edwin (who was skating with a young person whom Angelina assures me is one of his "*other irons in the fire*") bearing down upon us with all the velocity of an express train, and with a terrified expression of countenance, for both he and his companion being mere novices in the art, he knew full well that they were quite incapable of stopping themselves. There was not a moment to be lost. With a superhuman effort I managed to scramble on to my knees, and succeeded in dragging Araminta out of the path of danger, crawling afterwards away from it myself. Nor was I an instant too soon; for the next moment, tripping up upon a corner of Angelina's body, Edwin and his companion fell with a terrific crash in the midst of them, crowning the edifice with their prostrate and struggling forms. Angelina fortunately escaped with only a black eye and a few abrasions and contusions about the ribs, but the point of Edwin's skate gave D'Arcy rather a sharp cut over the forehead. He wore a rose-colored silk handkerchief round it for some time afterwards, and he has even now a scar almost deep enough to do duty in the future for an old wound.

\* \* \* \* \*

"O, days that fled I know not how!"

halcyon days of intoxicating pleasure, why did you ever come to an end? Why has capricious Fashion decreed that Araminta and Angelina shall



for the future hang up their skates, to rust unused upon the nails of the deserted castor-house—they who skated and pirouetted so beautifully, and whose double-shuffle, backward, outside-edge, was the admiration of all beholders!—*World*.

### NEW BOOKS.

**A Modern Mephistophiles.** No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

If the author had told the story of Gladys and Canaris, Helwyze and Olivia, in plain English, the world would agree that it was a very pretty one. Straining after mysticism is the *one* feature of the book. It is never natural, never free from the ceaseless endeavor to envelop the characters with the cloudy unintelligibility of Goethe's Walpurgis Night, rather than to invest them with the plain purpose of his Faust. Page after page the patient reader plods on, wondering if he is not perusing some quaint imagery, which is modeled on the Ingoldsby Legends, and, therefore, cannot be criticised in the same vein as an heroic poem, or a prize essay. Suddenly some common-place facts and incidents are welded in with this wild writing, forcing the reader to understand that he is conning an ordinary tale, and not a gauzy paraphrase of the Arabian Nights. For these reasons the "Modern Mephistophiles" is principally unsatisfactory, although it contains some very clever passages under the web of its plexiform, arachnoid structure.

**OUR CENTENNIAL MEMOIR. FOUNDING OF THE MISSIONS.** San Francisco de Assis in its Hundredth Year. The Celebration of its Foundation. Historical Reminiscences of the Missions of California. San Francisco: Compiled, Printed and Published by P. J. Thomas, No. 505 Clay street, 1877.

This little volume reflects great credit on its compiler, our old and worthy friend, Mr. P. J. Thomas. The history of our Missions has long hung together on very delicate threads of memory, and those even who remember the latter days of their peaceful rule are rapidly passing away. As a condensed and impartial account of the great events which step by step have led up to the glorious present of our State, Mr. Thomas' work is an invaluable addition to the records of California. Unfortunately, our archives are mostly in private collections and difficult of access; they are also principally written in Spanish, which debars the majority of citizens from their use. If we might find a fault with Mr. Thomas' little gem of a book, it would be in the quality of the woodcuts. Either they are somewhat indifferently executed, or Mr. Harrington was not at home in the subjects. We commend the volume to all Californians and others who are interested in the grand early history of our State.

We have received from A. L. Bancroft & Co. a copy of Charles Reade's latest novel, entitled "Woman Hater." It is said to be the novel of the season, and shall have our careful perusal and opinion in our next issue.

**A Horrible Story.**—An Adelaide paper of recent date states that lately a man residing at Oakland, York Peninsula, sent his son, aged 14, down a rather deep well to fetch up a bucket. When the boy had descended, the father to save himself the trouble of winding him up, ordered the boy to make fast to the rope, which the man attached to the team of bullocks and drove them along, drawing the rope over the windlass. The boy was drawn to the top, both his arms were broken, and he, with the bucket, was then precipitated to the bottom of the well, whence he was taken up dead, with his neck, it is said, broken. He was buried without an inquest or inquiry of any kind.

**The 81-ton gun** underwent a further trial at Shoburyness recently. A blind Palliser shell, weighing 1,700 lbs., was fired with a charge of 425lbs. powder against a target built of four plates of iron, each 8 inches thick, with 5 inches of teak between each plate. At a distance of 120 yards the shell perforated, but did not pass through, the massive target.

### ARGENT AND I

Mr. Anthony Argent has houses and lands,  
 Dollars in silver and gold,  
 Half the proceeds of a "ring" on his hands,  
 Two or three gold mines unsold.  
 Whatever *he* touches is certain to pay,  
*I* scarcely from debt can keep clear;  
*He* reckons his income by thousands a day,  
*I* mine by some hundreds a year.  
*He's* projecting a water scheme—owning the ponds;  
 He only keeps dividend stocks;  
*He* has several stacks of United States bonds,  
 In a safe with most intricate locks;  
 And an office—a beautiful office, of course—  
 In the very best part of the street;  
*He* drives down at noon with a 2:40 horse,  
*I* come down at eight on my feet.  
 A wife, too—a dainty and delicate dame—  
 Whose diamonds make sunshine seem dim,  
 And some charming ladies who pay, all the same,  
 Less attention to her than to him.  
*He* takes them to drive in the country at times,  
 A hundred then goes very soon:  
 While *I* and my wife are counting the dimes  
 To compass an odd afternoon.  
*He* keeps his fast horses, fast women, fast life;  
 A balance at two or three banks;  
 And scandal does whisper he has a fast wife,  
 Addicted to numerous pranks.  
 It may be; *I* care not. *I* do my own work,  
 And monthly my salary draw.  
*He* may make as much love as an infidel Turk  
 In the role of a harem'd Pasha.  
 But whence is his fortune? The story is brief—  
 At least if the papers speak true.  
 They have no hesitation to call him a thief,  
 And the ring that he manages too.  
 What matter? *He* failed once or twice *I* am told;  
 Milked two or three creditors dry,  
 But he gilded his failures with ill-gotten gold,  
 And is much more respected than *I*.  
 Mr. Anthony Argent may meet every day  
 Of men like himself half a score;  
 And *I*, had *I* time to go out of my way,  
 Like myself twenty thousand or more.  
 The difference is between Argent and me,  
 As many an instance has told,  
 That honesty silvered is cold to the eye  
 Compared to dishonesty's gold.

**The directors** of the Flagstaff Silver Mining Company of Utah (Limited) have received the following cable dispatch from their manager at Salt Lake City: "Roads impassable for twelve days in March; mine working satisfactorily; roads good now; machinery working satisfactorily; main shaft driven down 90 feet further; commence sixth level next week; will continue sinking main shaft down for seventh level; face fifth level favorable indications; another large ore body; price second class ore advancing; large competition for it; ore body in fifth; going down towards sixth level; it is best in mine."

**Something About a Misplaced Nose.**—"The times are hard, my dear," said a man to his better half, "and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water." "You could easily keep your nose above water," returned the lady, "if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter. ]

**Poor Kate Claxton** is having a rough time of it. She has been burnt out of hotels so many times that whenever the guests see her name on a register now, they either leave the house or go down to dinner with a Babcock extinguisher on their backs and a fireman's helmet on their heads. She was recently in Minneapolis, and had occasion to ring the bell for a waiter to bring her some matches. The domestic informed her that he had orders not to allow matches in her room or the use of gas. Miss Claxton also noticed that a four-inch hose was laid all round her apartments, and that the fire brigade was in constant attendance under her windows. Becoming aggravated with the servant, she threatened to fire him out, and the man replied that that was just what he was afraid of, but that he had removed his valuables to a friend's house. Miss Claxton says in her letter: "At first I was inclined to laugh at strong men acting in this superstitious, silly manner; but the persecutions I am subjected to are becoming serious. Even newspaper editors, who, from their positions, one would be led to believe possessed brains, yield to the general feeling, and I rarely meet with a paper that has not an unpleasant allusion to myself in connection with fire in its columns." The lady has the strongest sympathy of the *T. C.*, who will do his best on every occasion to contradict these absurd rumors.

**The T. C.** regrets having to record the illness of several prominent principals of our public schools, and of others interested in the cause of learning. It appears that there is a rage in our educational establishments for cooking, and all the girls devote their leisure time to experiments on beefsteaks and the preparation of veal cutlets. Recently, the young debutantes conceived the idea of giving lunches to their friends and teachers, which, in a great measure, accounts for the frightful mortality in San Francisco, lately. Professor Bolander is confined to his bed from the effects of an apple-dumpling made by the senior class of the High School, and Mr. Denman has been subjected to tracheotomy in order to remove a piece of beefsteak from his throat, which he was unable to swallow. Several of the lady teachers are so ill from the effects of the coffee recently made by the girls of the Rincon School, that their lives are despaired of. Professor Knowlton's case is the saddest of all. He is a great favorite with the young ladies, and yielding to their persuasion, he ate a whole cranberry pie. His moans can be heard a block off, although he has been under the influence of chloroform ever since. Every girl ought to know how to cook, and it is very satisfactory to feel that the rising generation here is progressing so well.

**It is definitely settled** that the next Legislature of the State of California intends to create a new office, the incumbent of which will hold the title of "Grief Assessor." As it is now an acknowledged fact that outraged virtue and fathomless sorrow each have their price, the new official will be kept constantly occupied in determining the damages due to frailty and broken hearts. In some cases the assessor has power to mulct the plaintiff should his cause appear unjust. For instance, if a man's mother-in-law were run over by an express wagon and killed, it would be in the power of the Court to order the son-in-law to pay a certain sum out of her estate as a votive offering of gratitude; whereas should a rich bachelor uncle suddenly marry and have offspring, the disappointed heir could recover heavy damages from the criminally eccentric relative. Since virtue is apparently no longer priceless, and a breach of promise is only repairable by a check, it is high time that the value of both should be determined by a competent appraiser, whose services would prevent endless litigation.

**The latest news** from Athens is to the effect that Papamichalopolus and Condostaodos are in the new ministry. We used to go to school with Pap. He was pretty good at the regular verbs, but he never could make much out of *phileo*, *tithemi* and *didomi*, and those fellows. As for Con, we consider him a humbug. We caught him once tossing with an *obolus* which had two tails to it, and he owes an old fruit woman on the Acropolis three drachmas for apples up to this day. Such men as Condostaodos are unworthy descendants of Solon and Pericles, and should never be encouraged.

**Truth is indeed** stranger than fiction, as the following story shows: One day this week a young married couple entered the photographic establishment of Bradley & Rulofson. The wife carried a baby in her arms, and stated that she wished its picture taken just as it lay on her lap. The skillful artist soon produced a couple of perfect negatives, and congratulated the mother on her infant having kept so still. "Ah!" sighed the father, "that's just where the trouble comes in, young man. The baby's dead, and as I aint very well acquainted round here, I'd be obliged if you could tell me where I could purchase a coffin." With a wild, hysterical shriek, and a bound that upset the camera and knocked over a big vase, the operator fled madly through the glass door of the elevator, and landed with a crash at the foot of the stairs, where he immediately started for the nearest jump-off place into the bay. It took two policemen to hold him, and he has had an epileptic fit every half hour since. The frantic entreaties of his employers that he should return to his work are all in vain so far, though it is believed, that by entering into a contract with him to take only elderly person's portraits, he may yet be induced to resume the practice of his art.

**Stockton is reeking** with the blood of Grand Jurymen. It appears that one G. J. told another G. J. that he wouldn't believe him under oath, whereupon the gentle earth was sprinkled with their gore, and rills of vital fluid flowed aimlessly down the sleepy streets of that lethargic and somnolent center of agricultural stupidity. There is no reason why one Grand Jurymen should believe another under oath; he would, perhaps, be guilty of unpardonable weakness in so doing. In good earnest, we doubt whether an average Stockton Grand Jurymen knows what an oath is, though he probably delivers them by the bushel, peck, or hundred weight, as he does his potatoes. It is a sad thing to see two men, who are probably otherwise respectable, quarreling about the value of such a trivial thing as an oath. The word really has no meaning whatever politically, any more than the terms "promise," "vote," "honesty," "purity," or other obsolete phrases, which will be struck out of the next edition of Webster's Dictionary.

**The war of the clothiers** is the latest curse with which our poor city is afflicted. This degraded style of Cheap John business doubtless proves lucrative to the lynx-eyed vendors of shoddy cloth, but that is no reason why blooded horses should be scared on the streets, or equestrians annoyed by a procession of hideous white calico transparencies bedaubed with the ugly mugs of a lot of hook-nosed tailors, who advertise to sell suits of clothes for less than the price of the bad cotton with which they are stitched. Our city would be a fair city if these pestilential nuisances could be suppressed; but the first impression of a visitor to San Francisco, who meets one of these hideous advertisements, with its concomitant horror of a grinning nigger beating a drum, must of necessity be that he has either entered Pandemonium or encountered the advance-guard of a disreputable acrobatic show. It would be wise for the Supervisors to stop this hideous nuisance, and that is just the reason why they will never do it.

**Mr. Gudzinski** is an example of a gentleman who walked into Court one day this week to be tried on three charges, and who succeeded in getting booked for four before the day was out. His little weakness is perjury with a touch of madness in it. If he can only arrange to get a fifth charge of lunacy entered against him, the convictions in the other cases will be null and void and he can expiate his offenses by a trimester at the Napa Asylum. The moral of this case is that when a man has eighty-three indictments against him, as is the case with George M. Pinney, it is evident policy to be indicted for the eighty-fourth time on a charge of aberration of the intellect. This wipes out all the fines and imprisonments accruing from the former civil and criminal suits, and leaves the defendant free to return to his usual avocations as soon as the learned medicos are willing to certify to his sanity. This is a useful and a good idea.

**With a desire** to avoid an accurate knowledge of the extent of our population, the authorities propose to put badges on the census-takers. A flight of blackbirds will be nothing in future compared to the exodus of females of uncertain age on the first appearance of one of these bedizened age-extractors.



We paid a visit to California street this week, and came home depressed. Moving in and out among prominent stockbrokers, we listened to their conversation. Where formerly a prominent dealer would regale our ears with, "Just bought a thousand shares Con. Virginia at \$480," we heard a faint whisper, "New bonanza on Front street—three dishes for twenty-five cents and coffee included." Another operator, behind whose blooded team we have often ridden to the Cliff House, informed us that he knew a place where he could buy ten car tickets for half a dollar. We lent him the equivalent of ten car tickets and walked sadly home. Stocks are not booming.

The champion Christian and Infidel lecturers have said their say and pocketed our dollars. Were we sure that we ne'er should look upon their like again, we would at once hire a choir of fifty voices to sing *Deo Gratias*. The letters R. I. and T. T. occasionally stand for Robert Ingersoll and Theodore Tilton. They are equally useful, however, in writing an essay on a Rampant Idiot and a Tainted Toad. Mr. Tilton's closing remarks in this city were to the effect that California is the most godless State in the Union. The broken-hearted husband is apparently a worse judge of religion than he is of pastors, and his Christianity is certainly as offensive as his cuckoldry.

The ex-President is very much pleased with England. In a cable dispatch to the *T. C.* he says: "Am feeling elegant and the purps is gay. Go to two theaters every night and three banquets. The oysters here ain't worth shucks, and if the next steamer don't bring some old rye I'll run out. Had all my clothes let out round the waist to-day and they're still tight. Tell De Young to quit writing editorials against England while I'm here. It has cost me several boxes of cigars and a good lunch already. Won \$3,000 at draw poker from the Mayor last night. Divided with American Consul. No need of the coin you kindly offer. Write soon.

ULYSSES."

Brigham Young has a forcible way of making Salt Lake uncomfortable for Gentile newspaper correspondents. Mr. Stillson, of the New York *Herald*, has been shot at once, and also stabbed by some unknown polygamous assassin. Mrs. Hayes is respectfully requested to get Ruthy to turn his monogamous optic in the direction of Salt Lake. Dryden says that "women emasculate a monarch's reign," and if Mrs. Hayes will only order R. B. to clear out this nest of crime and bestiality in Utah, we will forgive her for stopping the old man's grog and forbidding him his matutinal eye-opener.

Mr. Casebolt has had to run the gauntlet of newspaper abuse for many years, and has been accused of almost everything by an ungrateful public, who ride in his chaste and airy-looking omnibuses. There is one reflection, at least, which should be a comfort to him in his old age, and which will strike the most careless observer as being true. His horse-cars traverse many miles of our streets daily, at a modest gait that is eminently conducive to safety, and Mr. Casebolt's worst traducers cannot look him in the eye and say that his employes are ever guilty of fast or reckless driving.

The President of the Western Union Telegraph Company has written to the *T. C.* asking him how much he will take per week to compose three columns of war news daily. It is hard to be poor, but poverty is preferable to dishonesty. We know the man who has been writing the dispatches for the last two weeks, but we would not for worlds swap our intellect against his bank account. The poor wretch (his name is Sam Simons) now signs his name Samichoff Simonowski, and eats tallow candles as a jibbering idiot. Death is at any time preferable to lunacy.

The tidal wave at Honolulu clears up a mystery that has long puzzled the brains of our first-class philologists. We are told that "seventeen dwellings were severely injured." Now we know what a house surgeon is, and trust that there is a capable one at the Islands who can relieve the sufferings and assuage the pains of these "injured dwellings." It is to be hoped that the next mail will bring tidings of their perfect convalescence. A "sick house" is a common expression, and so, unfortunately, is a dead-house.

### GOING HOME -- A BOHEMIAN SONG.

I went home with Ludmilla— "What is it, dear Ludmilla,  
 As I very often do; What maiden hopes or fears?"  
 We sat on the grass together— Her answer to my question  
 But what is that to you? Was a sudden stream of tears.

Beneath the trees we chatted, "Weep not, weep not, Ludmilla,  
 But not a word of love; Or let your tears be few;  
 As innocent as children, My heart is constant, ever,  
 Or the birds that sang above. And only beats for you!"

I squeezed her little fingers, The moon stole out of the darkness,  
 That pressed, methought, my own, As bright as bright could be;  
 "Ludmilla! Oh Ludmilla! She smiled when I kissed my darling  
 If you were only grown!" And wished that she were she!

At the cheeks of poor Ludmilla, We'll meet again to-morrow?  
 Who turned away her head, And each the promise made;  
 You might have lighted a candle— Then something rustled near us—  
 They blushed so red, so red! But we were not afraid.

I went home with Ludmilla—  
 Not as I used to do;  
 For I covered her with kisses—  
 But what is that to you? —Appleton's Journal.

### WONDERS OF A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

An English writer in *Good Words* gives the following account of a morning's visit to a Brazilian forest: "As we got into the skirt of the forest the morning broke, but the reveille in a Brazilian forest is wonderfully different from the slow creeping on of the dawn of a Summer morning at home, to the music of two thrushes answering one another's full rich notes from neighboring thorn-trees. Suddenly a yellow light spreads upward in the East, the stars quickly fade, and the dark fringes of the forest and the tall palms show out black against the yellow sky, and, almost before one has time to observe the change, the sun has risen straight and fierce, and the whole landscape is bathed in the full light of day. The woods, so absolutely silent and still before, break at once into noise and movement. Flocks of toucans flutter and scream on the highest forest trees, hopelessly out of shot; the ear is pierced by the shrill wild screeches of a little band of macaws, which fly flaring past like the wrapped-up ghosts of the birds on some gaudy old brocade. There is no warbling, no song, only harsh noises, abrupt calls, which those who haunt the forest soon learn to translate by two or three familiar words in Portuguese or English. Now and then a set of cries more varied and more dissonant than usual tells us that a troop of monkeys are passing across from tree to tree among the higher branches, and lower sounds, to which one's attention is called by the guide, indicate to his practiced ear the neighborhood of a sloth, or some other of the few mammals which inhabit the forests of tropical South America. And all the insects are now awake and adding their varied notes to swell the general din. A butterfly of the gorgeous genus *Morpho* comes fluttering along the path like a loosely folded sheet of bright blue tinsel, flashing brilliant reflections in the sunshine; great dark blue shining bees fly past with a loud hum; tree bugs in the most singular harlequin coloring of scarlet and blue and yellow, with a metallic sheen, cluster round a branch so thickly as to weigh it down, and make their presence perceptible yards off by their peculiar and sometimes not unpleasant color. But how weak it is to say that that exquisite little celibi, whirring and glittering in the air over that branch of bignonia bells and sucking the nectar from them with its long curved bill, has a head of ruby and a breast of emerald and wings of sapphire, as if any triumph of the jeweler's art could ever vie in brilliancy with that sparkling epitome of life and beauty."

The "eel-akin" dress is now the great rage in Paris. It is an improvement on the "pull-back."

### CHILDREN AND PETS.

I hear that one of the lady Guardians, the validity of whose election for St. Pancras is now disputed on the ground that the amount of her qualification has been overstated, is supposed to have lost caste in the eyes of her colleagues by a too generous patronage of dogs and cats. This lady is credited with the possession of half a dozen of the former and sixteen of the latter, a fact which, if true, may indeed cast some doubt on the severity of her economical principles. It is, perhaps, as well that the adult human being, whether or not an aspirant for so responsible a post as that of Guardian of the Poor, generally outgrows that comprehensive taste for many and any pets which is so amusing a feature of the childish character. The discretion, said to come with years, no doubt hinders us from surreptitiously keeping beetles on the dining-room sideboard, or dormice among our best clothes, and even the penchant (one of the strongest and most lasting) for concealing snakes in the waistcoat pocket wears off in time. But children are incorrigible on all these points. I heard the other day of a serious domestic fracas, in the literal rather than in the moral sense of the term, caused by the discovery of an inconvenient pet. A family of small boys, on whom the legitimate delights of keeping any number of rabbits, guinea-pigs, mice and canary birds, had begun to pall, set their affections on a "baby donkey," which, as it ran, all head and legs, by the side of its mother, was indeed an affecting if scarcely a beautiful object. Assisted by older but not wiser companions, the little fellows contrived to purchase the donkey, and to convey it to a loft at the top of their father's house. Here it was fed with buns, bread and jam, stale meringues and similar delicacies, which suggested no awkward inquiries, and it led a peaceful if not altogether congenial existence among old portmanteaus, Dutch clocks and disused perambulators.

But the sudden illness of one of the household made the departure of the rest for the sea-side a matter of immediate necessity. Here was a situation; the baby donkey could not be left behind, and yet it was felt that the revelation of its existence was likely to be attended with grave risk to the owners. An attempt was therefore made to remove the little animal from the loft, but the process of conveying a donkey down a step ladder against its will is a delicate one at best, and more experienced strategists than the young conspirators in charge of it might have failed to execute the movement more successfully. I need hardly say that the utmost publicity ultimately attended the removal, the noise of which was, indeed, attributed by the housekeeper to no less a cause than the end of the world. A baby donkey is, however, an eligible and respectable pet compared to some of the creatures with which children will take up if they chance to be in a pet-less condition. Having one day sent a fine eel to a friend with a view to its immediate conversion into a *matelote*, I received from her a grateful note, in which she said, that while fully appreciating my advice, she had been unable as yet to apply the eel to this purpose, because during the short interval which elapsed between its arrival and the delivery of its death-warrant to the cook, the children had "made a pet of it, and called it Frederick."

—*Bower Bird in Truth.*

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**Extending the Meat Supply.**—One of the most enthusiastic hippophagists of Paris, M. Decroix, not content with advocating the use of horse-flesh for food, now would have people eat the flesh of diseased animals. He has made it a practice to eat horses killed in his service, which had glanders or farcy, and, whether thoroughly or partially cooked, he found no evil results to his health. Further, ever since 1861 he has eaten the flesh of all animals that have died within his reach, no matter from what disease. He affirms that one may eat with impunity the flesh, cooked (not putrid), of any of the domesticated animals, no matter what they died of—glanders, typhus, hydrophobia, etc. So far from the flesh of animals which have died naturally having a repugnant appearance or a peculiar flavor, he states that he has placed the two kinds side by side in the same pan and with the same sauce, and, in serving to different persons, many of them connoisseurs, the meat of animals that have died a natural death has invariably been pronounced superior to that from the slaughter-house!



### THE CHINESE ENVOYS.

On Wednesday, the 9th of May, the Chinese Envoys paid a visit to South Kensington Museum, London, and took special note of a portion of the building which is proposed as a model for the Exhibition building, which, it is hoped, may be hereafter opened in Shanghai in connection with the Polytechnic. Sir Walter Medhurst and Mr. Bourne were present with the Envoys and party. They also visited the same day Sir Joseph Whitworth's collection of models and firearms at Thomas' Hotel, Berkeley Square. In the evening they were present at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, when Kwo Fah-jen responded to the toast of "The literature of other countries." The translation of his speech, as given by Dr. Macartney, is as follows:

The Minister is more grateful than he can express for the kindness with which, as the newly-arrived Minister of China, he has been received. China has a literature some three thousand years old: a literature for which it would be impossible for the Chinese not to entertain great respect for the matter of it, as it supplies rules by which the individual is moralized and the people of the Empire are governed respect for the form of it, as the beauties of its style are great. Being here to-day, however, as a guest, in his capacity of Chinese Minister, he will not say more with reference to the literature of his own country. The Chinese people very generally appreciate the ability which has distinguished Europe above any other quarter of the globe. In particular they respect the names of Matteo Ricci, Vestiest and Schall, to whom they were indebted for instruction in mathematics; instructions by which the Astronomical Board at Peking is still guided in its calculations.

From Europe China also received her knowledge of the mechanical contrivances by which time is marked, and of the appliances of war, both artillery and small-arms. The superiority of Western nations in construction of all kinds has been for hundreds of years admitted in China. The secret of it and of the advance in other branches of knowledge, is that their scholars are indefatigable in their endeavors to arrive by experiments at perfection. It is the usage of all Governments to exalt men of learning, but the Governments of Western nations go further in the honor they do them, and by the honor they do them they stimulate their people to follow. In the three months the Minister has been in London he has met Professor Tyndal, Mr. Warren de la Rue, Professor Owen, Dr. Hooker and Mr. Spottiswoode, and having been present at the lectures delivered on electricity, color, light and heat, he has been greatly impressed by the learning displayed in them and the pains taken to be accurate. Thus is science in England made the property of all, and even a casual listener has his ideas expanded and his knowledge increased. Since his arrival the Minister has had an opportunity of observing the excellence of the Government of England in the highest places, aided as it is by the Council, the Houses of Parliament. When a Government is so remarkable for the spirit which animates it, its men of learning will attain the distinction they do attain. The Minister would address himself specially to Lord Derby as President of this society. He would express the gratification which it affords him to notice its success. He begs at the same time to thank Lord Derby and the Committee for their invitation to this dinner. He trusts that the prosperity of England may daily increase, and that with its increase the talent of their men of letters may be daily developed, and that while those beholden for aid to the society's fund may pass their old age in comfort, the beauty of their works may endure for generations. (Cheers.)

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"One of the best roads in Asia Minor," says the London *Times*, "runs from Baroum, along Choruk, through Ortoin to Otti, and thence to Bardaz. The road crosses the river Choruk about fifty miles from Perktarek, and thence reaches Batoum by the river ———." This stream has an apparently four-syllabled name, like a sneeze, on which we must decline to hazard an already damaged extra diamond-tipped pen point. The route sketched, however, appears to have the merit of entire security, except, perhaps, to the conductor of the train, whose jaw would infallibly be dislocated, should he attempt to announce the names of the stations.



EVERY YEAR.

The spring has less of brightness,	Oh! how sad to look before us,
Every year,	Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,	While the clouds grow darker o'er us,
Every year ;	Every year!
Nor do summer's flowers quicken,	When we see the blossoms faded,
Nor autumn's fruitage thicken	That to bloom we might have aided,
As they once did ; for we sicken	And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.	Every year.
It is growing darker, colder,	To the past go more dead faces,
Every year,	Every year.
As the heart and soul grow older,	Come no new ones in their places,
Every year.	Every year.
I care not now for dancing,	Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
Or for eyes with passion glancing—	In the evening's dusk they greet us,
Love is less and less entrancing	And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.	Every year.
Of the loves and sorrows blended,	"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year ;	"Every year ;
Of the broken hearts now mended	You are more alone," they tell us.
Every year ;	"Every year.
Of the ties that still might bind me,	You can win no new affection,
Until time to death resigned me,	You have only recollection,
My infirmities remind me,	Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.	Every year."

Thank God! no clouds are shifting,  
 Every year,  
 O'er the land to which we're drifting,  
 Every year.  
 No losses there will grieve us,  
 Nor loving faces leave us,  
 Nor death of friends bereave us,  
 Every year.

—Albert Pike.

IN MEMORIAM.

Death has claimed for his own this week one of the most celebrated Americans of this century—John Lothrop Motley. As a scholar and a historian his name will live forever. From a brief glance at his career we find that he was born at Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814, graduating at Harvard when he was seventeen years old, and spending the two following years at Göttingen and Berlin. At the age of 22 he was admitted to the American bar, though he practiced but little. In '39 he published a novel entitled "Morton's Hope," which was followed ten years afterwards by "Merrymount." In the meantime he filled the post of Secretary to the American Embassy in St. Petersburg, though holding the position for eight months only. His great work, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," appeared in 1856. He spent ten years on it, five of which were passed in Berlin, Dresden and the Hague. It was reprinted in English at Amsterdam, and has also been translated into Russian, German and Dutch. The first part of "The History of the Netherlands" appeared in 1860, the two last volumes being delayed until 1867. In 1874 Mr. Motley completed "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland," and it is understood that at the time of his death he was engaged on a history of the "Thirty Years War." As a diplomat he won great distinction at Vienna as our Minister to Austria from 1861 to 1867, and in 1869 he received the portfolio of England at the hands of the President. His resignation, and the events which led to it, are still fresh in the minds of our citizens. In 1870 he revisited Holland, and afterward returned to England, where he died, full of honors, on Wednesday last, at the age of sixty-three.

Half a pair of gloves is better than none at all.

### THE HARVEST.

**Crop prospects** in the central and northern part of California have very greatly improved of late. The *Sacramento Record-Union*, good authority, in Thursday's issue, May 31st, says, editorially, of wheat: A half-crop this year, at ruling prices, is fully equal to a crop on last year's market. But in the section alluded to there is much more than half a crop being harvested. In fact, the aggregate will not fall short of a full crop on the basis of the harvest of 1876. In Sonoma, Napa, Lake, Marin, Solano, Yolo, Sacramento, Amador, El Dorado, Yuba, Sutter, Butte, Tehama and Shasta counties, the additional acreage will compensate the partial failures of some soils, while in some of the counties named, as Napa, Colusa, Butte and Sutter, the harvest will yield an excess over last year. In all the northern section of the State, then, the aggregate cash return of the wheat export will exceed that of last year. Of some of these localities we present some gratifying details. If the figures should occasion surprise in the minds of our Eastern friends, let it be remembered that they are presented as exceptional, and that an unusual market has had much to do in producing them. They are given, however, upon knowledge of the facts, and are not presented to excite wonder. Chico township, Butte county, the very garden of California, will export 50,000 tons of wheat, which, at two and a half cents, the present market rate, [Too high cash valuation. *Ed. News Letter*] will yield a revenue of \$2,500,000. Colusa county will export 60,000 tons, which, at the rate as before, gives \$3,000,000. In this county, we cite two instances of successful grain farming on two distinct classes of soil. One of the tenants of Dr. Glenn, farming a portion of his large ranch, has 15,000 acres under the sickle. It will yield fifteen cents to the acre, which, at current rates, gives a gross return of \$500,000. The gentleman in question claims that this will be the largest cash showing ever made by any one farmer in the State. The land is "plain land" of Colusa county. In the same county there is a tule farm having this year 800 acres in wheat not yet ripe, but showing an average of four full grains in each mesh, and carefully estimated to produce *thirty-six* cents to the acre, having a gross market value of \$90 per acre, a net of about \$80, or ten times the ordinary average profit of grain growing. Together, Butte and Colusa will import \$6,000,000 in gold on the sale of their crops. Sutter county is not behind any other this season. There is an instance in that county of a farmer who purchased last year a farm of 400 acres at \$40 per acre. The grain grown on the place this year will fully reimburse the entire purchase price. These are but a few of the many instances that have come to our knowledge, and we submit that they may be taken as a most gratifying indication of prosperity to every interest in the northern portion of the State.

**Savage animals** are not yet extinct in Vermont, as Thomas Peggington found to his cost a few mornings ago. He was on his way to his sugar orchard, in company with his dog, when he suddenly came face to face with a huge panther. The dog was torn to pieces in a twinkling, and the beast then turned his attention to Mr. Peggington, who, though unarmed, kept his presence of mind, and avoided the creature's first spring by falling on his face. The second time he was caught by the shoulder, and a desperate struggle followed, both rolling over and over on the ground, and finally falling over a precipice twenty feet high, which ended the combat. Mr. Peggington lay unconscious for several hours, until found by his friends, and he is so severely injured that his recovery is doubtful. The panther has not been seen since the fray, but it is thought he was badly hurt by the fall, and a party of hunters are looking for him.

**The number** of aged quadrupeds in this city is perfectly startling. The *Alta* has four columns of names of gentlemen who are anxious to sell old horses. If, after this old horse sale, any citizen goes afoot, it will be entirely his own fault.

### THE GRAND TURK AT HOME.

"It is no longer a Sublime Porte. It is a rotten, worm-eaten old door, giving admission only to a weedy backyard, on one of the crumbling walls of which sits Humpty Dumpty, in a fez cap, and girt with the sword of Osman. It needs but a slight fillip of wind, but a moderate puff of the European finger, to topple Humpty Dumpty over; and when this radically Bad Egg has fallen, not all the king's horses nor all the king's men will ever be able to set him up again. The most that anti-Russians can do just now is to strive to shore up the crumbling wall, and to whitewash the Bad Egg; and the Grand Turk is, assuredly, a personage who has at all times needed a tremendous amount of whitewashing. His natural hue is Red -blood-red. He is normally erythematous. He has been afflicted from the first with 'the botch of Egypt, and with emerods that cannot be healed. . . . I have seen, in my time, *de pres* half a score revolutions, civil wars, campaigns, what you will, in different parts of the world. Where would be the use of my taking any side, save that of the pure spectator or the equally pure bread-and-cheese side? I witnessed the breaking-up of the Monarchy of July, the downfall of the February Republic, the rise of a Second Empire, its fall, and the dawn of another Republic. Should I gain anything by being an Orleanist or a Legitimist, a Bonapartist, a Conservative Republican or a Communist? I have seen the American Federals cutting the throats of the Confederates, and *vice versa*. What was the North *versus* the South to me? I have lived under Austrian and under Italian rule in Lombardy, under Papal and under Italian domination in Rome, under a Republican and under an Imperial Government in Mexico, under slavery and under emancipation in Russia; and I never yet found that the existence of one order of things as against the existence of another order of things absolved me from the necessity of earning my daily bread. Yet there are people, I know, and very excellent people, who have a craving for political excitement, and who "take sides" in every political conflict, just as they do at whist or cricket. I suppose it amuses them."—*Mr. G. A. Sala, in Gentleman's Magazine.*

**Deaths from Inhalation of Chloroform.**—In communicating to the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine a list of deaths by chloroform occurring in that city and vicinity, Dr. Charles Anderson recognizes a "strange fatality" attending the use of the drug in Cincinnati. No other city in the United States numbers so many deaths from this cause; yet, perhaps, if all the chloroform casualties of other cities had been duly recorded, Cincinnati would no longer hold this bad preeminence. The author calls attention to a singular anomaly observed in the action of this anæsthetic, viz: that many of those who have died from chloroform have taken it repeatedly, and often for a considerable time, without any unpleasant symptoms, whereas an attempt to give it a short time afterward has proved fatal. Thus one patient, who had taken it frequently during ten years, died from forty drops; another had taken it a hundred times, and had once been under its influence for five hours; the last dose, which was fatal, consisted of an inhalation or two from a chloroformed handkerchief. After citing other similar instances, Dr. Anderson, whose communication we find in the *Clinic*, expresses the opinion that in these cases there exists a sort of floating idiosyncrasy—one that may have hold of a man for an hour or an instant. "It may be on him to-day," adds the author, "and off to-morrow; but if, while under its influence, he inhale the vapor of chloroform, he is almost sure to die. I was on the point of saying, if he inhale the *slightest* quantity of the vapor of chloroform, it will prove fatal. I am almost convinced that that would not be putting it too forcibly. When you consider the remarkably small quantity given in all the cases, I think you will be inclined to say that there is something in the theory."

**In Greece** the east wind plays the Æolian harp—in England it plays the deuce.

## LETTERS OF MARQUE.

The Czar has issued a proclamation to the effect that Letters of Marque will not be issued under his authority. In this, the Autocrat of all the Russias shows symptoms of a desire to rank with the more progressive nations of Europe.

Since the Crimean War, England and France have condemned the practice of privateering as being inconsistent with civilization, and after the Treaty of Paris these Powers invited the United States to join them in a declaration to that effect. The United States Government, however, asserted its right to use its merchantmen in case of war, unless the European Powers would consent that the private property of the subjects of a belligerent was exempt from seizure on the high seas. When the civil war broke out in this country, and American property was in peril from the issuing of Letters of Marque by the Confederate Government, then the American Secretary of State was induced to accede to the declaration of the European Plenipotentiaries, but England and France declined, and thus the matter rests at this day.

The old rule is, that everything is fair in war, and Letters of Marque, when confined to the subjects of the belligerents, are doubtless a fair and legitimate mode of harassing the enemy, but when issued to neutrals it becomes an odious form of engaging them in hostilities. The subjects of the nation at war have the plea of patriotism to justify them in the part they take, but the neutral can plead no patriotic motive; he is at best but a legalized pirate, and is so regarded by civilized nations.

Since the outbreak of the war, some of our contemporaries have been calculating on the prospects of England being drawn into the struggle, and the equipment of American privateers to prey upon British commerce. The Czar's proclamation places somewhat of a damper upon their hopes.

We have already expressed an opinion that the sympathies of true Americans are not anti-English, and that anti-English sentiments are chiefly confined to the naturalized classes, or a portion of them, many of whom have been compelled to leave their native land in consequence of their turbulent and revolutionary dispositions. This portion of the foreign element is ever loudest in its talk of freedom and independence, but, as far as they are concerned, for freedom we might substitute the word "license," and explain their claim to independence as men not to be depended on. They sneer at the liberal policy, the social customs and the ancient aristocracy of England, and profess friendship and admiration for a despotic power like Russia, whose whole history is one of aggression, tyranny and oppression.

Formerly privateering was considered to be a legitimate mode of warfare, and sanctioned by all civilized nations; it is now almost universally condemned. The United States are most favorably situated to engage in such service, and in the days of sailing vessels were perhaps also well provided; but it must be remembered that steam power has greatly altered the conditions under which privateering can now be carried on. Were Americans free to engage in this doubtfully honest business, they possess but few if any vessels suitable for the purpose. In the present advanced stage of navigation a privateer could do but little damage to England's commerce, unless propelled by steam power, and such vessels America does not possess, and never will possess until the illiberal policy which prevents our citizens from buying in the best market, and having their purchases protected by their country's flag, is changed.

**A Remarkable Calf Story.**--It is generally supposed that when the mother dies the unborn infant dies with her. Not always so. Instances are known to the contrary, and one occurred lately in the upper valley. When the "Steele" herd of cattle passed through, on its way from San Louis Obispo to Knight's valley, a few days ago, a cow gave out and died on the way at Saffley's place, a little above Calistoga. Mr. Saffley's men cut her up, probably with the intention of feeding her to the hogs, when a live calf was found. It was thought, of course, that it would die, but it did not, and on proper care is, to the astonishment of all, thriving just like any other calf, and will doubtless live to enjoy the distinction of having never been born.—*St. Helena (Cal.) Star.*



### RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

There is very little doubt that not one of the Great Powers who signed the short-lived protocol did so with the same intentions, and as the words of this extraordinary document were intended by the various parties to bear different meanings, it is consequently no wonder that they have been variously interpreted. Such being the case, it is easy to see how difficult it became to prevent the breaking out of war, and equally so any negotiations for peace. We learn from dispatches of doubtful credence that Russia would come to terms with Turkey conditionally on receiving a slice of her Asiatic possessions, Erzeroum not to be included in it, out of deference to England. Supposing such to be conceded, it is to be presumed that Turkey in Europe is to be let alone and the old scenes in Bulgaria and Moldavia to be re-enacted, checked somewhat by mild remonstrances from European Powers and fierce denunciations by the Gladstone party. What then becomes of the panslavonic question or the protection of "our fellow Christians?" All sacrificed to the greed for Eastern territory. It would be much more agreeable and easier for the Czar to acquire a portion of Asia as a gift than by conquest. Few countries in the world can be more easily held against a superior force. Unpeopled wastes, rivers, great ridges of mountains, the want of roads, fortresses, made so strong by nature as to dispense with half the usual toil of the military engineer. All these obstacles stand between the Russian base and the sea. If such a country were peopled by any European race it would almost defy conquest. Between Kars and Erzeroum lie the Sangarluh mountains, six thousand feet high. On the way from one town to the other there are but two passes. It is here that the Turkish troops are to-day making their stand, and although in 1828 the Russian General Paskiewich, by a wonderfully swift march, occupied one of them before the Turks could intercept him; yet to-day, warned by the experience of the past, Muktar Pasha has strongly fortified both the Milli Duz and the Zevinn passes, the Russians being between them and Kars. There is, however, another road to Erzeroum from Bayazid, which latter fortified place the Russians seized at the commencement of the campaign, so that possibly they may propose to shut up the Turkish forces in their fastnesses. Twenty years ago the fortifications of Kars were strengthened by English engineer officers, so that the neighboring heights are rendered almost impregnable.

Meanwhile, north of the Danube, military movements appear to be at a standstill. With the exception of an occasional shell from some fortress on one side or other of the river, or the explosion of a torpedo, the din of war would appear to be hushed, but among the many remarkable events of the time are the ease, completeness and confidence with which Russia has taken military possession of Roumania. The Emperor Nicholas tried it in the last war, but was obliged to abandon it before the Austrian forces. To-day the war party in Roumania is in the ascendant, and the proffer of a kingly crown to the Prince has tempted him from his allegiance to his Suzerain. One reason of the apathy or indifference to the occupation of Roumania may lie in the fact that Russia was more dreaded at the time of the Crimean war than she is to-day. She was supposed to be stronger than she proved to be. Sebastopol was a far greater menace to Constantinople than a Russianized Bulgaria would be; no united Germany barred the way of Russia towards the west, and Austria was slowly recovering from a great rebellion. The political changes of the last fifteen years have done more to disarm Russia than a hundred treaties of Paris would effect. Then, again, there is little dread of an invasion of India from the neighborhood of the Caucasus. An invading force, on its march through Persia or Afghanistan, would require two camels for every soldier, so that a Russian army of fifty thousand men would need a hundred thousand camels, besides seventy-five thousand horses and half a million of camp-followers. Napoleon's expedition to Moscow would appear a trifling march compared with the progress of such a force through Persia, the defiles of Afghanistan, and the passes which open upon the Indus, where the invaders would meet an army intrenched on the strongest frontier in the world. Any victories which the Russians may win in Asia will be at places more than a thousand miles from the only possible line of march to India. The real question at issue is this, and herein lie the various European interests. Turkey possesses the most central and the

most important sites and thoroughfares by land or by sea. No other European power can pretend to hold the keys of oceans and continents, to bestride the world, to facilitate or obstruct, at discretion, the circulation of mankind, and command the highway between the East and the West and the northern and the southern hemispheres. Geographically and politically, Turkey holds the key of positions which morally belong to the world, and it is this key which is the envy and desire of every nation, and which no single nation, least of all Russia, can or shall possess as long as England and the other powers forbid its capture.

**As a contribution** to the ethnological history of the Russian Army, the labors of Rittich and Venekoff are very interesting. These statisticians have computed the numbers of the various nations entering into the composition of the Russian nation, exclusive of the numerous tribes who live in or roam over the annexed Khanates. The result is that, according to the latest census, there are in European Russia 71,470,482 people, distributed as follows: Russians (a name expressing a very composite race), 52,175,593; Poles, 4,764,713; Bulgarians, 93,685; Chechians, 7,790; and 7,614 Servians. All the above belong to the Slavs proper. But, in addition, we have the Lithuanians, who under the division of Shmudes, Letts, and Lithuanians strictly so called, number 2,482,680. The Germanic races, including Germans, Swedes, and a few people of English descent, but now naturalized subjects of the Czar, and possibly the "Circassian Scotchman" of Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, 1,256,680. The Greco-Latins (Roumanians, Greeks, and French) add 726,632 people to the Empire. The Iranians (*i.e.* Armenians and Gipsies) number 145,854, the Jews 2,552,145, and the Caucasians (including Andyzs and Georgians so plentifully represented in Asiatic Russia) only 798. All of the above are more or less civilized, but now we come to the wild hordes who are barely yet without the pale of savagedom. These are the Samoyeds (the European and Asiatic representatives of the Eskimo of America), 5,370; the Voguls, 2,031; the Volga Fins (Mordvirs and Cheremis), 1,051,699; the Votyaks, 240,490; the Permians, 67,315; and the Syrgani, 85,432. The Fins proper (including Kareli, Chudes, Estonians, Livonians, and Lapps) number 2,818,139. The Tartars (*i.e.* Tartars proper, Nogai, Kerghis, Karakalpaks, and Turkmen) are 1,488,600. The Bashkirs, Besermians, Methcheryaks, Teptiers, and Chuvash number 1,589,691, while the Kalmonks are set down at 107,531 souls. In Asiatic Russia there are 4,120,688 Russians, and it is said 26,762 Poles, though surely there is some mistake in these latter figures.

**While Dr. Schliemann** has been uncovering the bones of Agamemnon, the good people of Wakefield have been desirous of doing something on their own account in the way of grave finding. Some workmen were digging for the foundations of a house in a field adjoining St. Andrew's Church, and came upon some bones. The fact was at once reported to the vicar of the parish, who came to the conclusion that somebody interred in the churchyard had been removed, and consequently communicated with the Home Office. An official inquiry was ordered, and the Mayor, the Town Clerk, and sundry other local magistrates proceeded to the spot. The excavation was enlarged, and more bones were found; but upon examination they were found to be much larger than the frame of modern man. Every one was conjecturing that they must be the relics of some antediluvian giant, when a medical man examined the remains, and pronounced them to be the bones of a jackass! What report has been made to the Home Office on the subject is not stated; but the whole affair reminds us of Bret Harte's "Society upon the Stanislaus," where Mr. Brown produces some fossil bones found upon Mr. Jones's property. Jones declares that the bones in question are those of one of his dead mules; whereupon Brown says that he is very sorry to have trespassed on Mr. Jones's family vault. We are informed that none of the Wakefield people claimed the relics as the remains of any of their ancestors; probably they were afraid if they did that Halifax, instead of Wakefield, would be made the seat of the new Bishop.

### HOST AND HOSTESSES.

The part of host or hostess, though so lightly undertaken, is by no means easy. To most men the duty of entertaining friends and acquaintances in their own houses is an ordeal preceded by dread and accompanied by annoyance of no slight kind. Men at their clubs can, by dint of a good dinner and good wines, both enjoy themselves and confer enjoyment without much trouble and without risk or failure. But it becomes a different consideration when a man has to turn his house topsyturvy at regular intervals for the benefit of his "circle," and finds his rooms thronged with faces that he hardly knows and does not much care to know. Fortunately for mankind the chief part of such social burden is willingly borne by the hostess. If it were left to the husbands there would be few such gatherings. But the wife argues that the husband should not think of himself only; he must return civilities that he has himself received, if from no higher motive, in order to secure future invitations, and the girls must have a chance as well as their neighbors. To most ladies the selection of who shall and who shall not be asked, the writing of the requisite notes, and the bustle and excitement of preparation have strong fascination. But, willing and eager as ladies are to undertake the part of hostess, there is an art in making such social gatherings "go off" successfully by no means common to either sex, and which not even long experience in such matters can insure.

It is not enough that rooms are large, that a professional cook has been retained for the occasion, that no trouble or expense has been spared, that that the company is intellectual, if not brilliant; these are of little avail if the hostess have not nerve, tact, and skill to turn her materials to the best use. On the evening of a party the hostess has as many cares on her mind as a general on the eve of battle, and talent of a rare sort in the one case as in the other is required to carry the engagement to a successful termination. The difficulty is certainly lessened when the evening is to be spent in dancing; a dance, from its nature, keeps the company in motion, and in good spirits; but it can hardly be termed, even by those most passionately devoted to the exercise, a high form of intelligent intercourse. Ideas may be exchanged as readily in the heat of a mile race, or in a gallop after the hounds, as in the whirl, or pauses of the whirl, of the *trois-temps*. A dance is probably the most overwhelmingly dull and saddest piece of entertainment of human invention to those of a company who are too old or who have no taste for such exercise. A novice in party-giving may make a dance pass off to the entire satisfaction of the youthful and the agile; but it takes all the experience and wisdom of a veteran to send a prevailing ray of gaiety through an assembly of swallow-tails in a mixed party.

The English notably take their pleasure sadly. One can tell at a glance, upon entering a drawing-room, whether the hostess is a proficient in her art or not. There is no spectacle more depressing or more common when one is ushered into a drawing-room of the ordinary English middle-class type to find ladies and gentlemen gathered, apparently strangers to each other, unintroduced, some glaring through eye-glasses at new-comers, others making the shift to appear absorbed in a picture on the wall, another turning over the leaves of an album or portfolio; while the ladies, those of them that have found seats, are trying hard to force talk to neighbors they have never seen before in their lives, and probably hope never to see again, while others toy with their fans in awkward observant silence.

The first duty of a hostess ought to be to see—if we may use an Americanism—that her guests "mix." She knows, or ought to know, something of the tastes, likings, and sympathies of her guests as well as their antecedents. This, it may be said, is absolutely impossible, considering the gigantic proportions to which modern evening parties have extended. But in a party of moderate dimensions, where it is the intention that there shall be intelligent human converse, a hostess worthy of the name will at once, by instinct, know who will match with who, and what is most likely to interest this, that, and the other; and will make it a rule that gentlemen shall not all "clump" sheepishly together to discuss subjects, which they do, without giving ladies an opportunity of joining in the conversation. A nervous hostess forgets to introduce her guests to one another, and, as Englishmen have hardly yet learned to enter into



conversation even in a drawing-room, without some introduction, there is danger that they may stand the greater part of an evening blankly staring at each other without utterance. It is by no means easy, as most people know who are not masters in the art of small-talk, to engage in conversation with another to whose history or predilections there is not the smallest clue. He is a bold man who will address a fellow-guest, without formal introduction, on the strength of meeting on common ground under the roof of a mutual acquaintance; this in face of the fact that the company are supposed to meet for the purpose of promoting good-fellowship and social intercourse.

Perhaps the mistake a hostess is most apt to fall into when her company is large, and she has given up the resource of dancing, is to overdo the amusements; in her eagerness that all shall be entertained, there is danger that all will be bored. She is apt to imagine that if she provides one group with a portfolio of water-colors or photographs, if she engages another in discussing a drawerful of shells or coins, that the end of their coming together is answered; and, failing these, she falls back upon some game, the suggestion of which brings on a yawning fit and longing for the hour when the carriage has been ordered. Private theatricals or a charade on such occasions are pretty certain to keep the actors amused, and if the performance does not serve to cause a smile to light up the face of the audience, it, at any rate, forms a text for cynical, if not complimentary, remarks between the acts. But the most terrible infliction a hostess can put upon her guests is the "comic man"—an audacious booby generally, who is not afraid to stand up before a room full of people to perform a feeble imitation of some popular actor, or offer his services for a "comic" song at the piano. One such man in a company is calculated to destroy the happiness and damp the mirth of an evening. Another formidable type of guest, apt to absorb attention upon himself, and whom it requires some generalship on the part of the hostess to suppress without offending his sensibility, is the "loud" man—not unfrequently a retired military officer—who is anxious that as many people as possible should hear the marvels of which he was the hero in the East, stories, generally, that make up in length and improbability for what they lack in point. Not uncommon in every circle is the young lady or gentleman who goes to be entertained, without attempting in any way to contribute to the enjoyment of others.

It is the inanity of conversation arising partly from *mauvaise honte*, and the absurd habit of waiting for formal introductions before free and unrestrained talk is set afloat, that make the people, whose presence might be most welcome at such gatherings, either refuse point blank to go, or go with a sense of being martyrs to the usages of society, and a painful consciousness of useful hours frittered away. A skillful hostess can do much to make her house a popular rendezvous for men whose society is most worth having. Without dwelling upon Dr. Johnson's characteristic dictum as to the necessity of providing a faultless *cuisine* on such occasions (a supper infallibly loosens the most languid tongues, sharpens the dullest brain, and may send the majority of guests to their homes satisfied that they have spent an agreeable evening), it must be self evident that to sit sternly silent for a long evening, listening to indifferent music, or to the feeble jocularity of an extemporized charade, cannot in the long run be exhilarating or beneficial to any human being.

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**Ann M'Dougall**, sister of a farmer near Greenock, Eng., died recently from suspected poisoning. A *post-mortem* examination was made, and the intestines were forwarded to Edinburgh for analysis. Dr. Dougall made the *post-mortem* and pricked the fore-finger of his left hand in the operation. Symptoms of blood poisoning ensued. Three doctors attended him, but to no avail; he died shortly after. It is supposed he scratched his finger against the sharp edge of a bone in the corpse.

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**Chatwood's Patent Safe Company** have just completed the largest steel safe in the world. It is forty-eight feet long, ten feet wide, and ten feet high, and in this safe a meeting of the shareholders was held.



### SISTE, VIATOR.

Last Wednesday a large moiety of the population of the United States laid aside for the moment their ordinary avocations, and devoted themselves for the day to the melancholy pleasure of visiting and decorating with flowers the graves of the mighty dead who fell in battle during the great struggle, fourteen years ago. Business in every city and village in America was on that day suspended, and a holy Sabbath calm reigned over the land. Everywhere was heard the wild strains of funeral music, and to every cemetery in the land men and women wended their way, bearing in their hearts a fresh love and regret for their lost dear ones, and in their hands baskets of bright Spring flowers wherewith to decorate their quiet resting places. It seems somewhat strange that a people so sternly matter of fact and entirely unromantic as we are should have adopted this tenderly sentimental custom. That we have done so goes a long way to show that the American of to-day, though he may be encased in an apparently impenetrable coat of hard, uncompromising self-esteem, has yet a loving and impressionable heart, which is readily affected by the sad memories of the past.

The custom of decorating the graves of the dead is in vogue with many other nations, but is perhaps thought more of in France than in any other country. The "Jour des Morts" at the cemetery of Pere la Chaise is a day which is always looked forward to with as much anticipation as any holiday in the calendar, and is observed with infinite solemnity. In the "Far East," in China and Japan, the care of the tombs of relatives, and making frequent pilgrimages to visit them, forms an integral part of a man's religious faith, and in the latter country a very pretty practice prevails of annually decorating the graves at night with colored lanterns. As the burying grounds are usually situated on the hillsides, this produces a wonderfully fairy-like effect. The hills round about the lovely harbor of Nagasaki, for instance, present an indescribably weird appearance when thus illuminated.

"Memorial" or "Decoration" Day has become a national institution in this country since the war, and doubtless the custom exercises a gentle and refining influence on our people. Sentiment has but little part in the constitution of a population so eminently energetic and commercially disposed as we are, but its indulgence on such rare occasions as that of last Wednesday is alike useful and admirable.

On the Roman tombs along the Appian Way is the inscription: *Siste, viator*. It is well for us travelers to halt for a moment now and then and devote a short period to the retrospect of the years that have passed over our heads, whilst we recall the cherished memory of those beloved friends who have fought the battle of life and gone to rest before us.

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**How the Chinese go a-Fishing.**—Under the title "Fishing Extraordinary" a writer in *Chamber's Journal* describes various singular devices used in different countries for catching fish. Some portions of the narrative are calculated to put a strain upon the credulity of the reader, as, for instance, when we are informed that the "lakes and rivers of China, and especially of the north, are so abundantly stocked with fish, that in some places the men called fish-catchers make their living by actually seizing and drawing them out with their hands." If any of our readers should happen to dwell in the vicinity of such fish-abounding streams, they will be pleased to learn how these fish-catchers set about their work. Here is the *modus operandi*: The man goes into the water, and proceeds, half walking, half swimming, raising his arms above his head and letting them drop, striking the surface with his hand. Meanwhile his feet are moving on the muddy bottom. Presently he stoops with a rapid dive and brings up a fish in his hand. His object in striking the surface is to frighten the fish, which, when alarmed, sink to the bottom; then the naked feet feel them in the mud, and, once felt, the practiced hand secures them in a moment.

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**Never leave off a brass chain till you get a gold one.**

## VALE!

The Western King (for he was king in all  
But crown, and scepter, and imperial pomp)  
Has gone to meet his brethren in the East.  
God speed the bark, say we, that bears the man  
Who fought his country's battles in her need,  
And ruled her in the peace that he had won.

A steadfast man was he in court or camp;  
Not given to idle words, but quick to act,  
And strong to carry out what he began;  
A silent and a patient man, in sooth,  
Who bore the paltry carping of his foes  
Without reply—too proud, too wise, too brave  
To utter taunt for taunt, and thus debase  
(As others have) the prestige of his place.

His throne is filled by one of fair repute,  
And gods grow mortal when they cease to reign,  
But rest assured his memory shall be held  
Second to none, save his who founded first  
Our burgher dynasty of heirless kings.

The haughty monarchs of the elder world  
May proudly greet our Hero of the West,  
Who, like the founders of their royal lines,  
Clove with his sword a pathway to a throne.

Then God speed Grant! and may he safe return  
To those who know him best and love him most.

## CLOSING OF THE TELEGRAPH SCHOOL AT FOOCHOW.

After a successful term of twelve months, the Provincial Government has decided upon closing the Telegraph School, and terminating its contract with the Great Northern Company. Want of the necessary funds is put forward as the ostensible reason for this not wholly unexpected measure; but our impression is that other considerations—of a reactionary character—have influenced the decision arrived at. The native authorities have, we are informed, faithfully fulfilled their engagements with the company, and have also expressed their entire satisfaction and approval of the manner in which the company has carried out the contract. The Pagoda Anchorage line will be worked entirely by Chinese educated at the school, and we are assured that they are perfectly qualified to do so. We are confident that this decision will be viewed by the foreign community with regret, and that the Chinese authorities will yet have reason to deplore the reactionary policy that has led to the suspension of a work full of promise in the future. Unlike many other enterprises to which the native government is committed, the Telegraph School was a foundation of such practical value and utility that it must inevitably have succeeded in winning over all doubters in the official ranks. In a huge country like China, with a weak Central Government and a corrupt provincial administration, the advantage of having telegraphic communication between different parts of the empire is sufficiently apparent, and is, we believe, fully recognized by Li Hung Chang, Ting Futai, and other leading Chinese statesmen. But the *literati* and gentry are—like many English gentlemen of the last generation—strongly opposed to such innovations, and they are supported, we believe, by a strong court party at Peking. We entertain a strong hope that wiser counsels will yet prevail, and that institutions like the one under notice will not merely be tolerated but fostered by the State. China became great through the inventive genius of her people; she is now miserably deficient in matters of material progress, through the selfish exclusiveness of her rulers. Increased contact removes ignorance, and thus diminishes hatred. — Extracted from the latest China Mail.

The bill has at last gone through Parliament to free the toll bridges across the Thames in London. The city proper pays £1,500,000 for the bridges, the counties keep them in repair, and the metropolitan Board of Works takes charge of them.

## VAGARIES OF FASHION.

**Long coils of hair**, made very light, of naturally curly hair, are now worn by the most fashionable ladies. They look like curls a yard long, but they are to be made, when put on the head, in a loose knot, leaving the two ends for short curls. These coils are very light and fluffy. They first came into vogue last season at Saratoga, when a favorite hair-dresser picked up the secret from an imported band shown her by one of her patrons. They cost from \$12 to \$18.

**Fichus** have taken the form of square collarettes; very deep, but not wide. Another style is in the form of a half handkerchief, the same front and back. *Crêpe lisse*, and *crêpe de chine*, the former in exquisite pleatings, the latter in folds and bows, and fringed cut ruchings, are used in the composition of these pretty accessories to the toilette.

In gloves, this Spring has brought some novelties. The taffeta, or silk gloves, with six buttons, which fit the hand to perfection, and are to be had in white, pink, gray and other delicate tints. They are soft and well finished, and are manufactured in all the kid sizes; as also lisle thread gloves, with two, four or six buttons, in black and colors.

New black net veils are in mask shape, with straw-colored dots and border of straw fringe. White net veils with dots of black, or black dotted with white, are much worn in Paris. Dressy veils are of white tulle passed over the face, lapped behind the bonnet, and tied under the chin in a large, soft bow.

The most attractive muslin dresses made up for young girls have the waist of white silk or satin, of the cuirass or corset style, fitted to the greatest exactness, and laced up in the back. To render a waist of this character effective the figure must be well developed.

A late English invention is a duplex, unpickable and uncuttable pocket. It consists of a double pocket secured inside the ordinary one, and this again secured by a watch-fastener, to which chains are attached and sewn inside.

A novelty is the Salisbury circlet. It is a golden garter for the head; it raises and confines the hair, but shows the natural shape of the head instead of hiding it.

Batiste promises to be fashionable again. It comes in damask designs, in cream and natural ecru tints, or striped with contrasting colors.

Worth is making many bodices with round waist and Queen Hortense band in satin, and fastened with either a crystal or steel buckle.

Cobweb cloth is a new dress fabric. It is composed of threads of loose zephyr wool tied in diamond figures with silk.

Yellow Italian straws of silken luster and fancifully braided make up the bulk of the importations of spring bonnets.

The newest trimmings for the bottoms of silk skirts is a pinked ruche of the colors shown in the dress.

Paul and Virginia hats are turned up on one side far toward the back, and have high crowns.

Mitts are with blind idiocy embroidered on the inside, as well as outside of the hand.

French women discard outside pockets on dresses.

Embroidered braids and galloons are giving out.

Colored Russian laces adorn woolen costumes.

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From the San Francisco News Letter.

## OUR JAPAN LETTER.

YOKOHAMA, May 10th, 1877.

**Dear News Letter:** The Imperialists have taken Kagoshima. The Rebels are thus taken fore and aft. There has been a lull in the fighting, but the last news is that several fights have taken place, as the Rebels are rather annoyed at having their capitol taken in their rear, and as they never had any base of operations, it seems likely that they will have to give in eventually unless, as is highly probable, they prefer to take their own lives—a process that saves a great deal of trouble to all concerned. Kuroda returned on the 8th instant. There is some agitation in Tosa. Itagaki and his party want a Representative Assembly. They will get it. So many have been killed within the last few months that if it goes on any longer—Kilkenny cats. THE PIOUS JONES.

### VANITY.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,  
 And day and night are the same as one;  
 The year grows green and the year grows brown,  
 And what is it all when all is done?  
 Grains of sombre or shining sand,  
 Sliding into or out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,  
 And a hundred ships are the same as one;  
 And backward and forward blows the breeze,  
 And what is it all when all is done?  
 A tide with never a shore in sight  
 Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,  
 And a hundred streams are the same as one,  
 And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,  
 And what is it all, when all is done?  
 The net of the fisher the burden breaks,  
 And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

### HOW THE CITY WORK IS DONE.

The intersection of Hyde and Vallejo streets was recently the scene of one of those ghastly excavations which, though suggestive of a plague pit, are supposed to herald the march of improvement in this city. Brick and pipe sewers were laid, the big hole filled up again, and the little contract completed. Although it is only a few weeks since the crossing was restored to its normal state, as every average reader can guess, of course the sewer has fallen in, and there is an elegant manhole awaiting a visit from the first short-sighted man who comes by. In this particular instance there is no light placed at night to mark the vicinity of the dangerous pitfall—only a barrel with a beam nailed to it; but the barrel has fallen into the hole also, so that a slight plank, protruding about three feet above the surface, is the only sign that there is anything the matter. It may be urged that a cautious citizen always expects to find a caved sewer at every crossing, and the argument is doubtless tenable, for as a rule this state of things is the case. As long as the work of building sewers is superintended by watchmakers, paper carriers, bootblacks, dry goods clerks and other incompetents, taxpayers must be prepared to be fleeced. Contracts are gotten up by rings, the work is badly executed and supervised by incompetent men, but the residents of the neighborhood foot the bill, and expect the consequences with an apathy which can only be the result of long victimization. It will be interesting to many persons, who do not know how these jobs are perpetrated, to let a little daylight into the method of letting these contracts. The men who send in the bids are often not worth a twenty dollar piece, but they have to accompany their offer with a certified check for \$500. This is easily managed by a class of harpies who make a regular business of lending money to bidders. The applicant pays three per cent, or \$15 for the use of the check for forty-eight hours, and five per cent. or \$25 for the same if he gets the bid. Then the usurer gets an order from the contractor to receive the amount coming to him, charges him high interest for advances of money to pay the men, five per cent for collecting the assessments, and five per cent commission on the whole. The laborer, who nominally gets the contract, has to make his profit out of what is left. This he does by underpaying the men, doing the work inefficiently and as hastily as possible. Being a man of straw it is useless for property holders to sue him, and so the good work goes bravely on.

"There is one thing about babies," says a late traveler, "they never change. We have girls of the period, men of the world, but the baby is the same self-possessed, fearless, laughing, voracious little heathen in all ages and in all countries."



'MEN WE KNOW.'

Charles F. Coghlan.

Mr. Charles F. Coghlan, upon whom it seems the united mantles of poor Walter Montgomery and Charles Keene have fallen, will make his first bow to a San Francisco audience on the 11th instant. His success in the Eastern States proves that he is an actor of intense ability, inasmuch as his style is said to be thoroughly English, and on that account assailable by the caustic Yankee critic. The *New York World*, in noticing his arrival last September, says:

"Mr. Chas. F. Coghlan, the new leading man at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theater, has arrived, and is stopping at the Windsor Hotel. Mr. Coghlan is a tall, handsome man of 33. He has dark hair, dark eyes, a thin black mustache, and short black whiskers. He is every inch a Briton in appearance. Mr. Coghlan is of Irish parentage, though he was born in Paris. He speaks French as he does English, and has frequently acted on the French stage. Mr. Coghlan has been for several years leading juvenile at the Prince of Wales Theater in London, where he has played in the *Lady of Lyons*, *Money*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and in many of Robertson's pieces. His forte is juvenile tragedy, and he will have a chance to show his ability therein next Monday week, when he will open at the 5th Avenue Theater as "Alfred Evelyn" in *Money*, a role which he has played over one hundred consecutive nights in London. He has written several comedies, and three new plays of his will be produced in London this season."

Two weeks after his first appearance, the *N. Y. Herald* rendered its decision in the following emphatic sentence:

"Mr. Coghlan is the best actor England has sent to America for several years."

The great artist, confident in his ability, elected to be tried by the most stringent tribunal in the world, viz: New York, and he has emerged from the fire scatheless. His coming here at this time to open the dramatic season at the Baldwin, is specially fortunate. Mr. Coghlan is, in every sense of the word, a fresh star. Fresh in looks, age, ability, and ambition, we are justified in expecting great things from him. He does not come to us reposing on dried laurels, but rather fresh with the green wreaths of recent victories. This is what the *Graphic*, of January 15th, says of his "Claude Melnotte":

"Whatever of new force and vitality could be put into the part of "Claude Melnotte" was strongly infused by Mr. Coghlan, who made Bulwer's romantic hero more manly, more honest, more true and more real than any actor we ever remember to have seen, not excepting Edwin Booth."

His "Hamlet" will be looked for with great interest. The critic of the *New York Herald* says of it:

"Mr. Coghlan's 'Hamlet' has in his veins a fair proportion of the old Viking blood, which we naturally look for in a scion of Denmark. From the opening line he cut loose from the traditional 'Hamlet,' and gave a series of strong and effective pictures, which will long live in the memory of those who witnessed his performance. His impersonation was marked by originality and virility. It was learned, polished and vigorous."

After some of the "Hamlets" which we have witnessed in San Francisco, it will certainly be a great treat to see one who possesses polish, vigor, originality and virility combined. His repertoire is a very extensive one, and it would be impossible in this limited space to speak fully of his varied acquirements. Mr. Coghlan is undoubtedly a gentleman, a

scholar and a linguist; he possesses the immense advantages of youth, energy, ambition and a fine presence. His histrionic talent is conceded by the New York press to be of an uncommon order, and the critics award him the palm of being the finest actor who has crossed the Atlantic in many years. Mr. Coghlan opens in San Francisco in the character of "Alfred Evelyn," in *Money*, in which he has created the most profound impression, both in England and in this country. His engagement will be a source of great pleasure to the theater-going community, and, it is to be hoped, of profit to himself and the enterprise which has brought him here.

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**Belgium versus Birmingham.** -- At the annual meeting of the Birmingham Gun Trade, Mr. Samuel Buckley, the chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts of the Guardians of the Proof house, drew attention to the great falling-off in the gun trade of England, and the great increase in that of Belgium. During the past year, the number of barrels proved here was 406,748, against 695,554 in the previous year, being a decrease of about one-third. The falling-off was no doubt due to some extent to the completion last year of the contract taken by the National Arms Company for Mauser guns for the German Government. In Belgium, the number of barrels of all kinds proved last year was 603,561, or 136,813 more than in England. In the five years from 1868 to 1872, inclusive, the number of guns proved in Belgium was, on the average, 160,000 less per annum than at the Birmingham Proof-house, but from 1873 to 1876, inclusive, the number in Belgium averaged 93,000 per annum in excess of that at Birmingham.

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**One of the passengers** saved from the steamship *Bavaria*, of the Dominion Line, burned last February off the coast of South Carolina, while on her voyage from New Orleans to Liverpool, has, says a correspondent, made certain statements which excite grave suspicion that the vessel was set on fire by her crew, for the purpose of plunder. It appears from what he says that she had \$250,000 in Mexican silver stored in the captain's cabin, and that after the vessel left New Orleans it was referred to in a suspicious way by several of the crew, one of whom on the day the vessel took fire showed him a list of the chests of silver and their numbers, and mysteriously hinted at the probability of the craft being burned. The conduct of the crew after the fire broke out, in making no adequate exertion to arrest it, and the fact that after the crew were landed at Charleston a large quantity of this silver was seen in their possession, is also referred to by this passenger. He states his conviction that if proper exertion had been made the fire could have been extinguished and the vessel saved.

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**Voracity of the Trout.** -- A correspondent writing from Au Sable Forks, New York, communicates to the *Popular Science Monthly* the following very remarkable instance of voracity in a trout: While he and another gentleman were fishing in a stream near the place of his residence, they came up to a "long still hole," into which his companion dropped a hook and line, and immediately after pulled up a trout measuring about nine inches. The trout had swallowed the hook, and, in trying to extricate it, the fish's mouth, throat, and stomach, were found to be almost filled with a snake. They pulled the animal out and threw it on the bank; it had evidently been recently killed. "We did not measure the snake," writes the correspondent, "but each of us estimated its length at fourteen inches. We took," he adds, "about a dozen more trout from the same hole, which seemed to show that this unnatural meal had not made the trout in the least sluggish, or dulled the edge of his appetite; for if it had, some of the smaller trout would have taken the bait before him."

**YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW.**

They loved and laughed, they kissed and chaffed,  
 They threw the happy hours away;  
 That's the way the world goes round—  
 That's the story of Yesterday.

They talk of fate, and calculate,  
 And keep accounts, and measure and weigh;  
 That's the way the world goes round—  
 That's the story of To-day.

They'll see on high in yonder sky  
 The God whose power destroyeth sorrow;  
 That's the way the world goes round—  
 That's the story of To-morrow.

**WATER RATES.**

The Water Commissioners met on Thursday evening in the rooms of the Board of Supervisors. James R. Kelly, Charles Kehler, James C. Rountree and Jacob J. Davis were present. After disposing of the regular business, Mr. Kelly, the Chairman, remarked that he would favor no reduction of the water rates, though they are higher here than in any other city in the United States, because just at present it looked as though the Commission was trying to hamper the Spring Valley Water Company, and he for one did not desire to place them in the position of martyrs. The other members agreeing, the result was the following schedule of rates for the ensuing year, which was adopted unanimously: On all inhabited dwellings situated on a lot having a front width of 20 feet and under, and of not more than one story high, the sum of \$1; of not more than two stories high, the sum of \$1 50; of not more than three stories high, the sum of \$2; of not more than four stories high, the sum of \$2 50; and of five stories high and over, the sum of \$3.

On all inhabited dwellings situated on a lot having a front width of 25 feet and over 20 feet, and of not more than one-story high, the sum of \$1 50; and of not more than two-stories high, the sum of \$2; of not more than three-stories high, the sum of \$2 50; of not more than four-stories high, the sum of \$3; and of five-stories high and over, the sum of \$3 50.

On all inhabited dwellings situated on a lot having a front width of 30 feet and over 25 feet, and of not more than one-story high, the sum of \$2; of not more than two-stories high, the sum of \$2 50; of not more than three-stories high, the sum of \$3; of not more than four-stories high, the sum of \$3 50; and of five-stories high and over, the sum of \$4.

On all inhabited dwellings situated on a lot having a front width of 37½ feet and over 30 feet, and of not more than one-story high, the sum of \$2 50; of not more than two-stories high, the sum of \$3; of not more than three-stories high, the sum of \$3 50; of not more than four-stories high, the sum of \$4; and of five-stories high and over, the sum of \$4 50.

On all inhabited dwellings situated on a lot having a front width of 50 feet and over 37½ feet, and of not more than one-story high, the sum of \$3; of not more than two-stories high, the sum of \$3 50; of not more than three-stories high, the sum of \$4; of not more than four-stories high, the sum of \$4 50; and of five-stories high and over, the sum of \$5.

The rates for any inhabited dwelling situated on a lot which shall exceed in width 50 feet shall be regulated by meter measurement, at the rate of 40 cents per 1,000 gallons.

In the apportionment of rates any house or part of a house occupied as the ordinary dwelling place of any inhabitant or inhabitants, except hotels, boarding-houses, restaurants and lodging-houses, shall be deemed a dwelling house to the extent it is so occupied, and no more. Any story of a house not occupied for dwelling purposes shall not be counted a story in collecting water rates. When several distinct families occupy different parts or stories of the same house, rates may be charged to each family according to the number of parts or stories severally occupied, counting each part or story as if it stood upon the ground; but in no case shall a family occupying the upper part of a house be charged any rate with re-

spect to the frontage width of the lot, greater than is covered by the actual part or story occupied by such family.

Hotels, boarding and lodging-houses shall be charged at the rate of \$1 per month for each ten guests or boarders, the charge to be based upon the average number of guests or boarders abiding in such hotel or boarding-house during such period.

Restaurants and eating houses shall be charged at the rate of 50 cents per month for each ten persons eating at such houses, counting the average patronage of such places as the basis of charge.

All dwellings having more than one bath-tub shall pay the sum of 50 cents for each additional bath-tub.

All dwellings having more than one water-closet shall pay the sum of 50 cents for each additional water-closet.

All dwellings using water power to work sewing machines for family uses, shall pay the sum of 50 cents for each sewing machine so used.

Cows—For each and every cow kept for family uses, the sum of 25 cents.

Horses—For each horse kept for family use, the sum of 50 cents.

If a meter be placed upon the premises of any person or family taking water for family uses, no charge shall be charged or exacted for said meter or the use thereof; but in such case such person or family shall be deemed to take water by measurement.

Water for family uses by measurement shall be furnished to the city and county of San Francisco at the rate of 40 cents per thousand gallons, and no other rate or charge, with respect to such water, shall be collected from any person or family so taking or using the same.

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**Frank Buckland** has been greatly consoled since the death of *Jenny* the Suricate by a recent addition to his family of two gold bugs. Having been sent anonymously he is unable to trace their descent; but it is expected they will be able to give an account of themselves after a course of English instruction with their schoolfellows, the orang-outangs. They come from the Philippine Islands, and are extremely beautiful little objects, about the size of a threepenny-piece. The bodies have a silvery appearance, and they carry on their backs a thin transparent shell, upon which lies in relief the miniature impression of a golden tortoise, with its four feet spread out in dumb-show. The golden head lies underneath the transparent shell, forming a true connection with the body of the tortoise above, thus serving both purposes. On taking flight the golden tortoise divides up the back, with its substratum of shell, after the manner of lady-birds; but they are chiefly content to move slowly about, with the aid of their feelers, among lettuce-leaves and pieces of orange. They are already quite at home with the monkeys *Jenny* and *Tiny*, who scratch themselves visibly on the slightest movement of the bugs. The laughing jackass keeps the company merry, and entertains them at afternoon-tea by hunting live mice up and down a glass jar with its beak, then giving the *coup de grace* before proceeding to swallow its victims down. Since the great sea-serpent, caught off Oban the other day, turned out to be an earthquake, Dr. Buckland has been fain to drown his disappointment by taking a plaster cast of its nearest relation, the ribbon-fish, a fine specimen of which was sent to him from Nice. There is not a happier family living than that of the distinguished naturalist's, unless we take exception to the housemaids, who find they cannot command the respect to which they have been accustomed, and are perpetually being told *not* to mind their own business. Things have not been quite so cheerful since *Jenny's* dear voice no longer barks or sounds like a thrashing machine; still, with the arrival of the different tradespeople there is sufficient stir going on to keep the family alive. The dustman brings dead mice and other tid-bits, while another tradesman arrives with live mice at a penny a-piece. At 1.15 the cats'-meat man comes, to the delight of the neighborhood, who watch the affray between the monkeys and the cats in the arena. The baker brings live flies at so much the pot; and taking it altogether Dr. Buckland's weekly books must be rather a curious study.

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**A patch, well put on, is as good as a new shoe.**



### THE GREAT ICONOCLAST.

Col. Robert Ingersoll's lecture on "Ghosts" drew a very large audience together on Wednesday evening, though, in point of interest, it hardly came up to his first effort. The lecturer said:

"The ghosts have interfered in the Government of the world. Kings were not supposed to be in authority until anointed by some holy kerosene or petroleum. From the ghosts men received not only authority, but information of every kind—on the form of this earth, on eclipses, caused by the sins of men; that sin, not paying respect enough to them; the universe was made by them in six days; astronomy and geology were devices of wicked men, instigated by wicked ghosts; gazing at the sun with a telescope was a dangerous business; digging into the earth was sinful curiosity; trying to be wise above what they had written showed a rebellious and irreligious spirit. For countless ages the world was governed by ghosts, and they spared no pains to change the eagle of the human intellect into a bat of darkness."

After alluding to the farce of the Governor of Minnesota in appointing a day of fasting and prayer to kill the grasshoppers, Col. Ingersoll continued:

"We got from the ghosts our science of medicine. Diseases were produced by ghosts, and the science of medicine consisted in knowing how to make these ghosts quit the premises. They were driven off by incantations and charms and other equally efficacious operations, and if it did not end in the ghost's going, the patient died. It was believed that diseases were sent us for our good by the Almighty, and that it was sinful to interfere with them—sinful to strangle small-pox with vaccination. Plagues were regarded as instrumentalities for the conversion of the world. They hated to see science triumph over disease; they hoped for better things. Ghosts wrote history—nearly all the histories we have got. The monks who dabbled in the manufacture were almost as superstitious as they were dishonest. They wrote everything as if they had been witnesses. They told of the past and foretold the future with an impudence amounting to sublimity. The color on the breast of the robin-reddbreast was accounted for by the bird carrying water for children in hell. Mahomet was a candidate for the Papacy—a disappointed politician. Nero was in the habit of vomiting frogs; the walls of a city in Charlemagne's time fell down through prayer. In all the histories of those days there is hardly a single truth. Facts were considered unworthy of consideration. Anything one really did see was not considered of sufficient importance to be recorded."

The lecturer alluded to our public schools as cathedrals of the religion of the future, which is one of his pet hobbies, because religion is never taught in them, and drifted off into the usual atheistic ideas about liberty, in which the great orator was as brilliant and distinctive as usual. The fabrics of the past, which Colonel Ingersoll appears to think it is his mission to tear down and trample upon, were all duly cremated, and the ashes scattered to the winds. The unsatisfactory part of his theories lays in the fact that after the demolition of the crumbling shanties of tradition, the lecturer does not erect any substantial building to occupy their place.

A girl in England, who alleges that the rector of All Saints Church, West Bromwich, is the father of her illegitimate child, took her offspring to the church to be christened. On the question being asked, What name do you give this child? the father of the young woman replied, "Frederick Willett White," the first two names, Frederick Willett, being the Vicar's name. Mr. Willett promptly refused to baptize it in that name, stating that they were assuming his name, and asking them if they could not find another. Receiving a negative answer, he poured some water on the child's head, naming it George White, that being the name of the young woman's father. Upon this George White remonstrated, and, causing some little disturbance, he was expelled from the church by Colonel Bagnall, ex-High Sheriff of Staffordshire, and father-in-law of Mr. Willett. About 8,000 people had assembled to witness the proceedings, the church, the church-yard, and the streets in the neighborhood being crowded. A large body of police were in attendance to keep order. It is stated that legal proceedings will be taken against the vicar.

## UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;  
 No more her pulses come and go;  
 Her eyes are shut to life and light;  
 Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,  
 And lay her where the violets blow.  
 But not beneath a graven stone,  
 To plead for tears with alien eyes,  
 A slender cross of wood alone  
 Shall say that here a maiden lies  
 In peace beneath the peaceful skies.  
 And gray old trees of hugest limb,  
 Shall wheel their circling shadows round  
 To make the scorching sunlight dim,  
 That drinks the greenness from the ground  
 And drop their dead leaves on her mound.  
 When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,  
 And through their leaves the robins call,  
 And, ripening in the Autumn sun,  
 The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
 Doubt not that she would heed them all.  
 For her the morning choir shall sing  
 Its matins from the branches high,  
 And every minstrel voice of Spring  
 That trills beneath the April sky  
 Shall greet her with its earliest cry.  
 When, turning round their dial track,  
 Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,  
 Her little mourners, clad in black,  
 The crickets sliding through the grass,  
 Shall pipe for her an evening mass.  
 At last the rootlets of the trees,  
 Shall find the prison where she lies,  
 And bear the buried dust they sieze,  
 In leaves and blossoms to the skies:  
 So may the soul that warmed it rise.  
 If any, born of kindlier blood,  
 Should ask, "What maiden lies below?"  
 Say only this: "A tender bud,  
 That tried to blossom in the snow,  
 Lies withered where the violets blow."

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

**A trial for murder** which has excited great interest in France, is just concluded. The accused was Victor Moyaux, who on the 9th of January went to Bagneux, a village just outside Paris, took his little girl, four years of age, from the family who had charge of her, and threw her into a well, expecting her to be killed on the spot. The well was dry, however, and the carcass of a dog broke the fall. Moyaux remained there, listening to her cries, till daylight, and then, fearing apprehension, decamped. The victim's groans were afterward heard by a passer-by, and she was taken out, but died in a few hours. Moyaux evaded the police, and on the 16th of February again went to Bagneux, and attempted to murder his wife in her father's house; but she locked herself in the bedroom, and, on his forcing the door, leaped from the window. Firing at those who sought to arrest him, Moyaux left, and was not arrested till the 9th of March, when he was recognized as he was walking down one of the streets of Paris. The evidence pointed to the conclusion that a woman with whom he had been cohabiting had refused to be troubled with the child, that his funds were exhausted, and that he was afraid of his wife denouncing some petty forgeries by which he had been supporting himself. It also appeared that he connived at his wife's intimacy with another man. A majority of the jury discovered extenuating circumstances, and Moyaux, who is 30 years of age, and a wheelwright by trade, was sentenced to hard labor for life.

### CLASS DAY AT BERKELEY.

The exercises of the class of '77 of the University of California were held at Berkeley on Tuesday last, the Commencement exercises following on Wednesday. President Le Conte was presented with an academic chair and gown by forty-one ladies of Oakland, through Mrs. Henry Durant, after which the salutatory, a well written Latin essay, was delivered by Theodore Gray, of Benicia. The philosophical oration by D. B. Fairbanks, of Petaluma, was a splendid effort. His subject was "The Age of Gold." The valedictory was the composition of Edward Booth, of Oakland, and entitled the "Birth of Science." It was worthy of a much older head, and was full of beautiful thoughts.

After the valedictory, Lieutenant Greenough conferred the military honor on the successful graduates.

Commissions were given to the following persons: Captains—Dolph B. Fairbanks, Henry Meek, Edward A. Rix, Frank H. Dennen, Frank J. Golinsky, George E. De Golia, Edward Booth, Robert Sherwood. First Lieutenants—Frank W. Whitby, Theo. Gray, Nathan W. Frank, Kossuth Murphy, Howard Stillman, Lewis W. Brown, Geo. D. Murray. Second Lieutenant—R. H. Webster.

#### DEGREES CONFERRED ON THE GRADUATING CLASS.

The following graduates received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy: In the College of Science, Edward Booth, Oakland; George Ellis de Golia, Oakland; Frank Hardenbergh, Petaluma; Harmon Denslow, East Oakland; Dolphes Brice Fairbanks, Petaluma; Myer Edward Jaffa, San Francisco; Harry Meek, San Lorenzo; William Channing Morison, Fruit Vale; George Reed, Jr., Snellings; Edward Austin Rix, San Francisco; William Richard Shaw, Oakland; William Robert Sherwood, San Francisco; Frank Joseph Golinsky, Chinese Camp; Howard Stillman, San Francisco.

In the College of Letters (Literary Course)—Lewis Washington Brown, Cacheville; Nathan Hirsch Frank, Suisun City; David Breckenridge Marx, San Francisco; Kossuth Mazzini Murphy, Placerville; George Deuchar Murray, Eureka; Joseph Warren Welch, San Francisco; Alice Harriet Whitcomb, San Francisco.

The graduates received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the College of Letters (Classical Course): Edward Wooster Cowles, San Francisco; Theodore Gray, Benicia; Peter Thomas Riley, Grass Valley; John Wooster Robinson, San Francisco; Reginald Heber Webster, Stockton.

Too much praise cannot be given to the efficient state of the University under the direction of President Le Conte. The Dean, Professor Martin Kellogg, and indeed all the professors, have reason to be very proud of the status of the College, and must feel greatly encouraged for the future by the success which has attended their efforts in the past.

**Cheap Washing.**-- A new system of washing has lately been introduced in some French towns, which system deserves to be especially mentioned. The economy which it affords is so considerable that its cost is reduced to the following figures: 5 centimes ( $\frac{1}{2}$ d.) for a pair of drawers, 2½ centimes ( $\frac{1}{4}$ d.) for each shirt, and so on. This is the process: One kilo (2½ pounds) of soap is reduced with a little water to a sort of pap, which having been slightly warmed, is cooled in 45 litres (10 gallons) of water, to which is added one spoonful of turpentine oil and two spoonfuls of ammonia; then the mixture is agitated. The water is kept at a temperature which may be borne by the hand. In this solution are introduced the white clothes, and they are left there two hours before washing them in soap, taking care in the mean time to cover the tub. The soapy water may be warmed again and be used once more, but it will be necessary to add half a spoonful of turpentine and another spoonful of ammonia. Once washed in soap, the clothes are put in warm water and the blue is applied. This process, it is obvious (says the *English Mechanic*), spares much time, much labor and fuel. On the other hand, it gives to the clothes a whiteness much superior to that obtained by any other method, and the destructive use of the beetle is not necessary to clean the clothes from the impurities which they contain.

**"THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO."**

In a quiet sea on the Mexican coast  
The stately vessel was wrecked and lost;  
No tempest forced her upon the rock,  
No mountain billows impelled the shock.  
Urged by the might of her own strong screw,  
The waters parting to let her through,  
She ran, stem on, on a sunken reef  
That eat her through with its stony teeth—  
She sank as she steamed, fast, far and full,  
And the waters closed o'er the shattered hull.

What was the scene on the crowded deck  
When the shock and shiver proclaimed the wreck?  
Did the timid shriek and the brave turn pale?  
Was the sea's voice drowned in the human wail?  
No; by a timely and brief command  
The sinking ship was headed for land.  
The mighty engines throbbed forth their strength,  
Her track was foam for a cable's length;  
Faithful to death, like a generous horse,  
She kept her best speed for her final course.

The ocean broke with a sullen roar  
Sixty miles off on the Mexican shore,  
Onward and inward! A sight sublime,  
The gallant vessel's last race with time!  
But ere twelve miles had been overpassed,  
The treacherous water gaining fast,  
The fires were out and the screw was still,  
And the hull was tossed by the waves at will,  
Like a soaked old plank when it scarcely floats—  
Then came the order, "Lower the boats!"

A mongrel crew of Mongolian curs,  
A calm, brave Captain and officers,  
Pistols to keep the coolies in check,  
Hands to help women and babes from the wreck.  
This is the scene while the ship yet floats,  
This is the scene while they load the boats.  
Then safe with every soul on board,  
"Out oars and pull," is the Captain's word,  
And the boats stretch out for the land ahead  
And the ship sinks down upon ocean's bed.  
Every soul brought safe to the shore—  
Few great wrecks have less to deplore;  
But thank those officers, firm and few,  
Who checked the ruffianly Chinese crew;  
And thank the Captain, cool and brave,  
Who dragged those lives from an ocean grave;  
And pray, should such fortune hap again,  
That the ship be manned by just such men.  
Small thanks to the crew that no lives were lost  
In that awful wreck on the Mexican coast.

The national Board of Underwriters have issued a circular embodying a very large amount of information regarding the risk and danger incident to the use of fire-crackers in our public and private celebrations of national independence. They show that the tax upon insurance companies for the gratification of juvenile patriotism was \$154,474.16. The value of all the fire-works manufactured in the United States from 1866 to 1876 was \$2,556,000. The invoice value of all Chinese crackers imported into this country from 1875 to the present year was about \$1,500,000. The loss by two conflagrations occurring during that time, traceable directly to these crackers, was upward of \$15,000,000; and on one day only of the past year the losses from this source alone amounted to more than 25 per cent. of the total invoice value of the importation for 1875.



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“MEN WE KNOW.”

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**The Rev. W. A. Scott, D.D., L.L.D.**

The subject of this sketch is a gentleman so well-known to our community that a recapitulation of his life will be to his many friends only the repetition of a well-worn tale—one, however, which becomes more precious by relation, and, like a favorite melody, the sweeter for its familiarity. The outside world, where Dr. Scott is widely known as a preacher and a writer, will, however, read his biography with great interest, and therefore no apology is necessary for its production, either to his intimate or close associates, or to those whose knowledge of him is only general, and, perhaps, vague.

Wm. Anderson Scott was born on the thirty-first day of January, 1813, in Bedford County, Tennessee. He is, therefore, now a little over 64 years of age. He became a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in 1828, and was received under the care of the Hopewell Presbytery in October of the same year. At the early age of seventeen he was licensed to preach. After a year of missionary work, during which he rode through Henry, Carrol, Gibson, Obion and Weakly counties, and also through part of Kentucky, he entered Cumberland College, Ky. His next sphere of action was Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, where, under General Atchison, he was chaplain during the Black Hawk war. Thence he returned to College, where he graduated with great distinction in the year 1833. After graduating, Dr. Scott went to the Princeton Theological Seminary, where he remained one year, leaving it to travel as an Evangelist, chiefly on Red River and Bayou Boeuf. Our missionary was constantly in peril of his life at this time, fording and swimming creeks infested by alligators, and traveling through the wildest country conceivable. Mr. A. B. Bowers, in his notice of Dr. Scott's life, says that he was ordained on the 17th of May, 1835, in Alexandria, Louisiana.

He soon after established a large female seminary in Winchester, Franklin County, Tennessee. He was called in 1838 to be President of the Nashville Female Seminary, established by the Rev. John Hume, a Scotch clergyman of high reputation for learning and piety. This school had from three hundred to four hundred students. He was at the same time called to the charge of the Presbyterian Church at the Hermitage, of which General Andrew Jackson became a communing member.—This church was on Jackson's own land, and was chiefly built and cared for by him. In 1840, Dr. Scott gave up teaching in order to devote himself wholly to the ministry, and was called to succeed the Rev. Daniel Baker, D.D., at the Presbyterian Church of Tuscaloosa, Alabama. In 1842, he was called to succeed the Rev. John Breckenridge, D.D., as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, Louisiana. This congregation, while under his charge, added largely to its numbers, until it became the largest and wealthiest congregation in the South. Several other congregations sprung from this church during his pastorate. In consequence of exhaustion from excessive labor, he twice yielded to the persuasion of friends, and went abroad for his health, the first time making the tour of Europe, and keeping up his intercourse with his congregation through letters that were regularly read in Church on Sabbath days. His second visit was to Egypt and the East. Both trips greatly improved his health. On each occasion, his congregation continued his salary, paid his traveling expenses and supplied the pulpit in his absence. His health again failing in 1854, he came to San Francisco for change of climate. Here he laid the foundation of Calvary Presbyterian Church, and built up a large and influential congregation.

After establishing University City College on his return, he conducted and edited the *Pacific Expositor*, a religious monthly, for three years. In 1858 he was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, but in 1861 he resigned the care of Calvary Church, on account of the troubles arising from the civil war, and proceeded to Europe in October of that year. He traveled through England, France and Spain, returning to America in 1863 as pastor of the Forty-second Street Presbyterian Church in New York. In 1870, after an absence of nine years, he came back to his beloved California, and founded the Church of St. John, Post street, of which he is still pastor.

Dr. Scott received his degree of Master of Arts and Doctor of Divinity

from the University of Alabama when presided over by Rev. Dr. Manly, of the Baptist Church, and Professor Barnard, now President of Columbia College, New York, and the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of New York in 1872. He is Professor of Theology, and of Moral and Mental Philosophy, and President of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, under the care of the Synod of the Pacific, and of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. He is an ardent friend of science and popular education, and has probably delivered more discourses to the young, especially to young men, than any other living minister in the Church.

Dr. Scott is the author of the following works:

"The Christ of the Apostles' Creed;" "The Voice of the Church Against Aarianism;" "Strauss and Renan;" "The Centurions of the Gospel;" "The Wedge of Gold;" "Achan in El Dorado;" "Trade and Letters—Their Journeys Around the World;" "The Giant Judge, or Sampson, the Hebrew Hercules;" "The Bible and Politics, or An Humble Plea for an Equal, Perfect, Absolute Religious Freedom, and Against All Sectarianism in Our Public Schools;" "Esther, the Hebrew Persian Queen;" "The Pentateuch—An Answer to Bishop Colenso," etc. He is of mingled Scotch and Irish descent, his grand parents having removed from Perthshire, Scotland, to Londonderry, Ireland, thence to Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and Tennessee, where, after some further wanderings, they finally settled in Shelby County, near Raleigh.

Dr. Scott is a great traveler, as well as a great student. He has mastered eleven languages, and has traversed Arabia, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, and the Holy Land extensively. Of course, the mighty work of his life could never be accomplished without the great blessing of a vigorous constitution, and the regularity and method of habit which are among his leading characteristics. But twice he has been compelled to rest from his labors, and recruit his exhausted energies by the aid of change of scene and rest. Few men could have stood the rude labor of his early life. Even as a boy, we are told that he was exposed to all the hardships of the frontier, and his early manhood was a succession of fatigues, dangers, exhausting discourses, rude diet, and frequently the ground for a bed. To-day he is hearty, vigorous, and energetic as ever, wielding an influence for good that is almost unparalleled in history, and year by year extending that influence more and more. Probably no minister was ever more beloved by young men than is Dr. Scott. During the twenty-three years which have sped on their way since he first came to California, he has seen the many changes which have passed over our city, and ministered alternately by cradle altar and grave to thousands of rejoicing and sorrowing families. Dr. Scott's Church is a very handsome building, situated on Post street, and provided with lecture rooms, a very fine organ, and all the modern improvements of ecclesiastical buildings. His congregation numbers in its ranks some of our wealthiest and best citizens, who are devoted to the church and pastor, and ever ready to further his schemes of benevolence and charity. A thorough gentleman, and a noble specimen of a Christian, it is to be hoped that there are many years of further usefulness in store for Dr. Scott, and that he may live to see a ripe and hearty old age, encompassed by the myriad blessings he has helped to confer in the long career of his ministrations.

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**Here is a bouquet** of compliments: "There are but two fine things in the world," says Malherbes, "women and roses." Lessing exclaims: "Woman is the masterpiece of the universe." Bourdon says: "The pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl." Thackeray writes: "A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven." Balzac says: "Even the errors of woman spring from her faith in the good." Voltaire declares: "All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman." Lamartine asserts that "Women have more heart and imagination than men." Otway exclaims: "O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man; we had been brutes without you." To which Mark Twain adds: "But for you we should be nothing, for we should not be here."

## HER CONVERSION.

## THE PRUDE.

On a pleasant April morning  
 Tripped a shepherdess, and sang;  
 Young and fair, and sorrow scorning,  
 Thro' the fields her sweet voice rang.  
 Thyrsis heard and offered kisses,  
 Tender lambkins from his fold;  
 Roguishly she shook her tresses,  
 And her laugh rang clear and cold.  
 Garlands fair another offered,  
 And a third his heart's best store;  
 But at gifts so gently proffered  
 Laughed she still and sang the more.

## THE CONVERT.

In the evening sunset straying,  
 Came I to the woods alone;  
 Damon there his flute was playing,  
 And the rocks sent back its tone.  
 To his bosom down he drew me,  
 And his kiss clung soft and long;  
 Till I said: "Tis thrilling through me,  
 Play again that tender song."  
 Ah! that tear should follow laughter;  
 Ah! that joy should flee so soon.  
 In my ears will ring hereafter  
 Evermore that well-loved tune.

—From the German of Gathe.

## THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

At last there is sufficient reason to believe that the difficulties which have hitherto prevented the utilization of the electric light for illuminating purposes can be removed, and that before long we may have our public buildings, and even our streets, brilliantly lighted by the cheapest and best of illuminating agents. It has been calculated that the well-known electric lamp, which consists of two carbon points between which the electric current passes, could be produced at the cost of about 1 per cent. of an equal amount of light from colza-oil, and we showed some time ago that petroleum could be used to drive an engine giving motion to a Gramme dynamo-electric machine which would yield a greater amount of illuminating power than could be obtained from the same quantity of petroleum consumed in lamps. But the great drawbacks were that clock-work was necessary to keep the carbon points at a certain regulated distance (which, although the current cost was little, was a source of trouble and inconvenience), and that the light produced was in reality more powerful than was needed, except, perhaps, for lighthouses. We knew of no means of dividing the light; the electric lamp threw a flood of brilliancy on the spot to which its beams were directed, but around the lamp itself, and anywhere out of the direct rays, the darkness was rendered more intense by the contrast. For some years M. Jablonskow, a Russian scientist, has been investigating the phenomena and endeavoring to utilize the brilliant light of the electric current for ordinary purposes. Seeking to dispense with the mechanism for regulating the distance of the carbon points, which of course are consumed or burnt away, he first arranged the sticks of charcoal side by side instead of one above another, separating them by an insulating material which was consumed or removed at the same rate. The heat produced by the combustion of the sticks of charcoal was thus utilized to fuse the insulating material in which they were set, and the points of the carbons being thus kept at a constant distance were maintained in a state of incandescence in the voltaic art. Various substances were used for the insulating material, a mixture of pounded glass and sand answering the purpose, we believe, as well as anything; but, whatever it was, the inventor kept his secret, and pursued his experiments diligently until he was ready to court a practical trial in public, when his electric "candles" were exhibited at the Louvre, and submitted to the authorities of the War Office in London. The trials ordered by the latter demonstrated the fact that the new candles gave a light 50 per cent. better than anything that had been tried before, and after devising sundry modifications and improvements in the details, M. Jablonskow made the next great step in advance by discovering a means of dividing the current, so as to obtain eight lights, instead of a very powerful one, from the same circuit. Then, just as arrangements were completed to light up one of the docks of the East and West India Company, M. Jablonskow discovered that he could dispense with the carbon points altogether, and obtain the required light by passing the electric current through the insulating material itself, a compound to which he has given the well-known term of "kaolin," and which it appears is in reality a species of porcelain. Experimenting with sparks



from a current of great tension, the inventor passed them through a plate of kaolin, placed between the two ends of the wires from a couple of coils in which the current was induced by a machine, and he discovered that although the current was unable to fuse the kaolin it did heat it to incandescence. By priming the kaolin plate with a better conductor he has succeeded in obtaining a brilliant light with a very small consumption of kaolin so slight, indeed, that a kaolin plate barely half an inch in length is sufficient for a small light burning about ten hours. A band of the kaolin may be made to give a magnificent light, and as practically any desired number of coils can be placed in the circuit of the magneto-electric machine, and each coil can be made to produce an electric lamp, the divisibility of the light is all that could be desired. In fact, the inventors—for M. Denayrouze is associated with M. Jablonscow—have produced a series of electric lights of intensities varying from the equivalent of two gas-jets to as many as fifteen. What is more, any one of these lights can be “turned out,” or the whole illuminating power of the electric current thrown into one “burner.” In the factory of M. Denayrouze, at Paris, both electric candles and the newer luminous bands are used, the candles being employed in the larger spaces, where a greater flood of light is required. It would seem then, that, in future, a few steam-engines and magneto-electric machines will suffice to illuminate the whole of London with the best, and probably the cheapest, light known.

“To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why, may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole?” Why may not zoological inquiry equally trace an elephant’s epidermis from its forest germ in the Wynaad Jungle to a leather merchant’s shop window in the Parish of St. Giles, where those who run may read the following curious announcement: “Skins from the hide of Chunee, the elephant which was shot at Exeter Change in 1826.” Old Exeter Change—not to be confounded with New Exeter Change, on the site of which now stands the Gaiety Theater—was demolished in 1829, and was situated hard by Burleigh street, with its south front facing the Strand. It seems, on the whole, to have been a rather remarkable and promiscuous institution of our remote ancestors—a combination of the Burlington Arcade, the Morgue and the Zoological Gardens; for it was designed for the use of milliners, hosiers and similar tradesfolk; and here Thomas Clark (whoever he was) amassed half a million, the poet, Gay, and Lord Baltimore, lay in state, and ‘Cross’ menagerie frightened nervous persons and horses in the Strand. Chunee was not the least remarkable inhabitant of this Cockney caravanserai. He landed on these shores in 1810, and was bought for 900 guineas by Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theater, where he figured in a grand pantomime of the period. Sold afterwards to Mr. Cross, he was exhibited until March 1, 1826, when, becoming “must,” he was executed by a platoon of the Guards, after shocking bad target practice and a “profligate expenditure” of ammunition.

This may be judged from the recorded fact that, out of one hundred and eighty bullets fired during the course of an hour, one hundred and fifty struck him, the last only succeeding in felling the poor beast, on entering behind the ear, where the first would have sufficed. It required twelve men to flay him previous to dissection. He stood thirteen feet, weighed upwards of five tons, and, as he lay on his side, measured six feet from the ground. The carcass was taken to a knacker’s yard in Sharp’s alley, Cow-cross, whence it was purveyed to the Metropolitan cats, with whose digestion it probably disagreed. The proprietor offered the skeleton first to the College of Surgeons, who had no room large enough in those days to hold it, and then to the British Museum, whose directors had “no power to treat.” The hide was sold to a private speculator, and Messrs. Williams, of Greenwich, tanned it, which process occupied seven years. Modern science declares that nothing is lost in the whole scheme of creation—from “imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay” to the scream of a railway whistle—and we know “there is nothing like leather,” especially pachydermatous leather.”

**The Center of Gravity—An undertaker’s nose.**



**IF YON BRIGHT STAR**

If yon bright stars, which gem the night,  
 Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,  
 Where kindred spirits re-unite,  
 Whom death hath torn asunder here,

How sweet it were at once to die,  
 And leave this blighted orb afar—  
 Mix soul with soul, to cleave the sky,  
 And soar away from star to star!

But O! how dark, how drear, how lone,  
 Would seem the brightest world of bliss,  
 If, wandering through each radiant one,  
 We fail to find the love of this.

If there no more the ties shall twine,  
 That death's cold hand alone can sever,  
 Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,  
 More hateful as they shine forever.

**GEN. GRANT'S TRIP.**

The announcement that private hospitality to Gen. Grant in England will be unbounded has, we trust, a good foundation,—more at least than the statement that our Government expects the same courtly observances by the Queen toward him as were rendered Napoleon and Louis Philippe, after they were deposed. We don't apprehend that our Government has officially bespoken for this American citizen any favors which it does not ask for all of us. The spirit of the American Constitution recognizes no differences in private citizens. If her Majesty wishes to honor a great American, she should be left to do so spontaneously. She will undoubtedly receive Gen. Grant as an honored guest. It would be shabby in the European courts not to do so. General Grant is one of the remarkable men of the age, rising from a humble station in life to the highest military and civil eminence in the great republic. If he has not been as long and as constantly under fire as Marshal MacMahon, or commanded the perfect military machine of Gen. Moltke, the campaigns he has fought and the armies he has had surrender to him were the greatest military trophies of this generation, when they were won. When he goes abroad also, he goes where the most distinguished successes of his civil administration have been won. No other president of the United States, we believe, has visited Europe subsequent to holding the office except Frank Pierce, and he was the least possible representative of the Presidential caste in American politics. In England, Gen. Grant ought especially to have a good time. An English country gentleman has married his daughter, and his tastes for horses and sports well harmonize with those of the English nobility. His personal modesty and dislike for being publicly bored are also English traits, and ought to secure him immunity from mere lionizing. There is no English soldier who can look down upon his military achievements, and his fame and personal qualities ought to secure him a good round of distinguished and delicate attentions.

The "*Osservatore Romano*," in the official version of the Pope's reply to the Scottish pilgrims, makes his Holiness say that if the progress of conversion north of the Tweed goes on much further he will establish there the Catholic hierarchy, as he has already done in England. The *Unita Cattolica*, in a leading article on the address of the English Catholic members of Parliament to the Pope, says that Christ's triumph over the Queen of the Seas is at hand. In 1850 no one would have believed in such an address from such a quarter. Yet a little while and a similar address will come from the whole British Parliament. It is on the Thames that God prepares for the head of His Church compensation for the wrongs endured on the Tiber.

[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

The T. C. has long observed with surprise that the urbane liquor slingers who preside over our cocktail factories are far more polite to a customer when he lays a ten-cent piece on the counter than when he offers a quarter of a dollar in payment, and receives only a dime in return. In the one case the potation-mixer smiles sweetly and lays the modest coin in the drawer, with a polite "Thank you, sir," while he usually sweeps in the more pretentious quarter with a rush, and jerks out the change with a nonchalance indicative of his supreme contempt of the whole proceeding. Determined to fathom this apparently inexplicable mystery, the T. C. this week asked an Adonis of a high toned groggery, to whom he had just handed a doubtful looking Hongkong sixpence in payment for a four-finger horn of whisky, the reason of his profuse gratitude and his seven inch smile. The carefully oiled Narcissus (after excusing himself while he snubbed a party of gentlemen who had just paid him a dollar and a half for a thimbleful of bad champagne) graciously condescended to loose the Gordian knot, and volunteered the following explanation: "You see, when a man comes in and calls for a drink, and puts down ten cents, he feels kinder bashful like about the thing. Sometimes he says, 'Excuse me, barkeep, have to give you a short bit.' Sometimes he looks it, and don't say nothing, but he always feels it; and when one gentleman pologizes to another gentleman, why that settles it. don't it? and we sets him at his ease, and says 'Thank you,' and looks pleasant, and he swallows his lick and don't feel as ashamed of himself as he thought he did. There is a art about doing these things. Some customers wants encouraging; others wants to be kept in their place. Good afternoon." If any one doubts the authenticity of this narrative, let him try the experiment in his own *corpore vili*.

The Chronicle has had a wood-cut done of the words "Sargent and Page," and two thousand electrotypes taken from it. They now set up the paper in half the time, and have dismissed two-thirds of the compositors. This is a great saving to the proprietors, and makes the paper delightful reading. There were only sixteen editorials yesterday on the subject, and none of them much over a column in length, which shows a slight falling off from previous issues. The fact is that they cannot get editors to write on the subject, it being well known in the office that three formerly bright and talented journalists are now on the verge of idiocy caused by the monotony of the work. One of them estimates that he wrote Sargent's name over four million times before his mind gave out. He is now in the Napa Asylum, where they have to tie his hands behind his back and keep all writing materials out of his way. Even the local reporter mixes up Page's name with foundling babies discovered in Oakland, and says that Sargent graduated yesterday at a young ladies' academy, that he absconded on the last Australian steamer, and was elected a member of the dental association. We think, however, that when the office boy goes out and chalks up on the bulletin board, "Turks repulsed with frightful loss by Sargent and Page," that he ought to be discharged. This is carrying matters too far.

The wanderer through our markets in search of delicacies cannot fail to be struck with the occasional announcement at some of the stalls that they have for sale "Saucelito duck eggs" at the low price of 25 cents a dozen. Whether the Saucelito duck egg is ranker than the ordinary specimens met with elsewhere, or whether the proportions of the noble mallard are unusually majestic in that sylvan retreat, is all left to the fertility of the reader's imagination. For his own part the T. C. has always held that the main object for which duck eggs were created was to use during election times as an offensive weapon. When propelled accurately and swiftly in a crowd, the duck egg will alter the appearance of a black coat wonderfully, and it also gives a variegated look to a silk hat, or the nape of a man's neck. For these purposes this year's duck eggs are fully worth 25 cents a dozen, and last year's at least half a dollar. Like wine their value increases with age, and a good, reliable duck egg, guaranteed laid in '72, comes very high. From any other point of view the article is as valueless as Confederate scrip or a politician's promise.

**A correspondent** wants to know what an *alumnus* is, and why *alumni* have suppers. He is informed that an *alumnus* is anything that is nourished, and that the word applies to the intellectual nutriment derived by hobble-de-hoys from the metaphorical breasts of an institution of learning. The reason that they have suppers at the Palace Hotel is because no other house is large enough to contain the aggregate weight of their intellects at one time, and as *alumni* are usually bipeds of that age when their stomach has the capacity of a camel's and the greed of a cormorant's, suppers are naturally a necessity with them. An ordinary *alumnus* can eat three times as much as a Kearny-street lunch fiend, and a stranger who attempted to dine with one would have but a "Barmecide feast," and get as little as Sancho Panza did at his gubernatorial banquets. An average hotel-keeper will at any time pay a society of *alumni* \$10 apiece *not* to patronize his establishment, solely on account of their appetites. Their *alma mater*, or their mother, is the dearest ma they have in the world, except one, and that they pronounce "maw."

**A contemporary**, which devotes over two columns to the obituary notice of Charley Schultz's Newfoundland dog, says: "Chief was more than human; he was a dog." As neither Darwin nor Huxley are at present in town, the writer of the article may continue his infamous career unpunished; but the *T. C.* trusts that the account of Mr. Schultz's condition is at least exaggerated, if not untrue. He is said to be "broken-hearted," and "sorrowing keenly." "Letters of sincere condolence are already beginning to flow in on the bereaved musician," and "he cannot speak without tears welling to his eyes." "No man or woman can take his place," and now he's dead his master "can't bear to go home." Under these circumstances, we shall avoid the California Theater for a week or two, until Chief's master has somewhat blunted the edge of his grief. We feel sure that the orchestra will play nothing but dirges, and we prefer polkas. Our advice to Charley is to wipe away the pearly tear and buy another purp.

**An up-country paper**, describing a banquet to the head of their Fire Department, last New Year, says: "The boys gave their Chief a bully lay-out, and afterwards watched and chained him." The paper is sent regularly from there, by a young man, to his relatives in Scotland, where the item was noticed in the local journal as follows: "Frightful Inhumanity in America.—In a town in Nevada, which is a very lawless place, some men took the Chief of the Fire Department, bullied him and laid him out (we suppose on the floor, or perhaps with a poker), after which he was carefully guarded and heavily fettered by the cowardly villains. The editor who relates the facts was probably afraid of being similarly treated, as the pusillanimous fellow makes no mention of the outrage editorially. Let us be thankful that we live in a civilized country under the mild rule of a good monarchy." That's what's the matter.

**They have** a very delicious way of preparing chicken at a French restaurant down town. It is minced very fine, and served up with egg and breadcrumbs in a pretty clam-shell. A young Englishman, lately from the old country, was lunching there this week, and he asked the waiter what he had rare and delicate. The man replied, "Monsieur, I as somesing superbe to-day; I gif you some shicken in de shell." Hastily seizing his hat and placing his handkerchief to his nose, the sturdy Briton made for the door. As he passed into the street, he was heard to mutter, "By Jove, I've eaten a beastly lot of blarsted stuff in this d—d country, but I'm blowed if they can make me try addled eggs, by Jove," and he went to another restaurant and told the man for God's sake not to bring him anything rare or delicate, but to give him a piece of roast beef, a boiled potato, and a bottle of Bass.

**The alarming number** of suicides in hotels and lodging houses lately renders it almost impossible for proprietors of caravansaries to get domestic help. It is quite a common thing for a servant to whistle down through the speaking-tube on the sixth story, "Dead body in No. 496," and man just taken strychnine in 302," and the bed-makers consider it an unusual occurrence if they don't find a corpse or hear the crack of the bullet at least once a day. There ought to be a special house of accommodation for low-spirited strangers, with an extensive lot at the back and an undertaker contiguous. It might be appropriately called "The Acel-dama," or *potter's* field.

**Mr. Samuel Wilkins** came home last Thursday from a picnic in a somewhat unsteady condition. His arrival at home is never provocative of serenity under these circumstances, and he does not usually require to have his hair trimmed by a professional barber for at least a week afterward. This time, however, as the piercing glance of his spouse read the thermometer of his intelligence, his wit saved him. "My dear," he remarked, as he absently wiped his forehead with the door-mat, "we're going to have a splendid summer. I made the summer myself to-day, Summer's all right. Bet it's fixed. 'One swallow won't make a summer,' fifty will. Took fifty swallows—summer's all right. All go to Santa Cruz." He was forgiven, but there are to be no more swallows this summer.

**The last words** of the gentleman who was hung at San Rafael are said to have been "Goodbye, Sheriff." The remark in itself, or as editorial writers love to say, "*per se*," is not a very profound one, yet many of the spectators were smitten with envy when they heard it. The poor culprit's attachment for the Sheriff was probably unrequited by that official, who keeps *his attachments* for persons who have no desire for them. A five-foot drop is rather a high price to have to pay for the pleasure of being able to say "Goodbye, Sheriff;" but the certainty of bidding an eternal adieu to that functionary must bring a sense of rest and peace with it which deprives the scaffold of all its terror. This sentiment will be cordially indorsed by all men miserably conscious of unpaid house rents and overdue bills.

**A Doubania mob** has just pillaged the houses of one hundred and fifty Jewish families, killing eleven and wounding twenty-four. They only got 90,000 ducats for their pains, or about 600 ducats from each family. This little transaction is one of the pleasant concomitants of war, and a little Christian joke worthy of the middle ages, which makes an average man nowadays so proud of being a church member. The mob, of course, being all baptized, will go straight to heaven when they die that is, we suppose so.

**An enterprising firm** advertises: "An elegant merchants' lunch, from 10:30 A. M. to 3 P. M." We presume that an elegant merchant means a tailor or a bootmaker, and as most men desire to avoid both these fiends, the company of lunchers will presumably be very limited. The great temptation to the elegant merchants is that the cost of the banquet, including a first-class libation, is only 12½ cents. This is a small sum for elegance to invest on its mid-day hash struggle.

**Yesterday** was one of those genial days when a paper collar on a fat man's neck melted like the chaste snow at the glance of Spring. A new patent mop and wringer, which can be fitted on to an ordinary walking-cane, is now all the fashion with the upper-ten. In the cool of the evening it can be worn as a cockade on the hat, thus combining utility with ornament and enabling a man to walk round the streets in the hottest weather with perfect comfort.

**The California Rifle Association** purchased a new range on Thursday afternoon. We always thought that these sharpshooters were great *gourmands*, and now the matter is beyond all dispute. The range will be inaugurated to-morrow, and every member is privileged to use it. The *T. C.* proposes to join the association just for the pleasure of cooking a beefsteak or broiling a quail on the new range, which, by all accounts, is a very fine one.

**A full report** of the proceedings of the "Water-Rat Commissioners" will be found in another column. [The compositor who set up the word "Rat" instead of "Rate" in this item has just been brained by the foreman, and will be deprived of Christian burial. Typographical mistakes will occur sometimes, but we believe the above was intentional.]

**There are 626 attorneys** in San Francisco, according to latest statistics. These figures indicate continued prosperity for our city. Rats always desert a sinking ship.

**Dr. Robinson's essay** on "Spontaneous Pulp Irritation," delivered before the Dental Association, was based on personal irritation. He was once hit in the eye with a rotten orange.



**STRIKE HARD, O ISLAM!**

[BY EDMUND OLLIER.]

Since war must be, strike hard, O Moslem blade,  
 Against that monstrous eagle of the North  
 Which from its distant eyrie issues forth,  
 Death in its beak, and from its wings a shade!  
 For in her dotage Europe stands dismay'd;  
 The night above her closes heavy and swarth;  
 Her heart is faint; she has but little worth;  
 The ravening eagle makes her soul afraid.  
 Therefore—because, though sinning thou hast turn'd  
 Thy face to fairer issues, and thy right  
 Is better'd by the wrongness of thy foe—  
 Strike hard, O Islam, scorning to be spurn'd  
 And wield thine ancient scimeter till bright  
 With the bird's blood its crescent steel shall glow.

**RUBY vs. HEYNEMANN.**

On several occasions we have commented upon the unjustifiable actions of the defendant in this case; and we now again feel it a duty to the public to go through a resumé of his scandalous conduct. We have no prejudices one way or the other, but facts must speak for themselves. It appears that one Hermann Heynemann, through his brother, placed what is known as the "Ruby Mining Company" on the London market. The stock of this company was represented by them to be of the value of £285,000, say in round figures \$1,425,000; and a working capital of \$200,000 was also required to develop the mines. The stock was delivered over to him, which he and his partners sold in London, Hamburg, Paris and here; and out of 28,500 shares, we learn that Heynemann has but a very small portion left. It appears that the Directors having power to forfeit shares, in the event of the calls not being paid up for the working capital—there being a default—they did so; thus Heynemann got all the stock which the company represented, and likewise the amount which was raised for working capital, say \$150,000 (the remaining \$50,000 out of the \$200,000 being for the cost of expenses). Now, H. Heynemann and his partners, as above stated, sold these shares; the former having been appointed, through the influence of his brother in England, as agent and trustee for the said company. In this contract we find that Heynemann binds himself to the company to act in good faith, and promises to "protect the interests of the trust" he has undertaken just as if it were his own property. Now, what does he do in regard to these pledges? He pleads that, having "committed a fraud" by selling to aliens mining properties that had not got their patents, that the beneficial results should accrue to him; thus "pilfering the public" and sheltering himself behind the technical point of "alienship." So as to mystify, he allows his nominee, one John E. Plater, as we are informed, to relocate the mines; also to apply the patent for the furnace site situated in the town of Eureka, in "Plater's own name," as though it was "his" property. This was done with the idea that the "alien" could not protest against it, notwithstanding that "Heynemann had received the money" from the company for the erection of such works for them. We recollect reading a letter signed by this man Heynemann in the *Alta*, some time in September, 1875, wherein he appeals to the public, that for the sake of his growing-up family not to pass censure on him until he was able to challenge the "Ruby Company" in the courts. "How does he challenge them?" By pleading his "own fraud," and thus placing the company in a position as though they had no *locus standi*. This is done for the sake of his "growing-up" family." We think this one of the most momentous questions that has been tried on the Pacific Coast, and we call upon all classes to look into the case.

Coll Deane writes to say that he is no relation of Soldene. This will relieve the public mind.

### INTER-OCEANIC NAVIGATION.

We have received an interesting report, presented by Messrs. Pouchet and Sautereau to the French Commission for the examination of a ship canal route between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The report opens by the reading of a letter from Ferdinand de Lesseps, the famous engineer of the Suez Canal, wherein he says that there is no possibility of making a canal from ocean to ocean without the aid of locks, the great merit of the Suez Canal being the absence of such obstructions. The report then proceeds to detail the various surveys that have been made, commencing with the Isthmus of Darien, beginning with that of M. Bourdiol, who proposes to start from the Gulf of San Miguel, following the course of the river Savannah. His system necessitated eleven locks and one tunnel through the Cordilleras, at a cost of \$150,000,000. That of M. de Puydt, again, also starts from the Gulf of San Miguel, but follows the course of the river Tuyra, and then following one of its affluents, the Pucro, it returns in a northeasterly direction to the foot of the Cordilleras, where the heavy work was to begin. Finally, the survey of M. Flachet showed the great difficulty and enormous expense of following any of the above plans. The report then turns to the surveys under the auspices of the United States Government, beginning with the letter of instructions from President Grant to Lieutenant Maury, whereupon three expeditions were organized, the first under the command of Commodore Schafford, for the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the second under Commodore Selfridge, for that of Darien, the third under Admiral Lull, for Nicaragua. Admiral Selfridge at the Darien surveyed 494 miles by chain, took the levels of 368 miles, and 152 miles barometrical measurement, and in addition 736 miles of triangulation from the horizon, from 199 different points of observation. Admiral Selfridge says that the least impracticable route for a ship canal would be by the Atrato and the Napipi, at a cost of \$120,000,000.

San Blas is the narrowest point, and careful surveys were made at this point. The result was, that a level canal could be made by leaving the Gulf of San Blas, arriving by deep cuttings at the Cordilleras, which would be traversed by a tunnel, and entering the Pacific by the mouth of the river Chepo. The labor of working the exceedingly hard rock would be immense, the climate is very insalubrious, and the expense was calculated at nearly two hundred million dollars. The report then turns to the Nicaragua project—in fact, the purport of writing it was to prove its superiority. The American plan of Messrs. Lull and Menocal proposed to begin the canal from the port of Brito, on the Pacific, and carry it along the valley of the Rio Grande up to Las Serdas, requiring eleven locks at about equal distances, and thence gaining the lake by the river Medio, crossing over to the source of the San Juan river to its junction with the San Carlos, and entering the Atlantic at San Juan del Norte, requiring since leaving the lake ten locks, and costing a hundred million dollars. The plan of M. Blanchet, whilst from the configuration of the country naturally follows that of the Americans, the great difference being that he groups his locks together so as to arrive at once to the maximum height, thereby surmounting the difficulties on either side of the lake at once. The climate is superior to that of Darien, labor is more abundant, and consequently cheaper; it is nearer to the northern centers of commerce, and the cost of this latter canal is estimated at only forty millions of dollars. The question remains who is to make the canal. The sanguine Frenchman estimates that it would pay for itself in four years. Whether that is so or not, there is no doubt that it would prove an inestimable benefit to the commercial world.

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A correspondent forwards a rather curious example of the honesty of postal authorities. A friend of his had occasion to send a parcel to a country town, and, having no seal, impressed the wax with a half sovereign, which he accidentally left sticking on the wax. The parcel was dispatched in this condition, and when it arrived at its destination the coin was found to be in the same position, a charge being made for sending money by post.

## DISRAELI NOW AND THEN.

\* \* \* But other times, other manners. The difference between England fifty years ago and England of to-day is not exaggerated by the difference between the dress of Mr. Disraeli the Younger and the Earl of Beaconsfield. That was a flowery age in other respects than that of the embroidery on waistcoats, the ringleted hair, and the blossoming of a walking-cane in variegated tassels. Flowers of speech, both written and spoken, filled the land with the picturesqueness of their color, and the pungency of their odor. In these days a thrill goes through the country, when one quiet afternoon, Mr. Disraeli, rising in his place in the House of Commons, refers to his colleague, the Marquis of Salisbury, as a master of flouts, and gibes, and sneers. Men hold their breath, and wonder what is coming next. At least there must be a disruption of the Ministry, and a reconstruction of the Cabinet. To Lord Beaconsfield, who was alive and at work fifty years ago, this little outbreak of the Old Adam must have seemed, upon reflection, ludicrously mild. Being at Taunton, on an electioneering campaign, in 1836, Mr. Disraeli having occasion to refer to O'Connell, described that gentleman as 'an incendiary' and a 'traitor,' and drew a vivid picture of 'the Whigs seizing his bloody hand.' Mr. O'Connell took occasion to retort, by mildly referring to Mr. Disraeli as a 'wretch,' a 'miscreant,' and as one who 'possessed just the qualities of the impenitent thief, who died upon the cross,' and whose name Mr. O'Connell believed 'must have been 'D'Israeli.'" 'He is just the fellow for a Conservative club. He has falsehood enough, depravity enough, and selfishness enough, to become the fitting leader of the Conservatives.' That is how public men and Members of the Parliament occasionally referred to each other, in those good old days.

We get a vivid notion of the condition of the press forty years ago by a glance at what is known as the '*Globe* Controversy.' The *Globe* was in those days the organ of the Whigs; and, as Mr. Disraeli had shed his Radical husk, and come forth as a Tory, he had his differences with the *Globe*, which he thus mildly stated: 'The editor of the *Globe* must have a more contracted mind and a paltrier spirit than ever I imagined, if he can suppose for a moment that an ignoble controversy with an obscure animal like himself can gratify the passion for notoriety with one whose works at least have been translated into the languages of polished Europe, and circulate by thousands in the New World. It is not, then, my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the *Globe* by the nose, and to inflict sundry kicks on the baser part of his base body; to make him eat dirt and his own words, fouler than any filth; but because I wish to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dullard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing stuffed with straw and rubbish, is the *soi-disant* director of public opinion and official organ of Whig politics.' When we add that this letter was addressed to, and duly appeared in, the *Times*, on the 9th of January, 1836, we need not add a word to point to the boundless strides that have been made in the tone of public life, both in the press and on the platform, since Mr. Disraeli was the Younger.—*May Fair*.

**The Sheffield Telegram** says: A pedlar named John Roseberry called at the Doncaster police-office to have his certificate signed. He was 108 years old, and travels about the country hawking small articles. He has had twenty-two children, seventeen of whom have been sons. His wife died in 1870 at the age of 99 years, and his last son who died was aged 88. The old man eats very little solid food, but takes three gills of beer per day warmed and sweetened; and, occasionally, when he has a cup of tea dissolves in it half a pound of sugar, finding sugar a great support of life. He appeared quite healthy and hearty, and may now every day be seen vending his wares.

"How many of you are there?" asked a voice from an upper window, of a serenading party. "Four," was the reply. "Divide that among you," said a voice, as a bucket of slops fell, "like the gentle dew from heaven," on those beneath.

**DUST SHALL BE DUST.**

Man comes to this world without thinking ;  
 Before he can think, out he goes ;  
 While sleeping and eating and drinking,  
 His life hurries on to its close.

The sun is too strong for his vision,  
 The elements laugh him to scorn ;  
 The fates tie his hands in derision,  
 'Twere better he never was born.

And yet, like a fool in his folly,  
 He'd rather live on than to die ;  
 He even attempts to be jolly,  
 And smiles with a tear in his eye.

He hopes to live on with immortals,  
 Forgetting that God will be just ;  
 Strong spirits may climb heaven's portals,  
 But dust shall forever be dust. —Jim Pantan.

**THE "JAMESTOWN" SQUABBLE**

The revelations that have attended the late inquiry into the causes of disagreement by the Commander and the Executive Officer of the training ship *Jamestown*, disclose a condition of things which is eminently unsatisfactory. It is only a short time since that a discreditable charge of smuggling tobacco and brandy from Honolulu was made against the officer commanding the ship, and no shadow of an attempt has been made to disprove or even to contradict it, the offenses, indeed, being condoned by certain high authorities, who presumably had a personal interest in the matter. And now, following close upon the heels of that shady business, comes this other unpleasant history of "family jars" on board the *Jamestown*, and the temporary removal of the Executive Officer from his position. The two officers have each been heard by the Committee of the Board of Supervisors, under whose immediate direction the affairs of the training ship are managed, and that body, with considerable discretion, have granted Lieutenant Houston leave of absence from his ship pending the appointment of a successor. Of the justice of this proceeding it is difficult to approve, as, although Lieutenant Houston was clearly in the wrong in refusing to submit to the directions of his commander, yet his conduct is almost to be excused under the circumstances. The whole business serves to illustrate very conclusively the unsuitability of a ship of war as a residence for ladies. The experiment has been tried over and over again, and the result has invariably been disastrous to the comfort of the ship, and a constant source of discord. In the British naval service there is a regulation which absolutely forbids the residence of ladies on board H. M. ships, and the wisdom of the prohibition (we say it in all reverent courtesy to the sex) is most obvious. Had it existed in the *Jamestown* we should probably never have been treated to such a scandal as has now been presented to the public, and two energetic officers, who are now unbappily estranged, would have continued their useful services to the State undisturbed. In a training ship, of all others, the most strict and perfect discipline should be preserved, and as a first and vital principle to this end the public and private life of the officers should be, like Caesar's wife, "above suspicion."

**The Stathmograph.**—A self-recording instrument for giving the velocity of railroad trains has been invented by Dato, of Cassel, which, during a trial for a year on a locomotive on the Hanover road, has proved itself perfectly accurate and reliable. By means of this apparatus the engineer can at any moment ascertain the velocity of the train by looking at the dial, and at the end of the route will be found the record of the transit on a roll of paper. The Prussian Government has decided to introduce the stathmograph on several of the roads leading from Berlin for the purpose of ascertaining carefully its practical adaptation to the purposes for which it was invented.



**FREE TRADE vs. PROTECTION.**

After Americans gained their independence, England maintained severe restrictions upon the trade of foreign vessels with her colonies. Such illiberal policy was inaugurated by the sanctimonious usurper, Oliver Cromwell. The efforts made by the United States during upward of a quarter of a century to obtain a relaxation of the navigation laws, so as to admit American productions into the British colonies, were successful in 1830; the result was that the trade of both countries was much improved, and, as a matter of course, the colonists largely benefitted. Sixteen years later, the free and enlightened policy of England was crowned by the system of measures introduced by Sir Robert Peel, her ports all over the world were thrown open to the produce of all countries, subject only to the necessary restrictions upon such goods as might imperil the safety of her possessions, or interfere with her revenue. From this time forward, the commercial power and interests of England rapidly increased, the repeal of the corn-laws improved the condition of the people physically and mentally, cheap bread and free trade assured to England the general prosperity and wealth her people now enjoy. The American workman is led to believe that free trade would take the bread from the mouths of his children; but, do precedents teach this? Has free trade in any way injured the British operative? On the contrary, the British operative is in every respect better off than he was a quarter of a century ago. He lives in a better home, his children are better fed, clothed, and educated; his social position is higher, he has more money laid by, and, indeed, in every respect his position is bettered. This, we maintain, has all resulted from free trade, combined with the care and watchfulness of his Government.

It is said that many American goods find a market in Australia, and other English colonies, in preference to the English, and that even some Manchester houses have filled orders in America to send to the colonies; nay, further, that American prints are now offered for sale in the dry goods stores in England. If this be so, what more proof is needed that American manufacturers are now able to compete with foreigners, to do without Government aid, and the consumer have the benefit of cheaper goods?

Supposing, however, that the foreign manufacturer can supply to the consumer goods at equal prices, or even at less, but goods of better quality and finish, why should not the consumer have the benefit? The policy which forces the consumer to buy a bad article because it is domestic, or on the score of patriotism, at the price of a good one, is, at the best, narrow minded. A nation of forty million enlightened people, with the raw material at their doors, ought to be able to turn it into the manufactured article, as good and cheaper than the nation that has to import that raw material.

The chief reasons assigned for imposing a protective tariff are to produce a revenue, and so to foster infant establishments, that in time the country may become independent of foreign manufactures. But, when from such duties revenue is no longer produced, and the establishments, after a series of years, fail to sustain themselves without the aid of the Government, they ought no longer to be protected solely for their advantage and at the cost of the consumer. Duties ought not to discriminate in favor of any class or section, more especially in free America, and we hold that protecting the manufacturers is to discriminate solely in their favor by the enhanced price of their goods, and against the consumer as well as all other American industries. The chief cause why the American manufacturer has not hitherto been able to compete with the European was the great difference in the cost of labor; but of late years the wages of the American and English mechanic have become nearly equal; therefore this argument in favor of protection can no longer be appealed to, and we hope to see during the present Administration that their influence will be given on the side of free trade, which we believe would produce as great a blessing to America as it has proved to England.

**Ex-President Grant** attended an agricultural show at Bath yesterday. His reception was enthusiastic. The Mayor presented an address and the General responded.

### A NEW ANTISEPTIC.

A new antiseptic has been recently discovered in Germany, which promises to be of great value to industry and commerce, as it is at once effectual and cheap. Among the best antiseptics that we have are phenol, or carbolic acid, and the abominably odorous bisulphide of carbon, which is used chiefly as a solvent for indiarubber and gutta-percha. If we may trust the accounts already received, xanthate of potassium is a more efficient antiseptic than either of the substances named, and is free from the unpleasantness of the one and the unbearable vileness of the other. It is said to preserve all kinds of organic matter from septic change, and to be completely antagonistic to putrefaction. It is prepared in several ways. Fused hydrate of potassium is dissolved in half its weight of alcohol, and bisulphide of carbon is added until alkalinity is destroyed, when, if the mixture is cooled to 30 deg. Fahr., colorless needles of xanthate of potassium separate. The easier method of preparing the salt is to add to absolute alcohol a very pure solution of caustic potash, treating the mixture subsequently with an excess of bisulphide of carbon, when it immediately solidifies into a mass of interlaced silky needles of potassic xanthate, which must be washed with ether to dissolve any free bisulphide of carbon, and dried over oil of vitrol. The crystals turn slightly yellow on exposure to air, and give a yellow precipitate with copper salts. They are very soluble in water, and hence are readily available for antiseptic purposes.

### BANKING ACCOUNTS IN RUSSIA.

A Petersburg correspondent of a German newspaper writes: "The Russian State Bank lately surprised our banks with a measure which has much general significance. The rates of interest on current accounts allowed by the State institutions of credit, which was 4 per cent. up to the Crimean war, was subsequently reduced to 3 per cent. in consequence of the superabundance of capital then lying unemployed within the country. This rate was continued by the State Bank, which absorbed the various credit institutions, from 1860 until 1875, in April of which year it was reduced to 2 per cent. But a week or two ago the State Bank intimated, by means of circulars to the private banks, who had a credit of about forty-six millions at the Imperial institution, that it would no longer allow any interest whatever on current accounts. A conference of representatives from the various private banks was held, and the Governor of the State Bank presided; the result of which conference was that at the present time it was thought inexpedient to carry the measure completely into effect. An amendment was accepted. The State Bank engaged to allow 1 per cent. to the private banks on their current accounts, but with the stipulation that the latter should also reduce the rates they allow on the sums deposited with them by the public by 1 per cent. By these means it is hoped to check the accumulation in the banks of unemployed capital. It seems from this, 1st, that Russian banks cannot afford to forfeit all the interest they get from the State; 2nd, that paper money is too abundant in Russia; and 3d. that means of employment for it are extremely limited.

### THE NEW FRENCH FLAG-SHIP.

After a long period of absence, the tri-color of the French Republic once more waves on the waters of our beautiful bay. Since the departure of Admiral Perigord for Japan in the ironclad *Gallissonniere*, some months since, no French ship of war has visited us, and we were accordingly very delighted last Sunday to welcome the arrival of the fine frigate *Magicienne*, bearing the flag of the new Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Serre. The *Magicienne* is one of the old type of frigates (now alas fast being compelled to give way to the unhandsome iron monsters of the deep), but is a good sailer and heavily armed, and in all respects worthy of the glorious flag she carries. She made a very rapid passage from Calao, and we are glad to learn that it is the Admiral's intention to remain here for some time.

## OUR SUICIDES.

Now, can it be the atmosphere, Or barren times, or falling stocks, That makes our local suicides Elect to enter Hell in flocks?	And then they manage generally A passable effect to spoil, By taking <del>some</del> abnormal way Of shuffling off the mortal coil.
For, let one miserable wretch Pass in his figurative checks, And ere another week has passed The Morgue is full of human wrecks.	Great Heaven! how ill-bred the wretch Who kills himself with Paris green, Or, like a rat, takes arsenic, Or swallows pints of kerosene!
If they'd drop out at intervals— Say, this week two, and next week one,	Why <i>will</i> they leave an ill-spelled screed To worry those they leave behind?
Throughout the year, we cheerfully Would let the idiots have their fun.	"Put up and shut up" is the rule When one's resolved to "go it blind."
But no, they choose the hottest days, And then pitch in with ball and bowl,	Ho, poundman! let your puppies go, <i>Then</i> have no suicidal rage, And give these human dogs a show,
Until the sweating Coroner Blows out his own immortal soul.	The next time you submerge your cage.

## THE MISSING "URANIA."

Our readers will remember the sad loss of the schooner *Urania*, which left Kodiak on the 29th of December, 1875, laden with furs for San Francisco. She belonged to Falkner, Bell & Co., and was commanded by Captain Lee. Her loss was doubly sad, from the fact that Mr. Richard Williams, brother of Mr. Cyril Williams, and also in the employ of Falkner, Bell & Co., was a passenger on the *Urania*, and was, as is supposed, lost. The living freight consisted of Captain Lee, his wife, Dick Williams, and a crew of fourteen, making a total of sixteen men and one woman on board. The *Urania* is known to have encountered heavy northerly gales off the coast, and as more than eighteen months have elapsed since she was last heard of, all on board have long been mourned as dead. On the 6th instant, however, the following telegram was received in San Francisco from Washington, and appeared in the *Bulletin* of that date: "A dispatch to the Navy Department from Rear Admiral Reynolds, commanding the Asiatic Station, states that he has sent the steamer *Alert* in search of the shipwrecked persons supposed to be on some island near Dampier Straits. He received his information from the Captain of the bark *Agate*, who states that a native of King William Island told him that on one of the islands to the northward there were sixteen white men and one women." As may well be imagined, the friends of the persons known to have been on the ill-fated schooner are again filled with hope, although the only reason they have for connecting the castaways on the island alluded to with the lost *Urania* is that the number of persons alleged to be there tallies with the number of friends they have lost. Unfortunately, Kodiak is in latitude 57.25 N., and longitude 153 W., while the Dampier group of isles is in latitude 3.30 S., and longitude 143.40 E. It is just possible that the *Urania* may have been blown down across the North Pacific through the Aleutian archipelago and past the equator into the million islands north of New Guinea, although the hope is a faint one. Time will tell, and in the meanwhile we fervently trust that the hope to which the relatives and friends of the missing ones are clinging may indeed be well founded and end in their happy restoration and return to San Francisco.

**The poor fellow** who had his arm and leg crushed under the Clay-street car died after the doctors got his leg cut off, but before they could amputate his arm. The attendant physicians must have felt quite annoyed at not being allowed to finish their little sawing.

### A LOVERS' MEETING.

She was young and fair, and a tear glistened in her eye as she laid her curly head upon his shoulder and exclaimed, "Oh, George, I think if I found you did not love me I should die." "My darling," he answered, passing his hand gently round her dimpled chin, "I will always love you. Do you think I would marry you if I did not feel sure of it. In a few days, at the altar I shall vow to love you all my life, and I will keep my vow." A lovely kind of beatific happiness played for a moment like sunshine on her lips, and then she whispered, "Oh, George, I like to hear you talk like that, you have been so good to me. You have given me a diamond locket and a gold watch and chain and rings that an angel might wear outside her gloves and not be ashamed, and if I thought that one day you'd be sorry you'd given me all these nice things and want them back again I should surely break my heart." He held her gently against his manly breast, and answered with a quivering voice, "Oh, my own darling, there is nothing on earth that could happen that would make me repent giving you a few tokens of my love, or make me want them back again." She sprang from his arms like a joyous deer, she shook back her sunny curls, and with a whole poem in her hazel eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, George, you have taken a load from my heart. I've come to say I can't marry you after all, because I've seen somebody I like better, and I thought you'd want your presents back again."—*Fun.*

### ART JOTTINGS.

As the old-time almanacs have it about the weather, it has been the custom at this season of the year to look out for an art reception—an exhibition at the Art Association rooms on Pine street. This year none is talked of, so far as we can learn. Why is this? The most successful exhibition the association ever had was in midsummer, two years ago. As is also the case at the other galleries, it is found that while many city people are in the country looking for climatic comforts, an equal or greater number flock here from the rural districts to escape the extreme heat, which in many localities prevails at this season, and it has also been found that our country cousins are great sight-seers, especially in the way of pictures. As we understand it, the cost of getting up an exhibition to the Art Association is very light, as they never get important works from abroad, and pay large lease money for them; their pictures are all loaned for the asking, and contributed by the local artists.

Mr. Irwin has gone to Europe for a long stay, in the hope and expectation of improving his art talents. Munich will be his headquarters. E. Wood Perry, an old Californian, and latterly a prominent artist of New York, is here on a short visit, and has brought with him some paintings, which, however, are not yet on view.

Jules Tavernier is completing, at his home in Monterey, a large painting—a scene from early California mining life. It is said to be, so far, his best effort.

Thomas Hill is in Mendocino county making sketches. It is not probable, in the face of the little encouragement this artist has received for some time past, and notably at his last sale, that he will place many more of his works before the San Francisco public for some time to come. He finds a better market for his pictures in the East.

The *Vie Parisienne* thus describes a modern lady's dress: "She wears a cravate and cuffs of old point lace, like Monsieur de Lauzun—a Pifferari hat, Polish boots, Louis XIV. dresses, a Catherine de Medicis *annonciere*, a Madame de Maintenon's mantle, a Marie Antoinette fichu, a spacious mantilla, Queen of Navarre gloves, Sultana veil, Nabol's golden cloth skirts," etc. Thus modern fashion is a *pot pourri* of all fashions, of all nations, of all times.

**Notice of Motion.**—Threatening to knock a man down.



### "THE DANCE OF DEATH."

A book of which we have heard much, but have hitherto failed to get a sight of, has at length fallen into our hands for review. It is called "The Dance of Death," and its author's name, so far as the title page tells it, is William Herman. It is not, however, a dissertation upon the weird designs of Hans Holbein, but touches upon a subject far less allegorical. It is not the imperturbable minuet of the Grisly King himself that is here described, but the mad carnival of his ghastly twin-brother—Moral Death—as held, not in the slums and by-ways where we are accustomed to encounter vice, but in the palaces where Fashion reigns paramount, and virtue is generally supposed to occupy a spare chamber. In short, the "Dance of Death" is the Modern Waltz, and Mr. Herman's book is a terrible attack on that monster, which has so long been permitted to disgrace our civilization and outrage common decency unbidden save by an occasional mild protest from press or pulpit. Now, however, this nineteenth-century Priapus is bearded roughly enough; his cult is fully explained, and his admirers need no longer worship the god of the garden in pretended ignorance of his being also god of the *lustrum*.

With fierce eloquence and startling plainness of speech, the author vividly describes the modern waltz and those who participate in it, and having first, in his preface, carefully excluded from his censure those who dance innocently, he proceeds in his remaining chapters to scathe most unmercifully those who do not. He regards the waltz, in its latest forms, as a purely sensual gratification—a view with which all who have witnessed its performance cannot fail to coincide. But he does more than speak generally of the "Social Basilisk," as he calls it; he enters into details, and describes with indignant fervor the "lewd posturing" that is to be seen in the ball-room, together with the moral ruin, desolation and death carried by it into homes otherwise happy and pure. This evil, the waltz, so insidious in its approach and influence, has existed long enough amongst us; it daily gains power through the sanction of Fashion, and Heaven only knows—though our author hints at it—what stage of legalized lubricity it may reach unless promptly attacked and slain. It has been preached at from the pulpit, but so mildly and man-fearingly that the sermon had better been left unwritten. It has been deprecated by the press, but so carelessly and time-servingly that nobody heeded. But Mr. Herman deals with the subject in a very different manner; he does not prate moral platitudes at us, but strikes boldly at the head and front of our offending. He shows us what is done, with the results of that doing, and leaves it to our consciences whether we ought to stop and consider or not. To his plainness of utterance we have already alluded; this will doubtless be used as a coign of vantage by those whose pet vice he assails. But what would you have? He must speak or be silent; he tells us that he *can* no longer remain silent, and adds: "I might as well talk to the winds as veil my ideas in sweet phrases when addressing people who it seems cannot descry the presence of corruption until it is held in all its putridity under their very nostrils." There is good reason to believe that William Herman is not the real, or, at least, the full name of the author of this book; a gentleman eminent in social and business circles here is said to be its parent. Very natural motives of delicacy may have led him to conceal his identity; but we can only regret that one who was fearless and honorable enough to deviate from his easy path of life and enter the lists against this abominable lust-idol—the waltz and its vast army of devotees—should have shrunk from the great ordeal—personal vituperation from the enemy. For there can be no doubt that the book will be violently assailed by those against whom its lightnings are hurled; the portraits he draws are too exact; not, perhaps, of individuals, but of classes; and the draught is too bitter altogether to be meekly swallowed by those for whose benefit it is prescribed. Many ladies, whose position and breeding should render them impassable and immovable, will doubtless lose their temper and confess their sin by their indignation. Many gentlemen, of oily manners and principles, will, of course, be indignant at finding a looking-glass in the pages of the "Dance of Death." But we nevertheless do plainly advise Mr. Herman, if that be not his true name, to publish another edition (for the present will soon be sold out) with his veritable prænomen, nomen, and cognomen upon the title page, and to fear-

lessly rely upon the support and countenance of all pure and honest men and women for his vindication. True, his book, we confess, is meat perhaps too strong for babes and sucklings, but it is one that should be read and pondered on by every parent and by every guardian of the morals of our youth, and if these profit by it, then so will the aforesaid babes through them. For sale at Bancroft's and Roman's.

### THE WAR IN EUROPE

Were Egypt to-day where Morocco now is, neither Great Britain nor any of the other European Powers would take very much interest in her. Like Tunis, she might decline to furnish the ten thousand troops demanded of her by the Porte, and, like Tunis, she might plead that she neither had the troops nor the money with which to raise and equip them, without any one caring. But there happens to be a silent highway traversing Egypt, called the Suez Canal, one-half of which is held personally by England, and the whole of which is the political care of the English Government, and jealously guarded by the whole commercial world. It is the connecting link between Western and Eastern waters, and therefore it is that Lord Derby's peremptory note to Russia, declaring that he would protect the inviolability of the transit, and not allow any fighting on its waters, became absolutely necessary; and therefore, as we read in yesterday's telegraphic dispatches, which, being from semi-official sources, have a semblance of truth about them, that Count Schouvaloff is dispatched to London with an answer to the Premier, wherein Gortschakoff treats successively of the Suez Canal and Egypt, of Constantinople, the Dardanelles and the Persian Gulf. The Prince acknowledges the international and commercial importance of the canal, and declares positively that Russia has no intention whatever to touch it. The Persian Gulf has never entered into their heads, and the Dardanelles should be under international control. As for Constantinople, whilst Russia has no idea of occupying it herself, she decidedly objects to any other nation taking possession of it. The letter winds up with the usual protestation of stopping as soon as the end is accomplished, and then calling the nations together to see what should be done next. Conceive—a thing not improbable—that before the Autumn the Russians are at Adrianople, in Europe, and at Trebizond, in Asia; that Austria occupies Bosnia and Herzegovina; that the British fleet is anchored in the Bosphorus—we should then have a realization of the programme of Count Sumarokoff of last September, wherein he advanced precisely the same position as a means of arriving at a satisfactory settlement of the question. Already there is talk of peace, but in fact this war must differ from all wars that have preceded it, if reports do not continually arrive of understandings, interferences or arrangements all tending to peace. At present the chief desire of the friends of peace is that the war should be limited to the two nations immediately engaged in it, and that any permanent occupation of European territory by Russia should directly be protested against; for the Empire of the Czar, seated at once on the Baltic in the North and the Mediterranean in the South, Europe would become a mere Western limb of the great Russian trunk. Therefore it is that the chief interest in the war centers in the Danubian provinces, whilst comparatively little attention is paid to the operations in Asia Minor. European soil is sacred in the eyes of the Western Powers, but there is a latent feeling that Asiatic barbarism would be none the worse if tempered a little by the civilization that attends Christian conquest. Again, Germany has too much at stake to permit permanent occupation, and the German Government could not, even if it would, support Russia. With all their rationalism, the Germans are intolerant Christians, and have little love for the Turks; but there is a point beyond which intolerance is put aside, and a war of conquest which might endanger Austria and Central Europe would engross the national indignation to the exclusion of matters of difference of creed.

The debate on Mr. Gladstone's resolutions in the British House of Commons, which resulted in a two-thirds majority for Her Majesty's government, brought out declarations in favor of peace from the Conservative as well as from the Liberal benches. The war party finds itself in a very

small minority. At the same time whatever hopes Russia and the sympathizers with her aggression may have found in Mr. Gladstone's previous speeches and pamphlets, were dashed to the ground by the general tone of the debate. But the whole sum and substance of the five days discussion was neutrality, "strict and severe neutrality." Both the Government and the Opposition declared themselves strongly in its favor. Every one knows what that means, and it is somewhat singular that the very day that the house rang with applause at reiterated neutral policy, Lord Derby sent off the somewhat menacing dispatch to Count Gortschakoff. However, it is to be hoped that the almost universal feeling in England for neutrality will prevail, although every decided advance of the Russian, or any decisive victory, would somewhat tend to lessen that peaceful sentiment. It is curious to notice the change of feeling with regard to Turkey. In the middle ages she was an object of terror, and she scarcely ceased to be so when she became an object of solicitude, and to-day Europe is as anxious to prevent her dismemberment as she formerly was to tear her to pieces.

The war languishes meanwhile, the most active operations being in the valley of the Euphrates. Kars invested, but not taken; Erzeroum threatened, but from a distance; Batoum attacked and the assailants repulsed; the Danube conveniently too high to cross, and debt rolling up enormously. Roumania, having yielded to Russian blandishments, is snubbed by the Power that has absorbed her, and Midhat Pasha is in daily expectations of his recall. War is now carried on in the presence of an innumerable body of spectators, and the terms "theater," "stage," or "scene of war" were never more appropriate. Travel and knowledge describe the nature of countries, however distant, and more is known of them to-day than any part of Europe during the wars of the first Napoleon. The rail and the telegraph have been wonderful aids to geography and intelligence.

#### A MODEST DEMAND.

It has been semi-officially stated by Russian journals that one of the conditions of peace which the Czar intends presently to impose upon Turkey will be *the transfer of the whole of the Ottoman fleet to Russia!* It is scarcely credible that there can be really such an intention latent in the Emperor's breast, but the existence of the rumor is significant of the assurance of conquest which animates the Russian mind. Treaties of peace, whenever the time may come for their contemplation, will hardly be arranged without the sense of the signatory powers of the treaty of Paris being taken, and it cannot be supposed that any of them, more especially Great Britain, will consent to a stipulation which would immediately have the effect of supplying Russia with a fleet numerically superior to that of any other nation. Russia at present possesses a navy of considerable strength, and if this were to be augmented by the magnificent Ottoman ironclads now under the orders of Admiral Hobart Pasha, the Dardanelles declared free to the passage of the Czar's vessels, and the port of Alexandretta also given up to them, Russia would hold a controlling influence in the Mediterranean which would be a constant menace to every European nation, and would necessitate the maintenance by several of them of largely increased forces.

The late successes of the Turks at the battle of Izabouffskikofficheff are accounted for in a very curious manner. Anticipating war, the Sultan sent over to Emerson Corville & Co., three months ago, for a thousand cases of the Red Cross Brand of Canned Salmon, from the catch of 1877. These were put up immediately at the Collinsville Cannery, and shipped to Turkey. The Bashi-Bazouks fed on this delicious salmon the morning of the battle, and this is the reason they fought so desperately. It is said that they cried out: "We fight to conquer and eat more fish." Emerson Corville & Co's office is at 415 Pine street.

### OUR WHEAT INDUSTRY.

From almost all parts of the State come more cheering reports of the Wheat Crop, which, we hope, will induce increased activity in commercial circles. Early in the season it seemed as if we should have had scarcely any wheat for export, whereas now we are assured that districts from which only half a crop was expected, will give an abundant yield, and in others, where an almost total failure appeared impending, at least half a crop will be harvested. Although the yield must be a long way behind that of last year, yet the prospects are that farmers will obtain much better prices. Immediately following the Czar's declaration of war, a great rise took place in the price of breadstuffs, and notwithstanding that, the rates have since receded; still the American producer may reasonably calculate upon realizing profits nearly, if not quite, double those of last season. The production of this staple, being one of the largest industries in the United States, it is a matter of congratulation that our farmers who are engaged therein should have the opportunity of commanding high prices from our friends across the Atlantic; yet it must not be forgotten that this good will not come entirely without some drawback. High prices for breadstuffs, although hailed with glee by the producer, are not so by the consumers, and the housewife is unable to perceive the benefits she derives from the war, when she has to pay \$10 instead of \$5 for a barrel of flour, or when, in exchange for a dollar, she receives twelve loaves instead of sixteen. Such prices will weigh most heavily upon the poorer classes in our large cities, and in this respect many Americans will bear their share of the evils arising from the European war.

Some few years ago, the blockading of the chief outlets of Russia and Turkey would have produced a serious effect upon the price of bread to the consumer, but India has lately entered the market, and even now claims the third place among the chief wheat producing countries of the world. The great valley or plain of the Indus, comprising what is known as the Punjab, and further south the basin of the Ganges, with its fertile district of Behar, contain a vast area admirably suited to the cultivation of this cereal. It might be supposed that the periods of drought to which India is subject would make it precarious to rely upon as a wheat producing country, but large districts have been placed under an extensive system of irrigation canals, constructed at an enormous cost by the Government, and when these are not available, means of irrigation can be put in action by wind-mills and wells; by these appliances large tracts of country can be efficiently supplied with water, sufficient to produce magnificent crops.

One of the causes of destitution and famine in India is the want of a better application of labor to agriculture. Hitherto the practice has been for each ryot to cultivate a small piece of ground for himself, hired labor being unusual, and when a failure of crops occurs in certain districts the people are without food or money to purchase, although in remote districts grain is abundant. The authorities have now under consideration an amelioration of this defect.

In view of the position India is likely to take as a wheat country, we think it worthy the attention of our farmers whether it is advisable to continue year after year putting their land to wheat. Year after year the surplus increases. The market for this surplus is England, yet it is evident England will buy no more than she requires, and will only buy from America so long as she cannot obtain it cheaper elsewhere; also, owing to the extreme cheapness of labor in India, and the rapidly improving means of transportation, it is fair to presume that in a few years that country will be able to supply England at rates which will drive the American producer out of the market. This is a condition where a protective tariff cannot help the American producer; he must not look to his Government for aid, but must protect himself, and this he can only do by turning his attention to some other kind of product. Fortunately for the Californian farmer, this State offers unequalled advantages of soil and climate, and leaves him almost unrestricted in his choice of produce wherewith to compete in the markets of the world.

**Mr. Smith**, the American poet-laureate, says: "Until the young heart of woman is capable of setting firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like a May shower, which makes rainbows, but fills no cisterns."



**HARRY MEIGGS' BANK-NOTES.**

The proposition made by Mr. Meiggs, some time since, to finish the Oroya Railroad, to carry it on to Cerro de Pasco, to construct a tunnel and work the mines of that region, known to abound in wealth almost of fabulous value, was received throughout Peru with satisfaction and delight. It was a proposition great and gigantic, displaying an unselfishness and a consideration for the country that elicited admiration everywhere. After great anxieties, after much delay, after many concessions detrimental to himself, the proposition of Mr. Meiggs was ultimately agreed to, as has been formally announced. Mr. Meiggs immediately commenced operations. Largely a creditor of the country, whose bonds he holds for millions, he was unable to procure the money wherewith to prosecute his mammoth plans. He transferred his contracts to the Public Works Company, of which he is the President, and, to facilitate the work, that Company issued, by authority of a special Government decree, notes to the amount of \$1,030,000, for which, as security, Mr. Meiggs lodged \$1,500,000 in the Government's own bonds, in addition to which the property of the Public Works Company was also pledged, the paid-up capital of that company being nearly three millions and a half.

In order to show the feeling towards Mr. Meiggs in Peru, it is only necessary to glance at the financial condition of that rich, though embarrassed country. The editor of the *South Pacific Times* says:

"The financial difficulties which beset Peru affect most seriously many persons unknown to the country who have invested their means in Peruvian securities, and who relied upon the good faith of the Republic to obtain the legitimate return they had a right to expect; and not a few, to our personal knowledge, have been reduced to a condition bordering on poverty because Peru has tarnished its own name, whilst the value of its bonds has become almost nominal. It may be unwelcome to Peruvians to know it, but it is nevertheless the fact, that Peru in Europe is now looked upon as a defaulting country; its credit is gone, and the withdrawal of its Legations from the chief European nations tends to heighten the feeling abroad that this country feels itself in disgrace. The payment of coupons may be resumed as arranged in 1880, but we own that we have not implicit confidence that it will be. We stand lost in character, and in poverty in the midst of wealth—a condition of things that has been brought about by gross mismanagement, by the corruption that is always inseparable from political intrigue, and by a reckless extravagance that cannot be reconciled with public honor. Credit is ruined abroad and is not sustained at home. The employes and other creditors of the Government cannot get paid; the very men who are engaged in the preservation of the public peace form not exceptions. Commerce has dwindled and is dwindling still; its twin-sister, Agriculture, suffers because of faulty legislation; public compacts are made by Government, according to law, and nullified, or rendered inoperative, by the caprice of a branch of the legislature, or through the timidity of the Executive; and, in the present gloom, there are parties who would deny us even the hope of discerning the silver lining in the cloud that overhangs us."

Since he has issued the new bank notes, secured as above described, a wonderful feeling of confidence has been revived. One writer, under the signature of "Aristides," says, alluding to his fight with the banks, who, of course, opposed the issue of the notes:

"Onward! onward! Mr. Meiggs, the whole nation is with you in this glorious battle, and looks on with pride, sure of your ultimate triumph. Thousands of laborers are enlisting, to hasten to your call, to resume those gigantic tasks, paralyzed by the fatality of circumstances. The work of your watchings and labors is as yet unfinished, but thanks to your constant and persevering efforts, the whole nation will soon behold a beautiful and marvelous spectacle, the scaling of the elevated mineral regions of Cerro de Pasco by the locomotive, the symbol of progress proudly waving its black and vapory plume; and will soon hear that powerful voice in the midst of these vast treasure halls, fully realizing the national aspirations. And grateful posterity will inscribe your name in the book of history as one of the most indefatigable laborers of progress and benefactors of mankind."

**Music of the Past.**—The European concert.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**Moles and Their Worm-stores.** In a tract of meadow land in Norfolk, England, which lies below the level of a tidal river, and which is therefore preserved from being submerged by artificial embankments, the mole is not infrequent; and in preparation for the appearance of young ones stores of fresh meat, in the shape of worms, have been laid up under hills, larger than ordinary mole-hills, but in the open marsh, which an experienced eye readily recognizes. The mole-catcher is employed to poison moles, and the food in which he puts his poison is the common earth worm. Sooner than spend his time digging for these on the upland, he had come down on the marsh to rob the mole's larders, and he hit on these with the sagacity of a terrier sniffing at a rabbit's burrow, and did not open a hill in vain while I was with him. He chose the largest hills which were on the highest spots on the marsh, and opening one in my presence, he laid bare a round cavity, the sides of which were beaten hard by the mole, so as to prevent the worms from attempting to pierce their way out. Inside this there was *nearly a quart of fine worms*, quite free from any admixture of soil, each worm apparently tied up in a coil or knot, yet all alive. Upon being dragged out of the place in which they had been stored, the worms began to wriggle away; but the mole-catcher put them into the box he carried, and took away his prize. Is this habit of the mole generally known among naturalists? It seems to argue a reflective faculty, great as in the beaver, that the mole should prepare a prison in which worms can be kept alive.—*Field*.

**We may congratulate ourselves**, says the *Japan Ecclesiast*, that there is one town in England where three sensible men are to be found in that section of the population that is not secular. At Adlington, in Lancashire, the foundation stone of the chapel of a new cemetery was laid, and speeches were delivered by the Vicar, the Roman Catholic Priest, and the Independent Minister. Of course, three chapels might have been built at the expense of the rate-payers; but the rate-payers, after apparently contributing enough money, asked the Burial Board to build only one chapel, to be used by all in "the denominations." The Burial Board having to deal with a clergy so moderate, complied with the request, and hence the solution of the Burials Question in Adlington. Adlington is not a Parliamentary borough, but it ought to be, whatever its size and its population may be. A village which, by common consent, can agree upon the settlement of a vital question which appears incapable of reasonable solution to Peers and Bishops, would contribute a new element of strength to Parliament.

**The Iron Trade.**—Our Sheffield correspondent telegraphs that the New York *Iron Age*, of April 19th, received to-day, is reliably informed that in addition to the orders for hoop iron recently given to England, a Californian order for 2,000 tons of plates has just been awarded to English manufacturers in the face of American competition, the tariff, and freights. These facts show that the American market is not yet closed to us.—*English Paper*.

**The painter Courbet**, rather than remain in perpetual exile, has consented to pay the 300,000 francs to which he was condemned for pulling down the column in the Place Vendôme. The Court, after much discussion, has given him time to pay by annual installments of 10,000 francs, so that it will take thirty years to liberate himself. The executions on his pictures and other property in France are withdrawn.

**The annual report** of the Lima Railways Company states as follows: "The sum of £15,865, plus £3,708 brought forward from last year, being available for distribution amongst the proprietors, the directors recommend that a dividend be declared of 2 per cent., which will absorb £16,000 and leave £3,573 to be carried forward."

**The small, finely-flavored American herrings**, which have been very rare for some 30 years, are being caught along the coast this season in great numbers. The seines are sometimes sunk 75 fathoms for them, and often 100 or more barrels are caught in a night.

**Little Susie**, looking at some pictures of winged angels, exclaimed: "Mamma, I don't want to be an angel." "Why not, dear?" "Humph! Leave off all my pretty clothes; and wear feeders like a hen!"

SPRING.

Flowers doff their wee green hoods; Grasses throb beneath her feet;  
 Smiling Spring is coming! Fairy Spring is dancing;  
 Leaflets whisper through the woods, At each step the blossoms sweet,  
 Bees begin their humming; Shyly are up-glancing;  
 And the swallows, flying low, And her sun-warm kisses fall  
 Sing as nestward swift they go: Tenderly upon them all,  
 Smiling Spring is coming! Beauties rare enhancing.

From their ice-bound quivers streams Rain drops down like scattered sheaf  
 Loosed by Spring's untying, Of silver wheat from heaven;  
 Shoot o'er earth with silver gleams, Spring laughs thro' the dainty grief  
 Like quick arrows flying; To surly Winter given,  
 Piercing meadow, rock and reed, And turns the rain to shining pearls,  
 Murmuring as they onward speed: And over all her flag unfurls  
 Iceland's king is dying. In rainbow colors seven.

Tears and smiles together shine;  
 Changeful Spring is nearing;  
 Is it sense of the divine  
 Human heart is fearing?  
 Ah! I know not what it is,  
 But a sadness veils the bliss  
 Born of Spring's appearing.

—Pub. Opinion.

**Oakland Lies.**—It is not true that Walter Turnbull does not enjoy a tandem drive.—That the Grand Central was considered an elephant until it came into the present management.—That "Shorty," of Miller, Grinnell & Co., is little, but thinks he is good.—That Charles Pollard intends discontinuing the management of the *Tribune*.—That Doc Woolsey exhibits great anxiety to form a matrimonial alliance.—That Van Voorhes enjoys that new and fascinating game known as "Laughing Jack."—That W. Clayton enjoys evening rides to Haywards.—That Jacob Lobenstein echemes the Oakland Israelites.—That Nick Williams' oysters are genuine Saddlerocks.—That Haskins anticipates severing his connection with the C.P.R.R.—That Geo. Henry and Johnny Whiteman obtained the services of the San Quentin hair-dresser on their last cut.—That Campbell, of the C.P.R.R., during his leisure hours indulges frequently in evening rides with Brooklyn damsels.—That Dr. Parker appears to walk on eggs.—That Harry Blasdel desires a position as operator in the W. U. Office.—That Slate and party did not enjoy dove hunting at Santa Cruz, or that they were unprovided with a proper amount of juice to keep off the mosquitoes.—That Charley Smith has become disgusted with the underwear biz.—That Sam Prather bears a strong resemblance to an exponent of the P.R. since his late tonsorial experience.—That John Marsh gives great promise of becoming a reputable expounder of Blackstone.—That the entrance to Dr. Merritt's new building resembles the entrance to the Catacombs of Rome.—That Bacon, of the "Palace of Sweets," has the remotest idea of taking unto himself a wife.—That the proprietor of the Nichols Restaurant has dispensed with the services of colored waiters—thinks it's too fine.—That small boys on the Sabbath cry out: "I say, hat! Where are you going, Tibbetts?"—That Stockton has particularly great charms for Dr. Fowler.—That Geo. Henry considers a change of air occasionally conducive to his health.—That Gus Hackett is at all familiar with telegraphy.—That dice shaking possesses any peculiar charms for C. Marston.—That Billy Grasso's retirement from the hardware business is accountable from the fact of his having a better thing in S. F.—That Charley Bonney's idleness is in any way traceable to his late disappointment in love.

**Remarkable Phenomenon.**—For three whole days in one week, lately, there was not a single birth in Naples, out of a population of 500,000 souls. This would not be tolerated in America.

## ARCTIC NECESSITIES.

The report of the Admiralty committee appointed to inquire into the causes of the breathing and of scurvy in the late British Arctic expedition has been presented to Parliament, and has resulted in a very general condemnation of the commander of the expedition, Captain Sir George Nares, to whose obstinacy it is attributed to find in the recommendation of the medical officers that lime-juice should be regularly served out to the men, the underlying condition of the scurvy of the *Alert* and *Despatch*, and the consequent necessity for their withdrawal from the frozen regions, the failure of the expedition is now attributed. The chief surgeon, First Lord of the Admiralty, with much natural and honest indignation, resented the highly improper manner in which certain questions concerning the committee and their report were lately put to him by one of the Irish members; but in spite of his good-natural partiality it has become too evident that Sir George Nares committed a very grave error in judgment in disregarding the advice of the medical officers in the subject of the administration of lime-juice. A London weekly paper, noted more for the sharpness and violence of its attacks than for their justice, says that Captain Nares, "with ignorant self-conceit, treated his medical advisers with contempt." This we believe to be an entirely unwarrantable charge. Captain Nares is an officer of high distinction, and during a long career of public usefulness in his profession, has endeared himself to all who have had the pleasure to serve with him. In this opinion we shall have the hearty assent of hundreds of officers who passed through Captain Nares' hands when he was First Lieutenant of the training ship *Boscawen*, and his departure from the *Challenger*, in 1874, to take command of the Arctic expedition, was a source of regret to every officer and man in the ship. Our contemporary is much to blame for making such a violent and random attack upon an officer, who, however he may have erred in judgment, is entirely incapable of such dis-courteous and arrogant conduct as he is in its columns so wantonly accused of. The lesson the report of the Arctic committee teaches is very valuable, especially as at this time several expeditions—notably one under the command of the late commander of the *Palace*—are about to be prepared for the purpose of clearing up the mystery which still surrounds the Pole. It is established beyond any reasonable doubt that lime-juice is absolutely a necessity as a ration for men who are called upon to undergo the rigors of an Arctic winter, with its concomitant hardship of the want of fresh provisions, and the necessity of breathing the impure air of a confined lower deck, during the long and unavoidable period of hibernation.

Can a wife steal her husband's property? This question recently arose before the English Court for the consideration of Crown cases reserved, where only criminal causes are heard. The prisoner, who has been a police constable, was convicted of receiving stolen money and goods, which he knew had been stolen from the prosecutor, an inkkeeper at Burslem. The theft was alleged to have been committed by the inkkeeper's wife. She had undoubtedly left her husband's house, secretly, and without his consent, carrying away with her about \$700 of his money, his gold watch, and other articles, which she transferred to the prisoner. But his counsel contended that there could be no felonious receiver of stolen goods, without there first being a thief, and that the conviction was wrong because a married woman could not in law steal the goods of her husband. The Court so held, and quashed the conviction, saying that although the goods were taken by the wife, they were not stolen; that husband and wife were one, and "it would be a violation of the law of England to hold that a wife could steal her husband's goods."

Mr. C. S. Samuell, a London deputy-coroner, recently opened an inquest as to the death of a shipping clerk named Williams. Some days previously two doctors took from him six ounces of blood, and infused it into the body of another man who was in a critical state. Williams, who was 32 years of age, volunteered submission to the operator. The man into whom the blood was infused also died. The inquiry was adjourned.



[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

**The T. C.** presents his compliments to the aggregate alliterative asses of the daily press who compose sensational top heads for the brilliant articles which are so conspicuous a feature of modern journalism, and respectfully suggests to them that they should temporarily give the public a rest from the monotonous announcements of "Furiously Flaming Fires" and "Sombre Scenes of Sadness." It would be a pleasant change also if the writers of *exposes* would couch their ideas in thieves' language, because the class of persons which dotes on these bestialities, offered to the community as news, understands the dialect perfectly, whereas, to respectable persons, the narrative would be, happily, unintelligible. Thus, in describing a row on Waverly Place, the active reporter might say: "The clapper-clawing between Snaggle-tooth Sal and her cully-gorger originated as follows: His nibs had recked roof shants of bivvy and was badly blewed. After quilting Sal on her paste-horn till she napped her bib, he biffed her on her peckalley, but the slop clumped him on his lump of lead till he quit his giffle-gaffle and squawked like a murkarker. He tried to take beef in vain, and now he dosses on the meat-safe at the toll-house. He is the identical kiddy who slammed his snick-a-snee into Sawney's pipkin owt kews ago." This will doubtless be the next advance of literary enterprise in America.

**General Tom Thumb**, we see by the papers, has appropriately gone "short" on 500 shares of Ophir. The advantages of being short have already impressed themselves upon that atom of humanity through a well-filled bank account. Our thrifty friends of "the street," however, have a way of "taking in" people's figure that will doubtless give the General some new ideas. The other morning the magician, Cazeneuve, visited the Big Board. As it was during informal session, he was persuaded to do a few little tricks, such as making silver dollars mysteriously vanish, and extracting rabbits from the hats of the genial thieves who surrounded him. In a few moments he was seen going down Montgomery street in a hack, minus his dollars, his watch, his studs, his overcoat and his rabbits. Five minutes later lots had been cast for his raiment and valuables, and his rabbits were being broiled in a Leidesdorff street restaurant. The wizard escaped with his life, which is something, and he now goes to and from his performances in a burglar-proof safe, mounted on a furniture wagon.

**Great agitation** prevailed in this city on the publication of an item to the effect that Mr. George Smith, the clerk of the Palace Hotel, had lost his eyebrows, whiskers and mustache through the explosion of an alcohol cigar-lighter. The *T. C.* tore down Montgomery street, and knocked down three colored stewards and a jeweled bell-boy in his frantic efforts to see the sufferer and alleviate his pains. Bevvies of weeping young ladies and sad guests blocked the approaches to Mr. Smith's room, and it is estimated that there was over a ton of lint, flour and sweet oil on the landing outside. When Mr. Smith emerged, shining, faultless, hirsute, brilliant, and fresh as a maiden in May, and explained that there were other Smiths in the world beside himself (the one in question being a steward on the palatial staff), a great burst of joy went up from the anxious crowd, and the pallid cheeks of a hundred fair damsels glowed again with roses as they murmured with trembling lips, "Thank Heavens, Mr. Smith's whiskers are safe!"

**Nothing can apparently** be done nowadays without a club, and the latest imbecility is the formation of a swimming club, which numbers among its officers a sergeant-at-arms. Whether this individual swims on his back with a cocked rifle in his hand, or carries a sword between his teeth as he turns somersaults in the water, it is impossible to say, but the creation of the office will not surprise the average Californian, who has long been accustomed to be introduced to juvenile secretaries of dancing societies and fourteen-year-old presidents of debating clubs. It is a rare thing to meet a boy just breeched who has not been on a committee of some sort, and by the time he leaves college the stripling usually carries three or four insignia or badges of societies whose secrets are deep as Tartarus. A sergeant-at-arms of a swimming club is good.

Just as the Pacific Mail Steamer, the *Constitution*, was about starting for Panama yesterday noon, a District Messenger boy was observed frantically tearing along the gang-plank, and from thence up on the paddle-box, where the Captain stood. That magnificent gold-laced official paused in sending orders to the pilot on a silver salver, and languidly opened the note handed him by the panting youth. It read: "Dear Mr. Captain: My Chinaman just tells me that it will be impossible to send my fluted petticoats home before Monday morning. I am very sorry, but as I couldn't think of sailing without them, you will please keep the steamer back a day or two. In great haste: Janie Ellen Skipley. P. S.—I suppose I can take my black-and-tan in the state-room with me? Have you any bird-seed on board?" With a loud shriek, the Captain stood on his official head, and was carried to his room foaming at the mouth. They will keep ice on his brain until they reach the Tartar Shoals.

The export statistics show that England is now consuming large quantities of American fruit. If this does not get us even with "perfidious Albion" and square up any little overdue balances anent the *Alabama* matter, we are mistaken. John Bull may cherish the delusion that his hurrah over our late President—what's his name—Grant, will subdue the shriek of the American eagle to a gratified "cluck;" but when he feels the unrelenting grasp of our prehistoric dried-apple pie at his vitals he will indeed know what diabolical vengeance we are capable of. We are informed that at the Marlborough House dinner to our retired ring-master "many American dishes were served," and that "the Prince was visibly affected" during his speech. The "apple sss" in his stomach was doubtless too much for the emotion at his heart. If we can only get some California cherries across the water the other Powers can raffle off the Suez canal as soon as they have a mind to.

It is announced that several pedestrians will shortly walk a hundred miles for the benefit of the widow of an heroic fellow who has just lost his life. The idea is, to say the least, an eccentric one, but should it become popular we may expect to read of Howard Coit standing on his head all day for the benefit of two orphan children, or the Board of Supervisors climbing a greasy pole to raise funds to pay the expenses of the Water Commissioners. Presuming that sweet charity is evolved from these performances, it is possible no one's right to question their fitness, but we hope that a benign Providence will close our labors in this sphere before we are compelled to see Alick Badlam in a song and dance, or to witness a friendly mill with the gloves between Senators Jones and Sargent for the benefit of a female hospital or a founding out of luck.

Miss Soldene's vocal aperture seems to have wrested forth all the cheap wit of the town. One gangrened individual writes to us, complimentingly, that he is disturbed in his contemplation of that actress's new charming costume of "Eve before the Fall," by the imminent danger of her opening her mouth, and entirely hiding the upper position of her figure. He suggests adding a valise lock, which will also mercifully prevent the prima donna from singing. He solemnly avers that when Madame l'Archiduc smiles the gallery can see what she has had for dinner. This slander unmistakably emanates from some snubbed admirer, whose grievance is that he hasn't yet succeeded in observing what the fair singer has for supper.

Rumor hath it that a distinguished San Francisco journalist will shortly leave for Paris. He has, it is said, received the following letter from President MacMahon: "Mi dear Con: A croisais ontoirely onpracedented in my varst experience as a politician is shwaping over mi beloved counthry. Yure frindly advoice at this toime is most nicissary to the salvashun of France, and o'd be glad, mi boy, if ye'd lave the cogarrinooies in California and jine me privy council as Minishter of Warr. Yure illigant pin and yure moighty sword are all that I reloi on now to defate the machinashuns of the Lift." The compliment, though a very high one, is fully deserved by the spirited young gentleman to whom it is addressed.

A heavy petroleum capitalist, named Prentice, is said to have suspended in New York. Should he not rather be termed a *light* capitalist? Had Mr. Prentice's ile abilities been greater, his liabilities would have been less. Slightly feeble this, but consider the heat.

**Ninety-nine in the shade** is not a pleasant temperature for the ubiquitous *Chronicle* man to get items in, so last Monday he determined to take a day off. Dr. Swan was considerably surprised on entering the Morgue to find the gentleman who usually represents the "live" paper at inquests stretched out on a slab in a state of nature, with two attendants packing him in ice. With his usual coolness, he informed the Coroner that he intended to write an article about the advantages of ice as a refrigerator, and he would be pleased if the Doctor would order him a brandy smash as cold as possible, and with plenty of mint in it. This is what some people would call *sang-froid*.

**At a camp meeting** in Tennessee one of the chief howlers became so "happy" that he sprang from the platform, and, falling on a deacon, broke three of his ribs and a shoulder-blade. Such behavior demands protective measures. If preachers are liable to become insane when promulgating the word, congregations will be scarcer than ever. We suggest, therefore, that straight-jackets should form a portion of every minister's ecclesiastical costume, particularly when the preacher is one of those zealots who harangue gatherings in the fields. When a man becomes dangerously happy self-preservation demands the use of restrictive appliances, either in or out of the pulpit.

**Considering** the decidedly cultured taste of the San Francisco public for good music, is it not queer that a great number of the audiences that have attended the performance of *Chilperic* by the Soldene troupe have left the theater at the conclusion of the first act? The latter portion of the opera is full of excellent music, while there is but one specially interesting number in the initial act, namely, Chilperic's invocation to the Druid High Priestess. Can it possibly be that the lithe, voluptuous dancing of the seductive Slater is, after all, more attractive than the music?

**An irate cushion-smiter** of a popular tabernacle thinks Ingersoll's name ought to be changed to Injuresouls. He adds that he regards him as the actual Antichrist referred to in the New Testament, and considers that wherever he lectures thousands of souls are lost. Probably what is most affected by his visit is the contribution-box. The sale of pews is also likely to drop off, so that, on the whole, Col. Ingersoll may be looked on as a bear in the religious stock market, much addicted to selling gospel shares short.

**Grand Duke Nicholas** says he is going to parade the streets of Constantinople with the double-headed eagle floating over the Golden Horn. The *T. C.* would prefer the Grand Duke's bringing some of his double eagles through the Golden Gate, and will guarantee that their supremacy shall not be disputed. At a time when the sight of a five-cent piece awakens a thrill of delight in a stockbroker's bosom, it is pleasant to know that twenty-dollar pieces are not utterly obsolete, even though they are far, far away.

**We recently pointed out** the absurdity of expecting stocks to rise until the last clergyman had left off dabbling in mining scrip, and now comes an *expose* of a whole congregation and a pastor whose hopes of heaven were insignificant compared to their expectations of profit from the *Advance* mine. The Howard Presbyterian Church should in future have the latest market quotations read after the first hymn, and the fluctuations posted on the church door in a conspicuous place.

**It was a matter of surprise** to many who visited our sanctum during the recent hot weather to find that it was perfectly cool, although a blazing sun was pouring in at the windows. The secret is a very simple one. A friendly barber opposite us, who has studied anatomy and astrology at a German University, kindly placed a piece of ice in our thermometer. We have felt cool ever since.

**A woman in Borneo** is said to have married an ape. The editor of the paper containing the announcement affects horror at the occurrence. Why so, ink-spiller? Christian women are not reprobated, yet they continually marry jackasses!

**A female scribe** avers that our "young men are nothing more than clowns." Sister, we differ. From the present style our juvenile masculines are nearly all pantaloons.

## THE WEATHER.

I hung the glass tube in the shade,  
 And as the liquid silver rose,  
 I stood in horror, while my heart  
 Ran, melted, to my very toes.  
 Grown desperate then, I seized the glass,  
 And hung it in the sun's full glow—  
 The mercury shot through the top  
 And scaled high heaven, for all I know.

The sheep, while grazing in the fields,  
 Became roast mutton on the spot;  
 The dogs tried vainly to go mad—  
 'Twas too confounded, *devilish* hot!  
 No water could be had to drink—  
 It boiled in every stream and pool;  
 The very ice within one's punch  
 Did scorch the lips it ought to cool.

No business stirred; stocks stood stock-still;  
 The Bulls were bully boys no more;  
 The Bears went bare—such heat, they said,  
 Was barely ever seen before;  
 The shopman dropped his measuring stick,  
 And took to measuring, by the pail,  
 How much his unaccustomed paunch  
 Could hold of claret-cup and ale.

But, ah! a change comes o'er the scene;  
 The weather-clerk at length is just;  
 He gives us back our native wind,  
 He gives us back our native dust;  
 And when we've caught the fleeting hat,  
 And wiped the sand from out our eyes,  
 We take our liquor straight again,  
 And feel our drooping spirits rise.

For, as the mercury goes down,  
 The Teter-board of stocks ascends;  
 The merchant pulls his breeches on,  
 And to his daily labor wends;  
 And through the fog and wind and dust  
 We thank our stars, with wholesome pride,  
 That though our climate may be queer,  
 It's what it is and naught beside.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The financial exhibit of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, submitted at the annual meeting of stockholders held in New York May 30th, shows the following figures:

	May 31, 1876.	April 30, 1877.
Liabilities.....	\$2,231,921	\$1,242,504
Assets.....	228,842	424,483
Excess Liabilities.....	\$2,003,079	\$818,021

The President, William P. Clyde, in his report, after detailing the ships of the company in active service, says, in closing his report, that, looking at the situation and prospects of the company, my judgment is that there is a prosperous business before it, and with due attention to such business and any fair treatment on the part of the Government, it will, within a comparatively short period, resume its place among the dividend paying stocks—a place it has not held since the year 1869.

Verily, who can tell whether the streets of San Francisco are paved with cobble-stones, or cobbled with paving-stones?



### A PLAIN REMEDY.

A certain member of the British House of Commons has given notice of his intention to bring before the House a bill for the better regulation of etiquette and order in the conduct of debates. Although it is almost incredible to the American mind, it would seem that even in that high temple of wisdom and oratory scenes of considerable disorder and even impropriety occasionally occur during the progress of a discussion involving matters of more than ordinary interest. The time-honored method by which a "right honorable gentleman" obtained leave to address the House was that he should first "catch the Speaker's eye;" but this has long practically fallen into desuetude. A debate conducted on such a principle would be hopelessly interminable, as every individual member in the House might insist upon his right to address it. So it has been customary of late years that the President (or Speaker) should select from each side of the House alternately those gentlemen who desire to address it, using his discretion in such selection, and naturally giving precedence to men of known ability and parliamentary influence. This course, however, sometimes gives rise to a good deal of dissatisfaction, especially amongst members who have not attained any high senatorial position, and so are often compelled to go unheard, or else to speak during the hours between 7 o'clock and 10, when the House is comparatively empty. It is now proposed to ask for a Select Committee to inquire into the possibility of improving this system. In the case of such a Committee being appointed they will surely invite General Grant to permit himself to be examined on the subject, and will, if they be wise, remodel the entire procedure of Parliament on the basis of the system which works so admirably in our own Congress, both as regards the quiet and orderly method of debate and the rapid dispatch of business.

### BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

At the general meeting, held March 20th, the following report was read: The directors, in submitting to the shareholders the statement of account for the half year ending December 31st last, have to report that, after paying all charges, deducting rebate of interest on bills not due, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, the balance at the credit of profit and loss account at that date was £15,763 13s., which they propose to appropriate as follows, viz: £12,110 in payment of a dividend for the half year of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., free of income tax, making, with the previous distributions,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the year 1876; adding £2,500 to the reserve fund, which will then amount to £35,000; and leaving \$1,153 13s. to be carried forward. Statement of liabilities and assets at head office and branches, December 31st, 1876: Liabilities—Capital paid up, £346,000; reserve fund, £32,500; deposits, notes in circulation, bills payable, and other liabilities, £474,438 8s. 6d.; balance of profit and loss account on December 31st, 1876, £15,763 13s.—total, £868,702 1s. 6d. Assets—Specie and bullion on hand and cash at bankers, £142,962 19s. 4d.; bills discounted, bills receivable, and other securities, £697,842 8s. 9d.; bank premises, furniture and other property, £27,896 13s. 5d.—total £868,702 1s. 6d. Profit and loss account—Dr. Charges to December 31st, 1876, including rent, salaries and other expenses at head office and branches, £9,069 16s. 3d.; amount written off bank premises and furniture, £717 1s. 11d.; directors' fees, £800; balance at date proposed to be dealt with as follows: dividend (26th) for the last half year at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., £12,110; reserve fund, £2,500; carried to profit and loss, new account, £1,153 13s.—total, £26,350 11s. 2d. Cr. Balance brought from last account, £1,061 7s.; profit for six months ending December 31st, 1876, after deducting rebate of interest on bills not due, £25,289 2s. 2d.—total, £26,350 11s. 2d.

Little Tim Lee, the tailor, had long loved in secret big Sal Dakers. One evening he went along to her mother's to ask her hand. He got it, too; and although it is two months since, Tim declares that ear feels hot yet.

## CONTRACTS FOR THE NEW CITY HALL

ARCHITECT'S OFFICE, 330 Pine Street, S. F., June 11th, 1877.

*George Thomas, Esq., Secretary the Hon. the New City Hall Commissioners:*

Dear Sir:—I have again to call the Commissioners' attention to the management of the New City Hall construction, and the contracts for the Plumbers and Gasfitters' work, as advertised and about to be given out, for the following reasons, viz.:

1. There are no specifications presented by the Commissioners to mechanics on which to base a bid, or that they can deem intelligible and fair to all concerned.

2. If a bid be based on the schedule—the only document submitted to bidders—it should have stated the *quantity* in each item to be supplied, in order to decide fairly who is the lowest bidder.

3. The system proposed to be adopted is not generally employed in the building trade on which to base a contract, and will constantly be open to disputes and subsequent arbitration.

4. The system for such particular work as Plumbing and Gasfitting, and keeping account of the items during the execution, as called for by the schedule, will require a separate superintendent to each mechanic and his helper.

5. No honest man will take an open contract drawn in this way without specific stipulations, and with such opportunities for fraud. *open contra*, will have imposed on him by an unfriendly administration of the schedule, by calling for larger quantities than at first intended, and put by the contractor, for this reason, at a low price, or much smaller quantities than intended put at a paying price, thereby in either case causing his ruin: the system, therefore, proposed by the Commission, if adopted, will only be viewed as a friendly arrangement, whether it be so or not, to favor some special contractor, and will be so imputed to some party or parties by the public.

6. Iron gas-pipe should be used in lieu of galvanized iron, thereby effecting a saving of 25 per cent. at least. When it is considered that Messrs. Stanford, Crocker and Hopkins, in their costly mansions, used iron pipe, it is believed that this material is all-sufficient, and was so intended by me. Then, again, the process of galvanizing takes the life and toughness out of the iron, and renders it liable in an earthquake country to be disjointed and otherwise injured, and a constant expense to plastering and woodwork, and its subsequent replacement with the proper and inexpensive material.

7. There is no percentage kept back from contractors, in the terms of the schedule, to insure the proper and faithful fulfillment of the work.

In view of the foregoing, I strongly advise the Hon. the Commissioners to abandon the system proposed, and draw up proper specifications and plans showing the *quantity*, so that contractors can put in, on equal terms, intelligent bids. To do this the Board will have to reject the present ones and readvertise the work. There will then be a fair number of bidders in competition, instead of two, as in the present instance.

I remain, respectfully and truly yours,

(Signed)

AUGUSTUS LAVER, Architect.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. Looking through the catalogue of a recent large sale I have been much struck by the oddity of the items—20 ounces of silver, 300 dozen of wines, diamond-bracelets, necklaces, and gem-rings in great variety. So far so good. But it seems odd to think that the 'personal wardrobe' of the owner of such possessions as these—the very clothes he wore daily, the habit in which he lived—should have come under the auctioneer's hammer. 'Lot 451. Eighty-five 16-inch turn-down collars, 55 stand up ditto, and 24 pairs of gloves, various. Lot 468. Three steel shoe-horns, pair of nail-scissors, 2 pairs of glove-stretchers, leather collar-box, and morocco-leather cigar-case. Lot 471. Six stuffed pin-cushions, covered in muslin, and two muslin table-covers.' I suppose the executors acted according to their instructions; but it does seem odd that such little personal effects went under the hammer and were not distributed among the dead man's friends—if he had any.

**Queen Victoria, Empress of Canada.**—The loyal Canadians desire that the good Queen Victoria, in addition to her other honors, shall assume the title of Empress of Canada. Well, the United States will certainly make no objection. Indeed, we shall rejoice to have the name of so excellent and amiable a lady more closely connected than it is at present with the American continent; and in future years, when our neighbors across the St. Lawrence find it to their interest to seek a resting place in the community of States, no person will be more cheerfully welcomed as a citizen of the Republic than the first lady of the Dominion.—*New York Herald*, May 5th.

## USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

[FROM THE BRITISH TRADE JOURNAL.]

**Quite a small sensation** was caused in ironmaking circles by the announcement that orders for 24,000 tons of iron strip for cotton-baling purposes had been placed in England by the Americans. Appearing as this statement did in the *Iron Age*, a journal which is regarded as an authority on matters relative to the American iron trade, but few doubts were entertained as to its authenticity. After such incessant talk about the hopelessness of British iron firms against competing successfully with their rivals in the States the news could but be welcome, and naturally enough the most was made of it. There was a certain amount of truth in the statement, and that is all that can be said. Instead of that contract amounting to 24,000 tons, a sixth of that quantity constituted the order, which, it turns out, was distributed among four houses—the Chillington Iron Company, of Wolverhampton; the Wheelock Company, near Runcorn; the Pelsall Company, and Messrs. Maybury & Co., of Manchester. The *Iron Age* may take credit to itself for throwing its *proteges*, the American ironmasters, into a terrible fluster, and creating delusive, if transient, hopes among their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. However, there is after all a solid grain of comfort in the fact that a few thousand tons of iron should have been ordered: it shows that, extravagantly handicapped as they are, British firms are not completely out of the race nor disposed to let the Pittsburgh manufacturers walk over for all the prizes.

**New revelations** of the possibilities in quick transportation of freight across the American continent have, says the *New York Tribune*, been recently made. A few weeks ago six car-loads of tea were transferred from San Francisco to New York in 13 days by the Baltimore and Ohio line. This time has just been beaten by 20 car-loads of silk, tea, and fancy articles from Peking, which left San Francisco on March 20th by the Central and Union Pacific and Ohio route (continental fast freight line), and arrived at New York on March 30th, at 6 P.M. The train passed St. Louis March 27th, Cincinnati March 27th, Parkersburg on the 29th, and Baltimore on the 30th, at 9:20 A.M. It made the unprecedented fast time for a freight train of 10 days across the continent. The freight was consigned to certain well-known New York firms, but about one-half of the total shipment went on to London. All the goods were from China and Japan, and their total value was very large. This fast freight train is an experiment made to show the English importers from China and Japan that the trans-American route offers them the best and speediest conveyance of their Oriental purchases.

**Cigarette smoking** across the Atlantic has come so much into fashion of late years that the business of the cigar makers has seriously declined. Numbers of cigarettes are made in the States, but the largest quantity comes from Havana, the wares being principally smuggled, as the duties are very heavy—a bundle of 1,000 packages of cigarettes, which are bought for £9 in Havana, costing £36 by the time the Customs dues are paid, as the cigarettes are taxed each one separately, and no longer by the bundle. The best Cuban cigarettes are made from the scraps of the cigar factories wrapped either in thick coarse white Spanish paper, which burns with a strong smell, or the delicate French rice paper, which has no smell, and is so pure that a lighted sheet thrown into the air leaves hardly any ash. The purest and most delicious wrapper, however, is said to be the thin inner husk of Indian corn.

**The different systems of rifles** in use in the Russian army are the following: Carl, Krink, and Berden. The revolvers are those of Smith and Vesson. Russians say that their armament is equal to that of the Prussian army. The Turkish infantry is armed with Henri Martini rifles of American manufacture, weighing 10½ lbs. without the bayonet, and 11½ lbs. with. Many Sniders have the Snider; but it is heavier by ¾ lbs. than the English Snider, and weighs 13 lbs. with the yatagan. They have also some Remingtons. The cavalry has the Winchester rifled carbine (revolving carbine), which weighs 10 lbs. without cartridges, and 10½ lbs. with 15 cartridges. All the dragoons have this weapon; but in the Uhlans only the flank troops have them.

**Specimens** of a new style of corrugated iron for building purposes have been submitted by an Austrian engineer named Pitze to the Austrian Association of Architects and Engineers. The chief novelty in Pitze's patent is the shape of the corrugations, the walls of each being higher than their distance from each other, and having a vertical profile when the corrugated sheet is placed horizontally. This vertical position of walls of each groove enables the corrugated sheet to bear its maximum load, and thus to fit it for general use in construction.

**The growth** of commercial enterprise in Italy, of which, during the last few years there have been many proofs, augurs well for the future of that highly-favored land. We note as an instance of such enterprise that the Rubattino Royal Mail Steam Company have lately established a new line of vessels between London and India. The pioneer steamship of this line, the *Malabar*, left Genoa for London on the 3rd ult. to collect cargo for Colombo, Madras, and Calcutta.

**The last official returns** of the War Ministry of Russia show that in the army of the Czar are 29,174 officers, and 742,645 non-commissioned officers and soldiers, of whom 79 per cent. are infantry, 88 per cent. cavalry, 11.1 per cent. artillery, and 2.1 per cent. engineers. Russians say that they can raise at any time two millions and a half of men exclusive of the national militia (*opoltschenie*), which, by the bye, is not good for much.

**The Shipping Company** of the Danube, with its capital of 25,203,000 gulden, had for 1876 an income about 2,400,000 florins higher than in 1875. A total amortization of 1,700,000 florins will be made, and somewhat more than 3 per cent. dividends paid, while in 1875 it paid but 2 per cent., and amortised nothing at all. The course that its ships pursue spreads over 3,000 English miles, with many hundred stations.

**It is notorious** that the Turks have for more than a year past been constant and heavy buyers of fire-arms in the American market. Nor have their purchases been confined to weapons of destruction. Lately, 40 tons of bison hair were ordered from a house in the New York Swamp by agents of the Ottoman Government, the stuff being intended for the manufacture of blankets for the troops.

**It is stated** that the sales of sewing machines, since their first introduction in America, in 1853, have amounted to four millions.

### NEW BOOK.

**We have received** from Messrs. Cassell & Co., of London, a copy of Col. James Baker's "*Turkey in Europe*." For moderation of tone and fullness of knowledge, it may be pronounced a unique production. It is impossible to imagine any work on European Turkey more complete in its information, more circumspect in its judgment, more comprehensive in its view, more thorough and accurate in its facts. Col. Baker writes, not as a traveler, but as a resident who is interested in the country, who can critically scan its inhabitants from the point of view both of a soldier and a farmer, who knows and has tried its capacities. He is not blind to the faults of the diverse races subject to the empire of the Porte; he recognizes enthusiastically their excellences; he explains, as well as they can be explained, the causes of the chronic disturbance in the provinces. On the whole, Col. Baker's facts are almost as well marshaled as they are valuable and complete.

**So far as can be judged**, the fortune of war will be adverse to the Turks. The operations may not have the rapidity of recent wars, but the Turks are overmatched, and must succumb in the end. This catastrophe Europe will accept. No nation will go to war to support that which cannot be supported. No real statesmen will cling to a dead element or a system, instead of looking for its living forces. We know we must seek for that which is to replace the parting power. To this we cannot too soon direct our attention.—*London Times*.



## A WOMAN'S CLUB.

The following letter has lately been placed at our disposal. Angelina's style is easily recognizable, and we print it just as it reached us:

MY DEAR ARAMINTA: Since last I saw you I have had a most brilliant idea, which I must at once break to you, dear, as I require your assistance in order to carry it out. I will not pretend that it is quite original, as it was at first introduced upon the tapis by Colonel D'Arcy, who really becomes every day more interesting and amusing as a study of intense cleverness and genius. This is it, dearest (though of course a subject you will have heard often discussed before)—a woman's club, dear, which horrid husbands and men can never enter, to be organized upon a new system, which has been invented by Colonel D'Arcy, most unselfishly, as, of course, being a man, he will reap none of its benefits. This is our idea (for it would be absurd to disguise from you that it is a joint scheme): it is to be composed of nine original members (the number of the Muses, you know); all of them to be women of undisputed mind, and occupied in pursuits very much above the average—such as sketching, poetry, private theatricals, singing at concerts and things, for charities, etc.; all women, in fact, who have been in some way or another, more or less, before the public, and whose names have been constantly in print. Foolish, frivolous women and old maids have often endeavored to found clubs before now; but only taking in religious newspapers, and tea, toast-and-water, and barley-water being their only stimulants, they soon fell to the ground, being composed, too, only of "the blue stocking pure and simple" (as Colonel D'Arcy says), frumpy and frowly in the extreme, with no social talents and not in our milieu. With us, dear, there will be nothing of this kind. We shall take in all the newspapers which are sufficiently advanced and emancipated, and not prosaic. Then, of course, we shall have a library, and each member will have the right to order what books they like. It will also be de rigueur that every one on entering shall present twelve volumes to the library as a nucleus. I have selected for my own donation (for I am to be one of the original members) Colonel D'Arcy's poems, two of his romances, and his latest work (which is called "A Rhapsody"), together with my own humble efforts, and a Court-guide and new Peerage. Each member will also be required to bring her own silver spoon and fork, etc., together with six clean towels. Lots of new rules will of course be organized as soon as the club succeeds, which of course it will do, notwithstanding all Edwin's sneers about women quarreling and fighting directly they get together, which is most untrue. He declares that one of us will sit on all the most interesting parts of the newspapers to prevent the others reading them—the births, deaths, fashionable intelligence, etc.; that the musical one will begin to strum and caterwall directly the poets begin composing; and that we shall backbite and slander and dress against each other, struggling for the looking-glasses, insisting upon going in to dinner according to rank (as if really educated people would do anything so vulgar!); and behaving in a way in which thoroughly enlightened people could not possibly behave, who never do quarrel, do they? Imagine such a thing, dear, for instance, as you and I ever having the slightest difference of opinion! I tell Edwin the thing couldn't be; but he won't believe me, pigheaded, as I have said before, being no word for him.

But now I come to the most important part of our project. Nine original members, all of them highly educated and intellectual, at only fifteen guineas per annum and ten pounds entrance-money, will not be nearly enough to furnish the club with all the luxuries, nice sofas, arm-chairs, bathrooms, luncheons, teas, dinners, suppers after the play, American drinks, etc., which we mean to provide; for though these will be nearly all extras, there must of course be a capital to start upon. Besides which there is some truth in what Edwin sarcastically remarked, which is, that very highly cultivated people, who are awfully deep and amusing, seldom care to listen to each other. They always want, naturally enough, to talk themselves; knowing that what they say is worth hearing, and good too for the human race; so we must have listeners, you know. These listeners will be called (only to distinguish them from the original members) "fools;" but this is only, dear, a tour de phrase, and must not be taken au pied de la lettre. Each member, therefore, will

have the privilege of introducing into the club a private friend of her own, to act as audience; these will be persons moving, of course, in the same social orbit, and often really very nearly as clever, only who have not given themselves the same chance, by studying abstruse subjects, etc., as the nine original members, though by the payment of the same sum they will be enabled to enjoy all their privileges. It is supposed also, and hoped, that a higher tone may be given to their minds by associating with and listening to the conversation of the original members; and then, in the event of the death of one of these, an election will take place, and one of the audience may perhaps eventually become an actual member (all these will wear a distinctive badge, in the form of a too-lovely locket, which has already been designed by Colonel D'Arcy), being enabled, in her turn, to introduce a "fool" (of course, as I said before, dear, you will understand that this is merely an expression). Need I say, my dearest Araminta, that the moment I heard of this plan I immediately thought of you? For I have long fancied that, though naturally clever, and all that, you did not make the most of your advantages; so that I feel sure you will be glad to join with me in this plan for our mutual benefit. Let me know, dear, please, by return of post, and I will forward you a prospectus. (They are being printed now on vellum—most lovely, violet and gold; but we are waiting to decide on the name of the club: Edwin suggests "The Squabblers"—fancy!) Direct to London, where we are settled now for the season.

At Easter, Edwin and I ran down for a couple of weeks to the sunny South, stopping chiefly at Monaco, which we made our pied à terre. By an odd coincidence, Colonel D'Arcy was obliged to go out there too, to see an old friend who had broken his leg. Edwin was, as usual, very much bored, as he always is everywhere, notwithstanding the beauties of Nature, which looked lovely through the closed windows of the gambling rooms; for of course I had no time for walks. There was a very fine aloe in the middle of the enclosure in front of our hotel (which was exactly opposite the gambling-rooms), and I think there must be beautiful flowers in the interior; for Colonel D'Arcy sent me, as a surprise, a most lovely bouquet which he ordered the day we went over together on a delightful expedition to Nice, and which was the occasion of Edwin's displaying an unjustifiable fit of temper, as, by some mistake, it was put down in his bill. Only think! Alphonse Karr (who wrote so many of the books we delight in) has become a gardener, and keeps a shop, and we bought it of him (such an old dear)! And I should have valued it immensely, and kept it, for this reason and others, only that, being mounted upon wire, it faded directly after I had put it in my water-jug (the only place which would do for anything so enormous; it had all my initials in white violets in the center, but decomposed directly. Alas, dearest Araminta, how many of us (as Colonel D'Arcy cleverly remarked) are, morally speaking, mounted upon wire! But you probably never think of these things!

Thank goodness, the Duquesa de l' Olla Podrida (whose name I had seen in the visitors' list as being at Monaco) had just gone away when we arrived. I did not say a word about it to Colonel D'Arcy; and though I was rather looking forward to an exciting scene between them, I must say her departure was a relief. She was most desperately in love with him, you know, years ago in Spain, before she married again; for he has traveled immensely, and gone through all sorts of adventures. They used to sit out (I was told by some one she confided in) near the Alhambra (in Spain, you know, dear; for it seems there is one there too), surrounded by prickly pears, nightingales, crescent moons, etc.; she making up to him fearfully all the time. Loads of women have been in love with him, though he has never liked any of them himself except—. In fact, he has had an awfully romantic life, and I believe she was then quite too lovely.

This reminds me that there was a most romantic couple staying at our hotel; no one knew who they were, and we fancied they were either great swells traveling incognito, or not married, as they were so awfully affectionate, and she quite lovely, though not in the least painted. They called themselves Mr. and Mrs. Vere de Vere; but Timmins (who went into their room to investigate, when they were gone out driving) found their names carefully picked off their tonic-bottles, tooth-powder, etc.,

whilst railway tickets were stuck over the initials on their boxes, evidently on purpose! Timmins wetted her finger and rubbed off a bit of one of them, and declares it was marked "Hell" (the absurd creature's H's really quite bewilder one, and at first I fancied it was a judgment!); but they had splendid brushes, combs, sponges, dressing-cases, slippers, and all that kind of thing. Wasn't it all very mysterious?

I really do think, whatever my faults are (and of course I have a great many), that I am generous; and forgiving too, I do think, to enemies and people who have maligned one; for I have just bought a present for Edwin's grandmother, which I really do think shows a Christian spirit, and I hope it may act as a cake in the mouth of Cerberus, and conciliate her; for it is just what the old wretch will glory in, and flaunt before all eyes—an enormous brooch, as big as a cart-wheel, set in German silver, and made of shells which they pick up at Nice, with a red thing in the middle.

And now good-bye, my dearest Araminta. Mind and answer this letter as soon as you can, root and branch; and believe me to be now, as ever, your loving ANGELINA.—*The World*.

**An incident not on the bills** occurred last evening at the Bush-street Theater. Mr. Heller having just arrived from the East previous to opening here on next Monday at Platt's Hall, strolled in to look at Commander Cazeneuve's exhibition of magic. When the latter illustrious conjurer invited some of the audience to step upon the stage and enter the dark cabinet with him, Mr. Heller, who is entirely unknown to his distinguished confrere, immediately ascended the platform and was ensconced with him. M. Cazeneuve on these occasions beats drums, blows fifes and fires pistol shots close to the ears of his companion, and as a general rule scares him half out of his senses by the imposition on his head of spirit hands and other supernatural demonstrations. He also makes a practice of abstracting the watch of his victim, which is presently discovered secreted in the pocket of one of the audience, who is, of course, overwhelmed with confusion at being apparently detected. Yesterday evening, however, the interest of the performance was considerably enhanced by the circumstance that whilst Cazeneuve removed Mr. Heller's watch from his pocket the rival magician spirited the dapper little Frenchman out of the cabinet altogether, and thereafter removed himself also to the street outside. Mr. Heller then using his extraordinary powers of ventriloquism, threw his voice right across Bush street to the stage of the theater and gave, in Cazeneuve's voice, the word to draw open the cabinet curtains. The gentlemanly interpreter who assists Monsieur Cazeneuve obeyed the command, and, with the audience, was astonished to find the interior untenanted, whilst Heller and Cazeneuve at the same moment floated through the ambient air from the upper part of the house on to the stage. Mr. Heller's watch simultaneously disengaged itself from the pocket of Senator Sharon in the stage-box, and advanced with loud ticks of welcome to meet its owner. Mr. Heller opens at Platt's Hall on Monday evening, and will confirm the truth of this story.

**Photographing the Koran.**—According to the customs of the Turks, the Koran must not be printed, but always be preserved in manuscript. This circumstance put it out of the power of the poor classes to possess a copy of the sacred book, and recourse has been had to photography. As the heliographic process had no existence when Mohammed promulgated his prohibition, there can be no impropriety in employing it for the dissemination of his teachings, particularly as in Turkey this process is not classed with printing, but is described as due to the direct action of the sun. It is thus that photography comes to the rescue of a religion professed by a great number of races. The operation of photographing the Koran has been accomplished by Fruhwist, in London under the strictest control to prevent any violation of the Mussulman regulations on the subject.

### HIS SATANIC MAJESTY IN VICTORIA.

Two months or more in 'Frisco! Well!—You know how 'tis yourself—  
Must be uncommon trying when it lays the Devil on the shelf!  
So I thought I'd ruralize a bit, and try the bracing air  
Of Victoria, and find out myself how things were going there!  
Th' old woman, too, old Proserpine, has been acting rather queer,  
But donned her go-to-meeting "togs" and jumped at the idea!  
Well, here we are on British soil! tho' where the difference lies  
'Twixt Stars and Stripes and Union Jack, I'll swear I can't surmise!  
The *Union*, tho', without the Jack, I believe they'd rather choose,  
And since she's broken all her vows let old Canada drift loose!  
All sorts of things she promised if they'd only join their lot,  
But now she's got them, twirls her thumbs, and lets them go to pot!  
She'd build 'em docks!—a railroad!—pshaw! was quite an easy task,  
She'd give them money, cash their notes!—any mortal thing they'd ask!  
But now she pleads: "I'll never pay! the country's one huge boulder!"  
And Canada, once so friendly, now turns only the cold shoulder!  
So they're forced to turn to Uncle Sam! and d—n Confederation,  
And find their only safeguard lies in speedy annexation!  
A quaint old town! so rustic, too! the streets o'ergrown with grass,  
Of course this does not show decay, or that they're running down to seed,  
But as they like their *whisky* well, so, too, they like their *weed*!  
The merchants have an easy time, as they lounge at open doors  
With hands in pockets, seem to think all customers are bores!  
The Church folk, too, they're all split up, and wrangle, spar and fight,  
Tho' Watts has sung that only *dogs* should love to bark and bite!  
I went to Church last night (just think! the *Devil* at a Church!)  
And thought some panic made 'em all leave the parson in the lurch!  
A baker's dozen, at the most, were all that filled the space,  
Who'd met to say their little prayers, and beg for further grace!  
It seemed a pity quite! those robes and sleeves were wasted!  
But I hear they've had enough! too long the *Bishop's* sweets they've  
tasted!

A Russian fright has got 'em now! the town's all scared to death!  
Dire thoughts of shell, and bomb and shot nigh take away their breath!  
The banks have buried all their coin, tho' no one quite knows where,  
While the Directors try to drown their grief by going on a tear!  
The militia's all equipped with arms, with the "*Colonel*" at their head,  
Tho' the force but numbers 20! (if, at least, 'tis true what's said!)  
I used to think in 'Frisco that our horns were mighty stiff 'uns,  
But just come here, and see the kind we take at old Ben Griffins!  
Victorians are a jolly crowd! they always treat one well!  
I'll not forget their kindness when they visit me in—Hell!

### CHANGING HUSBANDS.

There is a practical result of the facilities afforded of late years for divorce which seems to require very serious attention. It is this—that it enables any unscrupulous woman to change husbands at her pleasure. For it has been laid down as a point of honor in the ethics of adultery that a co-respondent who has been the cause of the divorce of any woman is bound to make amends to that woman by marrying her himself. The doctrine, like many other of the doctrines of society, wears all the aspect of chivalry and generosity, and in certain hardly conceivable cases may represent the true equity of the matter; but as a doctrine, it is false and damnable. For when two persons have conspired together to do the greatest possible injury to a third for the mere indulgence of their own disorderly appetites, they are both shown and known to be treacherous reprobates, not entitled, either of them, to rehabilitation or whitewash of any kind; but both of them only to lasting shame and ignominy. And of the two, the woman is most certainly entitled to these. For she who is held to be, and should be, the higher and purer kind of creature, fenced off from the rude contact of the world, placed high up out of the dust and mire of the struggle of the arena—she falls from highest to lowest when she falls, and does it the more unnaturally, disgracefully, and



heartlessly, and the more without excuse than the man, whose very conditions of life bring him into contact with coarser things and creatures, which make him coarser and more lawless. Nevertheless, it is a fact that whenever a man and woman engage together in illicit lust, it is, even if the woman be unmarried, almost always her fault; if she is married, always without exception. This may seem a hard thing to say, but it is absolutely true, as every man, and every woman too, know well at the bottom of their heart. It follows, therefore, that upon whatever ground the thing may be put, whether upon that of justice, of generosity, or any other, the woman is not entitled at the hands of her accomplice to any reparation whatever.

Nevertheless, the doctrine is laid down that the co-respondent is bound to marry the adulteress, and the effect of it is simple and sure. Any woman who has become tired of her husband and cast her eye upon any bachelor more advantageous than him, has her course plainly marked out. She "makes up" to the bachelor, and unless she is an absolute horror herself—nay, even if she is it is often seen—she cannot fail to lead him into the intrigue she desires, for she awakens at once, in its active and avowed form, that male vanity which in man is that which is most concerned in all such intrigues. Once this result obtained, she has the whole game in her hands. She may reflect on the position, compare the two men, husband and paramour, as long as she pleases, may withdraw from the latter if he does not suit her, and remain with the former, screened by the laws of society from all revelations, and accepted by society (which knows, indeed, all about her, but which declines to know anything as long as her position remains officially regular), on the same footing as the most virtuous of women. But if she decides that her paramour is preferable to her husband, she can in her own way and at her own time bring about the "scandal;" the divorce follows, as a matter of course; and, as a matter of course, six months after she is married to the man whom she has selected for her second husband. So true is this, that injured husbands have been found who, as the best and most complete of all revenge, will only not divorce their guilty wives, and thus give them the opportunity they seek of marrying their paramours. And to such an extent has the practice of change been carried, that a case is on record where a woman, by the means indicated, has been divorced from her husband and married her paramour, and then has been divorced from her paramour and married her husband—who thus gained the singular distinction of having committed adultery with his own wife.

It would be easy to point out numerous cases in which this course has been, and is being followed, and in which a woman has bettered herself in regard to fortune, rank, looks, and everything else that makes a husband valuable, by availing herself of the facilities which the law of divorce affords, taken in conjunction with the unwritten but no less stringent code of Society. Of course, it is only the unscrupulous and unprincipled who would do this, but the laws both of the land and of Society are made, if for anything, to keep the unscrupulous and unprincipled in check; and these two have, undoubtedly, precisely the opposite effect. The rule which Society has laid down has all the appearance of honor and generosity, yet in reality the principle of neither. It should be changed, therefore, and it should be understood in future that a co-respondent is not bound to make the amends of marriage to a woman who has induced him to commit the act of unbridled lust or the act of calculating treachery which alone has caused the question of marriage to arise. For it must be repeated that when these things happen it is always the woman's fault.—*Vanity Fair*.

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**This** is a grateful country. A year ago nobody knew or cared who the Bulgarians were. Lady Strangford has since then distributed twenty-eight thousand pounds of English money among that interesting, if drunken and cowardly, race. Every English man or woman who can read has devoured "Robinson Crusoe." Not quite a hundred pounds has been collected for the descendants of Daniel Defoe; but Victoria has granted an annual Royal premium of £75 a year to the female descendants of Defoe.—*World*.

## OUR LONDON LETTER

— LONDON, May 21st 1877.

**Shiloh's a-comin'! A Sunday Evening with the Southcottians.**

On the Surrey side of the Thames, in London, not far from the Bedlam Asylum and Spurgeon's tabernacle, there is a district called Walworth. It is not aristocratic like St. George's, or beggarly like St. Giles, but a kind of small-tradesmen's and artisan's quarter, whose inhabitants have often a complete suit of Sunday clothes, and take considerable interest in religion. That is to say, half of them swear at it as "a gory 'umbug," and go to hear Charles Bradlaugh, and half of them swear by it as their "ev'ingly 'ope," and go to hear Charles Spurgeon. Along the borders of these two great parties, there is a kind of debatable land, filled with all kinds of mongrel and cross-bred creeds with the strangest names, borrowed from this or that circumstance connected with their faith or their founder, such as "Plymouths," "Plumpton Peculiars," "Jumpers," (who must not be confounded with a similarly named sect in America), "Wrightites," and "Southcottians." Now, it is with the latter body of saints that I have just had "an experience," as Mr. Moody would say. Here it is.

Yesterday I found myself strolling down the Walworth road. It was Sunday, and it was evening, and consequently every corner of any importance was occupied by a street preacher or a costermonger, interesting studies both to every man not thin-skinned on the subject of strong language and weak grammar. And at this point allow me to correct a common error. It is patriotically assumed that the Pacific coast, in the person of her stage-coach drivers, bull-punchers, and preachers, can lick creation in the two great and kindred arts of sacred and profane swearing. Now, I have lived in your glorious West; I have heard Hank Monk apostrophizing a broken-kneed horse, and Hallelujah Cox a fallen sinner. They did well; they did their level best, and they deserve credit for it. But they are provincial; they lack the ease and swing and length and breadth and hight of a first-rate metropolitan style. The way in which a London costermonger can apply to imprecatory purposes his extensive knowledge of the structural peculiarities of men, vegetables, fish, flesh, and fowl, is something which, I am sure, even redeemed American teamsters in heaven must look down upon with despair. And as I stood last night before a rickety little moveable platform, and heard a shriveled one-eyed man with half his teeth out, tell the people how he had served the devil and all his lusts for sixty years, and how then, by the help of Joanna Southcott and the bible, he had turned right round and left off his lusts, and booked a front seat for heaven; and as he scattered foam and anathemas from his jagged gums on all who would not go and do likewise, I say that I blushed for Frisco, North Beach, and Hallelujah Cox. The preacher had his eye on me at once, "My brother," said he, "you're under conviction. The spirits are wrestlin' with you. What you need is to read the sixty-five Books of the Sealed Prophecies of the Blessed Virgin Joanna Southcott—that's what you all want, my friends."

"Ah!" growled a rough beside me, "we'll all see you in gory L first!"

"L!" shrieked the one-eyed apostle, turning upon his interrupter, "you man with the red cap, you're nearer it than you think. Shiloh's a-comin'! An' then—an' then—O your red cap won't save you!—You'll 'ave no time then to repent! This hearth'll be turned into L. This yer Walworth Road'll be a cookin' stove, an' there'll be sinners in red caps a-turnin' round on meat-jacks in the flames for hever an' hever all the way from Denmark Hill to Newington Butts! Ah! my brethren"—and the speaker paused to wipe the emotion from his one eye and his nearly toothless gums—"Ah! I feel that that time is at 'and; this generation shall not pass away till all these things be revealed. Nineteen 'undred years ago the bible said so; and in these latter times the blessed prophetess has said so again—her what's to be the mother of Shiloh when he comes the second time! She came down from 'eaven to tell us so, steppin' from star to star, but the time wasn't fully come, an' she's come up to 'eaven again for a little while, steppin' from star to—"

"Vhy the gory L doesn't she take two stars at a time?" burst in the incorrigible.

"Brother of pe-perdition with a red cap!" yelled the missionary of

the prophetess, bending toward him till he nearly lost his hat, "*you'll know that when them meat-jacks is set up!*"

"I'll tell you all, that the time is at 'and!' he cried, straightening himself again. "An' thus, as I wipe my mouth with my sleeve, shall Shiloh wipe away the 'igh and 'aughty that rirsist. Consider my teeth, brethren. Goin', goin', you say. An' it's true. Aye, an' every tooth that goes, it's a part of this world goin', a portion of this universe reeced-in' an' disappearin'—for the sound of the grinders shall cease, as saith the scriptures. An' again—listen to the scriptures, my friends, if you don't believe the B. V. Joanna—listen to Moses in Genesis: "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until SHILOH come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be: binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes: his eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk——." Here the orator wiped his own teeth, and cried triumphantly: "What do you think of that!"

"Think!" snarled the red cap, "vhy, Ish'd think the chap with the moke vas hout on a gory drunk!"

Red cap had won. Above the roars of the crowd there could indeed be heard from the platform a stale reference to "them meat-jacks," and to "flames" which should crawl through a red-capped man like worms through a "karkidge," but that was all. The crowd roared louder, and pressed on the platform. The adherent of the prophetess had to up-stakes and away. Before going, however, they threw a handful of hand-bills round them, of which I secured one. It was dated "from the Royal Manger, Walworth," and set forth that meetings are held thereat for the interpretation of the scriptures and of the prophecies of Joanna Southcott, every Sunday at 11 and evening at 6. And by a reference to one of Dr. Davies' works on sects, I find that the allusion to "the royal manger" is explained by the fact that (the now some years dead) Joanna Southcott, having been, like Queen Mary, of a dropsical habit, like her fancied she was about to become a mother. The prophetess, moreover, believed her case was an immaculate conception, and that through her Shiloh was immediately to come. She brought many ignorant people to her own way of thinking. And not even her death, nor the medical testimony as to its cause, was sufficient wholly to dissolve her following. "Fanaticism has more lives than a cat." It is explained that "the time was not fully come, that something had been, as it were, overlooked. Joanna has gone aloft again to fix things right, but will be back some of these days in the twinkling of a flap-jack, when everything will go off O. K. and according to programme. Meantime, the hat is sent round regularly at "the Royal Manger," and visitors to the place are requested to append their names to a certain document called an "INDICTMENT AGAINST SATAN," already said to have several hundred thousand signatures. It was drawn up in 1838. When Shiloh is born, Satan is to be seized, and a literal jury of twelve saints is to "sit upon him," and try him on the counts of this "indictment." The Southcottians also published, at a cost to their exchequer of £4, in the *London Globe* newspaper of September 25th, 1867, an "Epistle to the Bishops" of the Church of England, informing them that they "were still keeping the Lord on the cross, by rejecting the visitation of the Spirit," as revealed in "His despised servant Joanna Southcott." Their spiritual lordships were further informed: "Your condemnation will be great if you do not immediately look into the sixty-five Books, or Sealed Prophecies, that the Lord has been pleased to reveal through his handmaid Joanna." And, as a conclusion, it is hoped that "a good centurion among the bishops" may be found. Though this appeal is now ten years old, I need hardly add that the "good centurion" in lawn sleeves has not been forthcoming, and that no study of the sixty-five Books of Sealed Prophecy holds as yet any place in the episcopal curriculum of exegetics at Lambeth.

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**We are authorized to state**, says the *London Echo*, that all the rumors with regard to the postponement of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, are entirely devoid of foundation. The works are in full progress, and no change whatever will take place in the management.





### CHIFFON'S BYZANTESQUES.

During the Franco-Prussian war, and specially in the days of the Commune, the Parisian ladies all wore black dresses. This was a voluntary method of expressing their grief for the loss of members of their families who had fallen in battle, and also as mourning for the country, then groaning under the iron heel of the hated invader. In Turkey a movement of a similar nature appears to be taking place, though this time it is not spontaneous on the part of the ladies, but an exercise of the imperial will, embodied in an edict, by which the present brilliant and eminently Gallic style of dress of the Constantinople dames is ordered to be at once discarded, and a return to the ancient and severely "mummy" order of costume is commanded. The great god, "Chiffons," has for some years been making his way into seraglio and harem and asserting himself in various ways. Thus the *yashmak* or veil covering the face has gradually come to be composed of thinnest and most transparent gauze. The *feredjee*, or outer robe, has been greatly decreased in volume, until to-day it in many instances sits almost as closely to the forms of the fair Haidees and Zuleikas as do the dresses of our own Saratoga belles; and the hideous Turkish slipper has almost entirely given way to the Parisian bottine. Whether Sultan Hamid or the mysterious being known as the Sheik at Islam has come to the conclusion that in the present condition of the country her interests will be served by making the women go into sack-cloth, or whether they wish to defy France by spoiling the market for boots, is a question. Certain it is that an edict has been issued commanding that the Stamboul ladies shall henceforth wear only *feredjees* of a sombre color, instead of the gorgeously-hued garments now in fashion—that the *yashmak* shall be composed of thick material, and that Turkish chaussure shall be resumed. The police are charged with the duty of enforcing the law, if necessary, and as may be readily imagined an indignant state of feeling exists among the "lights of the harem."

### THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

The opening of Leidesdorff street, from California to Pine, has been productive of several important business changes, prominent among which is the occupation of the well-known Merchants' Exchange temple of Bacchus by Mr. A. H. Vaughn, so well known in San Francisco for his enterprise as a caterer to the wants of the public. The establishment has been so entirely remodeled and changed that its oldest *habitués* would scarcely recognize it. A grand, lofty room, supported by Corinthian pillars, it reminds one more of a chamber in some modern palace than a saloon, although decorative art has before now been almost exhausted by Mr. Vaughn in other establishments which he has opened. The "Merchants' Exchange" has been entirely refitted, beautifully painted, and elegantly furnished. A new bar has been put in, and also ten magnificent verde antique chandeliers of the richest design, supporting between forty and fifty burners. On Leidesdorff street a new entrance has been made, and the visitors pass between lofty doors over a curious tessellated pavement of the purest Italian marble. The liquors are chosen specially by Mr. Vaughn, are entirely new stock, and, of course, first-class. The cigar stand is kept by Mr. J. M. Kemp, and embraces the finest brands of cigars to be found in the market. The toilet accommodations are superb, and the sitting room, which extends the whole length of the room behind the bar, is admirably furnished and exquisitely carpeted. The arrangements for ventilation are perfect, and the barkeepers all experienced artists in their line. Of the daily lunch which Mr. Vaughn sets it is unnecessary to speak. Suffice it to say that under his proprietorship the "Merchant's Exchange" is bound to become the leading resort of the city.

At one of the goings-down of Atlantic steamers a couple of years ago, an American lady and her two daughters honored the ceremony with their presence. The mother was drowned, the daughters were saved. The younger one recounts the event by stating that "Mother and we did the splash together: sister and I bubbled up again; mother didn't."

**"SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US YET."**

Upon the sadness of the sea  
The sunset broods regretfully ;  
From the far, lonely spaces, slow  
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies ;  
So darken all the happy skies ;  
So gathers twilight, cold and stern :  
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day  
Shall chase the bitter dark away ;  
What tho' our eyes with tears be wet?  
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore  
Our light and hope and joys once more  
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget  
That sunshine never failed us yet!

—Celia Thaxter, in *Scribner's* for June.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

That London sparkling literary crysolite, the *World*, who occasionally quotes our *brochure* with comforting and eulogistic remarks, says Ouida's new story, *Ariadne*, is not only a great romance—so great that it has been found necessary to divide the burden of its introduction into the world between two publishing firms—but a great and consummate work of art, remarkable beyond anything which Ouida has yet given us for the combination of simplicity, passion, severity, and beauty. *The Story of a Dream*, which is the second title of the work, stands on an altogether loftier level than anything previously attempted by its author. It is as complete and crowning a triumph of the skill of the writer that, out of materials so simple, with no accessories in the way of plot, and only four principal *dramatis personæ*, she should have wrought a result so rich in color, so beautiful in proportions, as it is of the sculptor's skill that he should be able to transform the solid and shapeless marble into the counterfeited presentment of life. A sculptor, a poet, an old cobbler, and a girl, on the mother's side a Jewess—these are the sole protagonists in Ouida's new work. The girl, Gioja, is the Ariadne of the story, the human antitype of the Ariadne which a certain statue in the Cæsar Gallery has appeared to the Roman shoemaker in his day-dreams. The poet, cynic and voluptuary as he is—Hilarion by name—is Theseus ; she whom he deserts in his heartlessness, as he has merely taken her with him out of wanton caprice, finds a Dionysos in the art which filled her being solely before she knew her false lover, and having gained the sword and clue of Athené lives on for a little time ; Maryx is the sculptor who receives Gioja as his pupil, and who would have made her his bride ; the fourth chief character in the romance is the old man who has found Gioja homeless and given her shelter, cobbler by trade, but born artist by nature.

*Ariadne*, as will be seen from this brief description, is a story of art and love,—of the love which lives on a diet of pain ; of the art which is a "laurel that grows out of passion and death." In Maryx an unhappy love kills art ; in Gioja love, as an all-consuming passion, first inspires art, then paralyzes it for awhile, and finally inspires it with a new and intense energy which exhausts life itself. The philosophy or moral of the book, if either it can be said to have, is purely pagan. It is full of bitter, passionate railings against progress, history, civilization so-called, and the dethronement of the old gods of Olympus. The only Rome which Gioja, or Hilarion, or Maryx knows, is the Rome of the Cæsars ; the only faith that which Julian would have restored. That Philotes, and not Eros—the wanton passion of the hour rather than the abiding love of the heart—sways men, is the doctrine which, in the case of Hilarion, Ouida once more illustrates, as in former days she did with her London Guardsmen. Hilarion, whom the immutable devotion of Gioja repels, is piqued and held by the inconstancy of the black-browed Sovrana. The development of Gioja's character, the incidents in which the unuttered devotion of Maryx and the perfidy of Hilarion are traced, give the book all the interest looked for in a novel. The old shoemaker who tells the story is a wonderful creation ; the minor sketches are not less admirable ; the descriptions of Nature are in Ouida's happiest style ; the diction throughout is eloquent without being turgid—clear, fresh, elastic. The pages are studded with epigrams and short and felicitous sayings, wherein much wisdom and knowledge of human nature are enshrined. In an æsthetic age like the present, the artistic element in the book will be generally a

recommendation. It is as a work of art that *Ariadne* must be judged; and as such we may almost venture to pronounce it without fault or flaw in its beauty.

The June number of the *Canadian Monthly* opens with a continuation of Black's amusing and well written tale, entitled "Green Pastures and Piccadilly." "Round the Table" and "Current Events" are as good as ever, the eternal answer to Darwinism keeps its wonted place, a good article on schools of Italian art, the usual magazine poetry, give plenty for the money. A. Roman & Co. have sent us that charming poem by Constance Fennimore Woolson, called "Two Women 1862," which, although reprinted from *Appleton's Journal*, well deserves its separate place on library shelves. From the same source we have also received "Petite's Causeries," by Achille Motteau, being an excellent elementary French and English conversation book, prettily illustrated. In addition has just come to hand a pamphlet on the "Northern and Asiatic Defenses of Turkey," exhaustive in statistics, interesting in detail, and illustrated by maps.

### THE SUTRO TUNNEL.

We are pleased to find that the Sutro tunnel is nearing completion. In less than a year it will intersect the Savage mine (located near the centre of the Comstock Lode) about 1,750 feet below the surface, thereby draining the whole lode to at least that depth. But drainage is not alone its aim. Mr. Sutro claims that wood, timber and other supplies can, and will, be furnished to the mines at greatly reduced rates of freightage through his tunnel; also that ore will be brought out at a large saving to stockholders. The antagonistic feeling to this gigantic enterprise is dying away, and giving place to a better appreciation of its real worth. Not many days ago we heard a prominent Comstock miner and millionaire say: "No large owner on the Comstock opposes Mr. Sutro and his scheme; I never threw a straw in his way; on the contrary, I think the tunnel as a drain will do much good, and every mine owner here will favor its completion rather than oppose it." The tunnel has already cut through more than a dozen ledges. About 12,000 feet from its mouth a very promising ledge was crossed, the width of which is about 160 feet. Much has been said about the size of the tunnel, and the following official figures will aid our readers materially in arriving at a correct solution: 1,100 feet 12x16; 3,745 feet 8x8; 2,983 feet 8x14, and the balance 8x10 feet. The tunnel at present is in over 17,000 feet, and has about 2,600 feet further to go before connection can be made with the lode. The heat at present in the face of the tunnel is not near so great as it is in several of the Comstock mines, the thermometer ranging from 88 to 92 degrees. After the connection is made it will be enlarged from the first 1,100 feet forward, and when completed will be 12 feet high and 16 feet wide the whole distance, making it plenty wide enough for a double track.

We are told that Peru contemplates an imitation in her silver mines of the Sutro Tunnel, which for many years has been in process of construction for the drainage of the mines of the Comstock lode, in Nevada. The famous silver mines of Cerro de Paseo, in Peru, have, since their first discovery, yielded silver estimated at \$500,000,000 in value. This enormous sum was realized in spite of unfaithful working and of crude systems that did not produce anything like the amount the ore was capable of yielding. The projected tunnel, by draining the mines, it is thought, will restore their value and enable the miners to reach the richest ore. The project is a plan of Mr. Harry Meiggs, the well-known American contractor, and if it is pushed with the vigor characterizing his Peruvian railway construction, it is likely to be successful.

Tweed says he "cannot endure heat." Woe unto him, then, when he crosseth Jordan.

## NOTABILIA.

**We note with pleasure** that Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Daily have opened a first-class boarding house in Santa Cruz for the coming summer. Mrs. Daily is better known to her old friends by her maiden name of Mary Clarke. The house is situate near the beach, and surrounded by very handsome grounds, known as "The Smith Place." The table is one of the best in the State, and under the personal superintendence of that admirable cuisinière, "Margaret Goldsboro," a full corps of attendants look after the comfort of the guests, and while Mrs. Daily superintends the internal arrangement of the house, Mr. Daily, *our champion swimmer*, insures the safety of his visitors in the water. The grounds have also been handsomely ornamented, and have been greatly added to.

**The following epigram** was written on a Mr. Wellwood, who was much given to exaggeration:

"You double each story you tell,  
You double each sight that you see;  
Your name's double u e double L,  
Double u double o D."

There is one subject on which Mr. Wellwood could not exaggerate, and that is the merits of Grindelia Lotion, the only known antidote to the deadly poison-oak. It is for sale by J. Steele & Co., the celebrated druggists, at 316 Kearny street.

"Oh, my dear sir!" said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you've pulled out." "Very sorry, my dear sir," said the blundering operator, "but as there were only three altogether when I began, I'm sure to be right the next time." The wretched dentist pulled the best tooth, but the patient didn't care. He now lives altogether on the finest and most delicate diet in the world, which requires no teeth—namely, the Red Cross Brand of Canned Salmon, from the catch of 1877, sold only by Emerson Corville & Co., 415 Pine street.

"Madam, did you ever lift a dog by the tail?" "Why no, you cruel thing, you." "I didn't know, because I just saw you carry your little child across a gutter by one arm. A dog's tail is a good deal stronger than the ligaments of a baby's shoulder."

**An American**, after dining at a London restaurant, paid his bill and was about leaving, when the waiter suggested that the amount did not include the attendant. "Ah!" said the man; "but I didn't eat the waiter!" No such question as this would ever be asked by any of the waiters at Swain's Original Bakery, on Sutter street, above Kearny. They would be insulted at the offer of a gratuity, yet Swain's Bakery is the best place in the city for a quiet lunch with a lady, for ice cream, confectionery, English muffins, and other delicacies.

**A Delinquent**, arrested for drunkenness, was asked at the police court what he had done with his money. "Invested it in lots," was the reply. "What lots?" was the next question. "Lots of whisky," he replied, with a serious face. Had he only invested it in a Patent Silicated Carbon Filter, he would have seen happiness instead of "snakes." It purifies the most unwholesome water, and renders it deliciously sweet. For sale by Bush & Milne, under the Grand Hotel, New Montgomery street.

"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Jim, yes." "Well, well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us and shows up our best qualities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was Judge Walsh, and he showed up my worst qualities." Sam wasn't like Genuine Old Cutter Whisky, because that has no bad qualities. It is tried by time and *not* by Judge Walsh, and the verdict of the jury is, that it has no equal. A. P. Hotaling, 429 and 431 Jackson street, is the agent.

**The Best School of Needlework.**—A husband's wardrobe.



**Dr. E. de F. Curtis, M. D., etc.**, may be consulted at his office and residence, 520 Sutter street, between Powell and Mason streets, daily, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M.; on Sundays from 11 to 2 only. Dr. Curtis is licensed to practice medicine under the new Medical Act; his publications can be obtained from A. L. Bancroft & Co., sole agents for the Pacific coast, or from the author, Dr. Curtis, 520 Sutter street, S. F.

**The Union Range** still holds undisputed sway in all sensible persons' kitchens. It not only economizes fuel and cooks perfectly, but it never gets out of order, cracks, breaks, or disappoints the owner in any way. These *nonpareil* stoves can be seen at De La Montanya's mammoth hardware store, on Jackson street, below Battery, and to see them means purchasing one if you really need the best in the market.

**Even your grief** may be a moving character, for when there are no horses the farmer's (s)teers will move the plow. A moving grief of another character is when you are changing houses, and the furniture gets injured; especially if it was bought from N. P. Cole & Co., 220 to 226 Bush street. The California Furniture Manufacturing Co. turns out the finest goods in America.

**Geographical Exprssion**—The third river in Scotland is the Forth, and the first optician in San Francisco is Muller, 135 Montgomery street.

**A gentleman** recently wiped his face on a towel upon which some castor oil had been spilt. After getting over the nausea occasioned by the accident, he remarked that he didn't go a cent on that kind of oil-cloth. He always bought all his oil-cloth, window shades, curtains, and carpets from John J. Mountain, of Nos. 1020 Market street, and 15 Eddy street.

**"Do men,"** asks an exchange, "attempt to gather grapes of thorns?" We should say not. At all events, that's not where Mr. Landsberger gathers the grapes from which are made his pure "Gerke Wine" and his excellent "Landsberger Champagne." His place of business is 10 and 12 Jones Alley, leading off Washington street, below Montgomery.

**"I went to see my girl** the other night," said Charley. "I kissed her repeatedly, and when I finally ceased, the tears came into her eyes, and she said in sad tones, 'Oh, Chawles, I fear you have ceased to love me!'" "Oh, no, I haven't," I replied; but I must breathe." To breathe pure air in the summer months, a person should visit Santa Barbara, and stay at the "Arlington," the best hotel in the State, kept by genial John Olmsted.

**"Have you** ever read "Watts on the Mind?" asked a lady of an old bachelor. "Oh!" exclaimed he, "if you only knew what's on my mind—and yet I dare not tell you!" "Why, do tell!" cried she. He did. The wedding came off in a month; and of course they bought all their furniture and bedding of F. S. Chadbourne, of 727 Market street. They knew where to purchase elegance and comfort.

**The Bostonian** is not naturally a holy being, but he very justly flares up when he goes into a photograph gallery and is informed by the operator that, in order to secure a good likeness, he must first wash his face. Bradley & Rulofson, the best photographers in the world, would never insult a customer this way. They would gently touch up his visage with violet powder, and produce the most perfect picture ever seen.

**Corkscrews** have sunk more people than cork jackets have ever saved. Yes; but not if they were put into the bottles which contained liquor of the quality kept by F. & P. J. Cassin, 523 Front street. Their stock of family liquors is the finest in the city, and their firm-name on any kind of wine or spirits is a guarantee of its excellence.

**There is a man in New York** so close that when he attends church he occupies the pew furthest from the pulpit, to save the interest on his money while the collectors are passing the plates for contribution.

**Pettengill's Newspaper Directory** and Advertisers' Hand-book for 1877 is now out. Anything more complete than this valuable work it is impossible to imagine. In compact form, it presents the leading facts respecting the entire press of the United States, Canada and the Provinces. No business man who advertises (and all successful houses do) can afford to be without it. The present volume is adorned with some exquisite steel plates of leading American journalists and writers, and is, statistically, the most important work of its kind as yet issued. From it we learn that San Francisco is the happy field of *eighty-one* newspapers, which statement will probably be received with incredulity by the oldest inhabitant, until he counts them as detailed in Pettengill's Directory.

There is no doubt that, during the coming fall, the price of butter will be excessively high. Those who are desirous of economizing, and at the same time using a delicious article, are rapidly sending in their orders for a fall and winter use to Bennett & Co.'s Butter Depot. They are receiving and packing daily the choicest butter, which they offer for sale at wholesale rates. The excellence of their butter has long been established, and orders can be sent either to the depot, 35 and 36 California Market, or to the Branch, on Mission and Sixteenth streets.

**Herr Anton Rubinstein** is reported to have made £8,000 by his tour through England, in company with Mr. Carl Rosa, this spring. He is thus wealthy enough to be able to play before her Majesty without fee or reward; but he need scarcely have made the contumelious remarks about the ten guineas offered to him at Windsor the other day, nor was it quite kind to say such very strong things about the refectory of sherry and cold fowl to which he was hospitably invited in the housekeeper's room.

**Puck**, the new humorous weekly, though only thirteen weeks old, is to-day the brightest illustrated weekly in the United States. We confess cheerfully that its reading matter is excellent and its illustrations incomparable. We wish and predict for *Puck* a long and prosperous career.

A correspondent asks whether *Avena*, or Oaten Grits, is pronounced *Avema* (long), or *Avyna* (short). We regret that we *Avena* time to answer his question. Suffice it, they are the best oaten grits ever made, and for sale by all grocers.

A worn-out parent has named his first baby Macbeth, because it has "murdered sleep." The Hallet & Davis Piano would soothe the baby in an instant by its gorgeous tones. Badger, 13 Sansome street, is the agent.

**Music of the Future.**—Operations of a military nature.

This is the Season when dear little girls occupy the pavements with ropes, and grave old men go into gymnastics. It is also the Season when there is a rush for Napa Soda, the finest mineral water ever found.

**A Universal Remedy.**—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" for Coughs, Colds, and Bronchial Affections, stand first in public favor and confidence; this result has been acquired by a test of many years.

**J. M. Litchfield & Co.** are the leading Merchant Tailors, and dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods, 415 Montgomery street, between California and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

**Dr. Wm. J. Younger** (having returned from abroad) resumed practice at his old office, No. 224 Stockton street, on Monday, April 2d.

**Always put off till to-morrow what you cannot pay to-day.**

**LOVE'S GARDEN.**

Love kept a garden; in it there grew  
 One little blossom, lowly and true,  
 And Love, the gardener, set it apart,  
 Cherished it, tended it, christened it "Heart."  
 Love wrought a canopy over his flower—  
 Fashioned a dark and inscrutable bower.  
 Love twined the leaves of it, calling them "Fears,"  
 Springing from Hope, and watered by Tears.  
 Each day a Sunbeam danced o'er its bed,  
 But never a glance for the leaf-hidden head;  
 And, oh, Heart was weary when Sunbeam tripped by,  
 Till from his cradle he lifted his cry:  
 "Sweet little Sun-ray, would it were mine  
 To grow where thy golden gleams ever might shine,  
 So in the lovely night, comforting me,  
 Moonbeam, thy photograph ever should be."  
 Then Love, the gardener, pruned, in his art,  
 All that hid Sunbeam from poor little Heart.  
 "Win they, my blossom, who truthfully woo,  
 And fair be the bridal of Sunbeam and you."  
 With pansies for groomsmen, all velvety bright,  
 And maidenly snowdrops in vesture of white,  
 And clear-ringing harebells that nodded above,  
 Heart took him a bride in the Garden of Love.

—F. Townley Dowding in *London Graphic*.

**FURTHER DELAY.**

Supervisor Gibbs offered a resolution in the Board of Supervisors at their last meeting, calling upon Mayor Bryant, Auditor Maynard, and Mr. Dan Murphy, the Water Commissioners, to report on or before the first day of July, their action and conclusion on the all-important question of water supply. This is a step in the right direction, and Mr. Gibbs will do well to press the matter home. There is no reason or excuse which the Commissioners can offer for thus delaying action, and tampering with public interests in the way which they have done. They are appointed under and by virtue of an Act of the Legislature, requiring them to acquire water rights for the city of San Francisco, either by purchase, condemnation, or otherwise. It is the duty of the Supervisors to find out where the Commissioners get their authority for the expenditure of thousands of dollars, and the apparently endless delay in the execution of the trust confided to them. They have no such power under the law, as the City and County Attorney will explain to the Board if he is asked. On looking at the letter and spirit of this law, it will be found that, so far, the Commissioners have misapplied and perverted it in every particular, and now, by way of further delay, they are said to propose making another excursion to visit Feather River and Blue Lakes. When the projectors of the various schemes finished their arguments before the Commission, a month ago, the people had a right to expect that a conclusion would speedily be arrived at. That this is not the case is, of course, now self-evident, and we shall probably have to wait for the return of their verdict as long as Penelope had to the return of Ulysses.

**A Pocket Camera.**—Pocket photographic cameras are now made which occupy so little space that they can be carried as easily as an umbrella. All that the traveler requires is the camera, a stand, in shape of a walking-stick, and a few dry plates. With such an outfit mementoes can be brought home of the scenery and principal incidents of a journey, and permanent pictures can be obtained. Bromide emulsion dry plates are now made which work as quickly as the old-fashioned wet collodion plates.

## ART JOTTINGS.

Somebody ought to publish a book and entitle it "Every Woman Her Own Picture-Maker." It would be an easy thing to do. The necessary information could be readily obtained, a little here and there. From the various standard books on art, enough could be got together in a compact form to render a term under Director Williams unnecessary. Judging from the immense number of ladies who have become teachers of late, it would seem as if our Academy was a regular Normal art school. We always thought it would turn out a large number of picture-manufacturers, but never for a moment supposed so many would attend in order to graduate as teachers.

This multiplicity of art instructors make it good for the artist colormen, who reap a harvest in selling materials to the army of embryo artists, but is bad for legitimate art interests, whether local or foreign. A scholar becomes able to copy a picture, and make it resemble the original in some degree; they then consider themselves artists, and forthwith begin to decorate their own and their neighbors' walls with trash, to the exclusion of legitimate art. Engravings, chromos and every other species of printed pictures are of great benefit to the profession, because they create a desire to possess the art for which it is a substitute, and of which it is an imitation; but a picture painted in oil is another matter, and be it ever so poor the owner, whether such pictures are purchased or received as presents, believes he has substantial and real art, whereas he seldom has even the shadow of it. We now speak of the home-made pictures. They are thought to be genuine, but if such trash be bought abroad, from unknown daubers, the idea prevails that it is not genuine, and it more readily gives place to better pictures than the work of home manufacture; hence it is that this class of artists—those who have mistaken their vocation—are the greatest hindrance to art progress in any community.

Hahn will be back here in the early Autumn, being now in Paris, and expecting to reach New York the beginning of next month. Young and Holdredge, who painted here for a long time, but returned East some years ago, sail for Europe on Tuesday next, designing to study their profession in Munich. This art center, since the going there of Neal in 1862, has been made the studying ground of not less than twenty-two San Francisco artists—from none of whom has there come any great or very considerable work, if we except Rosenthal and Neal. We have had much promise, but little performance. We now have with us two lately returned Munich students, and neither of them, it seems, has ability or confidence enough to exhibit in our local gallery, and one of them, not long since, painted his first picture after returning here, and sold it in the auction at Newhall's for a few dollars. This picture would not have been accepted if offered to the Art Association. Some little curiosity exists as to why the "Venus" of Tojetti is not exhibited here before going to Boston. It is a decidedly new idea, sending the work of an artist abroad for its first exhibition, unless it is previously sold abroad; and even then, in justice to the painter, such pictures are usually exhibited before their departure. It is of great benefit to an artist to exhibit at his home a fine picture, which has been purchased before completion, or for which a commission has been given him—as in this case. Let us have the picture out by all means.

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**Imperfections in Water Meters.**—A series of experiments on water meters at Wiesbaden, Germany, serves to show the imperfection of those instruments. The record is the more significant as the climate to which they were exposed is not nearly so severe as in the Northern United States. About one meter in every eight stuck fast in the course of the year, and had to be taken out. Besides these complete stoppages, there were minor disorders which affected 8 per cent. of the rest of the lot. Four different kinds of meters were employed; each had its own vices, and one kind would not register at all with a small flow, while another kind, when it got out of order, checked the flow altogether. The question of a really practical and reliable water-meter does not seem to have been solved.



‘‘MEN WE KNOW.’’

**George M. Pinney.**

The gentleman who is the subject of this sketch was born in Crawford county, Pennsylvania, in January, 1832. Mr. Pinney's father moved from there to Dane county, Wisconsin, in 1846, where his son was educated at the district school—the best then in existence. He married in 1852. He was engaged in farming and in merchandise until 1856, when he, with his family, moved to Nebraska, where he was engaged in land speculations and real estate business until the year 1857. During the year 1858, however, Mr. Pinney made a flying trip to California, returning East in 1859, when he commenced a course of study at Rochester University. After staying here for some time he returned to Wisconsin, which he left for Dakota in 1861, for the purpose of practicing law. From '56 to '61 Mr. Pinney had made a habit of reading law for a few hours, or at least a few minutes, every day. There was but little litigation going on in Dakota, so he turned his attention to politics, becoming the organizer of the Union party there. No one took more interest in the campaign of '61, and he stumped the Territory from point to point, making brilliant and successful speeches everywhere. He was elected to the Legislature of Dakota, and made Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1862 he was appointed Marshal of the Territory by President Lincoln. In that capacity he served until 1865, when he was appointed United States Marshal of Montana. He was a member of the National Convention of 1864 which nominated Lincoln, serving also on the National Republican Committee. In 1865 Mr. Pinney (then Marshal of Montana) went still more actively into politics, and was chosen Chairman of the Republican Central Committee for several years successively. He spent seven different Winters in Washington, and in '65 and '66 presented to President Johnson a delegation of the leading men from Montana, at which time he made a speech, that brought out an answer from the President foreshadowing his future policy, as subsequent events proved. Being a personal friend of Mr. Johnson's, no appointments were made in Montana during the Administration without Mr. Pinney being consulted. In 1867 he resigned the United States Marshalship, and had one of his deputies appointed to succeed him in Dakota. He was made Special Agent for the Treasury in connection with customs revenue for the districts of Montana and Idaho, which Special Agency District he had caused to be organized.

Subsequently he engaged in banking in Montana, and was also manager and editor of the daily and weekly *Montana Post*. In 1870 he arrived in San Francisco, after a long course of ups and downs and varying fortunes. Mr. Pinney landed here with very little money, though fifteen months afterward, by his shrewdness in stock operations, he was worth from \$60,000 to \$75,000. A few months after his arrival he entered the Mint, under General La Grange, leaving it in 1871 to take the position of Navy Pay Office Clerk. At the same time he devoted considerable attention to stocks, until in 1874 he was worth over a million of dollars. After the failure of the Bank of California, in August, 1875, Mr. Pinney left California, and, sailing hence, landed at Pernambuco, on the east coast of South America. From there he went down the coast and through the Straits of Magellan to Valparaiso, traveling generally through Chile and spending some time at Santiago. He then took passage on a sailing vessel on the 5th of February, 1876, for the South Sea Islands, where he spent five months or more among the islands of the South Pacific, visiting various groups, afterwards returning to Valparaiso in a small schooner of sixty tons burden.

Among the incidents of his life it may be of interest to note an adventure which befel him after leaving San Francisco in 1875. On one occasion he left Ria Tea for Taha in an open boat of two tons burthen. He got two Kanakas to accompany him, and set sail. After getting to sea and clearing a bad reef, a strong head wind sprung up, against which he was compelled to beat up. A gale came on, there was no cover to the hatchway, and the weather became so bad that they were obliged to crawl around on their hands and knees. In their efforts to return, the Kanaka pilot ran close on a reef, which he mistook for the entrance to the harbor. Mr. Pinney, however, having been in the neighborhood some time, knew

the spot, seized the helm, and, running down the reef for two miles, piloted himself to the wharf at midnight. He then fixed the craft, covered the hatchways, and started once more, taking four days to go 120 miles in a very rough sea. In the boat was all his baggage, valuables, money, etc. On arriving at Huania, he expected a schooner to meet him with letters from America, but no information from San Francisco reached him up to July, 1876. Thence Mr. Pinney went in a schooner to Valparaiso, the trip occupying thirty five days, and the sea being so rough that again and again they had to splice the rigging and the masts. The voyage was throughout fraught with the greatest danger.

On August 30th of the same year he embarked for Liverpool, arriving in London on the 12th of October, where he remained until the 5th of March of the present year. He then proceeded to Liverpool and took passage for Halifax, Nova Scotia. After a sojourn of one week there he journeyed to Montreal, Canada, going thence to Milwaukee, Wis. At this juncture he took great pains to inform the authorities that he purposed returning to face any charges which they might have against him, he having learned that during his absence several accusations had been made. It is generally believed that he left California for the benefit of his supposed friends, and that he has returned to this country to clear his own reputation and to explain the charges which have been made. Mr. Pinney is a man of extraordinary energy and ability. During his residence in Dakota and Montana he acquired considerable political influence, and was recognized as a leader in the affairs of those territories. It is generally ceded that no man is his superior in the political arena. Wherever he has sojourned he has invariably made hosts of friends, and his departure has always been much regretted.

In Stockton, Truckee, Nevada City, Placerville, and in Alameda county, he is well and favorably remembered. He has been for many years actively engaged in politics; and specially in Montana, during the Johnson Administration, he was in the enjoyment of an immense patronage, and in canvassing this State for 1872 was one of the most prominent men in Page district.

There is probably no man in California, or even on the continent of America, that can compete with him in his capacity for work and endurance. His power of abstinence from sleep is especially remarkable, four hours out of the twenty-four being perfectly sufficient for him. He has wonderful aptitude for business of all descriptions, and has had experience in a multitude of different occupations. He is what actors call an uncommonly quick "study," and in a few hours can commit to memory a speech of whatever length, no matter how garnished with statistics and figures.

Mr. Pinney passed nearly five months in London, where he was received in good society; and his travels on the continent of Europe have been extensive and interesting.

**The Sinpao**, a Chinese journal, informs us that, if brassware is buried in the ground for a thousand years, the color turns as green as the feathers of the "fei-tauy," a bird famous for its plumage. Sometimes the surface is a little spired, as though it had been eaten into; sometimes it is cracked, or has a hole in it, or a piece has dropped off, and these places have much the appearance of being engraved with the "seal" character. Brassware that has been under water for the same period becomes a darker green, like the rind of a water-melon, and has the moist, shining appearance of jade. If the brass has been immersed less than a thousand years, the color becomes green, but it has no gloss; it is like the brass which has been eaten away by the earth.

**An Invention** for Transferring the Furs of Animals from the Natural Skin to a Prepared Substitute. Edited by Henry Stirke. N. Defries & Co. What the author's invention is, how he makes up his artificial skin, and how he picks up the hair, and sticks the hair to the skin, is exactly what he does not tell us. But his pamphlet is remarkably well written, and although the invention of Messrs. Tussaud may seem a little peculiar, we have the testimony of practical furriers that it can be done, and that the process is not merely feasible, but remunerative. We are glad to hear this, as furs in England have commanded excessive and fancy prices.

**NOTHING AT ALL.**

So many eyes like mine that fill,      So many hearts that beat to greet,  
 Dim for a loved one's face;      Love that will heed no sign;  
 So many ears, a breath could thrill,      So many lips that part to meet  
 Sealed in the still, chill space,      Love that is air like mine!

Flood-gates fast of form and sense,  
 Burst from the soul apart;  
 Burst! that the clear, deep truth flow hence,  
 Healthily, heart to heart.

**THE WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.**

It seems to be an accepted fact that Europe looks on during the pending struggle, waiting until one or the other of the belligerents shall strike a decisive blow, and then that the Great Powers who now are only interested spectators shall intervene with a remonstrance and an attempt at reconciliation. It cannot, at the same time, be denied that there is a latent hope that such decisive blow should be struck by Russia, not from any desire for the aggrandisement of the Muscovite, but from the feeling that negotiation would be easier if the Cossacks were in Adrianople than if the Turk successfully opposed the passage of the Danube, or held Kars against the Russian hosts. For it stands to reason that Turkey, acting on the defensive, will never be in a position to dictate terms. She can never become the aggressor, with the sole exception of operations in the Black Sea. She may bombard Odessa, she may even attack the strongholds of Akerman and Simperopol, but she can never overrun the enemy's country. It is quite true that Turkish ironclads have changed the Black Sea into a Turkish lake, and that the slowness of the Russian approach on the Danube shows a keen sense of respect for the Turkish defenses; but, after all, they are but defenses, preventing, it is true, but never conquering, and the only chance of mediation, should Russia prove incapable of forcing the Turkish lines, would be the financial exhaustion of the invader, and the welcome interposition of the western kingdoms, somewhat in the nature of a policeman stopping a brawl with the exclamation, "There, now, you've had enough fighting." Still, the sad truth sometimes forces itself upon us that the war epidemic is spreading. We cannot only look at the Ottoman power. We must turn our eyes to England and her conflicting interests in the strife, commercial and territorial; we must look to France, distracted by faction and the discords of the anomaly of an aristocratic republic; we must look to Italy, on whom the foreign policy of France would reflect; to Germany, with her watchful sensitiveness of any movement on the other side of the Rhine; and to Austria, jealously guarding her Hungarian frontier. Turkey is so utterly isolated, so withdrawn from the world's sympathy, and yet so heroically, and, as might be said, so fatally at bay, as almost to be a subject for compassion, if not of admiration. Treason lurking in the seraglio, and insurrection in the capital itself; exhaustion of the treasury; an enemy at every outlet; rebellion and civil war in her midst, and Greece waiting her opportunity to strike for freedom and the restoration of her conquered provinces, but not for the Slav, for although, like the colors of the rainbow, Slavs melt into Bulgarians, and Bulgarians into Turks and Greeks, yet that latter dread the cold northern grip too much ever to submit to its dominion. Greece knows that it would be simply overrun, crowded out, trodden under foot, were Turkey to give place to a purely Slavonic empire, and Turkey, rather than the Russian should have a portion of her European dominions, would fulfill the proud threat of her Minister that she would rather divide her kingdom among the Western powers, and retire to her old Asiatic capital of Brousa.

One phase of the war has developed the hypocrisy of its excuse. No greater pretense or more hollow delusion is conceivable than that the fate of the Christian population is now or has been at any time during these troubles the only matter of concern for England, for Russia, or for Europe. It is not, nor ever has it been, a matter of chief concern, and the time is at hand when we shall find that, compared with other things involved in the war, it is a matter of scarcely any importance at all.

England has been too much engrossed with small, narrow, shallow debates about Turkish cruelty and her own selfishness, whilst abroad there has never been any misunderstanding of the vast questions at issue, and now every nation of Europe feels itself absolutely obliged to maintain an army, which, in most cases, cannot be supported without financial ruin or domestic disturbance, or perhaps both. This is true of Italy, true of Austria, still more true of Germany, and true above all of Russia. It is, moreover, becoming a matter of belief that, in quarters where wish and will are very powerful, there was no desire that war should be averted, and no real effort to insure peace, but rather a wish that the cloud should break in storm when once it was fully gathered.

The storm has burst, and as often happens in a tempest, there is a momentary lull, and latest accounts show that the dogged, obstinate resistance of the Turks is producing its effect. Reports say that the Russians have been repulsed, with slaughter, before Kars; that the torpedoes are not as efficient as was expected; that many of them have been destroyed; that Batoum is successfully defended; that the enemy has retired from Erzeroum, and that the passage of the Danube is now postponed until July. One reason, perhaps, of this delay consists in the excellent roads on the right bank of the river. From Widdin a causeway, hewn for a great portion of its length through solid rock, runs through Nicopolis and Rustchuk to Silistria, so that troops can be concentrated at any threatened point. From this highway railroads and other roads run south to the various points of communication. We have also rumors that Ardahan is invested by the Turkish forces, but not retaken. Ardahan is only useful as protecting the approaches to Kars, but the attempt at its recapture shows that Russia has not made much impression on that stronghold. In fact, Kars cannot be taken in three days, and the campaign promises to disappoint many fears and hopes founded on an ignorance or contempt of physical geography.

#### CHEAP GLORY.

"Melancholy Jacques" describes the soldier as "seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth." Recent news from the Danube makes us acquainted with the fact that the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, when he reviewed the troops of the Czar at Ploiesti, called to the front a certain young Sub-Lieutenant Romanofsky, and, after having embraced him, presented him with the cross of the Order of St. George. The service for which Sub-Lieutenant Romanofsky has been decorated is said to have consisted in his having laid the gun from the fortress at Ibralia by which an Ottoman monitor was destroyed. The lavish manner in which crosses and orders are conferred in some European countries is notorious, instances being even on record of an officer being decorated simply for having danced a quadrille with a princess. In an autocratic form of government there are, of course, no embarrassing restrictions as to consistency in the rewarding of merit. Were it otherwise, the Czar having conferred upon a junior officer a very high distinction for the performance of an ordinary service, almost entirely unattended with danger, might find himself somewhat at a loss to sufficiently honor the commander who may presently ride in triumph at the head of the victorious Muscovite legions through the streets of Constantinople. Judging from the lucky Sub-Lieutenant's name, however, it may be assumed that he is a connection of the imperial family, which may in a measure account for the high appreciation with which his attainments in the art of gunnery have been received.

The Great "I-Am" of the literary world, who is now kindly writing up a weekly contemporary to a paying point, bitingly satirizes the Hon. Wm. T. Chandler, who, he informs us, is "a son of old Zach Chandler." Of course, a writer who has patronized the Almighty so effectively for years may be presumed to know everything, but all the same, we beg to humbly hazard the respectful suspicion that the above information will cause considerable astonishment in the families of both the politicians referred to.



**CLIMATICAL**

Want is the earliest human attribute of which we have any record, for about the first thing we learn of our ancient parents is that they wanted something which they did not have. The want was not a natural one, by any means, and it appears that it was not until their attention had been called to the one particular tree, and its fruit, that they manifested any desire to partake of it; they were told different and opposite stories in regard to the consequences they might expect from eating it. They had no need of this one sort of fruit, and it seems strange that they would incur so great a risk in the eating, and entail upon the human race the dire punishment which is supposed to have followed the gratification of this first desire. But the humanity of to-day is no improvement on this first experiment. As the world becomes more and more luxurious, our wants increase; they may be imaginary or real wants, the result is the same: disappointment if we attain them and dissatisfaction if we do not. Perhaps the greatest incentive to want is in seeing others possess. Of all people Californians are the most dissatisfied with their lot. Meet them where you will, something is wrong and might be improved. We of San Francisco live in the most equitable climate to be found in any city of importance on the face of the earth. There is but one drawback to out-door comfort in this city, and that has nothing to do with the atmosphere. It is simply aggravated by our life-giving ocean breezes. We grind and make the dust, and the wind of course fills the air with the nuisance. It, however, is entirely within human control, and the wonder is that steps are not taken to abate it. It is but seldom, as in the latter part of last week and the beginning of this, that, day or night, the heat is in any sense uncomfortable, while all the nights are of such even temperature that we can sleep under the same thick covering the year round, yet we must go each succeeding Summer to the country to be eaten up by mosquitoes, suffocated by dust, tormented with flies, poisoned by the very shrubbery which we so much admire, with the thermometer ranging usually somewhere between blood and fever heat, often going a dozen degrees above the latter point. Now this excessive heat is greater than that of the north Atlantic States, to avoid which all who can escape to Newport, Saratoga, and other seaside resorts, in search of just the climatic comforts we have in San Francisco, but which cannot be found elsewhere throughout the length and breadth of this Continent. It is to be noted, too, that our country friends—all who can—visit us during the Summer to enjoy the comforts we despise, until it seems as if half the people seen in our streets, at this season, are from the interior. It cannot be doubted that at this time of the year, in the midst of harvest, nothing but what they consider great discomfort could induce these people to leave their business and homes, nor can it be thought for a moment that it is any consideration of style or fashion which prompts this general movement city-ward each Summer; no, it is for comfort. We happened to make a call, the other evening, at one of our fashionable boarding-houses, and found a lady, with her two daughters, domiciled in the very apartments lately vacated by a family now visiting a neighboring village to theirs, where on Monday the thermometer stood at 120 in the shade, or several degrees higher than at the home from which these ladies had fled, to get, as they expressed it, a breath of fresh air. Without doubt the hot, dry air of the interior is beneficial to many invalids, but the dose is eagerly sought after by the strong and hearty as well. Some say they need the reduced vitality and physique brought about by this extreme and enervating heat. A person who takes the proper exercise in San Francisco, and lives in a rational manner, will not be burthened by an excess of vitality, and, what is more, is not subject to the malarious diseases so prevalent in climates where the extremes of heat and cold prevail, and about which our chronic growlers are constantly harping, and pretending to want. There are many now resident in S. F. for the past 25 years who have never had a day's sickness. They do not bow to the behests of fashion and live in the country during the Summer. A trip out of town early in the season is all very well. It is the intense heat of the long Summer which seems such an abnormal desire. If we did not possess such a climate, if this city was located and could only be reached through five times the expense necessary to go into the country from here, it would be full of these same country goers. They would not remain where the thermometer ranged from 90 to

120 for two months at a time if such a climate as San Francisco possesses was within a thousand miles of them. Put San Francisco down on the Atlantic Coast, and it would depopulate every city of its aristocracy, from Maine to Florida, while the hot weather lasted, but because we live here, it is our home, we of course want something else. If, in the other world, we get to Paradise, will we not insist upon going to Hell for a change? Will not our wives continue to leave their childless hubbies to the care of others, while they try junketing to the lower regions in search of change? If they do, let us hope that French dinners and the crib board are among the conveniences of that much coveted and devoutly to be desired locality, and that, as here, some of the fair sex will be left behind to keep us company.

#### BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

The annexed balance sheet is to December 30, 1876: Liabilities—Capital, £1,000,000; circulation, £243,913 17s. 2d.; deposits, £1,527,190 13s. 7d.; bills payable and other liabilities, £1,179,888 19s. 11d.; reserve for Christmas dividend, £30,000; undivided net profit, £211,773 3s. 2d.—total, £4,192,766 13s. 10d. Assets—Specie and cash at bankers, \$684,894 4s. 6d.; bills receivable and other securities, £3,441,372 9s. 4d.; bank premises, £66,500; total, £4,192,766 13s. 10d. Profit and loss account to December 30, 1876: Dividends declared as follows: Dividend at midsummer, 1876, payable July, 1876, £40,000; dividend at Christmas, 1876, payable January, 1877, £30,000; balance in hand, being undivided net profit to December 30, 1876, £211,773 3s. 2d.; total, £281,773 3s. 2d. Balance of undivided net profit to December 31, 1875, £231,626 1s. 4d.; net profit for the year 1876, after deduction of all current charges and income tax, and providing for bad and doubtful debts, £50,147 1s. 10d.; total, £281,773 3s. 2d.

Much attention has been paid this week to the working of the Frue Concentrator. It has been operating on the black, gold-bearing sands on the borders of the Coquille river with marked success. The principle consists of an endless belt moving over an inclined table, to which is given a lateral motion, water in the meantime flowing down the belt, which slowly progresses in the opposite direction. By this process the finest particles of gold are preserved, and the machine is extremely simple and run at a small cost. We shall perhaps refer to it again.

A wonderful find of old coins is reported from Fifeshire. While workmen were engaged clearing out a drain on the estate of Montrove, six miles from Cupar Fife, they came upon a large stone, which was found to cover a copper vase containing the extraordinary number of 10,735 silver coins, dating from and before the thirteenth century. Some have the names David and Margaret on them. The coins are now in the possession of Mr. Gilmour, the proprietor of the estate. It took him, Mrs. Gilmour, and two servants three hours to count the collection.

California is beginning to look up hopefully from its woe, and talks even of having a surplus of wheat for export this year of 150 to 250 thousand tons. A thousand tons of the new crop have already been sold at 2½ cents a pound, and contracts for shipping to Europe have been made at from \$10 to \$12 a ton! With 250,000 tons surplus from Oregon, the Pacific coast will thus make no mean contribution to the export figures of America, and the food of Europe for the next year.—*Springfield Rep.*

An Orange Tree. The death is announced of "Grand Bourbon," the finest tree in the Orangery of Versailles, at the advanced age of 445 years.—*Farmers.*

## VANITAS VANITATUM.

A poor, poor fellow, a very good fellow, And a voice came out of the darkness,  
 Went maundering by the sea, Out perchance from his soul—  
 Looking at times to the starry heaven, "Thou fool! wouldst ladle the ocean  
 At times to the wild waves free; Into the rim of a bowl?  
 And said to himself, wise-looking, Wouldst make thine eyes the circle  
 "I'd know the eternal plan; Of all that the worlds contain,  
 I'd solve the riddle of fortune, Or gather the stars in a chalice  
 "The meaning of God and man." No bigger than thy brain?"

Out of the dark came brightness,  
 And a second voice replied—  
 "Forgive me, oh, forgive me,  
 My arrogance and pride!  
 Wisdom is born of folly,  
 And folly from wisdom grows;  
 And he is the wisest of men,  
 Who knows how little he knows. — *Belgravia*.

## OUR JAPAN LETTER.

YOKOHAMA, June 5th, 1877.

Dear News Letter: The great, the good, the virtuous, the patriotic Saigo is still slaughtering as many of His Majesty the Mikado's troops as he conveniently can, taking very good care to keep out of range himself, and professing the utmost devotion to His Majesty. Up to the end of April this great and good man caused to be killed on the field of battle 2,135 men; killed in hospital, 824; recovered, 263; under treatment, 5,587—total, 8,809—by way of showing his great love for his master. Not being a religious war, there is no unnecessary cruelty on either side. In fact, beyond the circumstance of the usual casualties in battle, I've not heard of any of those amenities so dear to Christians when fighting for their private religious opinions. Neither Saigo nor the Imperialist commander-in-chief ever make any allusions to God being on their individual side in aiding to destroy their fellow creatures, like the Czar and the Sultan and other impious civilized creatures do in their absurd and blasphemous edicts. Love is God, and I can't see what love has to do with fighting, not being an Irishman. Perhaps when the Japanese are converted to the true faith (whatever that may mean), they will also say that the Deity is on their side. The Imperialists are making steady progress, and have driven the insurgents back to Kagoshima, the place from which they started four months ago, so that the chance of Saigo arriving at Yedo is rather remote. Reinforcements are continually being sent to Kiushiu. Kido is dead. An attempt at insurrection took place at Haghi in Choshiu, but has been put down. The harbor here is full of men-of-war of many nationalities. Two fights have taken place between sailors. One on Sunday before last between the Russian and English sailors—some wounded; and one yesterday between the German and French sailors—one killed on the French side and several wounded. The rows are disgraceful, and are caused by the vile liquors sold in the grog-shops, which make the quietest men maniacs while under their influence. Twelve hundred Japanese police, armed with rifles, sword bayonets and Japanese swords, have just embarked. They bought up nearly all the swords in the town yesterday, and also all the oranges. As you take no interest in the rebellion, I've nothing further to communicate. Yours, as usual,

THE PIOUS JONES.

Mr. Conrad Finzel, until lately one of the merchant princes of Bristol, will shortly receive a splendid proof of the respect in which he is held by his fellow-citizens. He has spent a considerable fortune in trying to compete with the French bounty system, and having failed, his sugar refinery, the largest in the kingdom, is now practically closed. The leading merchants and commercial men of Bristol, aware of his reduced circumstances have succeeded, without any public appeal, in raising a sum among themselves sufficient to secure Mr. Finzel an income of £500 a year for life.

## BANK OF VICTORIA.

The following report of the Directors was presented to the proprietors at the half-yearly general meeting held at Melbourne February 6th:

The Board of Management beg leave to submit their forty-eighth half-yearly report to the proprietors of the bank stock, together with the balance sheet for the same period, duly certified by the Auditors: Balance of undivided profits from June 30, 1876, £10,553 6s. 7d.; net profits for half-year, after providing for bad and doubtful debts, £30,018 0s. 1d., together £40,571 6s. 8d., which the Directors propose to apportion as follows, viz: Dividend at 10 percent. per annum, £25,000; bonus at 2 percent. per annum, £5,000, leaving £10,571 6s. 8d. balance of undivided profits to be carried forward. Two branch offices have been opened during the past half-year at Wedderburn and Donald. Aggregate balance sheet December 31, 1876: Dr., proprietors' capital, £500,000; notes in circulation, £305,422; bills in circulation, £393,147 11s. 9d; deposits (including interest accrued) and other moneys payable on demand, and rebate on bills current not yet due, £3,690,087 2s. 7d.; due to other banks, £83,618 16s.; reserve fund, £230,000; profit and loss, £40,571 6s. 8d.—total, 5,242,846 17s. Cr., coin, bullion and cash balances, £1,099,840 18s.; bullion in transit to London, £329,655; due from other banks, £144,441 2s. 6d.; bills receivable and other advances, £3,500,840 10s. 11d.; policies of insurance, £719 5s. 1d.; bank premises, £167,350 0s. 6d.—total, £5,242,846 17s. Profit and loss: Dr., current expenses, head office and 64 branches, with 9 sub-branches, £46,264 5s. 1d.; bank-note tax, £2,892 18s. 10d.; balance, £40,571 6s. 8d.—total, £89,728 10s. 7d. Dividend account at 10 per cent. per annum, £25,000; bonus 2 per cent. per annum, £5,000; balance carried forward to next half-year, £10,571 6s. 8d.—total, £40,571 6s. 8d. Cr., balance from June 30, 1876, £10,553 6s. 7d.; gross profit for half-year (after deducting all interest paid or due to customers and providing for bad and doubtful debts) and rebating bills current, £79,175 4s.—total, £89,728 10s. 7d. Reserve fund: Dr., balance, £230,000. Cr., balance from June 30, 1876, £230,000.

**Quicksilver.**—The Pacific coast production of this staple appears to be steadily increasing. The exports of this article since January 1st now aggregate 27,889 flasks, valued at \$939,513, against the same time last year of 18,142 flasks, valued at \$801,160, showing this year's increase to be 9,747 flasks, valued at \$138,353. China continues to be our best customer, the City of Peking, hence for Hongkong on the 20th instant, carrying 1,437 flasks. The stock here is very light; no accumulation whatever; producers disposed to sell or ship promptly upon arrival. The present price is 42c. At London, June 2d, the stock on hand was 24,700 flasks. Usually the production in Spain ceases during three or four of the Summer months. For some days past the London quotation by cable is said to have been £7 2s 6d—£7, and yesterday on 'Change the report was current of a decline in London to £6 10s. This heavy decline was not, however, generally credited, and was thought to be a *bear* movement to enable shippers to fill export orders on hand. The Guadaloupe mine is said to have produced 700 flasks in April and 600 flasks in May, while the New Almaden and Sulphur Bank mines each produce a much larger quantity.

**A story**—which it is difficult to credit, yet in which every circumstantial detail of names and dates is given—is afloat in society in Paris. It is said that while the Duke of Edinburgh was at Nice, he took, for some reason which Paris is vainly seeking, a French officer of high rank into his confidence, unburdened himself to him of complaints as to the manner in which the Duchess had been received in England, related how she had been interfered with in the organization of her very household, and said it was impossible for her to stay in England while England is so mad over the Russian scare; and added, "For my part I cannot tell you how ashamed I was of being an Englishman while I was in Besika Bay, every day obliged *à valoir mille courtoises*."



YES ?

[The following admirable little poem is from the last issue of *Puck*.]

Is it true, then, my girl, that you mean it—  
The word spoken yesterday night?  
Does that hour seem so sweet now between it  
And this has come day's sober light?  
Have you woke from a moment of rapture  
To remember, regret and repent,  
And to hate, perchance, him who has trapped your  
Unthinking consent?

Who was he, last evening—this fellow  
Whose audacity lent him a charm?  
Have you promised to wed Pulchinello?  
For life taken Figaro's arm?  
Will you have the Court fool of the papers—  
The clown in the journalists' ring,  
Who earns his scant bread by his capers,  
To be your heart's king?

A Modoc—a Malay—a Kaffir—  
("Bohemian" puts it too mild;)  
By profession a poor paragrapher,  
Light Laughter's unrecognized child;  
At the best but a Brummagem poet,  
Inspired of tobacco and beer—  
Altogether off-color—I know it;  
I'm all that, my dear.

When we met quite by chance at the theater,  
And I saw you home under the moon,  
I'd no thought, love, that mischief would be at her  
Tricks with my tongue quite so soon;  
That I should forget fate and fortune,  
Make a difference 'twixt Sèvres and delf—  
That I'd have the calm nerve to importune  
You, sweet, for yourself.

It's appalling, by Jove! the audacious  
Effrontery of that request!  
But you—you grew suddenly gracious,  
And hid your sweet face on my breast.  
Why you did it I cannot conjecture;  
I surprised you, poor child, I dare say,  
Or perhaps—does the moonlight affect your  
Head often that way?

It was glorious for me, but what pleasure  
Could you find in such wooing as this?  
Were my arms not too ursine in pressure?  
Was no flavor of clove in my kiss?  
Ah, your lips I profaned, when I made with  
Their dainty divinity free—  
Twin loves never meant to be played with  
By fellows like me.

\* \* \* \*

You're released! With some wooer replace me  
More worthy to be your life's light;  
From the tablet of memory efface me,  
If you don't mean your Yes of last night.  
But—unless you are anxious to see me a  
Wreck of the pipe and the cup  
In my birthplace and graveyard, Bohemia—  
Love, don't give me up!

—H. C. BUNNER.

A young man from Auburn, N. Y., who went to the Black Hills this Spring, has telegraphed to his father, "Fatted calf for one."

### THE JAPS.

The Japanese criticisms on the "Western Barbarians" still continue. A few weeks ago we gave some of their strictures on Europe and Europeans. Now the United States come in for their share of the "candid friend"-like opinions of the nation recently admitted into the comity of Kingdoms. An American bent on disturbing the self-complacency of his countrymen could have written nothing more fitted for the purpose than the "political reflections" of the literary gentleman from Nippon. In politics the Japanese critic finds the American people unprogressive. He attributes this to their "hundred-year-old Constitution" being looked on as a fetish. All Governments in Europe, he says, have been reformed in the direction of popular rights within the century, whereas the United States Constitution, which was, in 1776, the most advanced in the world, is now the most antiquated. "It is the same," he adds, "with that remarkable people, the Chinese. I remark much resemblance between the Americans and the Chinese." Here are his reasons for this most unflattering faith that is in him:

Then it was quite natural to elect a man to be President for four years, and give him almost same power as the King of England had then, and allow him to govern as he likes, even when the whole country is opposed to him. Then all the world was governed that way. I do not think in Europe now is one king who would dare to govern, like President Johnson, with the whole country against him, only Prince Bismarck, or the Emperor of Russia, could perhaps try, but even then it would not be safe. In all the countries I visited in Europe, the Cabinets must be in the houses of legislature to answer to the people's representatives. Only here members of Cabinet do not care about the people's representatives, they stay outside, they do what they like in their council with the President. He appoints who he likes to be his Ministers. He has so much power he can even make the Senate generally accept his men, like he did the other day, and his measures. To get rid of him the Congress must impeach him, but how difficult is this, and how bad it looks to the rest of the world!

The Japanese critic is radical in everything, and very severe on duelling among politicians, which he compares invidiously with the "happy dispatch" of his native land. "In Japan all editors of newspapers writing like those in this country would be obliged to perform this act, and even Mr. Tilden, after he had got a majority of nearly three hundred thousand votes, could not survive his defeat with honor; but this is not because he has used bad language, but because he himself has been so much abused. For this reason he would have to commit *seppukku*." Altogether, if it is good to see ourselves "*as others see us*," it will not be unwelcome to the Americans to read these criticisms on them of a politician who, if he is not always accurate, is correspondingly confident in his opinions.

**The Court Circular says:** There are people who depreciate Tennyson, and say that his subtle brain and musical voice have lost their cunning. This does not look like it—his magnificent sonnet in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The subject is "Victor Hugo:"

Victor in Poesy, Victor in Romance,  
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,  
French of the French, and Lord of human tears,  
Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance  
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,  
Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;  
Weird Titan by thy Winter weight of years  
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!  
Who dost not love our England—so they say;  
I know not—England, France, all man to be  
Will make one people ere man's race be run:  
And I, desiring that diviner day,  
Yield these full thanks for thy full courtesies  
To younger England in the boy my son.

That is indubitably a grand poem; and any man who does not think so may consider himself disqualified by nature from appreciating poetry at all. Verily the Laureate wears his laurels worthily!

**The disposition** to sit down upon Turkey is probably due to the fact that it is the Ottoman Empire.

[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter. ]

**Puck** is very severe on the dreariness of English comic papers, and, in our opinion, very unjustly so. He has evidently never heard of the good, which a popular humorous (?) London weekly once worked; so if he will sit on our knee for two minutes, and not draw cartoons on our shirt front, we will tell *Puck* all about it. Once upon a time, *Puck*, there was a very naughty, naughty man, who had killed his wife and four children, poisoned the house-dog, to prevent his peaching, and set fire to a theater where Kate Claxton was playing. He was caught, tried, and acquitted on all the charges except dog poisoning, for which he was condemned to die. For seven weeks he lay in jail, and was visited by three ministers daily. He read eleven thousand four hundred and twelve tracts, but still his heart was hard, and he did not repent. He had no fear of hell, or hopes of heaven, and all the ministers shook their heads and said "Woe!" At last a kind-hearted jailer, seeing how tormented he was by their ministrations, brought him a funny English paper, full of witty jokes and side-splitting puns. Three hours afterward, cries were heard coming from his cell, and guards, rushing in, found tears streaming from his eyes, and contrition oozing from every pore. "Let me die!" he cried, "I am willing to be hanged. I desire to expiate my sins on the gallows! I'm a wicked, bad man, and deserve death, but oh! take away that paper! I don't deserve that! Please take it away, and leave me in peace during the last few hours I have to live." He was executed, and was thoroughly humble and contrite up to the last. Now, *Puck*, don't you abuse English comic papers any more.

At last a man has been found who has got even with the demon debt collector. One of the hideous tribe took a trip up the country, this Spring, to try and get a debt of \$150 out of a small hotel keeper, who was in arrears to his liquor merchant. Boniface received him politely, and said that he would give him something on account the next morning, as he expected a gentleman, then in the house, to pay him a bill. The dollar-squeezer, of course, staid over night, got up next morning, called for his bill, paid \$3 for his board and lodging to the clerk, and then went for the proprietor to get the promised coin. After hanging round all the forenoon, the smiling debtor held a consultation with his clerk, which resulted in three half dollars being extracted from the drawer, and duly handed to the impatient dun. "What's this?" he yelled. "Dollar and a half," returned mine host; "you are the party I expected to pay me a bill this morning, and I think I've done a pretty square thing in giving you fifty per cent. of it. Hand me a receipt for the amount, and credit me with it on the bill." There is a small potato dealer now on the City Front, who makes a modest competence by the sale of his tubers; but ever and anon as he wanders among his sacks, he murmurs sadly: "How that hotel keeper did cinch me, to be sure!" It was the last bill he ever tried to collect.

The universal exodus of all respectable families from San Francisco lately has been caused by the announcement that the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher is coming here. Paterfamilias prefers the outwardness of the country to the inwardness of Brooklyn's Solomon. We forget exactly how many helpmeets Solomon had, as the last Bible in this office has been used for wrappers. At any rate, Sol. did not believe in monogamy, neither does—but hold! Henry Ward will soon be here, and his detractors are many. Some wicked people aver that he is going to open with a big show. Van de Mark and his boy are to appear in double songs and dances, with Parshall as interlocutor and Elizabeth on the end. *This is false.* Had Henry W. any such intentions he would have certainly engaged Baldwin's Theater. He has not. The Beecher comes here to see California and visit the Yosemite, Oakland and the Bella Union. He will not lecture more than three or four times, nor carry off more than five or six thousand dollars and a lot of foolish women's hearts. Unlike Tilton, he does not travel on his grief, which is a satisfactory thing to know, seeing that the two stars follow each other in such rapid succession.

The *Peoria* (Ill.) *Saturday Evening Call* is a very entertaining sheet. Most second editions of the *News Letter* are.

It is useless trying to compete with Boston either in learning or gentility. But hitherto we did imagine that in precocity we were her equal if not her superior. The Hub probably heard of our boast and has just mildly taken us down about eleven pegs. One of her citizens, named Welsh, has just killed another citizen, named Fagerstrom, with a brick. Citizen Welsh is two years and a half old; his enemy was six months older. A jury of Boston babies brought in a verdict of justifiable infanticide, Mr. Fagerstrom having insulted Mr. Welsh beyond endurance. From the testimony it appears that the deceased crawled into defendant's yard and said, "Oo ain't weaned." This irritated him so that he fractured the skull of deceased with the first weapon that came handy, namely, a piece of brick. Mr. F., in our opinion, richly deserved his fate. He was continually boasting that he had four teeth more than Mr. W., and making insulting allusions to the latter's fondness for maternal nourishment. If Fagerstrom's fate only acts as a warning to other children, that last brick will not have been thrown in vain. The story should be pasted in every infant's crib throughout the land.

The force of attraction is frequently beautifully illustrated by the habitual drunkard as he lays down his last five cents for beer and staggers out into the noonday sun. There is a magnetism about the City Prison which he cannot resist, and drawn by an uncontrollable force he rolls along alone till he comes to Merchant street, where he falls wildly into the arms of a policeman resting against a lamp-post, and is assisted the remaining half block to the City Prison. It may be that the mystery will never be explained, but it is a solemn fact that no one ever yet saw a very drunken man walking away from the direction of the municipal dungeons. The instinct is probably similar to that by which a thirsty horse finds water, a cat its way home, or a squirrel its hole in a ten-acre patch.

"I am going to Iquique," he said, sadly, gulping down a big sob that was barricading his tonsils. "I know I'm a little late for the last earthquake, but there's bound to be another soon, and then, when I'm swallowed up, and the yawning chasm has kindly closed over my remains, you will, perhaps, have a thought for the poor husband whom your wretched temper has driven to this last sad act." "I'm going to a kick you myself," replied the relentless spouse, as she lifted him over a chair with her left foot, and brained him with the broomstick as he tried to get up again. "Pretty thing, your coming home drunk four nights a week, and no money in the house, without threatening to boot your wife into yawning chasms. Going for to kick me, indeed!"

The visit of three magicians to our city at one time, and the threatened advent of a fourth, is sending up the price of lemons, canaries and goldfish to panic rates. It is estimated that a first-class wizard uses about forty canaries a week, and spoils three lemons every time he puts a bird inside. The canary invariably dies of the pip and acidity on the second experiment. With regard to goldfish, it appears that the excitement of being produced from the coat-tails of the prestidigitateur and then having to face a large audience invariably produces aneurism of the aorta, and they are found next morning swimming downside up. In these dull times it is gratifying to know that there are some branches of trade not affected by the universal stagnation.

Bret Harte wants to go to China as American Minister. He bases his claims on the fact that he was once connected with the *Overland Monthly*, and that Avery, the editor of the *Overland*, some years ago received the same appointment, which he held until his death. Bret has a good deal of assurance, but he will hardly pretend, because Mr. Avery was fitted for the position, that therefore he possesses similar abilities. However, if Mr. Harte will go there and die, he is welcome to the billet, and we have written to Hayes, telling him to let Bret have the mission on these terms. As soon as it is known that he is the author of the "Heathen Chinese," he will be privately assassinated any way, so it is just as well to let him go.

Happy Jack, having been convicted in the Criminal Court last Wednesday, will apply to the Legislature for permission to change his name to Doleful Johnny.



There's an elegant house in the upper portion of this city, with all modern improvements—gas, hot and cold water, three bath rooms, a four-foot garden, and a freshly painted stoop. There is a capital butcher's shop next to it on one side, and a fruit store on the other, and the drains are not particularly bad, and there is never more than half a ton of bad meat and spoiled apricots laying round there at one time. It is at least nine months since all the former inmates of this desirable dwelling died of the small-pox, and yet, curiously enough, it is still to let. That the house should be so long idle is only one instance of the blindness and stupidity of householders in San Francisco.

The war is not over, and events of the greatest magnitude are being telegraphed to us daily from the East. Among the most important occurrences of the week we note that "Nicsic has been revictualled for a year." The Nicsickans are happy, and by this time probably full of victuals. The Mayor of Nicsic will give a banquet of the finest oil, including a melting barbeque of tallow. Nicsic is situated—(but here the man who writes our war article says that one warrior is enough to discuss the Eastern question, so we will let him do it himself. What he has to say will be found on the 16th page, but the *T. C.* cautions the public against believing a word of it.)

We have many ambitions, and should like to be President of the United States and have lots of cities called after us; but we are not peculiarly desirous of having a portion of any town, hitherto occupied by the *demi-monde*, adorned with our illustrious *prenomén*. Mr. Fleet F. Strother, our distinguished Supervisor, thinks differently, and desires that Dupont street, San Francisco, shall hereafter be known as *Fleet* street. Perhaps after he is dead the community may pay him the compliment of naming some decent street after him. At present he is content with Dupont street, and vot's the hoddas as long as 'es 'appy?

The *T. C.* has hitherto imagined that he could join in the mazy dance without injuring the remnants of his moral character, and that he was not violating all laws of decency as he glode over the shiny floor to the one, two, three of the tortuous waltz. After perusing a book entitled the *Dance of Death*, by Wm. Herman, the *Town Crier* sadly acknowledges that he (and Wm. Herman) are modern Boccaccios; that the waltz is a leprous festivity, and its participants intensified Don Juans. In future, when we desire to call a man by the worst name we can think of, we shall say, "Oh, you Waltz!"

The *Healdsburg Enterprise* came to us yesterday with its accustomed regularity. Yesterday's issue was brighter than usual, at least our copy of it, the first and fourth pages being entirely blank. This is one of the advantages of a system known as "patent outsides," and we are free to confess that we like the novelty of the idea, and hope that all our country exchanges which are printed on this plan will always arrive here in the same condition.

A medical student, who got very drunk one evening, told his father next day that he was "suffering from cephalalgia induced by the ductility of a glandiferous stopper placed in the mouth of a vitreous vessel containing distilled grain." The old man gave him an order for a new suit of clothes, to still further encourage him in his studies.

"The strong frame of the ex-President shook with emotion, after the banquet, as he returned thanks on behalf of America."—*European dispatch*. [Too thin! We know what that old English port is, and, besides, we had 'em ourselves once. Seven thousand snakes on the floor all at once aint the kind of emotion we're hankering after.

A gentleman named Guano, a scientist of fertile invention, has just patented an invention to prevent railroad accidents, which should make him very wealthy. Guano, you ought to be rich! Manure an ass if you don't make money!

Ribsidés are dull in New York, says a market report. Why on earth, then, don't the New Yorkers import some British garroters and burglars, with their reliable boots soled with tenpenny nails? They'd make ribsidés lively enough in no time.

## MARJORIE.

Marjorie hides in the deep, sweet grass ;  
 Purple its tops bend over ;  
 Softly and warmly the breezes pass,  
 And bring her the scent of the clover.  
 Butterflies flit, and the banded bee  
 Booms in the air above her :  
 Green and golden lady bugs three  
 Marjorie's nest discover.  
 Up to the top of the grass so tall  
 Creep they, while Marjorie gazes ;  
 Blows the wind suddenly—down they fall  
 Into the disks of the daisies !  
 Brown-eyed Marjorie ! Who, do you think,  
 Sings in the sun so loudly ?  
 Marjorie smiles. "'Tis the bobolink,  
 Caroling gayly and proudly."  
 Bright-locked Marjorie ! What floats down  
 Through the golden air, and lingers  
 Light on your head as a cloudy crown,  
 Pink as your rosy fingers ?  
 "Apple-blossoms !" she laughing cries.  
 "Beautiful boats come sailing  
 Out of the branches held up to the skies,  
 Over the orchard railing."  
 Happy, sweet Marjorie, hidden away,  
 Birds, butterflies, bees above her ;  
 With flowers and perfumes, and lady-bugs gay—  
 Everything seems to love her !

—Celia Thaxter, *St. Nicholas for May.*

## THE SULTAN AND HIS SOLDIERS.

The Sultan addressed the subjoined Proclamation to the soldiers and sailors dispatched to Soukhoum-Kali : "Soldiers,—The mission I have intrusted to you is a very great one. That mission is to join your Circassian brothers, to free them, with God's help, from the yoke of tyranny, and to put an end to the vexations they have so long been subjected to in their religion, language, and honor. Soldiers, you go to restore the reign of justice and to cause the oppressed to recover their rights. Never has a more signal opportunity been given you of making your names illustrious, of achieving a career in this world, which is perishable, and gaining your salvation in the other, which is eternal. You are now marching not only under the standard of the Ottomans, but under that of Islamism. You are deputed to fight for the delivery of your co-religionists. Your Sovereign, therefore, envies you, for as the verse says, 'Paradise is shadowed by sabres,' which means that you will win Paradise by your victorious blades. God will help you, and the spirit of the Prophet will be satisfied of two things—that you will either sacrifice your lives for the deliverance of your oppressed brethren, and thus fulfill God's orders, or escape death and remain victorious. In either case you will receive your rewards, whether in this life or the next. Soldiers, the last word I have to address to you is this : If you are to die, fall as heroes. If you are to survive, return covered with glory and honor. My well beloved children, you are now about to part from me, but wherever you go, the whole nation and your Sovereign remain with you in heart. The greatest victories which I and the nation expect will be gained by your heroic efforts, for we consider you our firmest bulwark. May God grant you salvation and victory !"

A Western paper complains that Mr. Hayes's attitude on the temperance question "will raise the price of cloves."

### ANOTHER NUISANCE.

Isn't it about time to put a check upon the free concerts which are inflicted upon respectable citizens, who, perhaps accompanied by ladies, chance to be taking a stroll in the early part of the evening along our public streets? At almost every corner the ears are greeted with the "T-t-toot, t-t-toot, t-t-toot, toot, toot" of some infernal brass band, which produces a demoniacal din, in itself highly suggestive of the evil spirits which control the pandemonium within. It is enough for us to know that these hotbeds of vice have rottened the very heart of our city, and that to them is due the *fearful* state of immorality which pervades a comparatively large portion of San Francisco. It is enough to know this without being reminded of it by the infernal clash made by their paid decoys, that these nests, filled with vermin, exist, and that their proprietors continue to hatch crime and vice and *all* manner of iniquity in the very face of our weak authorities, without even a shadow of protest on their part. The owners of these dens, not content with the number of victims which the discordant cries of tortured Euterpe underground attract to their hell, must order their hirelings to crawl to the surface of the earth, so that the spirit of the devil may insinuate itself into the hearts of many who otherwise would have passed by in innocent thought. Crowds of weak, thoughtless men and innocent boys gather around for no other purpose than to hear what they think is music. Growing more curious, many enter the dens just to see what is there, and of these a majority at the same time inevitably descend to the first stage of their own degradation. It is a positive disgrace to our fair city. Strangers come here and are shocked and astounded at the open and unrestrained manner in which this infamous business is conducted. They do not wonder at the number of our hoodlums; they only wonder that we haven't more. Immorality must increase to an alarming extent unless these hells be suppressed. If their true nature is concealed to such an extent that they fall within the pale of legitimate business, then, at least, the brass bands can be silenced on the ground of being a nuisance. If our authorities, in their profound wisdom, conclude that they are *not* a nuisance, then we suggest that the proprietors can cause as much noise by substituting for the brass instrument that sublime contrivance called the devil's fiddle. The *music* would be more appropriate.

**Papuans.** -- In the April session of the Berlin Anthropological Society, Baron von Schleinitz, commander of the late German exploring expedition, gave an extended account of his anthropological studies among the inhabitants of New Guinea and the islands of the Melanesian Archipelago, which possess an interesting character on account of the isolated nature of the region. The natives belong almost exclusively to the pure Papuan race. Three sharply distinguished types were noticed. The first, prevalent in the northern part of New Guinea, is characterized by a thin, ill-shaped, harry body, smooth face, thick lips, woolly hair, prognathous features, thin calves, etc. A second, occupying the islands of New Hanover and New Ireland, is slightly modified. The color is a light brown, scarcely darker than of South Europeans; the body is better proportioned and more fully rounded; clothing is not worn by the men, and rarely by the women. A comparatively strict observance of morality, the rights of property, and family relations was, however, observed. A third race, found on the western coast of New Guinea, evidently possesses a slight mixture of Malaysian blood. They are russet brown and dolichocephalous, with intelligent and handsome features, and well proportioned form. Many of the tribes inhabit villages built on piles, and well secured against attack. Polygamy is prevalent in certain regions, and a legalized system of marriage appears to be general.

When a young man from Harvard is asked if he will always love her thus, he does not answer, "Will a duck swim?" Science has taken the place of poetry, and he replies, "Will evolution from the unconditioned working in protoplasm by accretion and absorption produce the organic cell?" Then he inquires languidly if there are any cold beans about the house.

IS HILLER AN M. D. ?

In our issue of the 19th of May we called attention to the affidavit of Frederick Hiller, testifying that he was a duly qualified Doctor of Medicine, which we printed in its entirety. This was followed by a denial of the assertions contained in the affidavit, signed by Herr Sydow, of the Bureau of Medical Affairs in Berlin. The two documents are as follows:

I hereby certify that I was admitted in the year 1838 to the "Medicinisch und Chirurgisches Frederick Wilhelms institute" in Berlin, Prussia; studied until 1840, when I was transferred, by military order, to the position of Surgeon to the Garde Dragons. After serving six months, I was transferred as Surgeon to the Third Hussars, where I remained about eighteen (18) months. April 22d, 1845, I passed the "Staats Examination," and was assigned, under the full title of "Doctor," as Battalion Surgeon to the 3d Battalion 2d Regiment Garde Landwehr.

SIDNEY WORTH, W. N. GRIEWOLD, WITNESSES. FREDERICK HILLER.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of October, 1876. [SEAL.]

OFFICE OF THE CLERICAL, EDUCATIONAL AND MEDICINAL AFFAIRS, }

I. No. 1885 M. BERLIN, 12th April, 1877. }

DEAR SIR:—To your letter of the 30th October, 1876, I have to reply by returning the inclosed, and stating that according to the showing of the Registers of the General Staff Surgeon of the Army, as well as that of the Medicinal and Surgical Frederick-William Institute, in Berlin, Doctor Frederick Hiller, or as you write it, Hiller, schmidt, never studied in the said institute, nor ever served as Military Surgeon with the Dragon Guards, the 3d Hussars or the 3d Battalion of the 2d Landwehr Guard Regiment. In the records of the Bureau of Clerical, Educational and Medical Affairs, it has been impossible to find out anything about the assertion of the said Hiller, that he had passed the State examination in the year 1845.

For the Royal Prussian Minister of the Bureau of Clerical, Educational and Medical Affairs. SYDOW.

After the article had appeared Dr. Hiller's son called at this office and stated that all his father wanted was time to disprove the assertion. We accordingly inserted a letter from Dr. Hiller, asking the public to suspend its judgment until the matter of the "Sydow" letter could be shown to be false. Now, however, a medical man writes to us from Philadelphia stating that the matter of Hiller's affidavit is necessarily untrue. He says:

PHILADELPHIA, June 11, 1877.

F. MARRIOTT, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* The *California Advertiser*, May 19th, was received to-day. On page 12 Mr. Hiller's case is fully discussed. Permit me to call your attention to an overlooked fact. The affidavit of Hiller contains an absolute falsehood, shows that it is all cooked up by him, that it is, in fact, "a perjury." The Medicinische und Chirurgische Friedrich Wilhelm Institute educates surgeons for the army or out of it, and no graduate of that school can even apply for the Staats Examen. Applicants for the Staats Examen, or rather for the permission to practice medicine, are medicinal doctors, graduates from a "University," and this Staats Examen is a check on universities against favoritism or laxity in their examinations or sales of diplomas. The examination is conducted for that end by prominent medical men in no way connected with any university or medical school. Hiller, not having graduated at a university, could not be admitted to the Staats Examen.

Yours Truly,

M. D.

The *News Letter* has no desire to do Dr. Hiller the slightest injustice, if he be a doctor. On receipt of the above letter from Philadelphia, we notified him, and requested him to call at this office. He has not done so, therefore the facts are again given to the public. If Mr. Hiller's affidavit is false, then the sooner his practice is stopped the better; if it is true, then he is cruelly maligned by the authorities in Berlin and his confrères in Philadelphia. Our readers can form their own opinion.

**Chartreuse**, the well-known liquor made by the monks of the French Carthusian Monastery near Grenoble, is still manufactured according to the original recipe of 300 years ago. This recipe is kept carefully sealed up under a stone of the high altar, and is only removed from its hiding-place when a fresh Superior is elected. The head of the Order having lately died, the new "General" will shortly go in grand procession to unseal the stone, and formally read the directions. The sale of Chartreuse brings in enormous profits, which are used to defray the expenses of the visitors entertained at the Convent and for gifts to the poor, while a tithe is sent to the Pope.



**TORPEDOES AND TORPEDO VESSELS.**

Mr. John Donaldson, one of the firm of Thornycroft & Co., delivered a lecture a few days since at the Royal United Service Institution, on the construction and armament of the Thornycroft torpedo vessel, and the results of some experiments with them. The lecture was illustrated by diagrams and by the exhibition of two torpedoes, like enlarged eggs of copper, about three feet long, and capable of explosion (as was shown by experiment, made, of course, without the torpedo being discharged) by merely striking against the wall:

Mr. Donaldson said the Norwegian Government ordered the first torpedo vessel. It was 57 ft. long, 7 ft. 6 in. beam, drew three feet of water, and the stipulated speed was sixteen English statute miles, or nearly fourteen knots, per hour. The hull of the vessel was constructed entirely of steel plates and angle bars, and divided into six water-tight compartments, two for stores, two for seats for the crew, and provided with movable steel covers, two for the steersman and machinery, and covered with steel plating  $\frac{3}{16}$ ths of an inch thick. Afterward Mr. Thornycroft invented the propeller which bears his name, and fitted it with similar boats for the Swedish and Danish Governments. The result was an increase of speed to 17.27 miles for the Swedish boat and 18.06 miles (15½ knots) for the Danish boat. Though very light these boats were strong. Boats ten feet longer, and guaranteed to run fifteen and eighteen knots, were supplied to the French and Austrian Governments. The torpedoes themselves were copper cases, of sufficient size in the Austrian boat to contain 11,000 cubic centimeters of explosive, and in the French boats to contain twenty five kilogrammes of dynamite. The Austrian boat was sent to her destination on a steamer; but the French boats steamed by themselves from Chiswick to Cherbourg, not crossing at the nearest points and running along the shore, but going boldly from Dover direct to Cherbourg. One important result of the experiments made with these boats at Cherbourg was that these little vessels were much better adapted to resist the effects of an explosion at the bow than elsewhere, and they were altered so as to attack in front only. Messrs. Thornycroft are now supplying to the Dutch and Italian Governments boats 76 ft. long by 10 ft. beam, and guaranteed eighteen knots. The Dutch type will be armed with the outrigger torpedo, and the Italian type with the Whitehead or fish torpedo. The exact details of the construction of this torpedo are carefully concealed; but speaking generally, it is a cigar-shaped vessel varying from 14 ft. to 19 ft. in length, and from 14 in. to 16 in. in diameter. It is made of specially prepared steel, and is divided into three parts—the head, containing the gun-cotton and the exploding apparatus; the central part, containing the machinery; and the third, or tail part, containing the supply of compressed air for the engines. The motive power is supplied by a small engine of the Brotherhood three-cylinder type, so compact an arrangement that an engine capable of indicating 40-horse power can be made weighing only 35 lbs. The working pressure of the air in the tail is usually 1,000 lbs. per square inch, and the quantity carried is sufficient to propel the largest torpedoes 220 yards at twenty-four knots, or 1,000 yards at sixteen knots. By an arrangement connected with horizontal rudders the rudder can be made to run below the surface of the water at any required depth, and to keep at that depth till the end of its run. Such is the skill already acquired in the use of this torpedo that (it is believed) it would be almost impossible to miss an ironclad at a distance of 1,000 yards, even when the ship from which it is fired is moving at from 10 to 12 knots per hour. The *Lightning*, built for the English Government, is 84 ft. by 10 ft. 10 in., and guaranteed eighteen knots. She is intended for use in a tolerably rough sea. She has attained a speed on the measured mile of 19.4 knots, but without her torpedoes on board. She will be armed with the Whitehead torpedoes. The firm are building six boats 87 ft. long by 10 ft. 6 in. beam for the French Government, and are prepared to build boats capable of maintaining a speed of twenty-five knots. There is only one fast torpedo launch in the British navy, while other nations are providing by the dozen for the defense of their principal ports little gray boats which glide noiselessly up like snakes to the ship they attack, so rapidly as to be difficult to hit with cannon. The best defense is to have similar boats cruising as satellites round the vessel attacked, for the torpedo boats can easily be provided with weed-cutters which would cut through netting.

## AUGUSTINE TO AUGUSTA.

The two or three fine days we have had have brought out some few Spring-looking costumes, but in reality as yet there is nothing very novel about them in shape. I am delighted, however, to have noticed several less long dresses, in fact, some being quite without train, and I do hope they will be fashionable, as long dresses are most uncomfortable for walking. I am sorry to say, however, that I doubt it, as those I saw were only mere morning dresses, and I fear the disagreeable dust-sweeping trains are not quite shelved and done away with. Yellow as the chief color is quite fallen into discredit, although people have fought for victory with much zeal; even looking-glasses were made with mandarine reflections, to prove one looked yellow; now, however, the color is used with prudence and scarcity, and is in this manner quite acceptable and pretty. The polonaise-paletot is decidedly a great favorite, and is generally made of the same stuff as the dress, the trimmings on bands of faille or taffetas cut en biais, being a shade lighter than the dress, or, in some instances, of little striped and checked grey and black and black and prune silk. At some of the best dressmakers I have seen a few Summer dresses of striped batiste, and gauzes with trimmings of Mirecourt lace to match the shade of the dress; the styles were unfortunately all half-train shape. One good thing I noticed was that, as a rule, dresses are made much less tight-fitting, and have broad ruches or gathered plaits of same stuff as the dress itself; these ruches are very much employed both lengthways and sideways, and are easily made by any lady's maid. They are pretty enough, though heavy looking, but they are fashionable and likely to remain so, because they have the bad point of using a great deal of material and the marchandes are sure to keep up the fashion.

I saw a very pretty polonaise made of open-worked white silk, embroidered white, with tints of color and alternate bands of lilac, pink and blue crêpe de chine; this was to be worn over a long dress of plain faille, the bodice of which was very low and without sleeves, the polonaise drawn up at both sides with bows of faille the same color as the skirt. This looked very elegant, and was, after all, not nearly as extravagant and costly as it appeared, for the dress or skirt need not be quite new; indeed the one I saw had figured in several balls. This kind of open-worked polonaise will look extremely well in black or colored gauze and colored bands of faille, and there are materials to be bought by the yard that will answer perfectly for these garments. I found that almost always the dresses and costumes are made of two colors, the plastron or bodice descending in the apron form being generally of a lighter shade than the skirt; for instance, a plastron of blue over a skirt of seal-skin color, the skirt usually in silk. The last new mixture is *Rose trémière* and *oseille cuite* or boiled sorrel, also called *purée de pois* or mashed peas; this represents a yellowish soft green color, extremely ugly, to be sure, but mixed with Rose, looks very well indeed. I observed that dresses of Swiss muslin, with flounces and *entre-deux* of colored embroidery, or trimmed with Valenciennes lace, with skirts of colored faille, will be much worn this summer, and they will be charming for garden parties and such like occasions. All kinds of gauzes in Japanese and oriental-striped gauzes will also be much seen; the bodices will be made low or square cut. Chemisettes with frilled collars are new just now, but as soon as the hot weather comes the muslin and gauze dresses will do alone. Bonnets are made of innumerable shapes, covered with flowers and feathers, but they are all lower than at first; strings are also much narrower than a few weeks ago, and are tied at the left side. It is fashionable to wear the watch hanging with a chain at the waist; the fan is also hung dangling in the same manner. The last novelty for the sea-side is the corset "*Bain de mer*." Ladies that consider it quite a necessity to appear graceful, even in a bathing-dress, will perhaps appreciate this appendage; the corset is made of waterproof and serge, and whalebone 11 to 12 in. high, and pierced in all directions with eyelets. This, at all events, is better than wearing in water the ordinary corset, as it is said certain ladies have done at Biarritz the last few years. Bathing shoes, with metal soles full of eyelets, have long ago been splendid things for bathing.

LONDON, June 2d, 1877.

AUGUSTINE.

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Advice to Tram-car Companies.—Mend your ways.—Yorick.

### THE WASTE OF WATER.

We have already drawn attention to the extravagant consumption of water in San Francisco, and have expressed our conviction that it is almost entirely due to waste. This opinion was based upon personal observation, and on a comparison with other cities in which proper precautions to prevent waste have been effectually carried out. We have frequently gone into large establishments in which the water was allowed to run through the closets night and day, under the idea that the drains required cleansing; whereas, it is well known that a closet supplied with a tumbler cistern is very perfectly cleansed with a very small quantity of water. House-supply cisterns are nearly always placed upon the roof, fully exposed to the alternate influences of damp, cold and warm dry air. Dust easily spoils the action of the Ball-cock valve, and often for days together the cistern overflows upon the roof and the water runs off by the rain spouts without the possibility of detection. We also stated that in Manchester and Sheffield, England, both of them cities as populous as San Francisco, and both of them requiring a large supply of water for manufacturing and commercial purposes, the consumption has been reduced from 50 gallons daily per head to 20 gallons, and this notwithstanding that the supply has been changed from intermittent to constant. So that it is quite certain that a daily consumption of thirteen millions of gallons in this city, which is at the rate of 43 gallons for every man, woman and infant in it, is excessive, and due, nearly half of it, to waste. This conclusion has been fully confirmed by the investigations of the Spring Valley officers. Mr. Webb Howard states that frequent and careful measurements and estimates disclose the startling fact that, of the thirteen million gallons supplied during the twenty-four hours, six millions run out of the distributing reservoir between 11 o'clock P. M. and 7 o'clock A. M.; that is, when all business and labor is suspended, and the actual use of water has practically ceased. The inference is irresistible. Nearly the whole of this water is wasted, and the cost of it is, of course, borne by those who use the water in the day-time. No wonder that people complain of high water rates, for it is obvious, if this night waste could be stopped, the cost of what is really used might be reduced one-half, with a positive gain to the Spring Valley Company, and a certainty that the city would be adequately served from its present resources for several years to come. But the Company have not rested on the discovery of night waste. They have instituted a system of meters, which have further revealed the fact that the waste of water is most unequally distributed. Thus, two houses and lots of the same size—the one a duplicate of the other in every respect—use, the one ten times more water than the other. In other words, the householder who has good water fittings, to prevent waste, has to pay an exorbitant water rate because his next-door neighbor neglects his taps, allows his valves to remain open all night, and otherwise wastes the water as if it cost nothing to bring in. And the worst feature of the case is that property owners actually resent the interference of an inspector when he points out the sources of waste and insists upon the introduction of proper fittings. But there is another aspect of this important question. The water that runs into the sewers at night is worse than useless. It does not flush the sewers, but it sinks through those defective structures and carries filth into the polluted subsoil. One-quarter of the water thus wasted would, if properly applied, be far more effective in flushing out the filth, and if the night waste were stopped, that quantity would be easily supplied without any great expense.

Lastly, consider for an instant the good which would arise if some of these wasted millions could be employed to allay the dust upon our streets. Not a storekeeper in Market street but who loses hundreds of dollars from the destructiveness of dirt. He pays exorbitantly for the distribution of a little water in front of his store or along his block, but he is nevertheless overwhelmed with clouds of dust driven down from side streets not watered, and he knows that a public system of street watering is necessary to give him real relief. And now as to the way in which this evil must be met. The Spring Valley Company are introducing meters as fast as they can be furnished by the manufacturers, and they have already arrived at some extraordinary results. A liquor saloon keeper's bill on Montgomery street, rated at \$5, came by meter to \$110. A China cigar manufactory, rate \$15, by meter \$240. A China laundry, rate \$18,

by meter \$123. A livery stable, rate \$25, meter \$95. A boarding-house, rate \$46, meter \$180. Now we venture to ask Mr. Howard if he thinks it possible to charge his customers these advanced rates? Where is the lodging-house keeper who can afford to pay \$180 a month for water? Let it be granted that there is unnecessary waste, but can he, nevertheless, enforce the bill? Is Mr. Howard prepared to enter upon a war with those saloon keepers, Chinese laundrymen and livery stable keepers, to whom he supplies meters, whilst he lets those who have none remain at the ordinary rates? It is obvious that the charge by meter, to be just to the public, must be also general. But this is practically impossible. There is no meter which will register fairly under the varying pressure and consumption in San Francisco. Under special circumstances and for very large consumption, water may be satisfactorily sold in this way, but for small consumers the errors are so great that nothing but dissatisfaction will arise. The whole thing is contrary to the genius of the American people. A war will be inaugurated between the public and the company. A system of stealing will ensue which the company will find it hard to prevent. The present unhappy differences between the company and the public will be widened, and the latter may be deluded into the adoption of one of those wildcat schemes which are only intended for the benefit of jobbers and parasites upon the public funds. Mutual interests of the company and the public must be fully recognized. There must be no stint of water, no metering out by gallons, and both public and company must be alike interested in reducing waste. Terms of agreement must be made. The Supervisors should be authorized to take stock in the company on the public account, and should be admitted to a proper share in the management. Fresh powers must be granted by the Legislature for the introduction of fittings and appliances to diminish waste. The company require larger powers and the public greater privileges, and if both are equally interested in the profits the public interests will probably be safer than if the water supply were exclusively left to the tender mercies of municipal control, or its management made the shuttlecock of political intrigue.

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**Ages of Reigning Sovereigns.** The Queen, having recently completed her fifty-eighth year, says: "It may interest some of Her Majesty's loyal subjects to be reminded that only twelve others of the Reigning Sovereigns of Christendom (out of thirty-eight in all) have attained to this age. The oldest on the list is the Pope, who was eighty-five on the 13th of last month. Of temporal princes the German Emperor has seen the greatest number of years, his eightieth birthday having been reached a few weeks ago. The Czar is older than the Queen by about a year, having been born on the 29th of April, 1818, and having thus entered upon war with his neighbor and his sixtieth year at the same time. The King of Italy is some nine or ten months younger than the Queen, the date of his birth being March 14, 1820. The Emperor Francis Joseph is not yet forty-seven. His Majesty was born in the year of revolutions 1830, and ascended the throne in the year of revolutions 1848. The youngest reigning sovereign is Alphonso XII. of Spain, who, if he were a British subject, would still be an infant in the eye of the law, and continue so till November 28, 1878. Of Her Majesty's more immediate predecessors on the throne of Great Britain, George I. lived to be 67, George II. to be 77, George III. to be nearly 82, George IV. to be close on 68, and William IV. to be close on 72."

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**Mr. Julian Onion**, of London, has 'pealed to Parliament for a change of name.—*Commercial Advertiser*. This has just leaked out.—*N. Y. Puck*. Water eyes in his prospects! and what will his new name be?—that is, what will he be called, *pickled*, *pickled*, *pickled* (pickled onions, you know). Won't he be in the boiling stew when he reads this? Perhaps, after all, Julian's only a *snipe*, although onion is not good in Julianne soup, especially a July 'un.



## THE UNOPENED LETTER.

[BY ANDREW B. SAXTON.]

Beneath the arches high and wide  
Of an upspringing forest dome  
Walks Rosalind, the village pride,  
With tardy footsteps, home.

A letter in her slender hand  
She turns and views; but still remains  
The seal unbroken, still unscanned  
The message it contains.

It is her own; upon its face  
Her name is writ in tracing fair.  
Then wherefore that uncertain grace,  
That hesitating air?

Mayhap, sweet maid, some aged friend  
His store of wisdom strives to bring,  
To guide you to your country's end  
By his sage counseling.

Perchance a blithe associate,  
Full wise in girlish mysteries,  
Has sent you news of love or hate,  
Of faith or feud that is.

Or, rather—is it not?—the wight  
Whom secretly, you scarce despise,  
Has gathered courage from the light  
Of your own starry eyes.

And now his pen seeks to express  
The words his lips denied to call—  
But hold—no further need I guess!  
Your blush betrays it all.

But, still uncertain, on she strode  
Her letter turning left and right,  
Till, by the curving of the road,  
Her form was hid from sight.

Ah, well! for all of us there are  
Some fleeting moments here below,  
When what we long for, near or far,  
We haste and halt to know.

And tho' our after years seem bright,  
Full oft we live that sweet time o'er,  
Nor find fruition such delight  
As longing was before!

## RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

Time was when the Mahomedan was supreme in Southern Europe. The first in letters, excelling in beauty of architecture, in government and domestic virtues, from the Moor of Spain to the Moor of Venice, their influence was felt and their power was predominant. To-day it seems very probable that the Scythian will overcome the Saracen. For four centuries the Moslem has held the Danubian provinces as a counter-balance to their subsequent ejection from Europe under Ferdinand and Isabella. To-day Turkey is alone, with an overwhelming force surrounding her on all sides. It appears almost a possibility that the Russians will not cross the Danube at all. The strongest lines of defense that the Turks possess are the fortresses of that river and those of the Balkans. The one passed, the other has to be encountered. But the weak point of Turkey—weak from incompetent generals—weak from an exhausted treasury, and weaker still from prior advantageous occupations by Russia, are the Turkish possessions in Asia Minor, where present military operations are confined to Armenia. From last accounts the wretchedly officered and badly equipped corps of eight thousand Turkish soldiers have been almost annihilated at Dalibaba. They fought bravely, but were out-flanked, and their ammunition giving out they were compelled to surrender. Herein lies the great element of Russian success. They can surround an army; they can execute a double flank movement; they can bring twenty thousand men to attack ten thousand, and against these fearful odds the Turk must succumb.

At the same time, whispers of peace begin to float in the air. It is said that at the first decided successes of Russia, Prince Bismarck, of all people in the world, will intervene in the character of head pacificator. England and the other powers cannot refuse their adherence to the great Chancellor's proposition for a conference, and the European ministers will sit down as to a feast, and carve the Turkish Empire among themselves, each potentate being politely asked which part he would prefer; the carver, as usual, reserving the choicest morsel for himself. Peace has a beautiful sound, but what a sullen peace it will be—the peace compelled, not sought; the peace purchased at the expense of territory not won at the point of the sword; the peace that nations profit by, and that one of the peacemakers would fain prevent—a peace that carries out the theory of all history, that there is a rise and fall of thrones as true and certain as that of the tidal wave.

By the last accounts we learn that Great Britain is going to occupy Egypt with fifteen thousand of her troops. This, also, may tend to enforce that peace which either party desires and which neither will beg.

### OLD GREEK BOXING.

Boxing was, even from Homeric times, a very dangerous and bloody amusement, in which the vanquished were always severely punished. The Greeks were not content with naked fists, but always used a boxing apparatus, called *imantez*, which consisted at first of a weight carried in the hand, and fastened by thongs of hide round the hand and wrist. But this ancient cestus came to be called the gentle kind (*meilixai*) when a later and more brutal invention introduced "sharp thongs on the wrist," and probably increased the weight of the instrument. The successful boxer in the "Iliad" (Epeius) confesses that he is a bad warrior, though he is the acknowledged champion in his own line; but evidently this sport was not highly esteemed in epic days. In historical times it seems to have been more favored. There was no doubt a great deal of skill required for it, but I think the body of the evidence goes to prove that the Greeks did not box on sound principles, and that any prominent member of the P. R. would with his naked fists have easily settled any armed champion of Olympian fame. Here are my reasons: The principle of increasing the weight of the fist as much as possible is only to be explained by the habit of dealing swinging or downward strokes, and is incompatible with the true principle of striking straight home quickly, and giving weight to the stroke by sending the whole body with it. In Virgil's description, a boxer is even described getting up on tiptoe to strike his adversary on the top of the head—a ridiculous maneuver, reproduced in one of Canova's boxers in the Vatican, who has his arm so raised aloft as to make his instant ruin certain, if his opponent knew the first elements of the art. That this down stroke was used also appears from the anecdote in Pausanias, where a father saw his son, who was plowing, drive in the share, which had fallen out, with strokes of his fist, and without a hammer, so he immediately entered him for the boys' boxing-match at Olympia. The boy got roughly handled from want of skill, and seemed likely to lose, when the father called out, "Boy! give him the plow stroke!" and so encouraged the lad, that he forthwith knocked his adversary out of time. It is almost conclusive as to the swinging stroke, that throughout antiquity a boxer was not known as a man with his nose broken, but as a man with his ears crushed. Virgil even speaks of their receiving blows on the back. Against all this there are only two pieces of evidence, one of them incredible, in favor of the straight home stroke. In the fight between Pollux and Amykos, described by Theocritus (Idyl 22), Pollux strikes his man on the left temple, *kai epempesen omo*, which may mean, "and follows the stroke up from the shoulder." But this is doubtful. The other is the story of Pausanias (viii. 40, 3), that when Kreugas and Damoxenos boxed till evening, and neither could hit the other, they at last agreed to receive stroke about, and after Kreugas had dealt Damoxenos one on the head, the latter told him to hold up his hand, and then drove his fingers right into Kreugas, beneath the ribs, and pulled out his entrails. Kreugas of course died on the spot, but was crowned victor, on the ground that Damoxenos had broken his agreement of striking one blow in turn, by striking him with five separate fingers. But this curious decision was only one of many in which a boxing competitor was disqualified for having fought with the intention of maiming his antagonist. —*Macmillan's Magazine*.

Mr. Serjeant Cox has discovered a conjuror whose astounding feats put spiritualism into the shade. As for the rope trick and the mysterious cabinet, they are absolutely nowhere. The Serjeant sent to Clerkenwell Prison for two pairs of handcuffs of a special make, which, he was assured, would hold fast any man in Europe. The handcuffs were fastened to a chair, and the Serjeant kept the keys. In five minutes, the locked handcuffs were taken off the chair, and were found on the conjuror's wrists. Then, in twenty-four seconds, the man released himself from the handcuffs, which were unlocked and thrown violently upon the floor. Police-inspector Day put a pair of his best "darbies" on the conjuror, and was amazed when he saw them off again in a few seconds. What other remarkable performances Serjeant Cox's *protege* can go through I know not, but he seems to be quite at home in handcuffs.

## WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

A friend, who evidently likes to be spiteful, reports two accidents at the Drawing-room of the 1st. One occurred in one of the lady reception-rooms. Lady —, feeling the cold acutely, wrapped her train round her shoulders, and seated herself on a royal chair. On a sudden a frightful smash was heard; the chair had collapsed, and Lady — was on the ground. Fortunately, but few males were present, and the row of mediæval beef-eaters had their broad backs turned towards the scene of the catastrophe. Unlike the case of the *preux* Bayard, "*tout fut sauvé, même les apparences.*" But the lady limped for the rest of the day, and in future will not put her trust in princely seats. The other incident was scarcely less dramatic. Arrived at the moment of awful entrance into the Throne-room, a lady, whose very initials shall be kept secret, was asked for her card. Her *sang-froid* had gone; she knew not what was wanted. She offered the stern official, as a peace-offering, her fan, her glove, her handkerchief even. Nothing but the card would suffice, and it was missing. Her Majesty looked impatient at the delay. The moment was critical. "The card, the card," "I see it," said a courtier. "Then take it," said another. "I cannot," was the reply. A subdued explanation followed; and at last the lady extracted from a secluded spot, near her tucker, the crumpled remains of the missing card. It was still legible, and the name was duly announced to Royalty.

MacMahon himself is quite aware of the danger attending the irretrievable step he has taken. On the morning of the eventful day that saw Jules Simon's dismissal he greeted one of his own household in these words: "Eh, bien! vous savez, c'est fait! J'ai coupé le pont derrière nous. Il n'y a plus de retraite possible. Il faut marcher maintenant!" More characteristic still was his *entree en matiere* with Fourtou, the man on whose firmness and strength of purpose depends either the accomplishment or the failure of the whole plan of campaign. Fourtou, who had been recalled by telegraph from the Dordogne, was received by the Marshal with this question: "Êtes-vous brave, vous?" "J'espère l'être au besoin, Monsieur le Maréchal," was Fourtou's answer. "Tant mieux, car voici en deux mots quelle est la situation. Je suis dans la peau de Clément Thomas, et vous dans celle de Bonjean. On voudra nous fusiller; tâchons de l'éviter."

I forget the exact amount of the salary of the American Minister, but I know it cannot be much, because it would be inconsistent with "Republican simplicity" to pay the agents of the Government properly. That being so, what an immense fortune the present Minister must possess, or how could he afford to entertain so profusely? Receptions half the day, and dinners and balls at night—when will it all stop? It is enough to ruin an Astor. Mr. Pierrepont really should moderate his transports of gratitude for hospitality received. He has already caused a serious rise in the prices of poultry and American beef, and his cook must be half dead with work. There is no sleeping within a mile of Cavendish Square for the rattle of carriages and the sound of riotous living.

I hear that Dr. Slade's agent, Simmons, has written to Professor Lankester from the Hague to say that the Doctor is now sufficiently recovered in health to be able to return to this country, and he wishes to give six *seances* to Professor Lankester in his own house alone, in order to prove that the slate-writing is not done by trickery. In return, he wishes the Professor to promise not to proceed against the two Americans for the space of one week. Should he receive no reply, he says he will conclude that the proposal is declined. I have a strong belief that no reply will be sent, and that should the "Doctor" venture to return to England, he will speedily find himself in Bow-street.

According to his own scarce account, George Wilson, the famous "Blackheath pedestrian," essayed in 1814 to walk 1,000 miles in 20 days. Messrs. O'Leary, Weston and Vaughan will, in 1877, essay to walk 500 miles in six days. Wilson was interrupted by a warrant on the morning of the sixteenth day, after having completed 751 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles. On what day the above named gentlemen will be "interrupted by a warrant" is as yet uncertain, but remembering the latest ghastly exhibition of "pluck and prowess" at the Agricultural Hall I imagine the sooner the better.

Among the recipients of Lord Houghton's graceful hospitality recently, was an American lady, whose temporary abiding among us deserved recognition. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe stands in the first rank of the female poets of her country: during the sad years of the Civil War, her hymn,

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,"

was a note of inspiration to the Northern cause, and her collected poems are held in high estimation. Not merely for her own sake, but because she is the sister of "Sam Ward," the kindest-hearted, most genial, and most lovable companion to be found in the United States—and that is saying a good deal—should Mrs. Julia Ward Howe be welcomed in England.

The Liberal party has been so disorganized and disarranged by Mr. Gladstone's action in introducing, amending and withdrawing resolutions that even on May 8th Lord Kensington, the Liberal whip, on being urgently appealed to for a cue, was obliged frankly to confess to all that he had no cue and no instructions to give. This has naturally given rise to much dissatisfaction among those of the Liberals who approved of Mr. Gladstone's action, and who claim that their appointed party leaders have no right to leave them in so important a conjuncture absolutely and entirely without counsel.

On entering the stall at the French play at the Gaiety, recently, where the Prince of Wales was present, a lady of portly dimensions, on sitting down, fell flat through the stall. Let us console her:

Did she mean an obeisance, and try to evince,  
A loyal devotion on seeing the Prince?  
Who knows? But she fell through the stall and was floor'd,  
While, as some consolation, how Royalty roar'd!

Parisians are very irreverent toward H.I.M. Dom Pedro. They say that it is quite proper that princes should travel for their education and pleasure before ascending the throne, but that sovereigns should remain at home and attend to their duties. They call Dom Pedro "L'Empereur Benoiton, who is always out."

**A Barbarous Atrocity.** On Thursday afternoon, after the decision of the Irwell Stakes at Manchester, the owner of St. Estephe ordered her to be shot on the spot; Archer, who had ridden her in the race, pleaded hard for the poor mare's life, and he and Constable offered £50 for her; but (to copy the *Manchester Sporting Chronicle*) "the Nottingham rough's blood was up, and nothing but the poor animal's life would satisfy him, and she was led out and mercilessly slaughtered."

**A new beauty** has appeared upon the horizon of London. She is from the Channel Islands, and is the daughter of the Dean of St. Heliers. Mr. Millais was the troubadour, who first told nations that she was beautiful, by offering to paint her portrait. "Society" has gone mad over her. The other day, at a party, she was positively mobbed, and more than one duchess climbed upon a chair to gaze upon her. Since the advent of this beautiful heiress, all former social lions waste their dew drops on the desert air, and vainly roar; no one pays more attention to them than if they were common puppy dogs.

**A scheme** for keeping open the Gulf of St. Lawrence for navigation all the year round is being considered in Canada. American engineers propose to block up the Straits of Belle Isle between the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, so as to prevent the passage of the immense fields of ice which come down from Baffin's Bay into the Gulf, and make the shores colder than those of the ocean. The ice would thus be diverted into the Atlantic, and the Canadian climate would, it is asserted, become more temperate. Belle Isle Straits, however, are very deep, and are 8½ miles wide at the narrowest point.

**Mr. Lytton Sothern**, say the Melbourne newspapers, is making a great success in "Lord Dundreary," his father's well-known part. Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah, "'Tis too bad, Obadiah, 'tis too bad."



## PARTED.

Thinking of thee in the gloaming, Thinking of thee at the midnight,  
When our past in sweet dreams come When our lot seems so hard to be  
to me, borne,

My spirit, in search of thine roaming, I am sad with an infinite longing,  
Knoweth rest is found only with thee. And pray for the life of the morn.

Thinking of thee at the daybreak,  
Ere I join in the turmoil of life,  
I promise to prove myself worthy  
The love of my beautiful wife.

## A GLANCE AT "SIR ROGER" IN DARTMOOR PRISON.

Still I am not to be disappointed in the main object of my pilgrimage to Dartmoor. I am now about to be shown one of the most important departments of criminal industry, the tailoring department, which supplies not merely the prison warders with their uniforms, but to a great extent the Metropolitan Police as well. Something tells me before I have entered the building that here I shall see *the man*. Something tells me, some subtle, indescribable influence, immediately I have set my foot inside the threshold, that I am in his presence. It is a spacious room, more than a hundred feet long, and tolerably lofty. The air is full of the noises common to a tailor's workshop—the click of the scissors as they cut the cloth, and the whir of sewing machines. At one end is a compartment in which men are storing the completed goods, or entering a list of them in books, seated the while at a desk. All else are engaged in various stages of the actual manufacture of the clothes themselves. At least a hundred must be thus employed; some cutting out, some ironing, some swiftly plying needle and thread; some, to whom the lining of the garments seems to be specially intrusted, working away at the "Little Wanzer," or by whatever other name the manufacture of Messrs. Singer & Co. may be called.

Can I see him? Is he here? I can, and he is. Few, perhaps, of those who remember the huge, bloated form, incased in prosperous broadcloth, relieved by the ample expanse of shirt-front, would recognize in the figure at which I am gazing yonder the erewhile client of the great firm of Baxter, Rose & Norton. Yet I notice, I identify him at once; as I enter he too seems aware of a strange presence somewhere near; he looks up, and for a moment—only a moment—our eyes meet. He is seated on a wooden stool just under a window somewhat below the middle of the room. By his side is a pile of the material employed for the above mentioned coat-linings. In front is a sewing machine. He is busy now upon one piece; it is done; he tosses it lightly to a fellow laborer seated close to him, and then, with an inexpressible look of weariness and dejection, proceeds to take up another portion of a potential coat, and goes through the same operation, the legs working the machine, the eyes intent upon the task of securing regularity in the stitches of the machine needle. Surely there is something else of strangeness about those eyes, save the fact that they are sunken and dull?

In a moment I perceive that "Sir Roger" has taken to spectacles. Why he wears them, who shall say? It may be that the vision which was so keen and sure to guide the aim in the "tournament of doves" at Hendon has become faint and weak in the seclusion of Dartmoor. It may be—but I do not think it is—a wish to make his disguise as complete as possible. It may be—and perhaps that is the most likely explanation—a morbid vanity which finds a pleasure and satisfaction in anything that may attract notice or move sympathy. The coarse, shapeless jacket of muddy-yellow canvas conceals the outline of the figure; yet, even thus, it is easy to see how reduced is the form. The face is shrunken and pallid as of old; the body is relieved of its huge surplussage of flabby corpulence. In a word, those physical attributes which made Thomas Castro what he once was have simply ceased to exist. If solid flesh and gross bulk of being are essential conditions of personal identity, he whom I see there in convict's garb, plying his mechanical task, is not the same man whose

sherry I sipped, and whose cigars I smoked, five years ago, in Jermyn-street, St. James.

Does he hanker after that oily, nutty beverage now? Does he torture himself by agonizingly delicious reminiscences of the flavor of that choice old Portagas brand? Is he, while my eye is fixed on him, conscious of my attention, and am I mistaken in fancying that there is something theatrical in his pose—something artificial in the manner in which he handles the cloth he is working at, in the expression of his countenance, in the bend of his body? Is he ground down to the earth by the sense of his fall and the degradation of his punishment? Or am I right in thinking that his air is that of a man who, consoled by the consciousness of notoriety, can display the bounce of impudence in a prison and affect the front of suffering virtue in a cell? Has he the philosophy which can console him in his captive reflections, and acknowledging the "good time" which he had when he was playing for a high stake and lost it, can he acquiesce in what he foresaw as the destiny of defeat? Be each of these points as it may, the *soi-disant* baronet and *ci-devant* butcher is Thomas Castro, Number A373, now. Nothing more; a criminal amongst criminals, amenable to the same treatment, subject to the same rules. His diet is the prison fare, his work the lightest of prison labor. If the lot of prison confinement, toil and food seems specially hard to the unhappy nobleman by contrast with the comforts of Cox's Hotel, it is according to the laws of the risky game which he took up, and at which he continued till he was beggared of his last chance.

#### AN "EXAMPLE"

The Committee of the London Stock Exchange have at last plucked up sufficient spirit to seize an offender by the shoulders, and turn him out of the sacred precincts of Capel-court. No doubt the culprit had been guilty of very improper conduct; and when discovered he offered to refund upward of £2,000 of his illicit gains. The case seems to have been clear; and we must assume that the proof was more direct and conclusive than usual, or we may be sure that nothing would have been done about it. We much fear that the style of carrying on business which brought this "jobber" to grief is far more common than most people suppose. It may not always be pushed so far as it was in this particular instance; but brokers and dealers alike are usually quite open to netting a trifle more than their regular commission. With many stocks it is very easy to do this; for the price is not well defined, and it is in the power of the dealer to "make" it what he thinks fit, within reasonable limits. A difference of one-eighth on a large order would represent a considerable sum. No doubt there are very many in the business who would think it disgraceful to play this trick; but we do not believe they constitute the majority. The public cannot exercise too much caution in choosing the broker through whom they intend to buy or sell. The case we have lately heard of has happened to attract attention; but there is nothing particularly remarkable about it, except as giving some faint promise that the Stock Exchange Committee really mean to weed out some of their more than doubtful lot of members. But we must wait to see what they will do next before giving them much credit.

Mlle. Dodu, directress of the telegraph at Enghien, and who occupied a similar post at Pithiviers (Loiret) in 1870, has received the military medal for an act of courage during the invasion. The Prussians having arrived in the place and seized on her office, she carried her apparatus into her private room on the first floor. As the wire passed through this apartment, she attached to it another wire, and being thus able to read the messages received by the enemy, she saved a French corps from destruction by giving timely warning to the French authorities.

Three thousand pictures were rejected at Burlington House this season.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**Ladies** should be warned against the latest improvements in carriage robberies, in the form of good-looking, well-got-up footmen, sometimes in one livery and sometimes in another. These specialties watch carriages as they stand about near some favorite shop, and whilst the coachman has gone a little way for a glass, and the footman is gossiping with his fellows round the shop-door, walk boldly up, open the carriage door, and make off with any available article. If caught at the door of the carriage, there is the ready excuse of having been sent to Lady So-and-So's carriage for some parcel, and ready apology for the mistake. The make-up of these thieves is perfect, and as varied as that of a detective. By this astute trick one lady very lately lost her jewel case, which she was taking to her jeweler's for repairs, and another had a batch of ready-signed checks cleared off, whilst shopping at Howell & James'. In the latter case, the ready means of stopping the checks obviated the loss; in the former case the loss was total, and the astute thief, though much inquired for, is still at large.

**It is not given to every writer** to see the photograph of his own statue exhibited in the window of a small news-vendor in the street next his modest residence. That rare flattery is enjoyed by Thomas Carlyle. It is not given to every artist to assist at a sale of engravings, etchings, and aquatints (property of a well-known collector) from his own hand, fetching fancy prices, in his own lifetime. Yet that joy might have been partaken by George Cruikshank a few days ago in Sotheby and partners' quiet mart in Wellington street; but the veteran, in strict keeping with his temperate disposition, totally abstained from putting in an appearance. The collection included portfolios of the ante-Waterloo date, highly tinted, exaggerated in grotesquerie, witty with a coarse sledge-hammer wit, and occasionally so elaborate that bladders of verbal explanation protrude from the mouths of the purposely ill-drawn characters.

**On the 25th of April last**, Joseph Niderhaim, petitioner, sued Victoria Adelaide Amelia Niderhaim, respondent, for a divorce, before Mr. Justice Pitt Kennedy, in India. Charles Durup de Dombal was co-respondent. Both Joseph and Charles seem to have united economy with affection. Writes Charles to Victoria Adelaide Amelia: "Lovey Dear: I am very badly off for two rupees. Will you kindly let me have that amount for a few days? Wherever I may be, my love can never turn from thee." The correspondence of Charles fell into the hands of the irate husband of Victoria Adelaide Amelia, who wrote to her: "I have just received your letter. I am filled by it with anger and anguish even to bursting. You have rived my heart. Sell off the carriage and horse at once. Remove to a cheaper house."

**MacMahon** should not *force* *son talent*. He is not a bad figurehead, but he cannot open his mouth without proclaiming himself what Dogberry wished somebody to write him down. At the dinner to which Commander Cameron was invited at the Elysée, the Marshal thought proper to make a little display of geographical knowledge. To this end he talked of San Francisco, the capital of Australia. "Of California, Marshal," whispered d'Harcourt, the red whiskered Mercury of the Elysée. The President, turning round to Baron Reille, said, "Did you ever see such a wonderful fellow as that s—é d'Harcourt? He really knows everything."

**A gentleman** in Upper India wrote down to the agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company at Bombay to ask particulars of passage to England for young children. He received a reply saying that children under twelve years of age would be half rates, and under three years free. He then sent to take passage for five children *under three years of age*. The agent wrote back that there must be some mistake, as the rule only applied to children in one family. The gentleman replied, with some annoyance, that they were his own children, viz., two sets of twins and one single. Happy is the man whose quiver is full.

**Everything Chinese** in London is now the rage, from the Ambassadors of that country down to the national colors, and I am told that the adoption of pigtails by our own fair sex is only delayed by the non-arrival of a specially engaged Celestial coiffeur.

**A meeting** of bondholders and shareholders of the Erie Railway has been held at the Cannon St. Hotel, London, under the presidency of Sir Edward Watkin, M. P., chairman of the reconstruction trustees, to receive a statement upon the affairs of the Co. Sir Edward addressed the meeting, urging the advantages of the line being managed by the proprietors themselves, with a board of directors having a definite policy, and strongly advocated the foreclosure. He stated that the holders of \$30,462,000 of bonds out of \$41,000,000 had assented to the scheme of the trustees, and 346,000 ordinary and preference shareholders had paid the assessment, a small proportion only having been paid by American holders, from which fact he gathered that their American partners were holding back. He justified the assessment on various grounds. Close upon £300,000 he said, had been paid in, of which £220,000 had been invested in American 4½ per cent. Consols, and the rest was either in the Bank of England or the London Joint Stock Bank.

**From the 1st proximo** Japan will be admitted into the General Postal Union, and the rates of postage chargeable on correspondence addressed to that country from Great Britain will be the same as to Hongkong, viz: By any route except via Brindisi—letters, 6d. per ½ oz.; post-cards, 3d. each; newspapers, 1d. per oz.; other printed papers, legal and commercial documents, and patterns, 2d. per 2 oz.; via Brindisi—letters, 8d. per ½ oz.; postcards, 4d. each; newspapers, 2d. per 4 oz.; other printed papers, legal and commercial documents, and patterns, 3d. per 2 oz. Unpaid letters from Japan will be charged on delivery with an additional rate of 3d. per half oz. Letters, post-cards, newspapers, legal and commercial documents, and patterns addressed may be registered, the registration fee being in all cases 4d., which, in addition to the postage, must be prepaid.

**De Lunatico Inquirendo.** There is no doubt that Judge Hilton is mad. The Commissioners in Lunacy should take away from such a man the administration of the Stewart estate. The readers of the *News Letter* will doubtless remember that, during the late unpleasantness between the North and South, one of the Presbyterian Churches in this city held a Fair for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund, and in their advertisement invited "Christians of all denominations to participate; also Unitarians and Jews." Shades of Channing, Pierpont, George Bancroft, Edward Everett, Starr King, Bellows, Waterston, Stebbins, Alger, Barry, Lathrop, Dewey, Theodore Parker, Robbins, Coleman and Putnam—all of whom were and some are to-day Unitarian preachers—and Rabbi Cohn, too, of whom Dr. Stebbins says "he is as good a Christian as any of us." What must be the emotions of these learned men to be thus ostracized?

**Experiments** with the Electric Light for the purpose of illuminating the Paris Picture Galleries have been made at the Palais de l'Industrie. The Fine Arts Minister proposes to light up the Salon next year so that the Exhibition may be open in the evening, and also intends to try the experiment with some of the rooms in the Louvre. At present, however, the light has been found too white to suit many of the pictures, and alterations will have to be made in the process.

**Many English young ladies**, who have been to Paris for the Whitsun holidays, have brought back gold brooches formed by their baptismal names, or, to be exact, by the French translations of them. Were I the parent of a pretty, grown-up girl, I should object to her giving street prowlers an opportunity to call after her, "My lovely Lottie," or, "My frisky Fanny."

**Virtue** does not always go unrewarded among the Jews. There exists in London a Society for the Promotion of Matrimony between virtuous young persons of the Jewish faith, and it has just notified that an election will shortly take place, when a dowery of £25 will be presented, together with the payment of the marriage fees.

**An indiscriminate** slaughter of dogs is threatening. All right, but remember that every dog killed leaves several hundred fleas to be cared for and amused.

**It is not true** that news editors are all getting cross-eyed over those Turkish and Russian names.



## TO JUDGE HILTON in re SELIGMAN.

'Tis said when fools parade their want of wit,  
It's only right to tender them a bit  
Of good advice. Dear Judge, if this be true,  
We can't go wrong in thus addressing you:

Religion, Business, Prejudice, you mix;  
Permit us to elucidate your fix.  
Your flimsy arguments the truth can't drape—  
A woman's at the bottom of the scrape.  
You have a mistress, Judge, whose petty spite  
You dare not thwart, and be she wrong or right  
We know you can't presume to jump the track  
Marked for you by the widow at your back.  
She has a squabble with a Hebrew dame,  
And her factotum must take up the same;  
She wishes one "Jew" lady to disgrace,  
And, woman-like, insults the entire race.  
We recommend, dear Judge, that you espouse  
The widow Stewart, if you must her vows.

Business, forsooth! Shade of the great A. T. !  
His corpse might turn within its shroud to see  
His richest customers and cherished guests  
By *you* insulted at *his wife's* behests!  
You say your "Christian" visitors refuse  
To patronize a house that harbors "Jews;"  
Still, those *you* like, your guests must tolerate—  
They're only "Jews" whom you may please to hate.  
And who are these that think it a disgrace  
To come in contact with the Hebrew race?  
They doubtless take some pride in being "Nobs;"  
They now may add a letter—making snobs.

The fact, dear Judge, to you may strange appear,  
But things are quite reversed among us here.  
The kinsfolk of your Seligman direct  
Of all our social "sets" the most select;  
And many a Christian dame has suffered pique  
Because debarred from that exclusive clique;  
For all our city boasts, both rich and fair,  
Of social cream of cream is centered there.

To spite your face, from it your nose you've cut;  
The "Jews" won't starve because your doors are shut;  
While other folk will feel the social loss,  
And your "Grand Union" will be shunned, of course.  
We don't believe the entire blame is yours,  
Knowing the widow is the moving cause;  
But you, dear H., did show yourself a fool,  
When you—a Judge!—became a woman's tool;  
While she confirms the ancient adage which  
Says, "Widows will be wicked when they're rich."

## A SNOB'S WORDS.

The well-known proprietor of a famous New York paper is in Paris, and being rather thrown off his balance by mixing in the society of princes is dangerously effusive in his remarks. He has more than once spoken to a friend of mine of the great friendship between Russia and America, and says that as soon as England has her hands full with Russia, America will go in at her to wipe out old scores. I know no more unlikely event. America has all to gain and nothing to lose by keeping out of it, if we go to war with Russia. Her exports of corn will be immensely increased, her Western railroads will be vastly benefited, while the first Russian privateer will drive our carrying trade into American hands. Brother Jonathan is too sharp to throw all this away for the sake of paying off a grudge.—*Atlas in the World.*

### W. H. CHEVERS.

With the death of our old friend, another pioneer, another landmark of early California passes away. From the many accounts of his life which have appeared in the columns of the local press, we learn that he was born on the 20th day of October, 1828, at Hampton, Virginia, being the eldest of five sons of Rev. Mark L. Chevers, who died at Old Point Comfort, last year, and was, at the time of his death, the Chaplain of the longest standing in the United States Army. Mr. Chevers came to California in 1849, and, for a number of years, was connected with the Quartermaster's Department of the Army, being entrusted with the discharge of onerous and important duties in the public service. In 1854 he was employed in the United States Marshal's and United States District Clerk's offices of the Northern District of this State, where he remained until he was appointed Clerk of that Court and United States Commissioner, which positions he filled with great credit to himself and satisfaction to the public. In 1864, Mr. Chevers gave place to George C. Gorum. Thereafter, he was appointed Notary Public, by Governor Haight, which office he occupied until the election of Governor Booth. He was afterward selected by Judge Dwinelle to be the Commissioner of the Fifteenth District Court, and was recently appointed Notary Public by Governor Irwin, both of which offices he held at the time of his death. His loss is deeply regretted by a large circle of sorrowing friends.

### CONCLUSION OF THE ATCHIN WAR.

While the clang of arms and the blare of the trumpets of war resound in Southeastern Europe, where the Sultan calls upon the Prophet, and the Czar invokes the God of Battle to give victory to his cause, and all Western nations are nervously preparing themselves for a possible participation in the fray, it is pleasant for an instant to turn from the grim record of battles and bombardments to at least one peaceful announcement. The war between the Dutch and the Atchinese, in Sumatra, has been dragging its slow length along for upward of five years. Great loss of life and treasure has occurred on both sides; the Atchinese being a very brave and warlike people, and being further favored by the climate, which is very injurious to European constitutions, and the swampy, and otherwise inaccessible nature of the country. The Rajah of Atchin has, however, at length tendered his submission, and accepted the conditions of the Netherlands Government as to the conclusion of peace. The American communities resident in Singapore, Penang, and other settlements in the Straits of Malacca, will derive benefit from the termination of this long protracted war—which will enable them to resume their commercial enterprises without hindrance.

A small boy, who no harm apprehended,  
To the tree-top serenely ascended,  
For an immature peach  
That hung out of reach.  
The funeral was largely attended.

—Puck.

On a sign almost opposite the office of our hebdomadal evangelist (for the sake of clearness it may be well to state that this title refers to the *News Letter*), an attorney announces consultations *en francais*. The cosmopolitan character of our community renders it necessary for all lawyers who expect to make a living—and we have 626 gnawing at our vitals—to transform themselves into a species of peripatetic polyglot lexicons. A man who cannot address a jury in eleven languages will never rise to eminence in this city.

Logical sequence of the day rate of gold—The nitrate of silver.

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**NO CHINESE STONE.**

If an unjust resolution was ever passed in this unhappy city, it is the one adopted by the Board of Supervisors last Monday relative to the use of Chinese granite. The measure was introduced by Mr. Roberts, and reads as follows :

*"Resolved, That hereafter this Board will not accept any street or portion of a street upon which any material imported from China may be used in the construction of the pavement, curbs or sidewalks, whether in the shape of stone blocks, or curbs for the roadway, or stone flagging for sidewalks."*

The facts of the case are that a great many ships coming here from Hongkong are ballasted with granite blocks, which, from all accounts, are harder and wear better than ordinary granite. But the election is close at hand, and the Supervisors are bidding for the Anti-Chinese vote, and so they forbid the employment of their stone on any of our public works. The next thing in order would be a resolution forbidding the use of any English Portland Cement because it comes from Great Britain, or the drinking of any claret which is made in Bordeaux. We ask—and the question is a very proper one—what right have the Supervisors to pass this law? What authority have they for rendering our city ridiculous in the eyes of the world, by wreaking their petty spite on John Chinaman through the medium of his native quarries? Mr. Hagan, the Street Superintendent, has recently refused to accept an excellent crossing on Powell and Sacramento streets because the contractor, Mr. McVery, used Chinese granite blocks in its construction. As Mr. Hagan has no chances of re-election anyway, his policy was as mean as it is short-sighted.

While on the subject of supervisory stupidity, it is well to inquire what right the Board has to offer a reward of \$100 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the persons who deposited dirt, sand and rock upon Van Ness Avenue, between Pine and Bush streets? It was always our impression that the public pay the police force for finding out these things without any extra reward being necessary; in fact, that this kind of information is exactly what the officers should possess, but which they don't. In other words, the Board of Supervisors proposes to present one of the city's servants with \$100 for finding out what is part of his duty to know, but then it must be remembered that a number of influential persons live on Van Ness Avenue, and the election is close at hand!

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**COPPER, COBALT, AND NICKEL.**

A very rich strike has recently been made in one of the mines of the Nevada Consolidated Copper and Silver Mining Co., situated in the old "Battle Mountain Mining District," Nevada. The Company was incorporated only a few months ago, and have been constantly and vigorously at work exploiting their property, sinking shafts and tunneling, and have already been most richly rewarded by the discovery of a rich and extensive ledge of copper ore, assaying from 8 to 60 per cent., but more than this, find in their ore (which is of a most rare and unusual character), in combination with the copper, a rich percentage of Cobalt and Nickel, which gives a value of hundreds of dollars to the ton of their ore. The ore, in appearance, is singular, and such as we believe has never been found elsewhere in this country. The discovery was made in the shaft 108 feet from the surface, and followed down 22 feet, when drifts were run north and south upon the ledge to the distance of 40 feet, continuously in the ore, and, from appearances, the body of ore is most extensive, and may extend along the ledge indefinitely. We believe this is the first discovery ever made on this coast of cobalt and nickel—metals rare and valuable—and we congratulate the lucky shareholders of the "Nevada Consolidated" upon valuable discovery. Samples of the ore may be seen at the office of the Company, Room 32 Merchant's Exchange.

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**"The little darling!** he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby on purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, dear?" "Yes, ma; and if he don't behave himself I'll do it again."

The following commercial epitome is taken from the *China Overland Trade Report* of May 19th: "During the past fortnight an active business has been carried on in the Tea market at Canton, chiefly in new Scented Teas. In Amoy and Tamsui the new Teas have commenced coming forward, and the quality of the new Formosan crop is said to be fully equal to that of last season. At Foochow, Teas have arrived from the Pehling district in an unfired state, but will soon be ready for shipment. The crop is reported to be a good one. The market at Shanghai is closed. In the Silk market at Canton only a small business has been done during the fortnight just concluded. At Shanghai the transactions have likewise been on a small scale. In the Opium market at Hongkong, a moderate demand has been experienced for old Patna and old Benares, but new Patna has been neglected. A fair business has been done in Malwa; for Persian there has been no inquiry. At Shanghai the demand for all varieties has been on a very limited scale, buyers confining themselves to the satisfaction of their immediate requirements. The business done in the Hongkong market for import manufactured goods, during the past fortnight, has been of a limited character. Prices generally have declined, but Yarns and other goods are difficult to move even at a concession. At Shanghai, Plain Cottons have met with little inquiry, and the only goods in demand have been American Drills and Sheetings.

The *Japan Gazette*, of June 5th, furnishes the following relative to staple exports: "Silk—This market is completely demoralized, and without any quotation. Future prices will depend entirely upon advices from home. Tea—Shortly after the departure of the *City of Peking*, on the 24th ultimo, the tea market showed signs of great weakness, chiefly influenced by heavy arrivals and consequent accumulation of stocks. Prices declined 84 to 85 all round, except on the highest grades, which are scarce and pretty firmly held. Settlements for the period since the issue of our last mail summary amount to piculs 13,000, and, as arrivals are coming in freely, stocks are ample. The *Bothwell Castle* for San Francisco, and thence per rail, taking cargo to Eastern ports only, has obtained a full cargo at 2½c. per pound gross. The *S. S. Teriot*, for New York, via Amoy and Suez, has filled up her Yokohama allotment at £4 per ton of forty cubic feet. No other open freight offering."

**Interesting Point in Marine Insurance.**—Some questions having been raised as to the liability of underwriters when meat is thrown overboard under circumstances similar to those which occurred on the voyage of the *City of Brussels*, it may be interesting to know the practice which generally rules in such cases. Assuming that the owners of the meat had a policy insured free of particular average, that portion of the beef consumed by the ship's crew and the passengers would become a claim upon the shipowner, and the portion which it was deemed necessary to throw overboard as a measure of safety to health would not form a claim against the underwriters, inasmuch as it has been decided, in the case of "*Taylor v. Dunbar*," that where meat shipped at Hamburg became putrid through delay on the voyage, caused by tempestuous weather, and was necessarily thrown into the sea, there was no loss within the meaning of the policy.

**Sadyk Pasha**, lately the Turkish Ambassador at Paris, hearing of "guarantees," told the following anecdote: A Jew at Routschouk was bargaining with a poulturer for a pair of fowls. At last he said, "Well, I will take them at your price, only I have not my money with me." "Oh, then," said the dealer, "there is an end of it." "Not at all. The bargain is struck. I will only take one of your fowls, and will leave you the other as guarantee."

**Archdeacon Wright**, late senior chaplain in the army, who has sailed from Liverpool for Vancouver's Island, the archdeaconry of which he has accepted, was presented with a farewell testimonial in recognition of his services.



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‘MEN WE KNOW.’

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George C. Gorham.

There is nothing which America is so justly proud of as her self-made man. Our country has but recently celebrated her Centennial anniversary; her educational institutes are in their infancy, and some of our best men, now in the prime of life, who can compete with the world in scientific, political and general knowledge, have to confess that in their youth they received less advantages than an old country clod is supposed to get from the ideal deaf village schoolmistress, now happily extinct.

George C. Gorham, the Secretary of the United States Senate, whose picture is presented to our readers with this issue, was born on the 5th of July, 1832, at Greenpoint, Long Island. When an infant his parents removed to New London, Connecticut, where Mr. Gorham passed his childhood, and attended the public schools until he was twelve years of age. With the desire of work and independence which is the strong characteristic of all prominent Americans, the youthful, embryo legislator, during the last year of his studies, devoted every moment of his spare time to clerking in a drug store, for which he received the munificent salary of sixty-two and a half cents per week. After leaving school he continued to work as assistant in the store, and remained there until within two days of his seventeenth birthday. On the 3d of July, 1849, Mr. Gorham sailed for California, reaching our State, in which he was destined to figure so prominently, on the 19th of December of the same year. After his arrival here he went up to Marysville, where he served as clerk for Judge Field, and was afterwards Deputy County Clerk. The next office which he filled was that of Under-Sheriff, when, forsaking the issuance of writs, he commenced to write, and became editor of the *Marysville Democrat*. His next position was that of assistant editor of the *Sacramento Union*, which he resigned to take the office of Superintendent of the State Reform School. After serving as Clerk of the United States District and Circuit Court, he entered the lists as candidate for Governor of this State, in which campaign he was defeated. On the 6th of June, 1868, Mr. Gorham was elected Secretary of the United States Senate, which position he has held to date. In politics he was a Douglas Democrat from 1857 to 1860, but from 1861 up to the present time he has been a Republican of the school known as the "Radical."

As Mr. Gorham's views are being considerably discussed at this present time, a brief *resume* of his opinions will not be out of place. He is considered unfriendly to the present policy of President Hayes, and inimical to a course which he believes to be one of tampering with the vital interests of the Republic. In short, he has no faith in the era of good feeling which is supposed to have just been inaugurated. Mr. Gorham is a very active politician, and just now is suspected of favoring Sargent's reelection to the Senate, in which he has every confidence. Mr. Gorham's name has been freely used of late in connection with the Pinney charges, now under examination, and he is actively working to bring matters to a crisis, so that the public may be speedily rid of all suspense regarding the rights of the various cases. In fact, it may be said of him that he believes in his friends and fights his enemies. He takes the world as he finds it, and regards it as a sphere of labor and not a bed of roses. In the prime of life, he is rapidly carving his way up the steep rocks of honor and fame, and his unswerving energy, year by year places him higher on the rungs of the ladder of his ambition, and wins for him a well-deserved public confidence. In this brief sketch we can give but a faint outline of Mr. Gorham's career, which, we trust, is but commencing, both in usefulness and greatness.

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The other day one of the editors of the *Burlington Hawkeye* cut out of an Eastern paper a map of the Russo-Turkish war, and hung it on a hook for reference. One of the compositors thought it was an editorial article, and set up a column and a half on "A New Plan for Funding the National Debt," before the foreman discovered what he was at, and killed him.

### A REMNANT OF SLAVERY.

If a sentiment be really springing up among the *soi-disant* Eastern aristocracy inimical to the Hebrew race, it is well that it should be known at once, in order that it may be effectually crushed. The story that comes to us from Saratoga, about the Union Square Hotel refusing to entertain Mr. Joseph Seligmann and his family, is the first intimation that the public has had of the existence of such a feeling, and the exposé will doubtless have such an effect on public opinion that the fashionable Christian puppies who affect this social superiority will in future have to entertain their notions in secret. In the sixteenth century, the hatred that existed against Catholics, and in far earlier ages against Jews, was to be traced to an *odium theologicum* in the one case, and to envy of wealth in the other. To-day, in America, the first cause cannot be assigned as a reason, inasmuch as the class of persons at Saratoga which pretends to despise the Hebrew families usually has no religion at all beyond listening to a fashionable preacher and a good choir for an hour on Sunday morning. The men and women who look down on a Jewish family are invariably idle, rich children of fathers who have amassed fortunes for them to spend. They hate the Jewish family because all its luxury is obtained by the hard work of its head, because the rich jewelry which the children wear is a succession of loving gifts obtained by indomitable industry and perseverance. The fox, in his listlessness, hates the energy of the wealthy Hebrew merchant; his affluent idleness, that has never earned a holiday, looks down on the sweet enjoyment so fairly bought by his rival. The "something attempted, something done," which so dearly merits the repose which Jewish families seek in the summer months by the sea, galls the indolent young aristocrat because he has never done anything except selfishly to amuse himself. Judge Hilton has bowed down before this most useless element in the States, and he must take the consequences. There are, of course, vulgar Jews as well as vulgar Christians who have struck oil, but a house of public entertainment has not even the right to refuse accommodation to these. The insult is one which will be resented by people of every creed, and the disgrace should be keenly felt by all except our Hebrew fellow-citizens, who, in good sooth, are the only ones who can afford to laugh at it.

### THOSE NEW CITY HALL CONTRACTS

New City Hall Commissioner, George F. Maynard, being unable to answer the lucid arguments of Augustus Laver, the architect, in reference to the proper construction and administration of recent contracts to be awarded on the new City Hall, pours down, in consequence, on that gentleman's head a torrent of abuse about the New York State Capitol, which Mr. Laver has not seen for nearly seven years, and which was hardly out of the ground at that time. It is manifestly unfair to hold Architect Laver responsible for the construction of this gigantic public work in New York, since the slight connection he ever had with this building was severed many years ago. We were gratified to see the telling communication, referring to the alleged crookedness of the plumbers' and gasfitters' contracts, etc., of Mr. Laver, which we published in our last issue, having its weight before the public, and that various formal protests, as allowed by law, were sent in to the Commissioners by bidders and others, not impressed with the fairness of the provisions of the specifications, and that Judge Wheeler had issued a writ of injunction against one of the contracts being awarded by the Commissioners.

A company has been established in New York to manufacture weather bureaus for the European market. A large sized bureau that will predict sixteen kinds of weather a week can be had for \$800. The typhoon and westerly wind attachments are extra.

A dropsical prisoner asked his jailer what he'd better do, and the jailer, being a punster, replied, with all a punster's cruel levity, "I'd advise you to get bailed out."

### THE OTTOMAN SAVINGS BOX.

It is announced that under the directions of the Sheik-ul-Islam, a commissioner from the sublime Porte is about to proceed to Mecca for the purpose of opening the treasure chests containing the offerings of the pilgrims who annually visit the shrine of the Prophet, and appropriating a considerable sum therefrom for the use of the Sultan in the prosecution of the war with Russia. This treasure is the pious accumulation of centuries, and has only been drawn upon twice during the last hundred years, on both occasions to meet the expenses of a struggle with the hereditary enemy. The amount now contained in the chests is estimated to be not less than six hundred millions of francs, which will go a considerable way towards aiding the maintenance of the army in a state of war and providing munitions and material. We are accustomed to regard the Turk (specially Viziers, Pashas, and persons holding authority) as utterly spendthrift and disreputable from a business point of view, and with very little claim to any other sort of morality; and it is consequently a pleasing surprise to become aware of an incident which exhibits him in a somewhat favorable light. In most countries money can always be obtained from the people for popular objects, but war taxes are the most frightfully distressing burden that can possibly be imposed, and any means by which their being levied can be avoided is worthy of great credit. The practice, therefore, of the pious Hadjis, who year after year add their mite to the store that is never to be used save in the case of urgent national necessity is one to be commended, more even for its patriotism than from a religious point of view. It would be still more wise to make use of the money in profitable and secure investments, instead of bottling it up in such an out-of-the-way place as Mecca, where it is necessary to send a special commissioner to get it when the necessity for its being availed of arises. The fact of the resolution to employ this fund may also be taken as an earnest, active disposition on the part of Turkey to endeavor to rescue her credit from the dishonor into which it has fallen through a long course of reckless extravagance, engendered by the facility with which money has always been obtainable, and approved of by false friends and interested advisers.

### POLITICAL INSANITY.

The News Letter has no political bias or leanings, so that it can safely say that it wears no man's collar, nor has any axe of its own to grind. At this time, however, the Democratic party in this city presents so ludicrous a spectacle that it is impossible to avoid allusion to its position. The Democrats to-day are like "a house divided against itself," and therefore, though they may *stand*, as far as office is concerned, there is little probability of their aspirations being successful. Were we disposed to be satirical we might allude to the number of Milesians in the party, and adduce that as the main reason for the want of harmony. As far as is known of the party quarrel, it appears that there are two factions in San Francisco, the "Brady and Mannix" and the "Southern Soreheads." The former claim that there are very few Southern Democrats who care anything for the party, but who care everything for office, and they aver that a Southern Orpheus C. Kerr who has not got a bite out of the State thesaurus is a worse enemy than the blackest Republican. The opposition, which is represented by the *Mail*, accuses the Brady and Mannix element of being a close ring of the worst kind, and asserts that it is a monopoly which must and shall be effectually broken up. In the meantime the best men of the party are disgusted with the squabble, and are keeping out of the pool until the mud shall have subsided. The Democrats claim, and it is said justly, that California as a State and San Francisco as a city, can both be carried by their party. Should the present fight in their own ranks continue they can rest assured they will carry neither the one nor the other.

**Popular Science.**—An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed: "Upon my sowl, if the river was but a little higher, the ship would go to the bottom."

### JUDGE AND JEWRY.

Baron Lionel de Rothschild said one day that as long as one of his race was poor he was called a Jew, but as soon as he got rich he became a Hebrew. Judge Hilton seems to have reversed this, for he calls the banker Seligman a Jew, and his more unpretending brethren Hebrews. Whilst questioning both the discretion or good taste of Mr. Stewart's executor, we do think that too much fuss has been made about that which, after all, arose from personal malevolence, originating in a private squabble. For years no Jew was allowed a seat in the English House of Commons, although elected by the popular vote; and yearly was the question raised, until at length the good sense of the nation prevailed, and the oath "on the faith of a Christian" was not deemed necessary as a qualification for a legislator. Surely then, is it not returning to the dark ages when a man or sect is refused admission to a public hotel on the ground of his or their creed? The fact is, that they who would be only too happy to sit at Dives' table, cannot bear to have their appetites spoiled and their biliary organs jealously excited by the sight of the rich man taking his ease in the same inn with themselves.

### EARTHQUAKES.

Professor Fuchs has compiled an account of the earthquakes of the year 1875, from which it appears that either earthquakes or volcanic eruptions occur nearly three times a week in greater or less intensity in some part of the globe. In 1875 there were observed disturbances on a hundred days, though there were probably many others not recorded. All the most serious disturbances were in the torrid zone. Besides an enormous destruction of property, it is estimated that 20,000 persons lost their lives. The most serious outbreaks of volcanic action occurred in Iceland. In March the ashes emitted by Vatna were carried as far as Norway and Sweden; and so dense were the clouds of dust that the sun was obscured and wide districts thrown into darkness. Six huge streams of lava poured forth from different craters, and severe earthquakes accompanied the discharge. An eruption of Ceboruco, in Mexico, took place on the 11th of February, at the same time as the earthquake at San Cristobal and Guadalupe.

The net profits of the Western Union Telegraph Company for the quarter ending March 31st were \$606,619, or \$60,996 below the estimate for that quarter. The net earnings for the quarter ending June 30th are estimated at \$650,318, or \$46,000 less than the actual figures for the previous quarter. On the strength of this estimate a dividend of 1½ per cent. has been declared on the capital outstanding, aggregating \$507,213. This dividend will be paid on the 14th proximo. The surplus carried over from the first quarter of the year was \$128,577, and it is estimated that the surplus at the end of the second quarter, after deducting dividend for July 14th, will be \$138,682. The stock rates about 60, and pays 50c. per share per month, or par value.

The British Medical Journal says that the late Mr. Coulson is stated to have bequeathed to his two nephews—one a practicing surgeon—a fortune of upwards of £250,000, partly the result of a long lifetime of lucrative practice, and partly acquired by the bequest of his deceased brother, the eminent Government draughtsman. Mr. Coulson has left a bequest of £1,000 to St. Mary's Hospital, £500 to the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary, Margat, and £500 to the Penzance Public Dispensary.

A new company has been formed under the title of the British and American Mortgage Company, with a capital of £1,000,000, of which it is stated four-fifths of the first issue of £500,000 have been privately subscribed. The Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers is the chairman, and the object is to lend on first mortgage of real estate in the United States, the amount being limited by the articles of association to 50 per cent. of the value.



# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

**Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.**

*Compiled from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hope, McKillop & Co.,  
317 California Street, San Francisco.*

**Friday, May 18th.**

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
W H Grattan to C O'Connor.....	W 40th av, 426 n C st, s 426, etc; also, se 40th av and C st, e 87:10, etc.....	\$ 5
Mary Goodman to M Moritz.....	Se Buchanan and Page, 100x137:6 .....	....
J Center to W F Mulder.....	Nw Howard and 22d, 95x122:6 .....	5
J A Davis to G J Ward.....	N O Farrell, 154 w Steiner, 22x82:6 .....	4,000
M Brandhofer to Henry Edward.....	Lots 167 and 187, Gift Map 3.....	400
Abner Dobie to J F Houghton.....	W Pierce, 137:6 s Greenwich, 50x137:6 .....	2,250
Wm T Higgins to Annie Higgins.....	N Sutter, 137:6 w Larkin, 68:9x120.....	Gift
H Stewart to City and Co S F.....	Streets and highways.....	1
Wm Hollis to Isaac Upham.....	Nw Liberty and Valencia, 110x40.....	11,856
Same to H Rosekrans.....	W Valencia, 40 n Liberty, 50x110.....	11,700
H Rosekrans to M A Rosekrans.....	Same.....	Gift
Albert Venino to G Hueter.....	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ se Kansas and Nevada, 206x286:8 .....	2,400
H W Massey to Paul Banker.....	W Devisadero, 82:7 $\frac{1}{2}$ n Cal, 50x110.....	2,625
Jno Sedgwick to D Henderson.....	Sw Yolo and Kansas, w 50x100; also, se Yolo and Vermont, 200x100.....	5,000
W R Sloan to W H Pardon.....	S O Farrell, 55 e Mason, 25x87:6 .....	5
Same to A A Sanders.....	S O Farrell, 75 e Mason, 25x87:6 .....	5
Jacob Levy to Mich'l Phillips.....	N Tyler, 192:6 w Franklin, 27:6x120.....	13,000
Jos L Reed to Aaron Doud.....	N Ellis, 68:5 e Larkin, 22:11x137:6 .....	5
Same to W R Sloan.....	E Larkin, 112:6 n Ellis, 25x88:9; also, s O Farrell, 55 e Mason, 50x87:6; also, se Geary and Hyde, 68:9x37:6 .....	5
Mary C Chesterman to same.....	Sundry lots in different parts of city.....	2,250
A Homme to M Reese.....	Lots 9 to 20, blk 112, Central Pac H'd.....	3,600
D C McGlynn to Martin O'Dea.....	S Post, 135 e Dupont, 20x62:6 .....	20,500
B McGlinchey to P O'Brien.....	W Gunnison av, 350 s Precita, 26x110.....	500
City and Co of S F to H Stewart.....	S Post, 100 w Devisadero, 37:6x125 .....	....
J F Stroback to Sarah Marion.....	Lot 23, blk 90, Cal'a Av H'd.....	100
C Kobicek to Henry Frank.....	Com 376:10 w Guerrero and 260:6 n 16th, th 104 to a pt, etc.....	5
S F Sinclair to David Porter.....	S Fulton, 137:6 w Scott, w 37:6, etc.....	30

**Saturday, May 19th.**

Wm A Dunbar to Thos K Wilson.....	W Mission, 80 n 20th, 25x90 .....	\$6,500
Edw F Fallon to A Mcartney.....	S Post, 20 w Hyde, 28x35.....	3,500
Wm B Hooper to Horace Davis.....	Nw Townsend, 137:6 ne 6th, 137:6x137:6 .....	12,500
Jas M Barney to W B Hooper.....	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ ne 6th and Townsend, 275x137:6 .....	1
Wm Pixley to E J Moore.....	N Post, 137:6 w Buchanan, 27:9x137:6 .....	500
Peter Dean to Henry Edwards.....	W Harrison, 125 n 21st, 75x122:6 .....	4,500
W H Mitchell to L Cunningham.....	E Capp, 200 n 24th, 34:6x122:6 .....	2,000
Same to Merchants' Ex Bank.....	Nw Pacific and Baker, 50x132:5 .....	1,700
Wm B Chace to Geo O Davis.....	N Post, 175 w Baker, 25x137:6 .....	1,063
G O Davis to Jas B Metcalfe.....	Same.....	1,063
F C Havens to Jas Barnham.....	W Dolores, 195 n 22d, 65x117:6 .....	1
M McGrath to Jules A Harder.....	W Shotwell, 35 n 21st, 30x122:6 .....	4,400
F F Geary to S M Hills.....	N 15th, 121 w Noe, 25x115.....	3,000
Jas L King to A Hayward.....	N B blk 19.....	10
Same to same.....	Sw Lombard and Octavia, w 412:6, etc; se Lombard and Octavia, s 206:3, etc.....	10
J B Lewis to Geo Thistleton.....	Lot 8, blk F, R R H'd.....	10
Dan'l Coakley to J Coakley.....	Sw Polk and Bonita, 30x84:6 .....	1
F Arata to L Arata.....	S Greenwich, 171:10 $\frac{1}{2}$ e Stockton, e 17:2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x137:6 .....	10
L Arata to F Arata.....	S Greenwich, 189:0 $\frac{1}{2}$ e Stockton, 17:2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x137:6, 50-v 467.....	10

## Monday, May 21st.

Thos Hobson to Elizth Patten.....	N 23d, 37:6 e Dolores, 30x94 .....	\$1,800
A M Hamilton to T J Rooney.....	W Larkin, 25 s Lombard, 25x105.9 .....	1,250
P B Berge to Pierre Berge.....	Undiv 1/2 s Jackson, 78:10 e Stockton, e 61.4x70 .....	22,500
Jean P Berge to same .....	Undiv 1/2 s Washington Pl, 121 n Wash'n st, n 31:4, e 90, etc.....	2,100
Same to same .....	Undiv 1/2 s Jackson, 95:6 e Dup't, 25:6x37.6 .....	4,500
Wm Hollis to Sylvester Moore.....	S Union, 150 e Laguna, 25x137.6 .....	1,250
D J Murphy to F H McConnell.....	S Liberty, 212:6 w Guerrero, 30x114 .....	1,500
F H McConnell to D J Murphy .....	S Liberty, 262:6 w Guerrero, 30x114.....	1,500
Wm R Sloan to Jas Gilgan.....	E Hyde, 97.6 s Geary, 10x65.6 .....	5
Jno Mullany to City and Co S F.....	Streets and highways.....	1
Jas H Addison to S L Addison.....	Property convy to her during the existence of marriage of the parties.....	1
H Marshall to Bank of Cal'f.....	Sundry lots in d flint parts of city.....	10,000
N choas Smith to L Deceaso.....	E Capp, 360 n 16th, 25x122.6 .....	1,400
J R Basford to Benj C Wright.....	S Bush, 55 e Gough, 27.6x120 .....	\$1,250
S F Say Union to Wm Noethig.....	W Minna, 140 n 15th, 35x80 .....	1,400
F F Feisel to M P White .....	N s Minna, 50 sw 11th, 25x80 .....	5
J C Moody to Chas Skidmore.....	S Pine, 175 w Buchanan, 37:0x137:6 .....	8,000
Thos Jennings to J G Jackson.....	N Sutter, 160 e Franklin, 5x120 .....	1,200
Rich'd McCann to Mich'l Welsh.....	S 30th, 75 w Dolores, w 70, etc.....	1,000
G Middlehoff to Marg't Wickman.....	S Oak, 183:9 e Frank'n, e 44, etc.....	6,000
Jno Farrell to H E Bulwartz.....	W Noe, 105 s 15th, 25x110.....	850
C B Greenfield to F J Greenfield.....	N O'Farrell, 132 w Steiner, 22x82.6.....	6,411
Wm Young to City and Co S F.....	W Dupont, 87.6 s Sutter, 25x30 .....	14,945
G Kennedy to C McCarthy.....	N Vicksburg, 69 s 23d, 22:6x100.....	2,100

## Tuesday, May 22d.

Sam'l Crim to Mary Hill.....	E Chenery, 262 n Randall, 31x125; also, e Harrison, 104 e 24th, 52x100 .....	\$2,400
H Ansignioni to Leopold Kahn.....	Ne cor 50 x 250, 57:0x17.6, to secure annuity of \$100 per month .....	4,000
T M Antisell to J H Boardman.....	W Fair Oaks, 274 n 24th, 31x117:6 .....	3,000
D Farquharson to R Farrell.....	N Wash'n, 105:3 w Buchanan, 25:3x127:6 .....	5
Wm R Sloan to Wm E Hansell.....	E Larkin, 112:6 n Ellis, 25x68:9 .....	3,500
E F Woodbury to Geo Hearst.....	3.15-100 acres on Mountain Lake.....	3,500
Jean P Manciet to A Drayeur.....	W Valencia, 156 n 18th, n 26, etc.....	1
P Gardemeier to D Gardemeier.....	S Filbert, 87:6 w Powell, 19x70 .....	5
Paul Rousset to Thos Bolger.....	S Fell, 137:6 e Devisadero, 27:6x120 .....	3,200
Mary Wagner to A Lagomarsino.....	W Kearny, 97:6 n Union, 37:6x60 .....	5,000
Jno E Mason to Fred K Mason.....	E Pennsylvania, 50 s Yolo, 100x100 .....	5
Same to same.....	Sundry lots in Golden City H'd.....	1,000
W J Loury to Rob't Bragg.....	Ne Castro and Beaver, 28x100 .....	15,000
W Bartlett to Julius George.....	E Taylor, 87:6 s Turk, 25x85 .....	5,000
Marg'ree Dore to P O Sullivan.....	Sw 9th, 17 s Bryant, 50x100 .....	500
Jno Farren to Jno Crowley.....	E Farren av, 75 s Ellis, 25x90 .....	3,000
J Wesson to Ann C Stott.....	Nw Chestnut & Montg av, w 59:8 1/2, etc .....	300
Lucy Grove to P Kelly.....	Lot 1, blk 88, University H'd.....	

## Wednesday, May 23d.

Wm Ede to Jno J Schath.....	W 2d av, 170 s 16th, 30x80 .....	\$2,750
A T Green to Thos C Edwards.....	S 23d, 124 w Dolores, 24x100 .....	2,000
M S and Loan B'k to J Merzbach.....	E Webster, 50 s O'Farrell, 25x90 .....	8,800
N K Masten to Nevada B'k of S F.....	Lots 342 and 344, Precita Valley Lands .....	500
Marg Morgan to C MacDermot.....	W 24, 125 n Harrison, 25x80 .....	5
E R O Kasten to H Bauer.....	W Bartlett, 245 n Laidley, 30x100.....	5
David Wolf to Gilbert Palache.....	Lot 8, blk 15, Flint Tract.....	5
Chas A Fleicher to D Wolf.....	Same .....	5
M Radford to J Radford.....	S Sac'to, 137:6 e Hyde, 34:4 1/2 x137:6 .....	5
N Simonds to F G E Littel.....	E Nebraska, 156 s Nevada, 50x100 .....	5,000
J M Hixson to Mary B Horton.....	W Lott, 47:6 s McAllister, 45x137:6 .....	14,000
D M Tyrrill to L B Frankel.....	Undiv 1/2 acre com at e l of sw 1/4 of sec 24, t 2 s, r 6 w, etc.....	1,300
H E Shackerly to H Branson.....	E Dupont, 77:6 s Lombard, 20x120.....	6,470
Chas Esert to Maria Esert.....	S Hayes, 55 e Laguna, 27:6x120.....	5
Wm Hollis to R L Cockrill.....	N Ellis, 82.6 w Pierce, 27:5x120 .....	5
Dennis Mahoney to J P Jones.....	Sw Jones and Clay, 53:9x73:6 .....	27
Jno B Lewis to same .....	Same .....	40
Dan'l Sweet to same.....	Same .....	55,000
J P Jones to Wm Hollis.....	Sw Jones and Clay, w 442:5, etc .....	3,000
Ann C Stott to Jos Wesson.....	Nw Chestnut and Montgav, w 59:8 1/2, etc .....	5
T Taylor to P G Simpson.....	S Cal'a, 137.6 w Octavia, 58:9x137:6 .....	5
P G Simpson to Jane H Taylor.....	S Cal'a, 206:3 w Octavia, 68:9x137:6 .....	1,500
Geo Wittmann to J P Manciet.....	Undiv 1/2 e Brooklyn Pl, 107:6 s Sac'to, s 30x57:6.....	

## Thursday, May 24th.

Jas W Haley to Wm Haley.....	N Pacific, 20 w Leav'th, 20x60.....	\$2,500
Dan'l Jones to Ellen Petterson.....	W Castro, 190 s 19th, 55x250.....	5
Fred'k Ogden to same.....	Same.....	2,500
L Greenbaum to R Greenbaum.....	Sundry lots in different homesteads.....	Gift
A Hmine to Rudolph Graef.....	Nw Willow and Mission, 30x80.....	5
Jno Roberts to Bridget Kelly.....	Se Parnassus av and N st, s 103:4, etc.....	825
Louis Schultz to F Larroche.....	E cor M st and 5th av, se 140, etc.....	3,831
W D Litchfield to Wm D Koch.....	N Sac'to, 102:6 n Hyde, 35x120.....	12,750
Wm Sharon to Wm Schleiden.....	E Kearny, 115:6 n Vallejo, e to Montgomery x s 11 inches.....	1
S H Merritt to Almira B Merritt.....	Se Natoma, 100 sw 2d, 20x80.....	Gift
Giles H Gray to Henry Meyers.....	S Pine, 90:5 w Polk, 25x120.....	5
A M Wardwell to Jno Center.....	E Harrison, 130 n 21st, 26x100.....	850
Orlando Lawton to W Bartlett.....	Nw Stevenson, 175 ne 9th, 50x75.....	5,200
Same to D L Randolph.....	Nw Stevenson, 150 ne 9th, 25x75.....	2,800
D D Hayes to Dennis Driscoll.....	E Church, 104 n 22d, 26x125.....	650
Jno Moore to Thos Harman.....	Lot 26, blk 123, Mission View H'd.....	300
Frank O'Kane to Mich'l Dalton.....	N Quinn, 215 e Guerrero, 25x79.....	1,600
R J Makin to G Demartini.....	Lots 1, 2, 3, 10, 11, blk 21, West End M l.....	2,900
O Lawton to L Dinkelspiel.....	Se Market, 125 ne 9th, 25x165.....	15,550
Same to Julius Newman.....	Se Market, 150 ne 9th, 25x90.....	12,850
H W Bennet to Harriet A Blakc.....	N Pt Lobos av, 79 w Ferrie, 26:6x100.....	750
Jno Judson to same.....	Lots 2 and 3, blk 641, Pt Lobos Av H'd.....	800

## Friday, May 25th.

A Hayward to Nevada Bank of S F.....	S Clay, 190 w Franklin, 76:3x127:8½.....	11,000
C H Ackerson to A T Winn.....	N Kate, 131:3 e Fillmore, 50x120, subject to mortgage for \$1,450.....	1,550
Chas A Buckbee to S C Buckbee.....	Lot 12, blk 236, S S F H'd & R R As'n.....	600
Jas Kirby to D Cazan.....	Se Engenia and Mission, 70x100.....	2,778
M R E Co to Lizzie J Sawyer.....	E Mission, 30 n 20th, 25x95.....	2,500
A Hayward to Ferd Walter.....	Sw Clay and Franklin, 63:10½x130.....	13,000
Jno Hammond to Jno Dowling.....	E cor Minna and Lafayette, se 80, etc.....	5
J B Felton to M Reese.....	Sundry lots in different parts of city.....	60,000
W G Doolittle to Rosina Klaiber.....	Sundry lots in Outside Lands.....	3,600
Henry Edwards to Merch Ex Bank.....	W Harrison, 125 n 21st, 75x122:6.....	4,500
C H Hancock to Wm H Clarke.....	Ne Sacto and Mason, 137:6x137:6.....	...
Nathan J Aikin to Edw J Aikin.....	Lots 2 and 3, blk 36, Paul Tract.....	1,000
Jno F Sterling to Thos B Coghill.....	S Clay, 179:2 w Taylor, 25x120.....	25
Thos Derby to Chas Lester.....	Lot 28, blk 20, Fairmount Tract.....	200
A P Hotaling to Bernhard Levy.....	S Geary, 120 w Larkin, 40x120.....	8,000
A Hayward to Isaac N Walter.....	W Franklin, 63:10 s Clay, 63:10½x130.....	12,000
Willard Hodges to Jno Whitcomb.....	Sw Spear, 127:6 se Market, 45:10x157:6; s B'dway, 117:6 e Sansome, e 20, etc.....	1
E L Sullivan to J P Manrow.....	N Wash'n, 171:8½ e Kearny, 58:7½x100.....	28,000
Same to same.....	N Wash'n, 87:8½ e Kearny, 20:5½x100.....	24,000
M D Egan to Horace L Skates.....	E Prospect av, 195 n Coso, 30x100.....	200
Jno Rosenfeld to Dan'l Cronin.....	Ne Fulton and Pierce, 137:6x137:6.....	10
Thos Reavey to Ellen Reavey.....	Se Roach, 510 sw 3d, 20x80.....	1

## Saturday, May 26th.

Henry Lipman to Isaac Lipman.....	Ne Franklin and Page, 57:5x100; also, s 16th, 86 e Guerrero, e 84:2½, etc.....	Gift
I Lipman to Isaac Rosenbaum.....	Und ¼ ne Franklin and Page 57:5x100; also, undiv ¼ s 16th, 76 e Guerrero, e 84:2½x134:3.....	3,000
L H Cem'ty As'n to Wm Pridham.....	Lot 2254, Laurel Hill Cemetery.....	275
G M Condee to J Moore.....	Lots 11 to 14, blk 556, Tide Lands.....	5
Jno Center to Mary S Eells.....	E Shotwell, 95 n 20th, 40x122:6.....	5
Julius Baum to Jos Barnert.....	N Sutter, 55 e Laguna, 27:7x112:6.....	9,000
E H Harding to Anna M Harding.....	S Bush, 37:6 w Laguna, 18:9x87:6; also, lot in Sonoma.....	5
E Tripp to M E S Miller.....	Sundry lots in different parts of city.....	12,000
Edw Hagthorp to Edw A Conolly.....	Ne Olive and Buchanan, 30x87:6.....	2,600
J Bluxome to Geo Thistleton.....	N Sadowa, 190 e Orizaba, 100x125.....	...
F Stanly to Jno A Nehrten, Sr.....	W Powell, 62 s Clay, 31:6x73.....	2,600
G D Hopper to Cath Conroy.....	W Folsom, 300 n Norwich, 25x80.....	625
C J Depass to B C Duffy.....	S 19th, 155 e Noe, 50x114.....	1,000
Dan'l Ryan to Geo Hearst.....	40 acre as per 424 D 262.....	2,000
Hiram Tubbs to Edw A Davies.....	Iowa w, 83:6 n Sierra, n 65, etc.....	500
C M Hitchcock to Peter Dean.....	Ne Valencia and 22d, e 125, n 63:8, w to Valencia, s 55:4 to com.....	7,500
Peter Dean to J H Schleaf.....	Ne Valencia and 22d, e 90, n 58:6, w to Valencia, s 52:6 to com.....	6,000

## Monday, May 28th.

H Meyerstein to Nathan Peyser...	Se Tehama, 337:1 ne 4th, 25x80; also, ne Larkin and Tyler, 137:6x137:6	45,000
J Kelly to Jas Humphrey.....	Sw Valencia and Broderick, 42x30	9,875
P Becker to E Becker.....	Ne Octavia and Ivy, 40x75	6,111
M G McClinton to W Hutchinson..	Lot 10, blk 2, City Land Ass'n	75
Jno Allmand to David Conking....	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ acre in sec 10, T 2 S, R 5 W	450
Geo K Porter to Edw P Flint.....	S Ridley, 180 s w Mission, w 20, etc	250
J P Manciet to Fanny Borel.....	E Brooklyn pl, 107:6 s Sac'to, 30x37:6	3,700
Hiram Mills to W J Gunn.....	S Sutter, 110 w Octavia, 27:6x120	4,000
W J Gunn to C W Crocker.....	Same	4,000
A A Webber to Chas O'Neill.....	W White, 62:6 n Valjejo, 50x56	800
Pat'k Sheridan to Mathew Cody...	Ne Garden, 125 se Harrison, 25x75	3,400
Tobias Stoltz to Sam'l Hart.....	Se Geary and Van Ness, 75x109, subject to mort for \$25,000	12,000
J C L Wadsworth to J Coleman.....	S Bush, 137:6 e Montg'y, 68:6x137:6	10,000
Geo C Hickox to J R Jarboe.....	Se Cal and Van Ness, 120x172	15,000
J R Jarboe to Mary E Hickox.....	Same	15,000
Geo McWilliams to Jesus Guerra...	N 20th, 280 w Sanchez, 50x114	700
W H Slatery to Jos James.....	Lot 40, blk 236, O'Neill & Haley Tract	200
F Arbogast to Geo Edwards.....	S 25th, 101:9 w Sanchez, 50:11x117	5
Rob't Mayers to Mary Schmidt....	Nw 15th and A-st, n, 15:10, etc	1
Chas Henry to Isaac Goldemith....	S Geary, 110:6 e Leav'th, 27x137:6	9,500
C Reynolds to E B Koons.....	N 20th, 180:6 w San Jose av, 32x100	2,720

## Tuesday, May 29th.

Hannah Neagle to Cath Quilligan..	Lot 19, blk 11, College H'd; also, lot 4, blk 112, University H'd	.....
Jas Sullivan to H S and L Soc.....	S Havana, 154:6 w Deav'th, 200x200	\$ 250
Sarah A Platt to A I Mayers.....	W $\frac{1}{2}$ of 50 x 142, also, w Morris, 101 n Pacific, 18x52	Gift
D L Randolph to E Dingerfield.....	S Sutter, 157:6 e J Jones, 24:11x137:6	5
Jno Donnelly to Pat'k Kearne.....	Se Grove and Chenery, 75x114	1,500
A J Ralston to C Lyons.....	Sw Fremont, 45 nw Harrison, 50:6x24:6	8,500
C J Brenham to Wm Mullin.....	N Adair, 95 w Howard, 25x75; also, ne Capp and Adair, 25x75	3,325
Betty Brenham to same.....	Same	3,325
Mary E Butterworth to same.....	Same	1
F C Havens to C Churchill.....	E Folson, 126 n 34th, 104x245	5
Mich'l Shelly to Wm H Harden.....	N cor Howard and Grant av, 56:8x137:6	12,300
Wm J Skaw to Caroline Wood.....	E Isis, 104:27 s 12th, s 48:54, e 75, n 48:14, w 75 to road	2,800
Rob't Smith to Mary Nevers.....	W Broderick, 77:74 n Cal, 27:6x82:6	1,000
Jas Donovan to L Auerbach.....	N Post, 180:5 w Octavia, 25:10x129	6,500
Wm De Witt to Jane De Witt.....	Sundry lots in different parts of city	6:71
Rob't Smith to J O Besse.....	Broderick w, 106:14 n Cal, 27:6x82:6	1,000

## Wednesday, May 30th.

T Bagley to M B Harrington.....	S Everett, 378:4 sw 3d, 21:8x80	\$2,100
J M Comerford to Pacific R E A....	Sundry lots in different parts of city	3,375
S A Woodbury to Geo Hearst.....	20 acs, por of nw $\frac{1}{4}$ sec 6, T 2 S, R 6 W	20,000
Jno Pforr to Jos Lawler.....	W Potrero av, 200 s 20th, 100x200; also, sw 20th and Jersey, 433x100	1
Same to F Hellenschmidt.....	W Potrero av, 200 s 20th, 100x200; also, se 20th and Hampshire, 433x100	1
Jos Lawler et al to J Pforr.....	W Potrero av, 200 s Napa, 200x100; also, sw 20th and Jersey, 123x200	1
Geo Edwards to Jno Todt.....	N Clipper, 254:3 w Church, 25:5x114	1,700
Same to Jno Kolnke.....	N Clipper, 203:7 w Church, 25:5x114	1,700
Cornelius Lyons to Cath Lyons....	Sw Fremont, 45 nw Harrison, 50:6x24:6	Gift
H C Anderson to B A Henriksen....	E Vincent, 57:6 s Union, 20x58:9	850
Jas Paterson to Geo Edwards.....	W Noe, 66:6 n 23d, 50x105	5
Neil Anderson to Henry Unruh....	Lot 1 Spring Valley H'd	1,000
Hugh McNeely to Ellen McNeely...	Lots 3, 4, 5, blk 54, Tide Lands	5
W J Gunn to Geo Edwards.....	N Clipper, 152:9 e Church, 25:11x114	1
J S Alemany to Jacob Schrader....	S Pt Lobos av, 40 e Collins et, 25x125	750
J C Reja to Ralph C Harrison.....	Sw 14th and Harrison, 300x254	17,500
Wm Hollis to Wm A Plunkett.....	E San Jose av, 149 n 25th, 37x90	5,600
Same to M J Donovan.....	Ne Sutter and Lyon, 62:5x105	3,950
Same to M Hartman.....	W Webster, 115 s Post, 22:6x87:6	4,500
Same to Jas N Nisbet.....	E Stevenson, 173 s 20th, 22x75	3,583
W J Gunn to Wm Hollis.....	W Franklin, 82:84 s Wash'n, 45x137:6	10,000
W P Medlock to Henry M Fiske....	E Noe, 120:6 s 24th, 25x105	450
Mary Ackerson to Rob't Irving....	S Geary, 91:1 e Laguna, 25x125, in trust for Wm. Geo and Lulu Ackerson	.....
Sutter St R R Co to Geo G Taylor..	N Bush, 116:6 e Polk, 68x120	12,000
M Spellman to Jno Judge.....	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ s Turk, 1:13 w Steiner, 25x137:6	2,200



## Thursday, May 31st.

Mary E Buxter to D F Mulville....	W Fair Oaks, 183 s 21st, 61x117.6.....	\$1,100
Jno Brannings to Jno Van Bergen ..	S cor Mission and 3d, 75x25; also, w cor Mission and 3d, 60x25.....	5
Jno Briming to same.....	S cor Mission and 3d, 75x25.....	5
Same to same.....	Same.....	5
Jno Bruns to same.....	W cor Mission and 3d, 60x25.....	5
C J Parsons to Cath McCormick ..	Nw Brannan, 25 ne Zoe, 25x75; also, ne Zoe, 127.6 nw Brannan, 72.6x75 ..	Gift
Wm H Gabbs to Sarah Gabbs ....	S 26th, 170 e Mission, e 43.0, etc.....	3,000
Wm H Gabbs, Jr, to same.....	N Serpentine av, 131 e Mission, e 40.10, etc	500
Mary E Bryant to W Knowlton.....	Nc 13th, 141.3 se Mission, ne 155, etc.....	5
J P Jones to Marcus Levy.....	S O Farrell, 114.6 e Larkin, 23x137.6 ..	7,000
P B Cornwall to A Hayward.....	Se Market and Dolores, s 24, etc.....	23,000
Mary Dunn to Peter H Doncks.....	E Dolores, 140 n 14th, 140x140.....	6,250
Saml L Soc'y to Nellie Murtha.....	W S Jose av, 100.11 s 25d, w 104.11, etc.	950
C H Riley to Sam'l Bernett.....	N Union, 190 w Webster, 25x137.6.....	1,625
P J Corbett to Cath Corbett.....	N Hayes, 155 w Octavia, 51.5x120.....	Gift
D F Hutchings to N P Melloglav.....	E Leav'th, 70 n Jackson, 22.6x70.....	3,250
Marg E Crocker to Clark Crocker ..	Sw Sutter and Octavia, 110x120.....	25,000
City and Co S F to Jno McCracken ..	Com 93 ft 16 inches sw of n cor of East at and Central wharf, se 59.9 x sw 24, city slip lot 110.....	1,520
Edw Norton to R G Sneath.....	Sw 7th, 115 se Brannan, se 40, etc.....	5,500
J D Creigh to John Center.....	W Shotwell, 185 s 21st, 60x122.6.....	6,605
Donald McLea to Henry Nohrden.....	Nw Bryant, 133 ne 9th, 24x90.....	1,775
Same to H H Sengstacken.....	Nw Bryant, 157 ne 9th, 24x90.....	1,707

## Friday, June 1st.

Jos Clement to Sarah L Addison..	S Cal'a, 34.4½ e Steiner, 34.4½x237.6...	\$ 1
Maurice Dore to Wm S O'Brien ..	Sundry lots in Mission Bl'ks and West- ern Addition.....	36,600
Geo L Bradley to Chas P Bailey ..	Lot 9, blk 512, Bay View H'd.....	200
C P Bailey to R K Patridge.....	Same.....	250
Pat k Grady to M Deveauux.....	E Rhode Island, 250 s Yolo, 25x100; also, e Rhode Island, 300 s Yolo, 133x25.....	1,200
J F Doriand to Geo Daum.....	N 18th, 154 e Dolores, 25x112.....	1,500
H Spreckels to F Hageman.....	Und 1, of lots s w Mission 7, 237, 85.9½ x125; also, s 14th, 231.9 w Guerrero, s 420, etc; also n 15th, 303.6 w Guerrero, n 100, e 139.6 etc.....	12,000
D Harrison to Maria Pesca.....	N B'dway, 206.3 w Sansome, 34.4½x137.6 ..	.....
Jacob Mayer to Bridget Baker.....	W Chattanooga, 258 n 22d, 20x125.....	1,000
Wm Hollis to Louis H Nolte.....	E Stevenson, 151 n 21st, 25x75.....	3,700
A F G Bartet to A Decourtieux ..	S Green, 116.6 w Powell, w 21x68.9, and further consideration of \$10 per mo to be paid to the first party during her natural life.....	600
Sarah Thayer to C Monneret.....	S Green, 120 w Kearny, 17.6x60; also, s Green, 137.6 w Kearny, 1.6x120.....	1,900
P B Cornwall to F Mason.....	Prop as in 300 D 204, 331 D 958, 74 M 282	1,805
E W Burr to Francis Toolin.....	Sw 41th, 275 se Folsom, 30x69.....	1

## Saturday, June 2d.

G McWilliams to Wm C Forsyth.....	E Guerrero, 51.6 s 27th, s 30, etc.....	\$ 865
Harrison St H A to Capital Sav B ..	Lots 8, 9, 16, 17, 18, 19, blk 142.....	4,800
C A Woodbury to F H Jackson....	7.55-100 acs near Mountain Lake; also, und 1 ac of t'ct of 238 acs, com at the ne cor of Obed Chart Tract.....	3,500
Wm Wolff to Morris Wolff.....	W Buchanan, 120 n Fulton, 17.6x87.6.....	1
O F Cem'ty As'n to Jno Rohde....	Lot 2, Eriens' Home, Sect Plot 13, Odd Fellows Cem'ty Ass'n.....	60
J Linforth to Thos Magee.....	Nc Page and Laguna, 137.6x120.....	21,650
Thos F Northey to H Paulsen.....	Se Eddy and Deviadcro, 30x107.6.....	3,200
J Callaghan to W T Wallace.....	Sw Van Ness and Eddy, 109.9x137.6 ..	55,000
Jas R Mullett to Annie R Welch.....	W Harrison, 36.0½ n 13th, n 25, w 80, s 25.9½, e 80 to com.....	1,625
Thos Crellin to Jno S Eells.....	W Folsom, 95 s 21st, 60x122.6.....	4,300
Wm Hollis to Arthur McGuire.....	S 21st, 178 e Valencia, 22x90.....	4,500
R G Brown to Albert Titcomb.....	Lots 1, 2, 13, 14, blk 4, Flint Tract Hd..	1,200
Eliz'th Inskeep to C M Smith.....	Se 23d and Capp, 122x40.....	4,500
D R Spangler to F Odernott.....	Ne Hartford and 19th, 80x125.....	948
Henry S Dorland to W Dunlap.....	W Fair Oaks, 132 s 18th, 25x90.....	650
Same to Geo Torrens.....	W Fair Oaks, 100 s 18th, s 32, w 90, n 20, e 64, n 12, e 26 to com.....	650

## Monday, June 4th.

Maurice Dore to C H Ackerson	N Kate, 81-3 e FyImore, 25x120	10
Sam'l G Bently, Jr, to C Mann	261 lots in Gift Map 4	5
Emmanuel Levy to Jules Cert	N Cal'a, 155-3 e Fillmore, 25-6x132-7 1/2	10,000
R G Perkins to Capital Sav Bank	E Harrison, 182 s 20th, 52x100; also, e Harrison, 390 s 20th, 101x100; lots 8, 9, 16 to 19, Harrison St H'd.	100
Lewis Gerstle to F C Anderson	Lots 43 to 46, blk 93, S F Survey	1,400
Geo Edwards to Thos R Judson	N Clipper, 152-3 s w Church, 25-6x114	1,750
Bartlett Doe to E Benenfeld	W Larkin, 70 s Sutter, 50x75	10,850
Wm Hollis to Wm Harris	N 25th, 185 e Castro, 25x114	900
P B Geretz to Thos F Murray	Nw Valenem and 17th, 88x60	8,500
Mary E Sawyer to Chas H Levitt	Nw Fulton and Devisadero, 12-6x137-6	427
W Olney to same	Same	401
Simcon Sawyer to same	N Fulton, 125 w Devisadero, 12-6x137-6	118
T Baugh to same	Same	116
D F McDonald to F C Brownlee	Und 1/2 acre, McDonald Tract	1
Jacob Zech to Jas Kelly	Se Tehama, 80 ne 9th, 50x80	6,000
Mary Center to M S Rosenthal	W Howard, 290 n 16th, 30x35, subject to mortgage for \$3,000	5,700

## Tuesday, June 5th.

Geo Lehman to W Gruenhagen	Lot 2, blk 78, University H'd.	\$ 200
Univ'ty H'd As'n to S Langdon	Lots 2, 5 and 6, blk 97, and lot 4, blk 94, University H'd.	1,260
Abbie B Fisher to Jos L Hess	Nw Sutter and Buchanan, 137-6x30, sub to mort for \$3,000	9,000
Owen Connolly to W J Connolly	Lot 27, blk 41, lot 6, blk 46, Tide Lands	51
Mary E Buster to David Prindle	E Mission, 65 s 25th, 65x115	4,650
G S Osen to Annie M Cord	S Alta, 230-7 1/2 e Montez, 22-2 1/2 x60	800
Wm Hollis to Fanny Murray	S 21st, 200 e Valencia, 24x60	4,605
S V H'd As'n to W Armstrong	Lots 1 and 2, blk 36, S V H'd.	790
W D C Shade to D Vigne	E Anderson, 62-6 n Powhattan, 31-3x70	250
Calli Morton to P J Kennet	Nw Hayes and Polk, 110x137-6	5
A J Chambers to Jas C Weir	E Devisadero, 83 s Pine, 28x137-6	4,800
Willows L As'n to P McEntire	W Mission, 135 n 19th, 35x80	2,477
H B Howell to Stephen Walsh	O L blk 1-9	5,000

## Wednesday, June 6th.

Ellen Burns to Mary A Wheat	Sw Rausch, 225 se Howard, 25x112	\$ 100
W McCrossin to Ellen McCrossin	S Stevenson, 412-6 sw 7th, 27-6x75	1,800
Geo McWilliams to W Droge	Nw Valley and Sanchez, 105x266	450
M Godley to Geo Edwards	Sw Army and Sanchez, 105x26-5	1,400
Sam'l More to same	Nw Clipper and Dolores, 50-10x114	5
A F Hotelling to same	N Navy, 202 w Dolores, 32x111	5
J G Severance to S L Koster	N Grace and Steiner, 25x137-6	1
D C McGlynn to S M Wilson	W Stockton, 45-6 s Pine, 69x80	15,000
C G Athearn to C W Evans	Nw 24th and Douglas, w 17-3 s, etc; also w Diamond, 61 s 24th, 69x125	3,000
Wm Hollis to C de la Torre	S Geary, 198 w Steiner, 22x82-6	4,160
J H Cummings to M A Cummings	Personal property	Gift
Wm Byrno to Geo Edwards	Nw 21th and Chattanooga, 100x25	900
F A Hasey to F S Woke	Blk 334, O'Neil and Haley Tract	25,000
Wong Clark to Quong Yee	E Wash'n pl; 80 s Jackson, 33x90	6,000
G Solari to G Demartini	Lots 1 to 3, 5, 8 to 11, blk 21, W End M'p	2,500

## Thursday, June 7th.

Geo McCullough to N Leverone	N Greenwich, 137-6 w St'kton, 29-8x45-5	\$2,500
P McCormick to E McCormick	W Laekie, 250-6 n Mission, 24-6x85	Gift
A Hemme to Simon Cohn	S Post, 110-6 w Laguna, 27x137-6	8,500
G Perry to S F Turn Vereln	S Turk, 192-6 w Leav'th, 82-6x137-6	5
Geo S Lincoln to Chas Meseth	S Union, 46-2 e Jones, 23x120	5
P F Butler to V T Kingwell	Sw 6th, 75 nw Folsom, 50x80	5
W Powleson to A Williamson	N 12th av, 255 e Q st, 75x100, subject to mortgage for \$600	1,500
Thos Magee to Hugh O'Rourke	N Page, 27-6 e Laguna, 27-6x120	3,450
Thos Nash to Abigail T Nash	Lot 7, blk 25, Excelsior Hd.	Gift
Jas Findla to M Hopkins	Ne 1st, 137-6 se Market, 91-8x137-6, subj to mortg for \$20,000	60,000
Wm Hollis to C Hillebrandt	Sw O'Farrell and Pierce, 87-8x25	2,500
S Steinhart to Ignatz Steinhart	N Post, 184-3 w Powell, 22x137-6	10
Wm Bosworth to F Cunningham	Lot 20, Gift Map 1	25
O F Cem As'n to K Rheude	Lot 4, Rebecca Grove Sec plot 1, O F C.	583
Wm R Dunn to B Engler	S Union, 109-6 w Kearny, 20x57-6	3,000
Sarah H Gras to Wm Hollis	Se Bryant, 180 ne 5th, 95x160; also, e cor 5th and Welsh, 275x80	40,000
Jno Hinkel to Betsy Bradley	S Grove, 175 e Fillmore, 25x85	5,500

## Friday, June 8th.

Owen Callaghan to A McDonald.	Lot 197, Gift Map 1	\$ 700
R Perry to Merch Exch B'k.	Blk 411, Outside Lands	1,993
I Friedlander to C O Connor.	Sw Fremont, 180 nw Folsom, 25x80.	4,850
Geo Mearns to Isaac Goldsmith.	S Geary, 110:6 e Leav'th, 27x137:6.	5
F B Wilde to Thos Kerr	Lot 18, blk 1, Johnston Tract	425
Peter McLean to M Audemard.	N Tehama, 100 ne 6th, 25x75	4,490
Jno Lynch to R P Webster.	N Fell, 165 e Buchanan, 27:6x120.	3,500
Rob't White to Martin McGrath.	N 24th, 60 e Folsom, 25x75	1,050
W Codington to Wm Hollis	E cor Bryant and 5th, 275x275	5
Wm Hollis to W A Burke	E Le Roy Pl, 70 n Sac'to, 22:6x70	1,250
Chas F Hanlon to Mich'l O'Brien.	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 acs w of and adjoining a tract convy by C B Moore to C Heringbi in liber 399 of deeds page 28.	1,200
D J Wiseman to M Herzog	N Grove, 27:6 e Octavia, 27:1 x68:9	2,500
T F Bagge to H P Coon.	Nw Sansome and B'dway, 109:9x137:6.	5

## Saturday, June 9th.

S Bridgwood to Jas Galloway.	W Dupont, 175 s Francisco, 25x80.	\$1,137
J M Evensen to Alex Robertson.	Lot 5, blk 91, Excelsior H'd.	240
E Whitcomb to C T Mervy.	S Union, 187:6 w Laguna, 25x100.	3,000
J Cudworth to E Whitcomb.	S Union, 155 e Buchanan, 25x100.	1,590
Wm Hollis to Geo Torrens.	S Sac'to, 137:6 w Laguna, w 137:6, etc.	5
F Wittram to Jno Grace.	S Cal'a, 153 e Fillmore, 36x87:6	1
D F Mulville to Jno Bolger.	W Fair Oaks, 193 s 21st, 30:6x117:6.	550
Wm Hollis to Mary C Blethen.	N Cal'a, 137:6 e Buchanan, 53:9x137:6.	6,500
J H Milliken to Capital Sav Bank.	E Harrison, 182 s 20th, s 52x100; also, e Harrison, 442 s 20th, 104x100	5,000
Pat'k Dunnigan to Cath Dunnigan	S Pine, 87:6 e Hyde, 25x87:6.	Gift
Same to Mary Dunnigan.	S 25th, 101:10 e Noe, e 50:11x114; also, s Jackson, 206:3 w Leavenworth, w 34:4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x137:6.	Gift

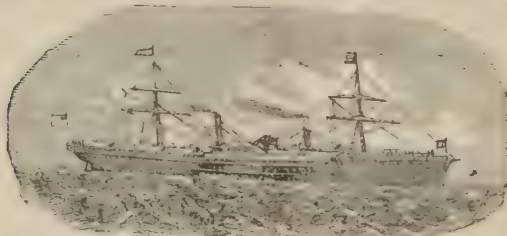
## Monday, June 11th.

Edw B Pond to J G Kellogg	S Cal'a, 137:6 e Leav'th, 68:9x137:6	\$2,500
Pat'k Martin to Geo P Loehr.	E Broderick, 91:7 n Bush, 40x60.	3,500
Jno Sproul to Chas G Moxley.	O L blks 653, 655; also, sw I st and 20th av, w 240, etc.	5,700
T J Severns to S Campodonico.	Lot 12, Mission St R R H'd.	100
A Shaboro to same	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ lot 55, blk 317, Park H'd.	200
Wm Hollis to Edw Barron.	E Harriet, 100 n 16th, 46x93, in trust for Mary Ann Corbett, during the life of her husband, John C.	1
H Silvestone to Sam'l Wand.	N Turk, 137:6 e Leav'th, 50x137:6.	21,000
J Spottiswood to Geo P Loehr.	Ne Steiner and Wildey, 25x61:3.	2,000
A Lette to Jacob Waechter.	N Lewis, 100 w Taylor, 18:9x57:6.	2,200
Jas Brady to Jno Sullivan	Lot 53, blk 496, Bay City H'd.	100
Jas Otis to Thos Young	W Jones, 122:6 s Sutter, s 15, etc.	5,000
Wm J Heney to J C O'Mahony.	E Steiner, 110 n Eddy, 27:6x110.	1,625
H Chavanne to Levi Strauss	Se Commercial and Battery, 29:10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x70.	22,000
L C Olsen to David Lynch.	Lot 21, blk 28, Fairmount H'd.	5
Louise Sorbier to Emile Chauvin	W Sanchez, 57 n 21st, 57x105.	100
F Pntzmann to E Engelberg	Lots 1 and 8, blk 21, Excelsior H'd.	800
M Cameto to C Cameto.	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ nw R R ave, 53:2 ne 6th ave, ne 39:6, nw 105, etc.	330
T H Henderson to F A Rouleau.	W Hyde, 114:6 n McAllister, 23x70	5,750
S and L Soc'y to Chas O'Hare	W Dolores, 89 n Day, 25x114.	450
C O'Hare to M O'Hare.	Same	Gift
W F Coupland to G Harshall.	Lot 117, Silver Terrace H'd; also, lot 2, blk 10, City Land Ass'n	300
Morris Sperling to Wm Cosbie.	Se Howard, 180 ne 3d, 25x80.	8,000
Wm Cosbie to M Sperling	W Bartlett, 230 s 22d, 25x125, subject to mortgage for \$1,000	3,500

## Tuesday, June 12th.

J W Cudworth to Jno Stokes.	S Filbert, 172 e Buchanan, 3x137:6.	\$ 150
Levi C Lane to Max Davis	S Pine, 137:6 e Devisadero, 037:6x133:6.	5,600
A C Villard to Ferd Lambert.	S Sac'to, 67 w Dupont, 22:2x68:9	12,000
B Mahoney to Juana Houston.	W 26th, 100 s A av; 20x90.	450
O F Sav Bank to D J Harrison.	W Stockton, 63:6 s Lombard, 21x87:6.	3,350
Jas Higgins to T G Cockrill & Co.	Lots 23 and 24, blk 37, City Land Ass'n.	100
Thos Magee to Jno H Kelly.	N Page, 55 e Laguna, 27:6x120.	3,500
Jas Cochran to Jno D Collins.	Lots 9 and 10, blk 14, Mis'n & 30th St H	800
Jos McChain to E A Stoddart.	W Jessie, 160 s 19th, 25x75.	3,000
Pat'k Slater to Thos Fox	W Priest, 117:6 n Clay, 20x50.	200
D Ballard to J E Fliggie	Lots 12 and 13, blk 15, Flint Tract H'd.	550
Geo Rosenberg to Jno Martin.	Nw Folsom, 205 ne 9th, 34:6x138.	9,000

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			<i>December 5.</i>

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NOTE.—April 1 and July 1 coming on Sunday, the China Steamer will sail April 2 and July 2.

NOTE.—September 16 and 30, and December 16 and 30 coming on Sunday, the Panama Steamers for those dates will sail September 15 and 29, and December 15 and 29.

NOTE.—May 20, June 10, September 30 and December 30 coming on Sunday, the Victoria and Puget Sound Steamers will sail May 19, June 9, September 29 and December 29.

**WILLIAMS. BLANCHARD & CO., Agents.**

SAN FRANCISCO, January 1, 1877.



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**Principal Office, 406 California Street, San Francisco.**

Cash Assets, January 1, 1877, \$593,291; Liabilities, \$5,952; Surplus for Policy  
Holders, \$589,339. J. F. Houghton, President; Geo. H. Howard, Vice-President;  
Charles R. Story, Secretary. R. H. MAGILL, H. H. BIGELOW, General Agents.

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March 17.

**LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (LIMITED).**

**Capital, \$5,000,000, of which \$3,000,000 is fully paid up as** present capital. San Francisco Office, 424 California; London Office, 22 Old Broad street. President, M. S. LATHAM; Manager, JAMES M. STREETEN; Assistant Manager, CAMILO MARTIN. London Bankers, Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank; New York Bankers, Drexel, Morgan & Co.; Boston Bankers, Third National Bank. This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities and all parts of the world. October 23.

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,**

**532 California street, corner Webb.** Capital and Reserve, \$231,000. Deposits, \$6,919,000. DIRECTORS: James de Fremery, President; Albert Miller, Vice-President; C. Adolphe Low, D. J. Oliver, Charles Baum, Charles Pace, Washington Bartlett, A. Campbell, Sen., George C. Potter; Cashier, Lovell White. Dividends for two years past have been  $7\frac{1}{2}$  and 9 per cent. respectively, on ordinary and term deposits. Dividends are payable semi-annually, in January and July. Money loaned on real estate and on United States Bonds, or equivalent securities. October 30.

**PIONEER LAND AND LOAN BANK OF SAVINGS AND DEPOSIT.**

**S**outheast corner California and Montgomery streets, Safe Deposit Block. Incorporated 1869. Guarantee Fund, \$200,000. Dividend No. 109 payable on July 5th. Ordinary deposits receive  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Term deposits receive 10 per cent. This incorporation is in its ninth year, and refers to over 6,300 depositors for its successful and economical management.

THOS. GRAY, President. J. C. DUNCAN, Secretary. H. KOFAHL, Cashier. 27th.

**THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED).**

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Jan. 13.

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SEPTEMBER, 1877.

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
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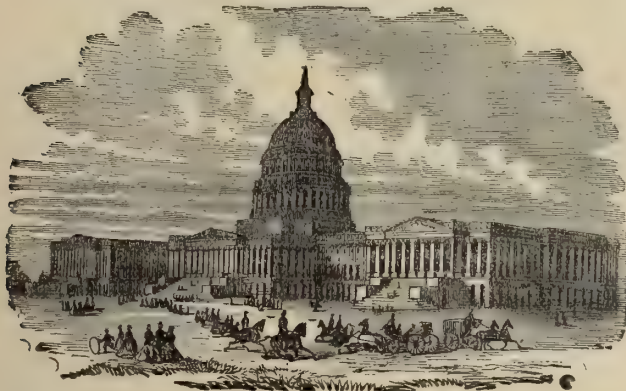
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# THE CALIFORNIA



## MAIL BAG.

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SEPTEMBER, 1877.

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SAN FRANCISCO:

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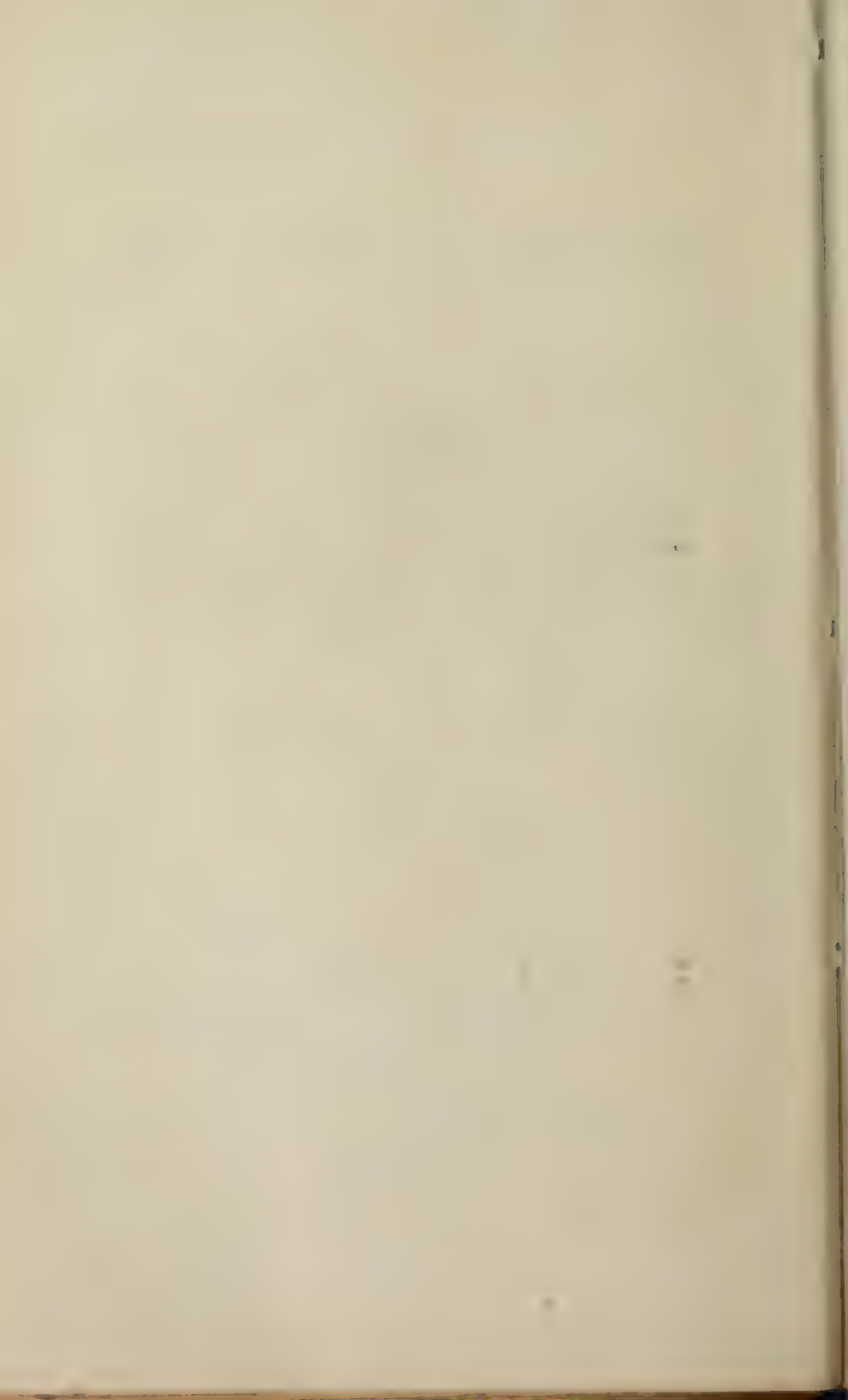
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## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

The American Geographical Society has just printed in pamphlet form a very interesting paper on the South African Diamond Fields, which was read at their meeting in March last by William J. Morton, M. D. This region claims from all Americans more than ordinary interest, since here two sister Republics, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, have made their beginnings; but for Californians, who drew their first nourishment so directly from the bosom of Mother Earth, the diamond fields must have a still stronger attraction. For this reason we extract what follows from the work before us.

There is at present no steamship communication between an American port and the Cape of Good Hope. It is, therefore, necessary to make the journey by way of Southampton, England, whence excellent steamers leave weekly for the Cape. Some stop at Madeira, Ascension and St. Helena on the way, while others make the voyage direct, generally in from 23 to 26 days. Dr. Morton did not make the direct voyage, but stopped at Madeira and Ascension. From the latter place he proceeded to Cape Town, and here, as he says, we come to the less traveled portion of the journey. There are three routes from the African coast to the diamond mines. The shortest, but least traversed, owing to its greater distance as a starting point inland, is from Natal. The second, that from Port Elizabeth, requires two days' further journey from Capetown by water to the town of Port Elizabeth, and is now the only route traversed by a regular line of stages, which leave every week, crowded with passengers, and make comparatively comfortable trips. Dr. Morton took the third route, which is, however, now disused. From Cape Town he had some 750 miles to go—north, a little to the east—and that included the crossing of two formidable deserts, all to be done in a very primitive wagon. We have not space to follow him on this long journey, though the scenes and incidents of it are very pleasantly told, but will repeat at once some of the information he gives about the mines.

Within a radius of a mile is the heart and focus of the diamond producing industry of South Africa—or, rather, of the world. Each town is built around its own mine. Three, Dutoit's Pan, Bultfontein and Old De Beers, no longer enjoy their palmy days; still retaining, however, a fair population. The search for diamonds is now centered in the fourth town, that of Kimberley, which may be said to contain the crystallized result of all the "digging" experience of the diamond fields.

Kimberley has a very agreeable society; there are five large churches and a Jewish synagogue, two theaters, a fine club, and schools. We shall find good tailors, and ladies' and gentlemen's outfitting stores, and it is a fact that the milliners of Capetown, which is notably a gay city, reserve their best ball dresses, laces and other goods for ladies for the diamond field market. There are three sound banks, numerous hotels, and "canteens" or drinking saloons innumerable.

A line of telegraph connects the town with Port Elizabeth and Capetown; and even the modern skating-rink, with latest fittings, has found its way there.

From open doors anywhere may be heard the sounds of pianos. A fashionable society keeps up all the observances of social life—makes calls, goes driving, gives evening dinners, and now and then a large ball. Dress suit and society paraphernalia are indispensable.

Carrying weapons is unknown, except, perhaps, in a night ramble. Violence and robbery are infrequent, and meet with prompt punishment in the courts. An abundant supply of negro labor allows men of education

and capital to engage in the occupation of "digging." This word must, therefore, be disassociated from its conventional idea of roughness and lawlessness.

The population may be roughly divided into 4,000 diggers, 2,000 buyers and sellers of diamonds, and 2,000 engaged in other pursuits, such as trades, store-keeping, etc.

Most of the large diamonds, *i. e.*, from twenty carats upward, are found during the "picking" down in the mine, owing to the fact that the cement-like "blue stuff" fractures or splits most easily through the spot occupied by any hard pebble such as the diamond.

It is here, in the claim, that many diamonds are stolen by the negroes, who are as adroit with their toes as with their hands, and will walk about all day with a diamond held in their foot.

Instances of their cleverness are often coming to light. For instance: a digger was ill, and sent his brother down to watch the picking. Being a new hand at this duty, he watched very closely. On returning at night he reported "No luck whatever, not a chip, and I watched them close." Shortly after, the head Kaffir came up to his "baas," or master, who was lying ill, and handed him nine small diamonds, saying, as he pointed to the brother who had watched him all day, "He no my baas."

If the Kaffirs mean to steal, it is almost impossible to stop them. Diamonds get into their mouths, ears, and smoking pipes. They swallow them; or, if the diamond is very large, and is not seen by the overseer, they leave it where it is, covered up with loose soil, and return for it in the night.

A Kaffir was seen beyond any chance of mistake to put a diamond into his mouth. He was immediately seized and carefully overhauled, but no diamond could be found. There were no hollow teeth and no unusual cavities. The master began to doubt his senses. But upon tying the Kaffir over a barrel and administering a few sharp blows, a beautiful gem rolled—out of his mouth.

Spreading over the whole excavation or pit, cauldron, pot or basin, whichever conveys the clearest idea—like a spider's-web on a dewy morning—run innumerable little white threads, so they seem as they glisten in the sun. Follow one such thread to our feet, and it will be found to be a shining wire rope, worn white with constant use.

Retaining plainly in mind a hollowed-out oval pocket 1,000 feet long, 700 feet broad, and 200 feet deep, we turn to its upper edge or brim, called, as we know, the "reef," and find there a scene of life and labor even more animated than below.

All around the edge, but chiefly on two opposite sides, is erected a strong framework of timber called the "staging," estimated to have cost \$250,000. It is built in three tiers, like a three-story house, and each tier is floored to afford standing room for laborers.

Two Kaffirs, all day, will pick loose as much as four at the wheel above can pull up. A working gang is thus distributed for the day; below, in the claim, an overseer and four Kaffirs; two Kaffirs pick, and two fill the buckets which ascend and descend on the wire rope I have just described.

Above, on the reef, are six Kaffirs—four to turn the wheel or windlass, one to receive the ascending bucket laden with diamondiferous soil, and another to carry it back a few rods and empty it at a depositing place.

This makes a gang of ten, though twelve can be used to advantage, and in this manner from eight to ten carloads can be hauled up and out in a day.

And now a word about the Cape diamond. In general it contains yellow coloring matter, ranging through every shade from deep orange yellow to the faintest straw color. But there are also stones as white as any from India or Brazil. With regard to the degree of yellow coloring matter contained in them, they are thus ranged: White, Cape white, bye-water, off color and yellow.

A few milky white are found, now and then pale blue, and even blue, but never as yet of large size. Brown and pink are usual and common, next to the off-colored or yellow, and not much esteemed. Small green stones are also seen. Black and perfect I have never seen, but black and fractured are very common.

The yield of Cape diamonds may be thus classified; 10 per cent., first quality; 15 per cent., second quality; 20 per cent., third quality; and the



remaining 55 per cent. consisting of "boart," used for cutting diamonds and other stones.

Of course this is but a very imperfect resume of what Dr. Morton tells us, and it would be well worth while for those of our readers who are interested in the subject to obtain the little work and read it through for themselves, as it is full of information and most agreeably written.

### RULES FOR MATRIMONY.

**They who marry** for physical characteristics or external considerations will fail of happiness. Marry in your own religion. Never both be angry at once. Never taunt with a past mistake. Let a kiss be the prelude of a rebuke. Never allow a request to be repeated. Let self-abnegation be the habit of both. A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse. If you must criticize, let it be done lovingly. Make marriage a matter of moral judgment. Marry into a family which you have long known. Never make a remark at the expense of the other. Never talk at one another, either alone or in company. Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials. If one is angry, let the other part the lips only for a kiss. Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another. Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire. Let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other. Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last. Marry into different blood and temperament from your own. Never deceive, for the heart, once misled, can never trust wholly again. It is the mother who molds the character and fixes the destiny of the child. Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed. Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's tastes, habits or preferences. Let all your mutual accommodations be spontaneous, whole-souled, and free as air. The very felicity is in the mutual cultivation of usefulness. Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observation or sphere of the other. A hesitating or grum yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart. They who marry for traits of mind and heart will seldom fail of perennial springs of domestic enjoyment. Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time. They are the safest who marry from the standpoint of sentiment, rather than of feeling, passion or mere love. The beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail, as securing domestic happiness, than the beautiful in person.

### MEDICINE FOR HOODLUMS.

**The successes of the hoodlums** in their raids upon property, the immunity from arrest and punishment which the large majority of them enjoy, suggests a means by which they may be suppressed, and, if they persist in their riotous and destructive demonstrations, summarily punished. A certain proportion of double-barreled guns should be distributed amongst the members of the Committee of Safety, say one gun to every six men, the guns to be loaded with buckshot. A squad of twenty-four would have four of their number thus armed, and when marching to suppress a riot, the places of these four should be, one in the front rank, one in the rear, and two on the flanks, or, more properly speaking, what would be the center when wheeled into line. Should they find it necessary to bring their weapons into use, the effect they would produce upon a mob would be much greater than were the whole squad using revolvers.

**Los Angeles folks** have lately been very turbulent and making an absurd amount of fuss about the purity of their water supply. The fastidious Miss Nancies even insisted on the cistern being cleaned out, but they found nothing at all unpleasant in it except a harmless decomposed Chinaman reposing on the bottom of the reservoir. There is no knowing where this squeamish and fanciful picayunish spirit will end. If the bottom of Lake Honda was not already visible to the naked eye, some rampant agitator would insist on searching our own ponds for flavoring extracts.

## The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

[By a Truthful Penman.]

Some of the Scotch papers are giving details of a very extraordinary will case which will shortly be submitted for trial. The story is this. The daughter of a country practitioner, in a little village in Scotland, awoke one morning to find herself a great heiress. The traditional uncle, who had come from India with a fortune, had died, leaving a beautiful estate and fully £300,000 in money and West India property to his niece, Miss Macpherson Grant. At that time she was bright, clever, handsome, and about twenty-one years of age. She took possession of her property, and lived in great style, keeping a large stud of horses, and driving tandem herself all over the country. Her father and mother she took under her wing, and was devoted to them to the last day of their lives. She established them in an independent and elegant home near Edinburgh, but had them a great deal with herself at Aberlour House on the Speyside. Some fifteen years ago, a young lady came to pay her a visit. She was a stranger to Miss Grant, and was brought by some friends. It ended in this young lady, Miss Temple, leaving father and mother with their entire concurrence, and living with Miss Grant, for better, or for worse, until death should them part; in fact, they formed such a friendship that they agreed and entered into an agreement that neither should marry, and that they should pass their lives together. Miss Grant then and there refused a very good offer of marriage, and rejected all other suitors. The conditions were that Miss Grant was to leave her estates and everything to Miss Temple, if Miss Temple, on her part, never left her and never married. A will was made by Miss Grant, under which her property was to pass to the Temples. Two years ago Miss Temple married. Last Christmas Miss Grant died. The will was revoked. She never forgave the defection, she never made another will, and the estate goes to an obscure country doctor in Aberdeenshire, who hardly knew he was related to Miss Grant, and never saw her. Other four relations, poor tradespeople in Banffshire, come in for a share. Over this question of succession there will be a terrible fight in the law-courts between the Temples and the heirs-at-law. Miss Grant was very masculine in appearance and manly in dress.—Mrs. Hicks certainly deserves a word of congratulation on the success of her afternoon party at Claridge's recently. Probably no one but herself could have brought together such an assemblage. Some went to do honor to the hostess, some to meet General Grant or Midhat Pasha, many probably from curiosity, and not a few because others did the same. It certainly was a most remarkable gathering, typical and cosmopolitan. Every one was there, from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, downward. Diplomats were in great force, forgetting for a while the burning questions of the day in the cooling refreshments of ice and fruit. Germans, French, Russians, Persians, Chinese, Japanese, Austrians, Italians, Spaniards, and many other nationalities honored the fair American with their presence. There were Roman Catholics and Protestants, Greek Catholics and Quakers, Mahometans and Buddhists, heretics and infidels; and all in peaceful converse. The society was all but favored by the presence of Royalty. The Emperor of Brazil came to the door; but the crowd inside daunted even him. With the exception of the fact that five hundred at a time occupied the space usually allotted to one hundred and fifty, of the heat of the rooms ranging from 110 degrees upward, and of other minor inconveniences, Mrs. Hicks's 'at home' was most enjoyable. And yet there are people who assert the contrary!—I dropped into the midst of a fashionable congregation in a Mayfair church last Sunday. A stranger was preaching, but he evidently knew his people. Instead of urging parents not to spare the rod, he earnestly entreated them to turn their hearts toward their children. Society, he said, seemed to have so many demands that drew them away from their sacred duties at home. Their infants were handed over to hirelings from their birth, and it was expected that money should buy maternal care 'through disturbed nights and harassed days.' I wondered if the reverend gentleman had composed his sermon in Hamilton Gardens, where I have watched many interesting scenes between the wet-nurses and gorgeous babes and their lovers. One case within my knowledge got 'reported,' and the gay-deceiver was forbidden the sacred precinct; but, gallant to the end, he was found kissing the fair hand of the frail one through the railings. How many of these future lords and ladies know life only through Betsy Jones and John Thomases! As a rule they find more sympathy under a powdered flanky head than under their mother's diamond necklace.—Most of us, however *blase* or middle-aged, we fancy, would have liked for a moment or two to have changed places with Buckland at Lord's recently. He meant business, you could see, as he stalked to the wickets, that young cricketer. Only thirty runs scored for the Dark Blue, and some of their best wickets down, and the odds of two to one raised to three and four to one on Cambridge, and Messrs. Luddington and Paterson triumphant! He does not take long, as a rule, to make runs; yet with what care were the first overs played, how gradually did he familiarize himself with the bowling, and with what increased audacity did he begin to take liberties with his opponents!—Rumor says that it was through the unexpected want of reticence on the part of an American representative of a London daily journal, to whom Colonel Wellesley had imparted his opinion of certain Russian transactions, that our military *attache* was covered with contumely by the Grand Duke.—In that pleasant anthology called "Poems of Places," which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued under Professor Longfellow's editorship, I am sur-

prised to find no extracts from the melodious muse of Mortimer Collins. Under the head of the 'Thames' there is the work of some very small poetsasters inter-mixed with some noble verses; but surely, if ever that river had a laureate, that laureate was Mortimer. How sweetly he sang of Wargrave ferry and Medmenham Abbey, of Bisham Woods and Shiplage backwaters, and many other nooks and reaches dear to riverside people which he knew so well.

"Pleasant it is in a boat to glide  
On a river whose ripples to ocean haste,  
With indolent fingers fretting the tide,  
And an indolent arm round a darling waist."

And the omission seems more extraordinary when I recollect that in the course of the delightful day which I spent with Longfellow at his house in Cambridge (Mass.) in November '72, my host spoke warmly in praise of Mortimer Collins, and expressed a wish for the little volume of poems, which Mortimer after ward sent out to him.

### A REVOLUTION IN SILVER MINING.

A revolution in the method of reducing silver ores is probable through the discovery of Prof. Mallett, a Colorado metallurgist, who, by a cheap and simple process, claims to profitably work ores that have hitherto been considered worthless in costing more to reduce than they produced. The professor can thus utilize ores assaying as low as five ounces a ton, and the mere cost of extracting the silver is less than \$2 a ton. Heretofore, the erection of reduction works has been extremely costly, an establishment capable of reducing 10 tons of ore a day costing about \$30,000, 50 to 75 tons \$100,000 to \$175,000, but so little machinery is required for the Mallett process that \$7,000 will construct works with a daily capacity of from 50 to 100 tons, and \$25,000 will outfit a mill capable of reducing 500 tons daily. The essential secret lies in a chemical preparation with which the ores are saturated after being crushed. The process does away with roasting ores. It does away with the costly and wearisome sorting of ores into various grades of richness. In fact, the entire crevice of a mine 10 inches to 300 feet in width can be crushed together—pay streak, gauge and all. Professor Mallett has already opened large works in Custer county, Colorado, and is practically demonstrating his success by buying five ounce ores and upward, whereas ores assaying at least 30 ounces have previously only been found profitable. Nine-tenths of the silver ores of our mines, above 125 feet in depth, writes a Colorado correspondent, carry only from 5 to 8 and 10 ounces up to 45 ounces of silver to the ton. In the hopes of reaching richer ores, such as will pay to ship for reduction, there have been wasted, apparently, from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 in prospecting silver mines during the last 20 years. The lowest figures representing cost of sinking prospect holes in silver-bearing districts is \$25, while thousand of shafts or mines have been developed, costing as much as \$250,000 each, while in hundreds \$500,000 have been expended and then the mines abandoned. Thus there are vast quantities of low-grade ores already mined scattered over the mining territories of the United States awaiting the cheap transformation of Professor Mallett's chemicals to yield their billions' worth of the silver dollars of the fathers.

A good story is told about the manager of an aquarium. The other day (Sunday) his wife got him to go to church, where, early in the proceedings, he fell asleep. The minister was reading the First Lesson of the day, which happened to be the first chapter of the Book of Ezekiel. As he proceeded in the description of the wonderful beast which the prophet saw in the land of the Chaldeans, by the river Chebar, the aquarium manager moved uneasily in his seat. "Every one had faces, and every one had four wings." The aquarium manager rubbed his eyes, and the preacher went on: "And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides, and they four had their faces and their wings." The aquarium manager was now wide awake. "As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man and the face of a lion on the right side, and they four had the face of an ox on the left side. They four also had the face of an eagle." The aquarium manager was now standing up, his wife vainly pulling at his coat tails. "Name your own price," he cried, disregarding the marital entreaty, "I'll take the thing."—*Mayfair*.

**DIXIE.**

[BY BURKE.]

Through the dark pines the sunset glowed,  
 Where, struggling on a rugged road,  
 A fledgling Union army strode,  
 A marching down to Dixie.

Far distant lay their morning camp;  
 The sodden soil was deep and damp;  
 Before them stretched a flooded swamp  
 That barred the way to Dixie.

One little lad, (they'd noticed him  
 Forcing along each aching limb,  
 With shoulders squared and visage grim),  
 Upon the march to Dixie—

Had toiled his place in line to keep;  
 His blistered feet could hardly creep;  
 A sight to make his mother weep  
 He reached the brink, and plunged waist-deep  
 In the black ooze of Dixie.

His shivering comrades halted there—  
 His voice, in cadence full and fair  
 Piped up, to tune the lusty air,  
 "Away down South in Dixie!"

It caught the wandering echoes up  
 That haunt the gusty pine,  
 It roared along the column's front,  
 It rolled adown the line;

And through the gathering twilight gray  
 Far back along the weary way  
 The martial bands began to play  
 "Away down South in Dixie."

On rushed the troops; their weapons bright  
 Flashed fainter in the waning light;  
 They vanished through the misty night,  
 A wading down to Dixie.

*San Francisco, July 28th, 1877.*

**PAPER-MAKING**

We extend a hearty welcome to the new paper-making enterprise about starting in Sacramento. The cure for hard times and poor business lies in the encouragement of just such industries as these. There are not hundreds, but literally thousands, of indispensable articles that could just as well be manufactured in this State and thus give employment to a host of now unemployed people, and profitably put in motion immense sums of hoarded capital. Paper is notably one of these articles, and there is no reason it cannot be made as cheaply here as abroad, when the immense freights paid on Eastern and foreign-made paper is taken into account. The limitless tule beds of the Sacramento afford an exhaustless quantity of material for the coarser grades, while there is cheap Chinese labor in endless quantity to gather the finer material in our large towns. In this city alone paper is used in sufficient quantity to give employment to several large mills, and if our people do their plain duty in giving the preference to the home-made article, no outside competition need be seriously feared. When we develop our own manufactures instead of bringing nine out of ten necessities through three thousand miles of risk and expense, then will our hard times vanish as by magic, our surplus population find contented and well-paid toil, and the State of golden promise, now fettered and halting, once more take her proud position at the head of the line. Why should we find labor for distant mechanics, when our own have none. We have lost enough in the great gamble of of stock. Let us turn with new ardor to the plow and the hammer.



‘MEN WE KNOW.’

Hall McAllister.

In the list of “Men we Know” the reader passes rapidly from one distinguished member of the clerical, military, legal and other professions to another, each alternating with the other, and each contributing to the record of our State’s success by the details of his individual career. To-day our pen deals with the name and history of a citizen who is second to none of the bright occupants of the *News Letter* gallery in all those qualities which keep a man’s name alive after his death, and hand it down to future generations as an example worthy to be copied.

Hall McAllister was born on the 9th of February, 1826, in Savannah, Georgia. He was the son of Matthew Hall McAllister, a prominent lawyer of Georgia, and afterwards first Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court of California. Mr. Hall McAllister’s paternal grandfather was an eminent lawyer in Georgia named Matthew McAllister, who was appointed U. S. Attorney of the State of Georgia by George Washington. The original commission appointing him to this office is in possession of the family. The mother of Mr. Hall McAllister was born in Massachusetts, but on the mother’s side of a South Carolina family. She was the granddaughter of Esther Marion, sole sister of General Francis Marion, of the Revolutionary War. Mrs. McAllister was the aunt of Julia Ward Howe.

It is superfluous to recall to the memory of the friends of the Judge and his amiable wife, the extensive social influence which they exercised in the early history of San Francisco, or the numerous benefits which they conferred in various ways upon the community. When the one was worn out with the arduous labors of the bench, in a time of prevalent legal strifes, and the other ceased her labors of love and duty to go to her reward, the loss to society here was universally deplored.

Hall McAllister preceded his parents in their advent hither. He arrived in California on the 4th of June, 1849, and immediately commenced the practice of the law. His first prominent case was what is generally known as the “Hounds” case, which arose in a condition of society in many respects resembling our present state of excitement and alarm. His conduct of this case was thus described by a correspondent of an influential Eastern journal: “In the first case of the People vs. Samuel Roberts, Mr. Hall McAllister electrified the Court, drew tears from the eyes of the prisoner, and sat down amidst plaudits that might have been more appropriately, but could not have been more justly, bestowed.” In one passage he anticipated our present condition. He said: “It has been proven to the satisfaction of all that there exists in the midst of us a band of men who, having adopted the motto which Milton puts into the mouth of the arch-fiend—

‘Evil, be thou my good’—

have under it perpetrated every outrage in the catalogue of human crime; that a struggle has ensued between them and all well-disposed citizens, and that it remains to be seen by your verdict which shall triumph; whether law and order or crime and outrage are to prevail.”

Since that period Mr. McAllister has been engaged in most of the prominent legal conflicts of this State. His legal biography is told in the history of our Courts, and now he stands the oldest practitioner of the San Francisco bar. All his contemporaries of 1849 have either retired from practice or passed away. His life has been a laborious professional struggle. It is so well known that to particularize incidents would only mar the general estimate in a community where he is as widely respected as he is known.

Mr. McAllister went to Yale College, but did not graduate. He subsequently, however, received from that institution the degree of M. A. There can be no doubt of the fact that, in all the various departments of the law, Mr. McAllister is second to no gentleman of his age in the country, but as a jury lawyer he shines pre-eminently. His preparation for a trial is most thorough, his perceptions keen, his intuitions accurate, his temper serene, and his tact inimitable. He speaks with great force, consecutiveness and dignity, and firmly illustrates his topics, and relieves the ordinary tedium of forensic oratory without wandering from his points or overloading his addresses. He has a genial and sunny nature, and is

much beloved among his associates. He well sustains the social influence of his family, and with his brothers at the bar, in the church, and in the army, the family name will be long associated with the history of the United States.

### PRESERVE SOCIETY.

The workingman has every right to sell his labor at the best possible price, or to abstain from selling it at all, if it so pleases him. Further, he may even unite with his fellows with a view to gain a higher wage by lawful means. Labor has just as much right to combine for the promotion of its own interests as capital has. Neither has the right to disturb the peace, to incite disturbances the end of which it is impossible to predetermine, or in any manner to invade or violate the rights of others. The common right of all of us, laborer and millionaire alike, is the enjoyment of protection, and entire safety in our property and in our persons. This, indeed, is the foundation upon which the whole fabric of society rests. Destroy that, and at once a wreck ensues of all that is desirable in government, of all that binds man to his fellows, as well as of all that makes life desirable. That is so obviously true that, broad as the statement is, it needs not to be enforced by argument. It follows, then, that when either life or property is thus attacked, it is the sacred right—nay, more, it is the bounden duty—of every citizen individually, and of all good citizens collectively, to not only resist the assault, but to render its continuance impossible by punishing the assailants unto death, if necessary. It seems astounding that, in this advanced age of civilization, it should be necessary to formulate these undoubted principles, much less to enforce them by the extraordinary but highly proper methods which, at this moment, have in many places throughout the country reached an efficiency that is not to be mistaken. That there should be large numbers of persons, in many great cities throughout this free republic—in which every man has an equal voice in the framing of the laws—who are ready blindly, recklessly, criminally, and to injury of their own true interests, to incite riot, to engage in it, and to murder and burn all before them, is, we say, an astounding fact. But that it is fact the country knows only too well. It is a truly humiliating and grievous condition of things. This is not the moment at which best to inquire into the underlying causes which are at the bottom of a condition of things which reflects but little credit upon the pulpit, the press, the schoolmaster or the thousand-and-one boasted educational and civilizing institutions of the age in which we live. It is no time whilst the house is burning to inquire why and how it was set on fire. The immediate duty is to get the fire out—to get it out with as little damage as possible, but to get it out anyhow. That accomplished, the matter can be calmly inquired into at leisure. When this present moral conflagration is extinguished, it will be a serious duty incumbent upon all thoughtful men to inquire how such an illogical, wicked and criminal condition of things was possible. Meanwhile the duty of the hour is to deal with the thing as we find it—to deal with it with a cool nerve, a firm hand and a fixed determination, until the whole sad and bad business is ended for the present, and rendered impossible for the future. The steps taken by the Citizens' Committee of Safety, as well as by the duly constituted authorities, are all admirable. The evil will soon be reckoned among the strangely lamentable phenomena of the past.

Having measured the red blood-corpuscles of men belonging to fourteen different races or nationalities, Dr. Richardson, of Philadelphia, found the average diameter to be 1.3224 of an inch, the maximum diameter being 1.2777, and the minimum 1.4000. In a bloody nose four inches in diameter there are about 78,500 corpuscles, but science has as yet failed to utilize them to chop wood with, haul wagons, or do any kind of manual labor. In fact, a corpuscle is as lazy as a Virginia nigger, and quite unreliable even on oath. We had a corpuscle ourselves once. He was four years old, and quite tame, but being an incorrigible liar (that is, the corpuscle, not ourselves), we could not trust him to carry a message half a block. Dr. Richardson had better give up measuring corpuscles, and turn his attention to evangelizing jelly fish. It's much better fun, and there's more money in it.

[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

**Mr. David A. Wells** comes to the front with an argument against the double standard, to the effect that eighteen dollars and fourteen cents in silver weighs a pound, and that a thousand dollars of that commodity requires a wheelbarrow to transport it. This states the case in a nutshell, and now the *T. C.*, who is paid in silver, hopes the tradesmen who enjoy his custom will understand the disadvantage he labors under in settling their little bills. Nearly every Saturday night the fighting editor is using the office push-cart in sending home the week's cadavers, and all the furniture car men are busy or drunk. As things are, we don't see anything for it but to wait until Congress declares a gold standard—or perhaps could be prevailed upon to make something else and more convenient the standard—beer, for instance. The *T. C.* can carry more beer than anything else, and at some fixed rate—say, five glasses for a quarter—we should soon manage to work ourselves out of debt, and even make a tidy little subscription to the new four-per-cent. loan. The idea is worth careful consideration. Or possibly a triple standard, gold, silver and beer, might give more widespread satisfaction. We don't care particularly, so long as they work in the beer, somehow.

**An English exchange** says that the wife of Charles Brown, a barman, of Kentishtown, was lately safely delivered of three children. One of them died, and on application being made for the Queen's usual bounty of three guineas on such triply interesting occasions, an answer was returned that the bounty was only awarded in cases where the three children lived. The casual observer will immediately be struck with the meanness of this conduct, for which it is to be devoutly hoped the Queen is not responsible. Let us trust that the blame is due to the Privy Council, the House of Lords, the Court of Arches, or the Commons, but not to the Queen. Poor Mrs. Brown did her best, and Queen Victoria could do no better; indeed, she has never done as well. Warming with our subject, we will go farther and defy the Empress of India to produce even a twin. *Oh, Gemini!* what a miserable reflection it is that royalty refuses its ordinary bounty to a batch of young barkeepers because one of them died. It is Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown who deserve all the credit, and are entitled to any emoluments arising from their *litter*-ary contributions to nature.

**Mr. Bondin** is the latest picker-up of unconsidered trifles who has found a bonanza—with a string to it. This time it is Mare Island, which Mr. B. desires to sequester with a frugal design towards collecting the back rent. We will do the claimant's lawyers an unfriendly turn by advising their client to permit Uncle Sam to keep his Navy Yard and to be swindled in some other way. Mr. Bondin wouldn't enjoy having Mare Island if he got it. It is inhabited by a lot of blue and brass exiles from civilization, who spend their days in slumber and their nights in betting pay certificates for '78 at poker, and who never open their mouths except to insert some of the brandy left by the Russian fleet, or to wonder why in the residence of lost souls some high rank duffer doesn't die and give the fellows a show. The wives of these parties keep up a Gatling gun fusillade of scandal about every created thing that wears clothes, and put the little leisure this leaves them into dodging payment of the ice cream subscriptions to their "hand arrounds." No! decidedly Mr. B. had better leave that Mare's nest alone.

**A large body** of our old Chinese residents, determined to no longer endure the wholesale importation of foreigners, yesterday mobbed the Nevada Bank. The President and Cashier were at once killed with brickbats, after which the contents of the vaults were divided among the crowd, making six dollars and fourteen cents apiece. The employés were then driven up on the roof and the building set fire to. The walls fell in about half past ten, much to the annoyance of those underneath. Sixteen dwellings belonging to a German named Reese were also consumed. The Mayor of the city, well known to be a recent importation from Ireland, had a long rope attached to his left foot, by which he was dragged around the streets for a few hours by some of the more peaceably disposed Celestials. The above is not a literal account of the riot this week, but it is as well to look at matters from both sides, as it were.

**Financial security** is far from being perfectly restored in this city, and we regret to add that things still look azure. (Azure means blue.) We saw an oysterman biting a bad quarter yesterday, which he had just got from a distinguished Judge in payment for his lunch, and we have noticed lately several instances of capitalists drinking alone, and saying something about "Next time I come in" to the barkeeper, instead of remunerating him. Ministers of the gospel complain that shirt-buttons are alarmingly prevalent in the collection plates, and that weeping sinners are getting perfectly callous on the subject of unpaid pew-rents. A noted medical man announces that he will take payment from patients in produce or goods of any kind, except firestones, as he has lately received two French ranges and a large boiler from a hardware man whose wife was confined last Monday. The emergency is a grave one, but by strict economy and the discovery of a few more mines like the Emma and other rich bottomless pits of gold, confidence will gradually and quietly be eventually restored.

**Several of our rising young poets** did their best to benefit the community this week by making targets of themselves. It is not to the credit of the mob to have to relate that the rhymsters are at latest dates all alive and well. No such opportunity for exterminating poets has occurred for a long time, and the authorities should see that they are posted in the most exposed positions, and that the leaders of the riot have their attention specially called to them. Our office poet was placed on the top of the largest white horse in the city on Thursday night, but the plot was entirely unsuccessful, as he lay down on its neck every time a rock was fired, and is now safely at home, instead of in the Morgue.

**At a school exhibition** in Massachusetts, the other day, a young female read a poem of three hundred and eighty-nine verses. At the eighty-third verse the exercises were adjourned for dinner, and the audience returned in due time, carrying air-pillows and lap-ropes. We state this fact for the benefit of certain local humorists who obtain a frugal subsistence by abusing amateur poets, and who have apparently overlooked this promising opportunity to be exquisitely funny.

**Sudden fright** is said to deprive persons of all the moral virtues—gratitude, for instance. During the late fire at the Lick House, the writer of this promptly rushed up to the rescue of the crowd of panic-stricken ladies on the upper floors, and offered his services in carrying out jewelry, watches, stock certificates, Government bonds, and other articles of a perishable nature. It can hardly be credited, but the only person who took advantage of this tender of assistance was an old lady, who frantically desired that her lap dog be let down out of the window by a string. And yet they talk of California big-heartedness!

**An Oakland huckster** bought a fine mule at auction on California street last week. He paid one hundred and forty dollars for it, and christened it Martin Luther. After trying for three days to put its harness on from a second-story window, the owner resold it yesterday for fourteen dollars, on long time, and under the style and title of "Sara." It was purchased by the city government, and will henceforth be used to suppress riots. It is calculated that when backed gently but firmly into a mob, the business end of this faithful animal will be equal to four Gatling guns and a howitzer.

**The axle-grease factory** in this city having been burnt down, there is a marked improvement in the character of the butter for sale in the markets. It has long been a matter of doubt as to what did become of all the axle grease manufactured, and should there be a corner in ice-cream next week our gravest suspicions will be verified. It is also noticeable that the barbers no longer offer to oil their customers' heads. In fact, it is wonderful how many branches of trade the burning of a factory like this affects.

**Our citizens** will be reassured to learn that the suit of armor that has been in rapid course of construction for General McComb was completed this morning. It has an iron-clad bay window in front, and is in every way a perfect fit. As we go to press, the General has already gotten into it, and is being mounted on two horses by the Dry Dock derrick, amid the wildest enthusiasm. The city is at last safe.



**Judge Ferrall** was considerably non-plussed by a remark of a woman whom he was reprimanding this week for stealing a small canister of snuff. She pleaded hard to be discharged, as she had a baby at her breast, and with her eyes full of tears and her nose full of Rappee, she turned to the Bench and sobbed out: "What's two ounces of snuff, yer 'onor, to a woman that gives suck?" His honor sent for an arithmetic, and worked out the problem by decimal fractions. He finally concluded that the answer was fourteen days.

**The T. C.** has temporarily converted himself into a peripatetic destroying angel. It may be said of him that he washes in blood, and that his nutriment is gore. Under these circumstances, persons who may imagine that he owes them any money are advised temporarily to keep away. The word "Sanctum" no longer decorates our door. It is replaced by the appropriate inscription, "Slaughter-house."

**The Mayor** has offered a reward of \$200 for the conviction of any one found "cutting hose." Considering that the authorities have been cutting axe handles in two all the week, to make clubs of, it is difficult to see why they should object to other people cutting hoses. (There is a chance for incurable idiots to add to this paragram and ring in some original ideas about rakes and flowerpots.)

"**Do yez mane** to kem out and let us bate the hides of yees?" yelled the leader of a mob that was battering at the iron window of a Chinese wash-house on Dupont street. One end of a tin telephone was gently lowered from a fourth-story window, and as the gang listened, a soft Celestial whisper said, "Chinaman washee six bittee dozen, big piecee alle same small piecee. Good nightee."

**The anticipated trouble** in South San Francisco was happily averted by the butchers in that neighborhood, who left the doors of their slaughter-houses open all night and choked off all evilly disposed persons. A good, reliable cow, killed ten days ago, and exposed on the thoroughfare, will keep off an army of hoodlums more effectually than all the revolvers in our local armories.

"**When earthquakes prevail**, snakes show themselves," says the Spanish proverb. Let it be remembered that the *Mail* was the only paper greedy and inhuman enough to receive and publish the "Rally" call of the hoodlum meeting of last Wednesday night. Were these the good old times, its dummy proprietor would now be holding a reception at the Morgue.

**Mr. Sigh Jones**, who is a most enthusiastic and bloody defender of our hearths and homes, objected to go out and fight on Wednesday evening, armed with the regular half of an axe-handle. To use his own words, he declined to participate in the suppression of a riot if his weapon was to consist of a mutilated section of an agricultural implement.

**Two citizens** of Virginia City committed suicide on the 19th instant. One of them shot himself in the lowest level of the California mine, so that his alleged soul was saved over half a mile of transportation. The other cadaver is described as being "well dressed and respectable," and is therefore a loss from which Nevada will not soon recover.

"**In the trial of Runk** a new theory for the defence has been evolved. It consists in proving the previous bad character of the accused in mitigation of his crime, and as an explanation why nothing better could have been expected of him." Hereafter people will be particularly careful how they dispute brokers' accounts.

**If the present Mint investigation** does nothing else, it will have accomplished the end of affording the lexicographers of all time an exhaustive synonym for combined cheek, treachery, mendacity and utter scoundrelism, unrelieved by any suspicion of decency: Crawford.

**Applicants** for admission to San Quentin will be examined this morning by Judge Louderback in profanity and the use of petroleum and cobble stones. A large class is expected to graduate.

**A lawyer** was drowned in his bathtub at Santa Rosa last Tuesday. This promising town is making giant strides forward of late. Bathtubs coming in; lawyers going out.

## FLY IN THE GLASS.

Before me my glass and beside me my pipe ;  
 The last is unfilled and the first is untasted,  
 This evening my thoughts are despondent in type,  
 So there stands the glass where the waiter has placed it.  
 Unusual! yes, but economy pleads,  
 And if I had thirst to consume the five oceans,  
 That half pint of lager must furnish my needs  
 Till I have exorcised these demon-like notions.

Why is it, I ask myself, some men are rich,  
 Not seeming or being the least meritorious,  
 Who see good and bad and can't tell which is which,  
 And think themselves famous because they're notorious?  
 While I, who—at this point I take my first sip,  
 To brighten my thoughts by the aid of the liquor,  
 And see, as the foam is just cresting my lip  
 A little black fly nearly drowned in the beaker.

Poor insect! Its light wings are clotted with beer,  
 And its posture expresses a world of apology,  
 As much as to say, "I am sorry I'm here ;  
 A poor little particle of entomology,  
 Who only could live for a day at the best,  
 And here it is evening, and in my senectitude  
 Instead of preparing to take my last rest,  
 I've err'd and strayed from the pathway of rectitude."

I gaze on it pitying (helping it out),  
 My brain is once more in a fog of conjectures—  
 That fly is most fearfully drunk beyond doubt—  
 A worthy example for temperance lectures.

Ah! yes, *musca mea*, spread out that small wing  
 And stagger and buzz, and bewail ye and groan ye,  
 You're maudlingly drunk, and there isn't a thing  
 That can sober you now ; you have gone past ammonia.

You're an elderly fly—it was six o'clock then  
 And sunset was burning the west into freckles—  
 And night is to flies what old age is to men,  
 And you're soaked as deeply as Robertson's Eccles,  
 Yet you to my mind solve this question aright—  
 A question to me that has long been confusing—  
 Exactly how rapidly Clarence got tight  
 Before he expired in the wine of his choosing.

My poor little fly, are you suffering still?  
 Are you troubled with entomological demons?  
 Perhaps 'twould be well to attend to your will  
 Before you go off in delirium tremens.

The present attack may be fatal quite soon—  
 I don't know what life you've been leading since morning ;  
 Did you drink in your youth?—I mean in the forenoon?—  
 'Tis only in kindness I offer this warning.

I drank up my beer—my small-winged friend's tomb,  
 And though his remembrance may pass out of history,  
 His spirit flew off in the gathering gloom  
 And went, like Voltaire's, to "resolve a great mystery."  
 His corpse I laid out on the brim of my hat,  
 I piled round him sugar and bread-crumbs to solace him,  
 And the other flies came, and the coroner sat—  
 I've no doubt of the verdict, "Acute Alcoholism."

Ho! *garcon*, another hock ere I set out,  
 I'll drink to the health of the spirit departed ;  
 This one you'll hang up I have never a doubt,  
 If you, like that insect, are liberal-hearted.

So *musca* adieu, I shan't see you again—  
 You'll find such as he was wherever your eye light,  
 You fly has his type in as frivolous men,  
 Who buzz through their lives and die drunk in the twilight.

G. H. JESSOP.

## OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, June 28, 1877.

**Dear News Letter:** I have only time to give you four pages of MS. this week, from which you can cull such paragraphs as suit the tastes of your upper ten thousand, and which includes bags with dollars and boxes with brains. Here I start. The criticism on Lord Hartington's turf tastes is not always complimentary, and one of these days I expect to hear an explosion; for there are at least half a dozen men who think themselves very much better qualified for the leadership than the son of the Duke of Devonshire. Sir William Harcourt has his eye upon it. Mr. Edward Jenkins thinks he ought to sit there. Mr. Chamberlain believes Nature intended him to be the successor of Mr. Gladstone, and there is a rumor that the M. P. for Birmingham is preparing to qualify himself for this position by taking to wife one of Mr. Gladstone's daughters. Mrs. Gladstone, it is said, accompanied her husband to Birmingham to reconnoiter the scene. But Mr. Chamberlain ought by this time to have had enough of matrimony, for he has been married twice and has buried both his wives. However, there is luck in the third chance, and if Mr. Chamberlain will give up his Secularism, or Miss Gladstone her Ritualism, I do not know why I should forbid the bans.

Personally, I do not know why Miss Gladstone should decline the attentions of the screw-maker, for he is a good-looking fellow, even when he sits gazing at you, with his glass in his eye, and a pucker in the muscles of his face produced by the effort to keep the glass in its proper place, and he is one of the richest men in the House of Commons. Miss Gladstone is not overwhelmingly beautiful, and is the very reverse of rich, although through her mother she calls cousin to the Lyttletons at Hagley. The richest heiress now on the engaged list is Miss Crawshay, the daughter of the Vulcan of the Hills in South Wales. Her dowry is said to be £500,000, and she is about to bestow this with her hand and heart upon a briefless barrister on the South Wales Circuit. I should be very happy to take her sister upon the same terms, if I felt inclined to marry—for money. These ironmasters' daughters have a very considerate way of selecting poor men for their husbands, for Sir George Elliott's daughter married one of the special correspondents of the *Daily News*, and a few days ago the heiress of a Durham colliery proprietor bolted with the editor of a North country newspaper. It is said of one of these ladies, perhaps it would be cruel to say which—for the maneuver after all was innocent enough—that meeting with the gentleman on board a steamer which was engaged in laying a deep sea cable in the Atlantic, they very naturally took to flirting on the quarter deck. The lady was all alone except with papa. The gentleman made himself agreeable, and, being tall and handsome, of course soon ingratiated himself with the Iron King's daughter. One day, finding himself alone, he proposed there and then. "Hush!" said the lady; "papa is asleep on the sofa and might hear you. Let us take a stroll on deck." "I am very sorry," said the lady, resuming the conversation on deck, "but, of course, you did not know when you were talking to me below that I was engaged. But I have a sister at home who is exactly like me, you would not know us apart, and when we return home I will introduce you to her." The introduction followed in due course, and the marriage within six months. The courtship all took place by proxy. That, at least, is the story. Perhaps it is about as true as other stories which are put into circulation, those of your Friend on the Hill, for instance; but we are all the victims in turn of these little pleasantries, and can generally laugh at them ourselves as well as the rest of the world.

**Bashful Spooner** (on his honeymoon): "Larry, my wife and I have both noticed that the townspeople stare at us very hard. I hope you haven't been telling anybody that we were newly married." Larry (the faithful factotum): "Me tell 'em, sor? Is it loikely Oid go agin my express orders? Why, whinever anybody's thryed to pump me, sor, Oive towld 'em you wasn't married at all!"

**Poodle dogs** are being extensively utilized as napkins, mops and cuspidors.

## ART JOTTINGS.

It is now nearly six months since the first exhibition in the new art galleries on Pine street was held, and since then we have had one picture, "Mary Stuart and Rizzio," and the Highwood collection. There seems to be no interest taken in the affairs of the Association by the artists, and what is to be done in the future no one seems to have any idea. The local artists are placing their work in the stores as fast as completed, to the utter neglect of their own gallery. Foreign works, too, are being brought here and exhibited by the dealers, but no steps are taken to secure any for the Association. Messrs. Morris, Schwab & Co. are receiving a large number of fresh works from the East, which will prove a great attraction to the admirers of art.

Not long since, we called attention to Toby Rosenthal's forthcoming picture, and advised its exhibition by the Art Association. Later on, we heard one of the artists say, while discussing the subject, "Mr. Rosenthal should apply to the Association if he wished his son's work placed there; this is good. The statue of Delilah was offered to the Association, but on condition that it be exhibited free. They declined to receive it, and notified the owner that he would be granted the use of the gallery, etc., etc. Now, there was no money to be made by the exhibition of this fine statue, neither was there in the exhibition of the Highwood collection, but the presence of the one would have been an honor to the management, and a source of pleasure to members and the public at large; while the other was a disgrace to the institution, and a serious reflection upon the management. In the light of these acts, the question comes up, "can any great work of art receive proper treatment at the hands of the Association, or are their acts, in a measure, controlled by professional jealousies.

## CAP--A NEW ENGLAND DOG.

In McMillan's Magazine for August we find the following story of a dog's exploits:

My father bought Cap when a pup for us children to play with, and great fun we had. As we grew older he came into the house with us, our constant companion, my own especial friend and confidant. I told him everything, and he never peached. Thus constantly with us, and talked to, he learned to understand all that was said, whether directly addressed to him or not; and the following story is strictly true, incredible as it may seem: My father and mother were reading, and one of them, noticing an article about water standing in a room over night absorbing impure gases, and being unhealthy to drink, read it aloud, and remarked: "If that's the case, we must be sure and see that Cap's water is changed every morning." He had water always in mother's dressing-room, where he went and drank when he liked. Cap lay on the floor, apparently unobtrusive. The next day he went to a member of the family and asked for water; he had a peculiar way of asking for different things, so that those who knew him could tell his wants. She went to the dressing-room, and there was plenty of water. Cap looked at it, languidly tasted, and then looked up, thinking something must be the matter; it was turned away, and fresh water given him, which he drank. The next day the same thing occurred, and the next after, so as to be remarked, and an explanation asked, when the foregoing conversation was recalled; and never till the day of his death, three years later, did he touch a drop of water without having first seen it poured freshly out, though never before had he thought of objecting.

Little Sir Arthur Rumbold has died of inflammation of the brain, at a villa near Florence; his illness being brought on by his running in the sun at midday. He was but some seven years old, and one of the loveliest children and the most endearing that ever lived. To the many friends who loved him, the loss of this little life of promise is one of the saddest things of a sad year. He has died with the June lilies. *World.*

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite," may get it outside the door."



## CANTON.

[From an occasional Correspondent of the S. F. News Letter.]

The North-east monsoon has at length broken up, and given way to south-west winds. This change of season has, as you may easily imagine, been attended with frequent thunderstorms and very heavy showers of rain. Indeed, so great has been the fall of rain as to cause the various creeks by which the country on the north-west of Canton is intersected, to overflow their banks and to inundate all the neighboring plains. This natural irrigation of lands, which are to be tilled for the cultivation of rice crops, is a source of much joy to the farmers. The minds, however, of agriculturists and of Chinese in all ranks and conditions of life have been much occupied during the past month in repairing and worshipping the tombs of their ancestors. Thousands of people have proceeded daily from this city to near and distant cemeteries, in order to propitiate by prayers and offerings the manes of the departed dead. This annual pilgrimage to the tombs of ancestors on the part of Chinese families or clans has been scrupulously observed for many centuries, and, judging from the vast numbers who, on this occasion, took part in such a singular proceeding, the interest in the ceremony is evidently unabated.

The Cantonese are blessed, at present, with excellent magistrates. Thus, for example, the Viceroy, who is named Lau-Pun-Yat, is a man of very high principles, and rules well the two southern kwangs or provinces of this great and densely populated empire. He has latterly been very much occupied, having since November last been called upon not only to discharge his vice-regal duties, but those also which appertain to the all-important office of Commissioner of Customs. The Commissioner of Customs, or the Hoppo, as he is more generally called, had to repair to Peking, of which city he is a native, in order to spend one hundred days in mourning for his mother, who in October last died at an advanced age. He returned to his post at Canton on the 29th ult., per steamship *Puu-Tah*. His arrival and debarkation were announced by salutes fired in honor of those events from various gunboats. Two new native officials have recently arrived here. Of these mandarins one is named Taai-Tchu-Cho. He holds the office of Chuung-Hip, or General of the Cheetoi or Viceroy's troops. The other is a member of the clan or family Hu. He is also a military mandarin, and holds under the Footai or Governor, an office styled Yau-fu. These newcomers are said to be very efficient officers. The Cantonese have recently been much engaged in celebrating festivals in honor of two of their most popular deities, namely Paak-Taai and Tien-Hau. Of these divinities the former is regarded as the "Great God of the North," while the latter is esteemed as the tutelary goddess of sailors, and of all, in short, who have their business on the great waters. Idols in honor of these two mythological worthies were carried in procession through all the principal streets of the city. These processions were formed in a great measure of bands of music, banner men, grave looking elders and boys and girls. The boys and girls in question were so attired as to represent heroes and heroines of a past age. The dresses which they wore on the occasion being of costly textures, gay colors, and magnificently embroidered, added greatly to the splendor of the scene. The procession in honor of Paak-Taai was so long as to require an hour to pass any given point. Plays were also performed in honor of these heathen deities, in temporary theaters erected in front of certain temples. And here it is my painful duty to record a most melancholy accident which occurred in the theater especially set apart for dramatic representations in honor of Paak-Taai. Owing to the crowded state of the theater, the wooden supports of one of the galleries gave way, and fourteen persons were in consequence crushed to death.

Two sets of prisoners have recently been made to undergo the extreme penalty of the law on the common execution-ground of this city. The first lot consisted of two malefactors, one of whom had been convicted of opening a tomb and despoiling the corpse which it contained of several valuable ornaments. The second watch numbered not less than forty-two criminals, some of whom had been found guilty of piracy, and others of burglary. They were, one and all, quickly despatched, falling beneath the blows of the executioner as grass before the scythe of the mower. Three nights ago a large fire occurred in the vicinity of the execution-ground. When extinguished, it was ascertained that seventy-eight houses

had been consumed. There was also, I am sorry to add, a loss of life on the occasion, two men having been killed by the falling of a wall.

Two very grave criminal cases are now occupying the attention of the judicial authorities of this city. The first of these cases may be described as follows: A bride aged seventeen years, who resided at Kwongling-men in this province, having formed a criminal intimacy with a youth named Ng'-Akwei, the younger brother of her husband resolved, with the aid of her adulterous and incestuous paramour, to put her husband to death. This diabolical purpose the two grievously-erring ones unfortunately succeeded in carrying into effect, and they are now, consequently, undergoing daily very searching examinations before the tribunal of the Provincial Judge. Death by a lingering process under the hands of the public executioner evidently awaits this guilty pair. The other case is that of a man named Chaong-Achee, who is fifty-four years of age, and who dwelt in the western suburb of this city. He is accused of having violated the chastity of a little girl aged nine years. Of the guilt of this man there is apparently no doubt, and as the punishment merited by a crime of this nature is death by decapitation, his days are numbered. Let me now conclude my remarks on these important police cases by observing that on the 8th instant sixteen malefactors, chiefly pirates, were beheaded on the common execution ground of this city.

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Last week we spoke of the threatened invasion of a hundred high-priced innkeepers, led by the traitor Leland, and strove to calm the excited public mind by the assurance that the Governor had promised troops, and that the Mayor had invited sealed proposals from reliable highbinders. It is with reluctance we now state that all this was premature. The Governor, instead of promptly tearing up the railroad track at Sacramento, placing arsenic in the boiled eggs at the refreshment stand there, or taking other energetic measures, permits the precious moments to slip by in terrified inaction. Mayor Bryant, instead of fixing a torpedo or something under the Oakland ferry wharf, refuses to do anything, because, forsooth, Leland is insured in the State Investment. Clearly there is nothing to be done except for our miserable citizens to protect themselves. If the enemy is once permitted to obtain a foothold, all will be lost. A hotel a hundred times larger than the Palace will be immediately started, with one of these landlords on each floor; terms, fifty dollars a minute. Of course, half a dozen favorite mines will be assessed to build them. Perhaps the most effective measure would be to station the rifle team now practicing for Creedmoor, on Goat Island, so as to pick off the vampires while the boat was passing. General McComb could be relied upon to make an "outer" on Leland, if the latter didn't stand edgeways—or, come to think of it, whether he did or not. If everything else failed, the *Wasp* might be persuaded to have pictures of them the following week. If anything could make even a hotel-keeper pine away and die, that would be it.

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"After the battle is over," after the mud has stopped flying, the dust has settled, and the smoke of the conflict has cleared away; after Page, Pinney and Carr have rolled down their perspiring shirt sleeves and gone sadly home; after the *Chronicle* reporters have folded their final scribbles and rushed off for beer; after the peacock tail of the Director of the Universe—and the Mint—has declined to a level with that portion of his anatomy popularly supposed to contain his brains, after all this, we say, will be disclosed to the unembarrassed contemplation of the public eye the spectacle of two respectable business men, Messrs. Low and Dodge, lying exhausted in their chairs with a first-class emetic expression of countenance, while before them stands the one really decent, dignified and unruffled figure in the whole group. It will be that of the young Superintendent, La Grange, his face wearing the same modest frankness, the same quiet, assured smile, and, while he turns to let a whole community of friends grip his honest hand, the curtain will go down to the thunderous acclamation of, "Well fought, thou good and faithful servant!"

### LET US HAVE PEACE.

The present seems to be a peculiarly fitting moment for an amicable settlement of the differences between the Spring Valley Water Company and the public. For two years there has been a deadly and very costly war. The public have been exasperated by high water rates and exorbitant demands for the water required for public use, and the proposal to purchase was regarded as a job put up for the benefit of a few speculative millionaires. On the other hand, the Company exercising both the arrogance and power of all monopolies, fixed the rates without regard to the machinery provided by the law, pursued their demands against the Supervisors from court to court, and put such a high valuation on their property that it became difficult—nay, impossible—for any public man to advocate the purchase.

At the present moment there is a lull. The two parties will be obliged to sign, at least, a temporary truce and come together to adjust the water rate. It must be admitted that for the time, at least, the Company has been severely handled by the courts. Their demands have been very greatly modified, and they are now compelled to appoint the water rate commissioners as required by law. Whilst the public, who, by their commissioners appointed by the State Legislature, have made exhaustive inquiries into other sources of supply, are probably convinced that the cost and difficulties in bringing water from the Sierras will be very great, and that it would be for the best interest of the city to buy the Spring Valley property, provided it could be purchased at a fair price. Now it is extremely satisfactory to find that two excellent men have been appointed by the Supervisors to fix the water rate. No one will impugn the capacity and independence of such men as Isaac Friedlander or Annis O. Merrill, and the Commissioners will render a great public service if they should act as arbitrators between the public and the Spring Valley Company, and settle a dispute which, if prolonged indefinitely, must prove disastrous to both parties. It is, therefore, desirable that the Commissioners should not limit their report to a mere determination of the water rate, but should also publish the various facts and arguments on which the rate is fixed. The real question at issue is the present value of the Company's property—the price which the city ought to pay for it if they wish to purchase. It is upon this valuation that a reasonable return of interest must in equity be made, and the sum required will represent the net product of the water rate. Messrs. Friedlander and Merrill are business men whom it would be impertinence on our parts to instruct as to the performance of their duty. They will be associated with the representatives of the Spring Valley Company. They will authoritatively ascertain the expenditure of the Company on their works, and form a just conception whether or not they have been suitably and economically constructed. We believe that no one wishes that the Company shall be unfairly dealt with. They cannot be expected to deliver water at a loss, or to part with their property below its real value, and whilst the citizens naturally refuse to pay for the Company's mistakes and extravagance, the latter are, no doubt, entitled to the present value of their property, irrespective of its cost.

It is by purchase alone that the city can acquire the undisputed right of fixing rates and regulating the supply for public and domestic use. It would be an act of folly to duplicate the mains, which would be necessary in case of the adoption of a new scheme. The reservoir sites of the company are of priceless value to the public, and never ought to have been alienated from public hands. Under public management alone can effective measures be taken to diminish waste. But the purchase must be effected on equitable terms, and the determination of the value of the company's property, which must be the basis of the water rate, may also be considered as a starting point for a negotiation with a view to purchase. The company are doubtless entitled to some compensation for giving up a property which is becoming more valuable every day, and the public must also consider the question from a financial point of view. The city, for example, will be able to pay for the property by bonds bearing interest at the rate of five or six per cent. But so long as the company provide the capital, they are probably entitled to a legal rate. It would, therefore, be cheaper to give a larger sum to obtain complete possession and control than to pay ten per cent. on a lower valuation, and leave the

management where it is. The saving of four or five per cent. in the rate of interest will have the effect of greatly diminishing the rate, and not only indicates the importance of the present crisis, but the desirability of making such arrangement with the company as would enable the Water Commissioners to submit to the public a scheme for the purchase (partial or complete) of the Spring Valley works and privileges. The Spring Valley must be the source of supply for some years to come, and it necessarily forms the nucleus of any more extended scheme.

### SUNDAY RELAXATIONS.

On the seventh of August the Twelfth Industrial Exhibition will be opened to the public, and we are promised new and additional attractions. We take an opportunity of suggesting to the managers the propriety of opening the doors of the fair-building on Sundays. As a monetary measure, there can be no doubt that it would be successful, and also in a moral sense we believe that it would be beneficial. For most workingmen Sunday is the only day for recreation or improvement; and there are but few places in San Francisco, or its vicinity, where they can enjoy this their only holiday. Of course, the Sabbatarians say, there are the churches, but these places of worship by no means fully meet the requirements of the daily toilers during their brief hours of leisure. Intelligent amusement is an imperative necessity. Can we not devise some method whereby this very rational desire may be gratified in a more wholesome manner than it at present obtains in this city? We venture the opinion that were the libraries open for some hours on Sundays, many would avail themselves of the opportunity thus given to improve their minds, who now, for lack of such inducement, while away the hours in saloons, and frequently get into mischief which, under better public management, might probably have been avoided.

When the Mechanic's Institute was organized, the mechanical classes were informed that it was especially intended for their improvement, a place where they might have an opportunity of passing their leisure hours in the cultivation of literary tastes, and of improving their minds by an interchange of ideas; and yet the library and the annual fair are closed against them on Sundays and other holidays. Are these places kept closed to please the Sabbatarians? If so, let us ask whether the hours passed in the saloons or in the libraries will tend most to create a disregard for the day, and promote the profanation of which our clergy complain? For most workingmen the Sundays are the only days in the year, with the exception of a very few holidays, when they have opportunities for study, culture, and recreation—57 days in the year, or say one year in every six! Shall these be given to be spent in the saloons, or to refined amusement and improvement? There are many young men now growing up who are, perhaps, hesitating which road they will take. Give them more inducements for innocent diversion, combining instruction with recreation, and they will avail themselves of them; deny them, and they will drift into the saloons, or perhaps worse. The legislators, teetotalers, and the local optionists have tried to cure the saloon evil, and have failed: it is a necessity of our local condition, it cannot be cured, but it may be mitigated by providing places of amusement for the workingman.

As it is, the saloons are far too numerous. Any means that will reduce the number of customers is worth trying. The teachings of those clergymen who condemn mercilessly all harmless amusements on Sunday, are utterly at variance with those of the Divine Leader, whom they profess to follow. Sunday was never meant to be a day spent in penance; such teachings of divines tend more than anything else to disgust men with religion. Let it be more understood that part of the day should be devoted to religious duties, and the remainder to recreation: and preachers will do more good than by too enforced ascetic teachings.

Gentlemen, open the doors of the fair and of your libraries on Sundays, and thus lend a helping hand to close those of the saloons.

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**New Music from Gray.**—"The Blind Girl Lament," by D. Speranza; "All that Glitters is not Gold."



**A COMPARISON.**

Saffron skin and almond eyes,  
 Cleanly robes of many dyes,  
 Raven pigtail wove with silk,  
 Gleaming teeth as white as milk,  
 Frugal, full of industry,  
 Famed for ingenuity,  
 Content his rice and tea to earn,  
 Easy taught and quick to learn,  
 Skilled in many a mystic art,  
 Pagan, but devout at heart;  
 Gliding softly through the streets,  
 Making way for all he meets,  
 Quiet, unobtrusive, mild,  
 Yet gay-hearted as a child,  
 Loving (and this speaks his worth)  
 The hoary land that gave him birth,  
 Carrying back the meed of toil  
 To benefit his native soil,  
 Courteous, dainty, spick and span,  
 Is your hated Chinaman.

Bleary eyes and dirty skin,  
 Foul without as foul within,  
 Hair puffed up and rankly oiled,  
 Teeth by bad tobacco soiled,  
 Wasteful, full of laziness,  
 Famed for mental haziness,  
 Loves to spend, but hates to earn,  
 Hard to teach and loth to learn,  
 Only fit to "shovel sand,"  
 Godless in a Christian land;  
 Swaggering vainly through the streets,  
 Insulting all (if weak) he meets,  
 Noisy, coarse, offensive, wild,  
 Man in vice, in years a child,  
 Loving (and this speaks his worth)  
 To deny his Celtic birth,  
 Bringing from his native soil  
 Lust of drink and love of broil,  
 All that's cowardly and base  
 Is branded on the Hoodlum's face.

**THE VALUE OF A HANGED MAN.**

A sentimental writer of the Theodore Tilton school has said, "No man is so bad that he cannot be put to a better use than hanging." Never did the nebulous inspiration of gush suggest a more stupid attempt at apothegmatic wisdom. One detected hoodlum incendiary summarily strung up to a lamp-post on Monday night, and left swinging long enough to enable his tribe to contemplate the spectacle and moralize over it at leisure, would have done more to protect life and property in San Francisco than ten thousand Safety Committee men. There is something peculiarly impressive in such a tableau, which produces an effect altogether unique on all that class of spectators who sympathize with the defunct, and are embarked in the same boat with him. For some reason or other the dangling corpse of a single comrade who has been made to stretch hemp, after a short shrift, by the uprising of an outraged community, touches the ruffian mind more nearly than the sight of a dozen killed by the police or military in a street fight. In ferocious natures the latter spectacle often kindles fresh fury and rouses a thirst for revenge; while the former chills and appals, producing a sort of limpness and nausea akin to that of sea-sickness. There were at least a score of brutes in the mob that has kept San Francisco in a turmoil for a week, who could not possibly have been put to any better use than hanging. In no other way have they ever done or will they ever do anything to benefit the community. But as hanged men they would serve the public better than an equal number of our "first citizens" could do by their noblest efforts. Take the case of the incendiary, Patrick Brannan, caught on Thursday night by Colonel Von Schmidt and his squad of Vigilantes, in the very act of firing some wooden houses on Alabama street, the result of which might have been a general conflagration as destructive as those which have devastated Boston, Chicago, and more recently St. Johns. When arrested a bottle of camphene was found in his pocket. Murder is but a harmless and petty crime compared with that which this miscreant meditated. Colonel Von Schmidt turned him over "somewhat reluctantly," we are told, to Fire Marshall Durkee, who took him to prison. His fate will not frighten his fellows; but had he been then and there summarily suspended to the first projection convenient for the purpose, his death would have been as fruitful of good as that of the "blessed martyrs whose blood is the seed of the church." "Man's life is a temporary good," said Uncle Jimmy Dows at the time of the first Vigilance Committee, when arguing in favor of hanging a man in regard to whose guilt there remained some shadow of doubt; "but the principle which will be strengthened and fortified by his execution is eternal and necessary to the stability of society." The man was hanged, and the effect was so salutary that no one who participated in the responsibility of the deed has ever repented of it.

Tell us, please, any one who can, what sort of stirrups are attached to a saddle of mutton?

## MATTERS IN NEW ORLEANS.

— NEW ORLEANS, JULY 11, 1877.

**Editor San Francisco News Letter:**—Probably you would not object to a few lines from the haunts of the bulldozer. Your sprightly journal has, like everything good, managed to reach the Crescent City. We are just now sweltering in the summer sun, with the mercury ninety-six in the shade, and Heaven knows what in the sunshine. The man who first taught the invigorating effects of a "sun-bath" has not many disciples in this burg.

News items here are not quite as numerous as they were last December. Our Grand Jury has indicted the Returning Board quartette, and there is a prospect of fun ahead. The particular charge upon which their arrest is based is the alteration of the Vernon parish (or county, as Californians call it,) returns. It seems the ballot-boxes, on being opened, showed 138 votes for the Democratic candidate, one E. E. Smart, and 2 for the opposite party. These facts and figures were duly set forth in the statement of votes sent in by the poll supervisors to the Board. Now, mark ye, the Board, in the course of events, promulgated the vote thus: for the Republican ticket, 138; for the Democratic, 2. This is the true state of affairs just now. The quartette have just been admitted to bail in the sum of \$5,000 each.

A few weeks ago, the City Council, in the course of business, found it necessary to have a list of the employes in the Department of Improvements. The list disclosed the fact that our worthy Administrator employed about one clerk to every three laborers; there were dozens of sinecure offices, street supervisors, assistant supervisors, bridge supervisors and assistants, messengers, watchmen, foremen of gangs, inspectors, and a hundred others. In fact, fully one-half of the Improvement budget was paid to some 150 or 200 of this species, whose duty was to see that some 400 laborers did their work in a proper manner. There's supervision for you! The result of all this was that the City Government adopted the plan of cleaning the streets by contract. But we may yet discover our Administrator appointing six men to watch each contractor. About a month ago an election was held to decide whether or no New Orleans should be taxed  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 1 per cent. per annum for four years, in order to aid a railroad now being built to Marshal, Texas. A majority of 5,500 against the tax floored the railroad, but the company is trying to get second mortgage bonds on the market, and is working with convicts from the penitentiary. The jetties at the mouth of the river are a success, and nineteen-foot vessels pass through without detention.

Our city School Board has decided to educate white and colored children in separate schools. The schools, or at least fully one-half of them, have hitherto been pretty well "mixed." Two colored youths graduated from the Boys' High School last month, side by side with eight white boys. In the same school, since 1875, has been a colored professor of mathematics. When he was first appointed, the then senior class declined to continue their studies under him, and left school. Almost the first act of the new School Board was to order an examination of this class, with the view of awarding them diplomas.

I venture to say that San Francisco has not as cheap a police force as New Orleans; our privates get \$50 a month, officers in proportion; and there is never a vacancy unfilled for a day, either.

That enterprising Nevada citizen, John P. Jones, has in successful operation here an immense ice factory, which manufactures large quantities of pure ice at very low figures. It is claimed by the Senator that his ice is better than the natural article. The factory was built under the superintendence of your enterprising fellow citizen, Mr. John Coughlin.

Governor Nicholls went on a visit up the river lately, and was the recipient of marked favors. The gentleman is a general favorite with all classes. It is a common thing to see advertised, as an inducement to people to buy admission tickets to concerts, etc., that "Governor Nicholls and staff will be present."

It may interest your sportsmen to hear of the remarkable score made by Mr. Dudley Selph, the crack shot of the Crescent City Rifle Club, at a local match yesterday. Out of a possible 75 at each, he made: At 800 yards, 72; at 900 yards, 74; and at 1,000 yards, 73 points. It is proposed to have Mr. Selph compete at the International match. A lady of this

city, at a trial yesterday at the C. C. R. C. target, made 73 points out of a possible 75, shooting at 500 yards. Seven of these points were center shots.

The Fourth of July was quietly celebrated in this city, but our local military organizations (including the famous Washington Artillery) went to Donaldsonville, some 75 miles up the Mississippi, and had a huge time parading and banqueting.

Business has subsided to its usual Summer ebb, and the moneyed merchants have fled to cooler climes, leaving the poor store clerks to do the best they can with lager beer and palmetto fans. J. J. McL.

### A SOLUTION OF THE EASTERN DIFFICULTY.

The six Powers have tried all their diplomatic arts and devices to patch up the "Sick Man," and have utterly failed. The various shifts employed may be summed up under the names "Consuls' Congress," "Andrassy Note," "Berlin Memorandum," "Conference," and "Protocol." All these measures discovered no solution to the Eastern difficulty, nor does the Czar, since he has appealed to the sword, seem to get along much better. Autonomy, dismemberment, partition, or whatever name we may give it, is admitted by all to be the inevitable fate of the Turkish provinces, but jealousy and distrust so pervades the Powers that they are at their wits' end to know how to make a division. Assuming, therefore, that Turkey has to be carved under any circumstances, we suggest a solution of the difficulty:

It has been hinted that Germany has a secret understanding with Russia, that Austria would have to agree to any terms they may dictate; but there is a combination that might checkmate Bismarck, and satisfy the ambition of the other Powers. By an alliance of England, Russia, and France, the troublesome invalid might be dissected, and the problem solved. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is married to a daughter of the Czar, might be made King of Bulgaria, with Constantinople for his capital, under protection of the tripple alliance. The Czar, who has protested against desiring to claim any territory for himself, and has declared his intention to surprise Europe by his moderation, would doubtless be satisfied with the abolition of Turkish rule in Europe, and the substitution of that of his son-in-law. France, for upward of three centuries, has laid claim to certain privileges connected with the Holy Places, and the Ottoman rulers have repeatedly recognized her rights, and issued firmans in her favor. The sanctuaries granted to France were never, however, clearly specified; all disputes might therefore be set at rest by giving Palestine to France. England's anxiety might be relieved, in regard to her road to India, by giving her Cyprus and Egypt. Austria, whose jealousy has always been aroused by any interference with the Christians of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro, is entitled to be considered in the partition; as these provinces adjoin her, and her friendship may be useful, she should be requested to extend her protection over them. Victor Emmanuel would want a piece of the pie, Albania lies convenient to his kingdom, and would doubtless satisfy his cravings. Thessaly and Macedonia, with the island of Crete, should be restored to the little kingdom of Greece. Germany would have no right to claim a share in the distribution—she has had her share by the annexation of Alsace and Loraine, besides five milliards of francs; neither has she any interest in these territories. Bismarck might therefore return to his retirement, to ponder over the faithlessness of monarchs, and, perhaps, arrange his pieces for a new game.

Mr. McNab, of the Edinburgh Botanical Society, states that the past spring in Scotland was more backward than any other during the last twenty-eight years. It is no good of their boasting about their "backward springs" in Scotland. Every fourth-rate circus in America employs acrobats who can beat these "backward springs" hollow.

"Why, Sammy," said a father to his little son, lately, "I didn't know your teacher whipped you Friday. 'I guess,' replied Sammy, 'if you had been in my trousers you'd know'd it.'"

## THE WAR IN EUROPE.

In the table lands of the Balkans, in the gorges of their passes, in the fastnesses of their almost impenetrable recesses, live a tribe, or remnant of a tribe called the Heyducs. They lead a semi-pastoral, semi-predatory life. They are allied by race and religion to the Russian, and they alone have the key to passes which only are known to themselves and the great eagle that soars above them. They hate the Turks, the Turks are powerless to oppress them, for they have no clue to their mountain homes. These are the men who conducted the advance guard of the Cossacks south of the natural barrier, and once a sufficient force on that side, the remainder of the army can follow by the admirable road which Midhat Pasha constructed some few years ago from Widdin to Sophia—a road so level and hard that railway lines can be laid upon it without any necessity for ballasting. Thus one aid to the invader in the shape of the Heyducs. Another, and more fearful one, is home treachery. As in 1828 the Russians bought the capture of Varna, so is it now strongly suspected that the easy passage of the Danube at Vistova was effected by the same potent agency. It is a matter of fact that the Lieutenant in charge of one of the picket boats detailed to guard the Turkish monitors, threw the warning rocket into the water rather than telegraph the arrival of the fatal torpedo boat that destroyed her. Is it to be wondered at, then, that, with enemies in her center, and traitors in her camp, poor Turkey, abandoned by all, sits down in the desolation of despair. And yet, the Balkans passed, and Adrianople, even, taken, the Czar would be obliged to pause were a resolute stand made to protect Constantinople. That which was urged upon the Porte at the beginning of the war—namely, the throwing up of earthworks and establishment of a line of batteries and fortifications along the neck of land which protects Constantinople—has not been carried out; by a strange fatality or fatuity the Turk relies on his army, and not on his natural resources. It is not yet too late. Constantinople is so wonderfully adapted for defence that, single-handed, the Turks could make its capture the most formidable task of the war. A hundred thousand men could in one month render Constantinople able to resist an army of thrice that amount, especially when that army has to draw its supplies from the other side of the Danube, and as the Czar has publicly announced that he has no intention of occupying the capital of Islamism, so it is not likely, in case Turkey sues for peace, that he will sacrifice blood and immense treasure for the sake of gratifying national vanity. But when that peace is sued for, and it appears probable that it shortly will be, it is not likely that the Russian will be contented with empty glory, and a fair portion of Asia Minor must fall to the conqueror independent of the costs of war. That being the case, a general distribution must ensue. North of the Balkans will be settled much as Germany, Russia and Austria united can agree to. Italy may make stipulations about Albania, but England must assume the protectorate of Egypt. The Nile must be guarded as jealously as that Scythian river of old, and the Red Sea must form the continuous outlet beginning at Gibraltar. For there is a vast territory now opening anew to English commerce. For centuries Africa has been a sealed book. Our maps merely represented a sterile desert land. To-day, thanks to explorers from all lands, we know that the interior of that hitherto unknown country is rich in all that adds wealth by colonization. Vast rivers, navigable to the snow-clad mountains of the interior; a population docile and inclined to labor when they experience the fruits of that labor; a climate superior to that of Hindostan; a seaboard that bounds the highway of nations; a mineral wealth very partially developed; an agriculture, excepting in Egypt, only confined to the natives. Such is the newest world now disclosing its treasures. Great Britain has already possessions along the coast. The Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon are her dependencies; she has lately annexed the Transvaal provinces, but the great future remains with that country wherein lies the system of inland seas which feed the Nile, which supply the Niger with that vast volume of water that pours into the Atlantic, and which is destined to be to England that which India is to-day. For India is slowly working out her autonomy. Education, railroads, prosperity, and communication with the outside world, are surely effecting their work. There is no fear that India will ever belong to any other power,



but there appears to be a certainty that the time will come when that vast Empire will bear the same relation to Great Britain that Australia and Canada now possess, and that the place of Hindostan in the world's history will be filled by Africa. Therefore it is that it behooves England to possess Egypt.

### THE PRISMOIDAL RAILWAY.

Whenever a lot of speculators despair of foisting some nuisance upon better governed communities, they at once rush thither and lay siege to the Board of Supervisors. It is a pregnant commentary upon the gentlemen who kindly look after the city's investments for the paltry sum of one hundred dollars a month, that the tax-payers have to be continually upon the alert to prevent the imposition of just some such fraud as this Prismoidal Railway upon them. In the first place, the only excuse for a road of the elevated kind is in cases where the crowded state of the street it passes through renders an additional line of ordinary cars impossible. This is not the case in this city. Half a dozen additional lines could occupy the present tracks, on Kearny street even, without difficulty. In New York, Brooklyn, and in fact wherever this species of public conveyance has been tried, the experiment has proved a failure, and in Brooklyn particularly the line built there has been enjoined from operating on the ground of its being a public nuisance, which it undoubtedly was. The constant danger of frightening horses, and the generally unsightly appearance given to a thoroughfare and the adjacent property, is not, however, the chief disadvantage to be apprehended. The necessities of its construction compel the erection of the raised roadway upon pillars placed on a line with one curb, the cars moving on a level with the second-story windows of the buildings on that side of the street, and only a few feet distant from them. The result of this is to make these second-floor apartments practically useless for domestic purposes. In New York the result of a few weeks' running of the first elevated railway attempted there was to reduce the rents obtained for houses along its route about one-third, *the third floors of dwellings renting for double the amount obtained for the second floors*, the noise and exposure rendering the latter almost uninhabitable. The single argument in favor of this system of transportation is that of rapid transit, an argument that has weight only when very great local distances are to be overcome, as in the larger Eastern cities, where there are no streets left unoccupied by tracks of the ordinary description. The distance to be run in the case of the proposed line here is not enough to warrant the construction of the road on that score, while, on the other hand, there are plenty of now unused streets available where lines like those already in use could be built to run at any required rate of speed. We trust the Board will have the good sense and discretion to refuse all countenance to this expensive tomfoolery, of which we shall have something more to say hereafter.

The authorities of Deadwood have offered a reward of \$250 for every Indian killed or captured in the county. This practically settles the price of Indian meat, as the average savage weighs about 150 pounds when alive, which makes his flesh worth \$1 67 a pound all round. A sheep, unlike a Modoc, weighs less when it is dressed, but only fetches 12 cents a pound for the choice parts. So it is fair to presume that farmers will give up breeding cattle and now turn their attention to raising pap-pooses. A great many men make their living by hunting, but up to the present time the profession has not been considered a remarkably remunerative one. Now, however, the *cacciature* will desert the haunts of the timid doe, the beaver and the fluttering quail, for the camp of the valuable redskin, and a man with any kind of luck ought to be able to bag at least one Indian every morning before breakfast, which at present rates should keep him comfortably unless he plays poker or faro too regularly. It is evident that the way to drive the wolf from the door in future is to drag the dead savage into it.

## THE NIGHTINGALES.

"How glorious were the nightingales last night,  
 Neath the dim, April, warm, half-moonlit sky?  
 As from wood-choirs and temples of delight,  
 The dewy streamside grass, the black thorn nigh,  
 They framed their melody!"

"Indeed! I heard it not! I looked around,  
 And deemed that night and silence had their fill:  
 From forest, fallow, distant land, no sound,  
 Save the dull droning of the water-mill:  
 The nightingales were still."

"O dull of ear to hear, but mark thou this:  
 My ears were sharpened by a bed of pain;  
 Thus, out of sorrow, God works often bliss,  
 And that flits by, and this shall still remain—  
 The nightingales no strain!"

But *sursum corda!* may it not be so  
 That those sweet strains on Jordan's further side,  
 Unheard by souls who only this world know,  
 May yet to them not wholly be denied,  
 Who drink the cup of woe?

—The late John Mason Neale, D.D.

## SCOTCHED BUT NOT KILLED.

It is not to be inferred from the quiet that has prevailed in the city for the last two nights that the lawless elements for crime and destruction have either repented of their ways, been exterminated, or have left the city. Not in the least. The cowardly brutes that attack Chinese wash-houses, and sneak with kerosene to fire dwellings for the sake of plunder, are all here, only they are afraid of being shot like the dogs they are, and their leaders are silent, not from shame, but fear. What fools we are to allow this. Millions of dollars worth of property are at the mercy of the prowling incendiary. Like the snake referred to in our heading, they glide among the coverts and sting when your back is turned. And as we treat a snake when we find one, we hack it to death, so let it be with these, our local pests. Shoot them, hang them—anything, as long as you extirpate them. Above all, pursue those men who excite the mob to violence for the sake of political power. The man who runs for office, whether it be for Coroner or Justice of the Peace, and panders to the passions of the ignorant for the hope of getting their vote, is more reprehensible than the blind tools who rush out, torch in hand, to destroy not only valuable property, but also the credit of the city, and consequently involve the depreciation of real estate, as well as check that immigration of good, law-abiding citizens so much demanded on these shores. Had not the Committee of Safety acted so promptly, the scenes of murder and conflagration would have been repeated Thursday and Friday. As it is, the foul tribe that only emerge from their dens in troublous times are still here, and when they do show their ugly mugs, they must be killed, not scotched.

The Veterans made a very creditable appearance recently, and looked every "yard" the experienced soldiers they are. This expression is used out of compliment to Colonel Hawes and some of the other six-footers in the regiment, to whom the word "inch" seems hardly applicable. After walking the streets for four hours, the gallant fellows went to bed thoroughly tired out with the unusual exercise, and their appearance the next day was not suggestive of extreme agility or juvenility. The low comedian of this journal says he never saw such a lot of "old stiffs," and on being called upon to explain his assertion, he replied that a fatigued veteran and an old stiff were synonymous. Any how, we don't like the expression, and disapprove of its being applied to the martial heroes on whose sanguinary intentions we so confidently rely in the future for the suppression of crime and the encouragement of liquor dealers.

### THE MINT INVESTIGATION.

On Saturday, the 21st inst., at 2 P. M., the Investigating Committee met to take the Pinney testimony, which occupied the entire afternoon. It was based upon a copy of a memorandum book, said to contain an account in cypher of business transactions between Pinney and La Grange, and was too vague and indefinite to have the weight that those tremendous disclosures were intended to carry. He charged the Superintendent with irregularities on various occasions, in drawing warrants for larger sums than were necessary to pay for material purchased, and transferring the surplus to the fund for the payment of employés, mentioning transactions with several different firms of the city, which he had conducted as chief clerk of the Mint. He cunningly stated that he wished to make his charges against La Grange as light as possible, well knowing that nothing he could say would be more damaging to the General than the pretended friendship of such an unscrupulous knave. He was supported by his former wife and her brother, J. A. Crawford.

The evening session was occupied with the testimony of J. P. Cochran, consisting of a repetition of his ancient grievance, with an additional statement, which he had forgotten to make before Commissioner Pollock, that the Superintendent had once offered to cover his settlement for \$800. He was followed by J. B. Mulcahy, who testified that he had been discharged from the Mint for reasons not satisfactory to himself, and the Commission adjourned.

On Monday evening Pinney was cross-examined. He did not feel quite certain of anything, but thought that "if La Grange had done as he wanted him to," he would not have brought the charges against him. Mr. Page, of the firm of Taylor & Co., testified concerning a borax transaction mentioned in Pinney's testimony, and produced his books to show that the transaction had been straight.

Tuesday evening testimony was taken from members of the various firms mentioned by Pinney, in which not a single charge was sustained. Mr. Pixley became excited as the evening wore on, introducing so many irrelevant subjects that the Chairman was obliged to remonstrate and remind him that the Commission had not met to investigate the private business affairs of Mint employés. Mr. Cochran succeeded in proving quite lucidly that he had perjured himself, and could not be believed under oath, and the meeting broke up with an uncomfortable feeling of shakiness on the part of the conspirators.

Wednesday evening Mr. Pixley introduced an old letter of Senator Sargent's, relating the damaging fact that, with the increased business of the Mint, the expenses had also increased. He then demanded the books of the Mint, and was informed that they could not be taken away from the institution, but he should be supplied with correct transcripts. Mr. Pixley was weary. He felt that he had not been treated with due consideration. His pet witness had been called a perjurer; he had been denied the sweet privilege of poring over the treasured volumes of the Mint; discouraged in his chivalrous attempts to drag the female employés before the public, and coldly criticised by unfeeling spectators, and with a few parting instructions to the Commission, he sorrowfully withdrew from the contest, and took refuge in the bosom of the *Chronicle*.

The testimony for the prosecution is not yet closed, and every private and political enemy of General La Grange has a chance to come up and throw his little stone. Mr. Harmstead, the venerable Coiner, is coming. His complaint is that he has always been in the Mint, and consequently always ought to be; and as the climate of Carson cannot adapt itself to his wife's constitution, it is the duty of Government to make him a fixture in the San Francisco Mint.

A long line of such accusers, headed by Pinney, a criminal who seeks to escape the State Prison by breaking down his benefactor, who helped him to employment when he was friendless and in want, and backed by the malicious attacks of unscrupulous newspapers, can scarcely hope to shake the position of a man like General La Grange, without something more specific and damaging than they have yet produced.

**Very few** people are aware that an excellent remedy for sea-sickness is to pronounce the word "palæochrystic." As a satisfactory and safe emetic for a bilious passenger, this word has no equal in the English language.

## THE WORKINGMAN ENDANGERING HIS OWN CAPITAL.

The utter fatuity of your ordinary anti-Chinese labor-unionist and riot inciting workman is something almost beyond belief. If the grievances of the fellow were precisely what he vainly imagines them to be, if the Chinese really crowded him out instead of opening new fields for him as is the fact, if his claim to exclude the Chinaman were as admissible as it is monstrous and absurd, and if he really were as much underpaid as he affects to believe he is—if all these, and many more, such imaginings were true, where, then, would be the logic of seeking to right such wrongs by acts of incendiarism, brutality, and murder? The sane mind seeks to employ means that have some reasonable chance to secure the desired ends. The man who cuts off his nose to spite his own face is more than a fool—he is a maniac. That is precisely what the incendiary of these times is doing. He is sowing the storm, though the certainty is that no one more directly than he will, in consequence, reap the whirlwind. By his present acts he is alarming both home and foreign capital, he is injuring business, retarding general progress, and lessening the demand for his labor, without in any conceivable shape, way, or form, realizing any compensatory advantage. He is doing more. The masses of working men and women of this city are themselves capitalists, as is conclusively shown by the returns of the savings banks of our city, just published. On June the 30th of the present year, there were 74,190 depositors in those institutions, with an aggregate amount to their credit of \$60,593,000. That is a marvelous showing, indicating, beyond precedent and beyond all dispute, that there is widespread prosperity among the many, which renders labor riots as inexcusable as they are illogical and destructive. There are certainly not more than 60,000 competent male adults in our city, so that the depositors in the savings banks exceed that number by 14,190, which is probably made of women, persons under age, and of country residents. The number is so large that it indicates that about every industrious, saving, thoughtful person is interested in an amount of capital equal to an average *per capita* of \$812. The savings bank is simply his agent, loaning his money to the best advantage. The borrowers are to be found among the owners of those very manufactories, work-shops, and other institutions, that have been in imminent danger of destruction by surrounding acts of incendiarism. If, then, the demand for money is lessened, if the security upon which it is loaned is destroyed, or is even in danger, then it necessarily follows that the vast majority of workingmen who are depositors in our savings banks are proportionately injured. The truth is, there is no city in the world where workingmen ought to be more conservative than in San Francisco, simply for the reason that there is no place where they have individually so much to lose.

## MR. A. HERMANN GUDEWILL.

The sudden and sad taking off, the other evening, of Mr. A. Hermann Gudewill, who only a short hour or two before had manfully volunteered to do citizen's duty, is one of the most regrettable episodes of the unfortunate doings of this most unfortunate week. Whilst acting as one of the Committee of Safety, at the great fire on Wednesday evening, he received a shot from the effects of which he died within an hour. At the time of the accident he was marching in a column, when one of his comrades let fall a pistol, which exploded, the ball entering the back of Mr. Gudewill, piercing the spine and lungs. He was carried to 406 Beale street, where he was most kindly treated by Mr. H. S. Melliusti and Mr. J. P. Flynn. He died expressing the desire that his remains should finally be interred at Bremen, Germany, of which place he was a native, which, of course, will be done. Deceased occupied a position in the London and San Francisco Bank, was twenty-three years of age, was engaged to be married, and had bright prospects of a happy life before him, when he fell at the post of duty. Mr. Milton S. Latham telegraphed from Menlo Park that the remains should be embalmed and placed in his private vault until New York friends are heard from.



**SAMOA NOT ANNEXED.**

It is curious what a hubbub may sometimes be created by a silly lie. One has recently been set going away down among the islands of the Pacific that is an instance in point. The inhabitants of the various groups have accepted it as gospel, the New Zealand papers have given it currency, whilst the Australian press is worried over it. It is that the United States have annexed the Samoan group. The story is told with plausible surroundings. It is said that "Mr. Griffith, the United States Consul, who had just returned from Washington, had, by instructions from his Government, hoisted the stars and stripes and annexed the islands." Most strange, the *Alta* and other papers in this city reprinted and accepted the story, although they well knew that Mr. Griffith was conspicuously advertising himself in San Francisco at the very time when it is alleged he was doing that for insignificant islands in the South Pacific which President Grant, in the height of his power, could not do for San Domingo. The truth, we need hardly say, is that there is no disposition in this country to acquire a place so useless and so embarrassing. The policy of the United States in regard to territory outside the limits of our own continent is so well known that such a story as the one we have referred to ought not to have found its way uncontradicted into any intelligently conducted journal here. It is to be hoped, however, that some civilized government will do something for Samoa ere long, or at least rid it of the white ruffians of the class for whom it is fast becoming a refuge. There are one or two specimens, it is said, from San Francisco, who might well be hanged from the yard-arm of the first man-of-war that calls that way. On this point the *Fiji Times* says: "Great Britain, in annexing Fiji for the purpose of closing one 'refuge of vagabonds,' as these islands were refreshingly described by our friends at Exeter Hall, had no right to sanction by non-interference a real rogues' home within two days' sail. We refer to Samoa. The state of the Navigators' group at the present hour is a scandal which should be removed without delay. To say it is to a great degree the refuge of political adventurers and very dubious characters of various nationalities, is, to a Levuka public, merely to state truisms. The natives, divided into two warlike parties, are eternally fighting, without definite result, and oh! glorious consequence of the presence of Europeans, are cheerfully encouraged by white men on either side so long as the pugnacious aborigines have cash enough to pay for muskets, rifles and the necessary ball cartridges. We repeat, this is a scandal, and a disgraceful one." Yea, verily! it is disgraceful. We have before now heard something of those muskets, rifles and cartridges. They were sent from San Francisco, and traded to the natives on both sides of a savage tribal war. That was a crime against humanity that any civilized government might well deal with, and the commander of a man-of-war who will hang the ruffians for these and other crimes will deserve well of his country.

**A CARD.**

A thorough investigation has demonstrated that the loss of the steamship *City of San Francisco* was not occasioned by any fault of her Commander, her officers or crew. The position of the shoal on which the vessel struck is established by overwhelming evidence to be several miles outside of the Tartar Shoal. This is conceded by the Local Inspectors who suspended the Commander's license. The reason given is, that he ran his vessel too near the shore. In view of the fact that he was in the track pursued by all the Company's steamships for the last 28 years, and in strict conformity to the printed sailing directions, and where his books and his chart gave him a right to be, the action of the Local Inspectors is indefensible. On an appeal, the Supervising Inspector has revoked the finding of the Local Inspectors and restored to the Commander his license.

JAMES I. WADDELL,

Commander late P. M. S. S. *City of San Francisco*.

Captain Waddell has had his certificate returned and his conduct approved by United States Supervising Inspector Beamis. He has also been notified by the Pacific Mail Company that he remains on full pay.

**THE CHINESE DIFFICULTY IN ENGLAND'S COLONIES.**

It is a somewhat strange coincidence that whilst California is specially worried over the Chinese difficulty, the Australian Colonies are also in an exceptional degree exercised over it. The attentive reader of the *News Letter* will remember that several months ago we predicted that a very serious issue was looming up there. The Queensland Legislature had passed a bill imposing a tax upon each incoming Mongolian of fifty dollars. This proposed law the Governor, in the strict performance of his duty, reserved for the pleasure of the Home authorities. We pointed out that the bill would almost necessarily be vetoed, for the reason that it violated Great Britain's treaty obligations with China. We were right. That result ensued, and for the precise reason we divined. We have watched with some curiosity to see what the effect would be upon the minds of the sturdy colonists, whose objection to the dictation of "Downing street," as the Home Government is called, is well known. We now know that there is going to be considerable bother about it. The Queensland Legislature has appealed to the Legislatures and people of the other Colonies for aid and sympathy, and their appeal has met with hearty responses. If resolutions were always followed to logical conclusions separation from the old country would be the inevitable result. But in this case we know they don't really, at the bottom, mean that, for the colonists are more loyal than even Englishmen at home; but they will probably bluster so much like dead earnestness that "Downing street" will take the alarm and find some way of satisfying all reasonable wishes. It must, perhaps, be admitted that the Chinese labor difficulty assumes a phase in Queensland very different from anything known in California. We have resources so varied, and our demands for the rougher kinds of labor are usually so much in excess of the supply, that, as was proven before the Congressional Commission, the Chinese rather increase the opportunities of white labor than otherwise. But this is far from being the case in Queensland. Besides, the Government there, by a system of State immigration, import labor from Great Britain, and often introduce it in excess of the immediate demand. The laborers thus imported, upon promises of a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, have much cause to complain if upon arrival they find it impossible to realize those promises by reason of the work being all given to Chinese. The difficulty is an interesting one as it stands, and will be worth watching.

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**Mr. Casebolt** was on hand bright and early this morning, with a bill against the city of \$14,650 for the hire of fifty horses, taken from the stables of his line, on Thursday night, for the use of the citizens' cavalry. Much difficulty was experienced by Company A in preventing their animals from charging up Sutter street, whenever that thoroughfare was crossed. Finally, that intelligent warrior, Captain Crittenden, conceived the idea of strapping a car bell to the pommel of his saddle, by the aid of which his entire command was started, halted and otherwise maneuvered with the greatest precision.

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**Died.**—**GUDEWILL**—In this city, July 25th, during the riot, while acting as a member of the Committee of Safety, A. H. Gudewell, a native of Bremen, Germany, aged 23 years. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral on Sunday, July 29th, at 3 P. M., from the rooms of the San Francisco Verein.

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**An elegant young lady** entered a druggist's shop in New York, and asked for a dose of castor-oil. "By all means," said the chemist. "Will you have a little cream-soda?" "With pleasure," replied the young lady. She had it. After a pause, "Where's that 'ere castor?" "Why, you've had it," remarked the druggist. "But look here, I wanted it for my mother!" Tableau.

### THE WATER CURE.

Amongst other modes of dealing with mobs composed of hoodlums may be mentioned one which was suggested some years ago by Captain Hans Busk, of the Victoria Rifles, and which has since been tried on many occasions with good success. This is simply to employ the engines of the Fire Department to project a strong and continuous stream of water right into the faces of the mob, who, in common with all the "great unwashed," have the most cat-like objection to cold water. Any courage (Dutch or otherwise) which the hoodlum may have come to the combat with will unquestionably, by this means, be washed out of him, and he will retire in disorder. The only objection to this method of discomfiting the hoodlum seems to be that he is preserved alive to continue his criminal career.

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### GOING BACKWARDS.

The Democrats have resolved, as a part of their platform, that the power to regulate the price of gas and water should rest in the municipality. And why should they not go right back to the Middle Ages, and let the municipality regulate the price of meat and bread, or of whisky, which is a more general necessity in this community? Why not also regulate the rate of wages and the cut of a man's clothes? If the municipality were the owners of the gas and water works, they would have some show of justice for demanding the right to fix the price; but as they do not own a single share of stock they should be content with the power already given them by the Legislature, which is intended to protect the public interests and secure justice to those who have embarked their capital to supply a public want, in the expectation of a reasonable return.

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As it is highly essential to save the lives of our most distinguished citizens at all hazards, General McComb, the Mayor, W. T. Coleman, Oscar Lewis and the *Town Crier* will be found on top of the shot-tower until the Government troops arrive. Melted lead will be poured on serenaders, incendiaries and common people generally. A basket will be let down at intervals for the cards of the aristocracy and Budweiser beer. The best field-glasses in the city will be used, and any attempt at anarchy and all that sort of thing will be promptly denounced in the *Alta* of the following morning. Country papers please copy.

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With Wm. T. Coleman as President, and Edward Curtis as Secretary, the Committee of Public Safety is held well in hand by firm and energetic men. Mr. Coleman's experience in connection with the Vigilance Committee of '56 stands him now in good stead. Mr. Curtis had considerable experience during the mob riots in New York. Upon him and his forty assistants much of the work of organization falls, but he and they are proving themselves fully equal to even this trying occasion. We hope and believe that the trouble is now well nigh over, yet it will not do for the Committee or its officers to relax their grip for one moment, so long as there remains the slightest suspicion or doubt as to the movements of the hoodlum class.

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The charming ingenue of one of our leading theaters got into a street-car, the other day, with an immoderate quantity of rouge on her velvet cheeks. "She ought to have taken the omnibus," said Sothern, looking in on her from the front platform. "Why?" asked his companion. "Because she's painted for the stage, but not for the cars."

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A New York paper says the will of the rich man of the future will read: "To the respective attorneys of my children I give my entire estate, and worldly goods of all descriptions. Personally to the children and to my beloved wife, I give all that remains." This instrument will satisfy the family, and save the trouble of proving the old man insane.

It is perfectly true that the rioting in San Francisco has been mainly, if not solely, confined to a class of idle, vicious, criminal hoodlums; but it must be confessed that the trouble elsewhere cannot be thus accounted for. Lamentable as the fact is, we fear it nevertheless is a fact that there are classes of persons in our large cities of dense ignorance, excited passions, dangerous prejudices and communistic principles, whose existence is a sad commentary upon the boasted enlightenment of these times. Enough has occurred to show that after quiet is restored, the duty will be upon all good men, and especially upon all writers and thinkers, to probe this ugly condition of things to the bottom, and to suggest and work for its cure.

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We are glad to welcome Mr. Wm. M. Neilson back to San Francisco, after an absence of over three months and a five-weeks visit among his family and old constituents in Australia. Papers to hand contain lengthy reports of a public banquet given in his honor, at which he was most enthusiastically received, and at which he delivered a most stirring address, expressing, among other things, the hope that a more intimate acquaintance will be cultivated in the immediate future than in the past, between the Colonies and the United States—a hope in which the *News Letter* cordially unites.

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The Stock Market continues dull and devoid of interest, and outside of an occasional reaction, there is very little encouragement to be derived from the present situation. The recent hoodlum outbreak had a depressing effect on values at the start, but under the support of the insiders, confidence was restored, and since then a gradual improvement is noted. At the close the slight rise that took place in the morning was barely maintained, and prices shaded off somewhat under the pressure to realize.

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A writer asks us, with more truth than poetry, "how it came, with such excellent arrangements on the part of the Police and Committee of Safety, that on the third night of the riot, when the character, the purposes and the strength of the mob was known, a small band of less than one hundred and fifty rioters, three-fourths of whom were boys under sixteen, were permitted to march through the southern part of the city, destroying property, and perpetrating acts of violence and murder?"

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Messrs. Gilchrist, Watt & Co., of Sydney, who are the agents there for the Pacific Mail Company's steamers, occupy the very anomalous position of being also agents for a first-class rival steamship line, that is seeking by every means in its power to take away the passenger traffic via the California route. This, however, is but a fair sample of the way in which the Mail Company's affairs are managed all along the Australian line.

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The indebtedness of New Zealand amounts to no less a sum than \$90,000,000, and \$25,000,000 more will be needed, and are expected to be obtained, in order to complete the railroads and other public works. The population amounts to 400,000, so that the public debt already equals \$225 for every man, woman and child.

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Mr. Robert Symon is expected from Mazatlan on the steamer from Panama, now due. It is understood that this gentleman has, with other friends, secured the concession for a railroad from Guaymas to the Arizona frontier on terms similar, but more favorable for the construction of the road, to the Blair contract.



## PADDLING THE WATER AS A MEANS OF AVERTING DROWNING.

Hy McCormac, M.D., of Belfast, has sent us a letter on this subject, from which we take the following extracts: As a rule, subject to a few exceptions, persons precipitated into the water do not swim without previously learning. But paddling with the hands and treading with the feet require no prior instruction, and in the great majority of cases would save life. In swimming, the mouth is on a level with the water in the intervals of the strokes; in paddling, the head is well elevated, the individual is able to look about, he can deliberate as to what is best to be done, and he is much less liable to take water into the larynx or glottis, a casualty which I am persuaded causes the destruction of many. Without prejudice to the art of swimming, I would have children exercised in household tanks, from the tenderest age, in the act of paddling and treading water, so as to impart the confidence which unreasoning dread tends to lessen or take away when one is suddenly immersed in an unusual medium. The animal, the quadruped, begin to paddle at once when cast into water, but as man does not habitually employ the anterior limbs as organs of locomotion, reason must tell him that he may, if he pleases, employ them as organs of locomotion in the water, just as readily as any four-footed animal. To be sure, a man has not the habit of using his hands and arms for locomotion, as the brute has, but otherwise how much more available is the paddle-shaped hand than a hoof or a paw! Again, the man with little or no instruction, by throwing his head well back, can float and rest at leisure, a thing of which the brute has no conception whatever. Animals not habituated to the water, will often take to it spontaneously, or, if cast into it, sustain themselves for indefinite periods. A horse, during disembarkation in Portugal, fell into the sea, and paddled about the harbor for a matter of six hours before it could be secured. Washed or thrown overboard, the lower animals have been known to float for a long time. I knew of a mule which, having been washed overboard in the Bay of Biscay, paddled itself ashore, and then crossed a country a couple of hundred miles to its previous quarters. The staff surgeon in charge told me that, after leaving the Peninsula, the horses of the troop had to be thrown overboard in order to lighten the ship in a gale. The poor things, when they found themselves abandoned, faced round, and so long as the ship commanded a view, were seen to battle with the wrack and wash for miles. A man on the coast of Lincolnshire, mounted an old grey mare or other horse, used to swim seaward to vessels in distress, and thus rescued many lives. Recently, near Brooklyn, U.S., a dog took the water, and paddled, it is said, forty miles in search of his master. Dogs often gain the shore when ships and their crews have been lost. Some years ago a dog landed at the Cape of Good Hope with a letter in his mouth. The vessel to which he belonged had gone down with all hands, but if the men had but paddled as the dog paddled, all their lives might have been preserved. Indeed, I know for certain that formerly it was the practice at the Cape for men to paddle out—it was termed treading water—and bear communications to and from vessels in the offing when no boat would live. It was, and, I believe is still the case at Madras, similarly. Natives of the Island of Ioanna, in the Mozambique Channel, treading water, come out bearing fruit on their heads to vessels miles distant. The young people in the islands of the Pacific breast the gigantic breakers out of mere sport. The Indians of the Upper Missouri traverse the impetuous current, invariably paddling and treading water.

Short instructions for paddling and treading water ought to be posted up in all schools, barracks, and bathing places; wherever, in short, people have to do with the sea or with masses of water. It should be shown how easy it is, with a little well-directed effort, to preserve life, and how the yearly and calamitous destruction which besets our shores, now and haply for all time to come might be effectively stayed.

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"A pudding is boiled, and a pie is baked," said the Englishman to the Yankee when he called a pie a pudding. "Get out!" said the Yankee contemptuously, "a pudding in this country can be baked as well as boiled, and that's where we're ahead of your blasted monarchy."

## REASON AND FOLLY.

The "Court Circular," in its mention of *Temple Bar* for August, quotes the following stanzas—the only verses in the number as rather neat:

Tinkle, tinkle, silver bells!	Vain the grief from tears that flow;
Folly, wave thy scepter o'er us!	Ours be only tears of laughter.
Joy her festive anthem swells;	Life's too brief to waste on woe;
Pleasure leads the dance before us.	Sorrow may reflect hereafter.
Reason fills us with <i>caumi</i> ;	Love's asleep; her poppy dew
Makes us woe-begone and weary;	Reason o'er his brow has shaken.
Too much care, we all agree	Pleasure's dance let love renew;
Makes life's journey dull and dreary.	Folly's bells the boys will waken.

## THE ELECTRIC CANDLE, AND FALLEN GAS SHARES IN LONDON.

Something very like a panic has broken out in London in these securities. Certain new experiments have been made with an electric light, and they are said to have been successful, although we have not yet heard the opinion of any thoroughly competent man on the subject. We must confess that the judgment of Professor Tyndall would have more weight with us than the glowing, and perhaps not quite disinterested, descriptions of unknown reporters. But the public seems to have got it into its head that gas is to be permanently put out, and therefore the prices of the shares in the leading companies have had a serious tumble. Those of the Gaslight and Coke Company have declined from 208½ to 192½; the Commercial from 210½ to 200; the London from 210 to 200; while other companies have suffered in similar proportions, and the scare does not seem to be over. We have no doubt whatever that our streets and houses will eventually be lit by means of electricity, and that the same great and little understood force will supply the propelling power for all machinery; but the change is not coming just yet. The English people are slow to adopt new ideas; and much as they dislike gas, and hateful as the gas companies have rendered themselves by incivility and extortion, yet it will take a long time to induce the average householder to sell off his gas-fittings for old metal, and go to the expense and bother of new appliances for the electric light. It costs something, as most people have found out, to get a house properly provided with gasfittings, and few of us would be inclined to throw them away. Science will ultimately conquer all difficulties in connection with it, and the time will come when gas, candles, lucifer-matches, and everything of the kind will be superseded by electricity, as surely as the old flint and steel were superseded by our present contrivances. So says the *London World*.

The committee appointed by the Emperor of Russia to carry out certain experiments with electric lights in order to ascertain which of the machines submitted to them best fulfilled certain given conditions, and also to determine how far it would be desirable to introduce the electric lights into Russian fortresses, has recently published its report. The experiments were conducted in the fortresses of Novogeorgievsk and Brest-Litovski, with the following results. Using the magneto-electric light supplied by the Alliance Company, it was found that in clear weather white targets could be plainly discerned at a distance of 1,500 metres. At 1,000 metres a sunken battery was plainly visible, and also men working in its ditch. At 750 metres the tools of the workmen could be made out. In wet or cloudy weather, however, objects could not be seen at a greater distance than 500 or 600 metres. At the same time two other machines were tried, the one a Gramme dynamo-electric light, the other an apparatus designed by Count Alteneck, and constructed by Siemens. Both these latter gave better results than the Alliance machine. Moreover, they are less costly, and possess the great advantage of being of smaller dimensions and easily moved from place to place; whereas it took twenty-two men, superintended by an experienced non-commissioned officer, from ten to twelve hours to set up the Alliance apparatus. The committee consequently recommends that, while this latter machine is retained at Novogeorgievsk, Brest-Litovski, and Kronstadt, where it is already

erected, and where the men are expert in its use, a sufficient number of the Alteneck apparatus be ordered to supply one to every Russian fortress; and that an officer and an intelligent non-commissioned officer be sent from each place to St. Petersburg to receive instruction in the manipulation and use of the machine.

Public attention has been directed to Jobloshkoff's system of electrical lighting by the use that has been made of it at the Magasins du Louvre, in illuminating a hall recently opened. During the past year this invention was brought under the notice of the public by a communication addressed to the Paris Academy of Sciences, and by an experiment made before the Physical Society. The readers of *La Nature* are acquainted with the usual methods of producing electrical light, and we here again explain their general principles, with a view to render more intelligible the comparisons we propose to make.

Two carbon points, borne on suitable metallic supports, are arranged in one line, with their tips in contact. An electric current of high intensity is made to pass into them; they may become heated, but they will not give out light unless they be separated by a little distance from each other. On separating them, by the hand or otherwise, the voltaic arc appears and gives out a very strong light. This light persists, provided the carbons are a few millimeters apart; but, as the carbons waste away, the distance between their tips becomes greater, the voltaic arc is lengthened, and soon the light goes out, unless the points are again brought near to each other. Hence it is seen that this rudimentary apparatus cannot support the electric light for over a few minutes, and some contrivance had to be devised for approximating the carbons in proportion as they waste away, and for keeping them a very small distance apart. This is done in the lamps devised by Serrin, Foucault, and others.

When the source of electricity is a pile or a magneto electric machine with continuous currents, like Gramme's machine, a new difficulty is met with; for here the two carbons are consumed unequally, the positive one wasting about twice as fast as the negative. On the other hand, machines with alternately reversed currents present this peculiarity, that in them the waste of the two carbons is equal.

To whatever grade of perfection such lamps may have attained, they undoubtedly labor under sundry disadvantages. Their mechanism is delicate, and necessitates very great care on the part of those who operate them. It is not very easy to regulate them. Their main bulk, being situated beneath the luminous point, casts an objectionable shadow. As usually constructed, their size is such that they cannot work over three hours without having fresh carbons put in, and this renewal of the carbons necessitates either a temporary interruption of the lighting or else the keeping of an extra machine, which involves an increased outlay of money. Finally, the price of such machines is pretty high, and can hardly be reduced.

The very great progress made during the last few years in the construction of magneto-electric machines has made more evident the imperfections of the regulating apparatus.

Such was the condition of things when a Russian engineer, M. Jabloshkoff, succeeded in dispensing altogether with the mechanism of electrical lamps. Let us see how this lucky inventor has succeeded in overcoming the difficulties that successively arose before him.

First of all, he sets out with the idea that the carbons must be placed side by side, so as to consume them simultaneously without having continually to regulate their respective positions, just as in stearine candles the wick is consumed in proportion to the consumption of stearine. The first requisite is, that the voltaic arc shall be produced only at the tips of the carbons. For this purpose it is sufficient to place between the two carbons a strip of glass, kaolin, or any other insulating substance, somewhat wider than the carbons, and not reaching to their tips. It might be supposed that this insulating substance, while separating the two carbons, would soon form an impassable barrier between the one and the other, and extinguish the voltaic arc by requiring it to make too great a span. But such is not the case; the high temperature of the voltaic arc is sufficient to melt and even to vaporize glass or kaolin, and thus the in-

insulating septum between the carbons wears away simultaneously with them.

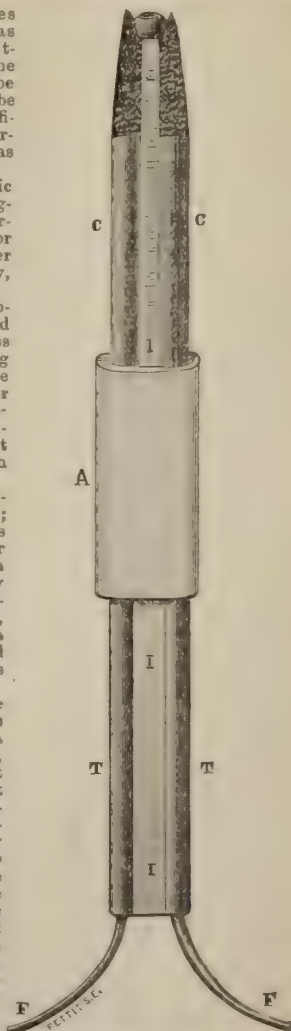
If the source of electricity gives constant currents, then, inasmuch as the carbons wear unequally, one wasting more rapidly than the other, the distance between the points will be come too great, and the light will be extinguished. To overcome this difficulty, we have only to make the carbon that burns most rapidly twice as thick as the other.

It is true that hitherto the electric candle has worked better with magneto-electric machines giving alternating currents, than with piles or Gramme machines; in the former case the carbons wear away equally, and are of the same thickness.

To complete the description of Jabloshkoff's apparatus, we have to add that each carbon is socketed in a brass tube, connected with a wire coming from the source of electricity. These two tubes are attached to each other in various ways, according to the applications had in view; the one essential precaution is, to take care that they do not come into contact with each other.

The name candle has been very happily applied to this simple apparatus; it is, indeed, a candle with two wicks burning side by side, and which lower their luminous point as combustion goes on. One interesting peculiarity it possesses, namely, that the luminous point can be turned downward, so that there is nothing to throw a shadow. Its light may be modified by the use of opal or ground-glass shades.

HOW THE CANDLE IS LIGHTED. — One of the principal advantages of Serrin's lamp is, that it can be lighted from a distance. The lamp is made ready, say, in the morning, and, when night comes, all that is required is to admit the electric current, and light is instantaneously produced. At first Jabloshkoff lighted his candle directly by supporting on the tips of the two wicks a piece of charcoal which he soon afterward removed; thus the voltaic arc was produced as in electric lamps, by beginning with contact, and then placing the two carbons at the required distance from each other. But it was necessary to devise some method for lighting the candle from a distance, and this fresh difficulty M. Jabloshkoff has overcome by a very simple device. He places between the two carbons a little bit of graphite, of the diameter used in lead-pencils; this acts as a conductor between the two wicks of the candle. On the current entering it, the bit of graphite



JABLOSHKOFF'S ELECTRIC CANDLE (actual size) — *C*, carbon-points of gas-coke; *I*, *I*, *I*, insulating substance; *T*, *T*, tubes holding the carbon points; *A*, socket of asbestos holding the system together; *F*, *F*, copper wires conveying the electric current.



soon becomes red-hot, and is burned up; there is then a break of continuity between the wicks, and the electric arc is produced. Instead of graphite, a fine metallic wire, or a bit of lead, can be used.

**RELIGHTING.**—As we have stated, the insulating strip between the wicks is fused at the points near the voltaic arc, and so disappears gradually in proportion to the waste of the carbon-points. But this fusion of the insulator is attended with another consequence that but few of our readers would have anticipated. That which in its solid state is an insulator becomes in its liquid state a conductor, and allows of a longer span of the electric arc than could be had in the free air. Owing to this conductivity of the strip of kaolin, the circuit may be opened for a moment and the candle lighted again without any need of resorting to any of the contrivances already described under the head of "Lighting." But after a certain length of time, as the substance cools, it loses its conductivity, and then the candle cannot be relighted by simply closing the circuit again. We may extinguish the candle for nearly two seconds, and relight it by simply closing the circuit. Hence the electric candle may be used for transmitting telegraphic signals according to the Morse alphabet, by means of flashes of greater or less duration, divided by longer or shorter periods of eclipse. For such use the candle is better adapted than the electric lamp, as it is more readily relighted, producing at once a perfect voltaic arc, whereas in the lamp the arc is produced gradually.

**DIVISION OF THE LIGHT.**—Hitherto a separate pile, or a separate machine, has been necessary for the production of each electric light, and it has been found impossible to place two lamps in one circuit. This is readily understood when we consider the mechanism of the regulating apparatus. In electric lamps the approximation and the separating of the carbons are controlled by an electro-magnet, which itself follows the variations of resistance in the circuit produced by changes in the length of the voltaic arc. As the arc lengthens the resistance of the circuit is increased, and the electro-magnet is weakened, and allows the carbons to approximate. It is easily understood that if there are two lamps and two voltaic arcs in one circuit, and if only one of these arcs is lengthened, both electro-magnets will act and shorten the two voltaic arcs. The consequence is, that the second lamp will have its proper working interfered with, while the first alone should have been regulated. In other words, the solidarity of the two apparatuses will tend to produce in each unnecessary changes of regulation that will constantly result in causing the system of lamps to work badly. But with the candle there is nothing of this kind, and, provided that the source of electricity possesses sufficient tension to produce the voltaic arcs, many may stand in the same circuit. In the Magasins du Louvre we have seen in some instances four lights, in others three, produced by a single machine. The sequel will show whether we can reasonably expect to see even a greater division of the electric light, and whether this invention may not have still further applications.—*La Nature*.

**A Plague of Rabbits in New Zealand.**--Some years ago rabbits were introduced into South Australia from England; later a like importation was made into New Zealand. Now these rodents are a formidable pest in those countries, and it has become a question of extreme urgency how they can be exterminated. In New Zealand a commission has been instituted by the Government to inquire into the subject, and devise a remedy. Already, though only a few years have passed since the introduction of the rabbits, large tracts of rich pasture-land have been converted into wilderness, and sheep-farming and cattle are becoming impossible. Farmers that used to keep 15,000 or 16,000 sheep can now hardly keep as many hundred. Land-owners employ men and dogs to destroy the rabbits, but, though the number killed is enormous, the evil continues without serious abatement. One land-owner inclosed with a stone-wall an area of 10,000, the work taking seven years to complete, and involving an expenditure of £35,000. About 500,000 rabbit skins were exported from Hobart Town in 1874. It is proposed to introduce from England, if possible, several natural enemies of the rabbit, such as stoats, weasels, ferrets, and hawks.

### CARES.

We must have cares,  
 The brightest cornfield yieldeth tares;  
 And in our common atmosphere  
 The sunniest time hath moving there  
 Vapors that float upon the air.  
 Thorns will o'erspread the flowering earth,  
 And roses give to canker birth;  
 And highest souls must be deprest  
 Ere they are perfected for rest.

—Edward Capern, in the "Day of Rest."

### POOR JOHN.

**Editor News Letter:** As I was coming down yesterday through the arid plains of the San Joaquin, a friend, whom I met on the train, asked me if they ever used white labor in India. I told him it was an impossibility; no European could work any length of time in that climate and live. "Is it, then," he said, "because you have on these plains the same torrid heat that you allow these beautiful rivers to waste in the ocean, while these parched plains are thirsting for the moisture that would convert them into a paradise?" "No," I replied, "that is not the reason, because, although the heat here is almost as great during Summer as in India, rendering continuous white labor impossible, still we have an element in our midst adapted to the climate and accustomed to such labor; but rather than employ that element provided by Providence we prefer to allow these plains to remain the desert that you see. With Chinese labor and legislative protection, the whole of these rivers could be got upon the land; but without it they never will. But rather than offend another foreign element, we prefer the sand-storm, the rabbit and the sagebrush. I was in China when we Christians compelled these pagans to open their ports and trade with us at the cannon's mouth. We invited them here, and now we intend to drive them away again; we pass resolutions to prohibit their employment; we invite the hoodlums to insult and assault them, and then, because the hoodlums burn a few wash-houses at our instigation, we go after the hoodlums with pick handles and sabers and pistols and gutting guns. Our politicians, too, pretend to be down on the pagans because they have no votes; the press follow suit, and the pulpit, of course, have no kind word for the 'stranger within our gates.' The Church hate poor John only a little less than they hate Ingersoll.

"John's very virtues are a nuisance; he is too frugal, he is too diligent, he is too docile; he has not proper spirit. As a house servant, he does not say to his mistress, should she have the audacity to require his labor later than usual, 'Sure, maam, I'm engaged this evening.' He does not strike for higher wages, therefore, he is not fitted for citizenship. His ancestors did not burn each other to save their souls, therefore, he cannot be made a good Christian. He can boast no Pious Jephtha, of having roasted his own daughter to propitiate their God, therefore, he cannot even be expelled from a hotel by any Stuart Hilton edict. How can you make a citizen of such a poor, spiritless creature—and a Heathen to boot. As Senator Sargent stigmatized him, 'A Fetish Worshiper.' A creature ignorant enough to think that God is too good to harm him, and, therefore, turns his attention to the other Power, and entreats Joss to be propitiated. No. Such a Heathen as this cannot be tolerated to build railroads, or canals, or drain swamps; better have the desert and the swamps than have them reclaimed by such impious means." Q. E. D.

**The Oath of the Water Commissioners.**--The Supervisors deserve high credit for the selection of honorable and independent gentlemen to act as Water Commissioners, but exception should be taken to the oath which they are required to take. They are required to act exclusively in the interests of the public, whereas, as arbitrators, they should be completely free, and, indeed, bound to act in the interests of all concerned.

**THE PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY'S LATEST SUBSIDY.**

The fear that the Pacific Mail Company's steamers would cease to touch at the Hawaiian Islands is now at an end, and instead of steam communication altogether ceasing, it is to be increased to two steamers per month between San Francisco and Honolulu, with a view to run off the sailing vessels now engaged in the trade. It is generally agreed in commercial circles that the contract that has just been concluded by the company's agent with the Hawaiian Government is one that ought not to be ratified by the home office in New York, and will certainly be objected to in strenuous terms by New Zealand and New South Wales, whose subsidies are the main support of the line. Moreover, if the agent who entered into it had read the terms of the mail contract which the company has with those Colonies, he would have known that he has agreed to do that which he has not the power to do. The cabins on each side of the ship are specially reserved for the use of New Zealand and Australian passengers, yet Mr. Houston has agreed that a certain number shall, under all circumstances, be kept in reserve for Hawaiians. Then he has agreed that each steamer shall remain during at least six hours of *daylight*, so that if she does not arrive before 12 o'clock, noon, she must remain over night, so as to piece out the requisite amount of daylight next day. This will never be tolerated for one moment by the principal contracting parties, whose mails are thus needlessly detained. Seeing that those parties pay an annual subsidy of \$400,000, it is certain that the twenty thousand dollars of the Hawaiian Islands will never be allowed to weigh against it. Then to agree to send a second steamer per month for so small a sum, when the large steamers can carry all the freight ever likely to offer, is an absurdity that affects only the company. If they are satisfied, the public in this respect have certainly no reason to be otherwise. But we are very sure the contract in other particulars will not stand. It will only serve to irritate the contracting Colonies, and will be immediately and earnestly protested against, and will have to go by the board. We judge from what we read in the Colonial papers, as well as from what we hear, that the Company's Australian line is much in need of more experience and brains in its management.

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**STEEPLE CLIMBING.**

A very exciting incident happened the other day at the village of Soudan in France. In consequence of the weathercock at the summit of the church steeple getting rusty and no longer turning as a weathercock in its position should do, it was determined to take it down. A man climbed up the steeple, but just before he could reach the weathercock he lost his balance and slid down for seventy feet, then rebounded on the roof of the church, and rolling thence was precipitated to the ground. He was not much hurt, but being much shaken by the fall, he was replaced by a man named Chevalier. In about half an hour Chevalier made the most gallant efforts to haul himself up by means of a rope; but at last his hands slipped and he fell backwards. His foot fortunately caught in the rope, and there he remained 120 feet from the ground, with his head down, beating the air with his arms, struggling to recover himself, and swaying backwards and forwards by a high wind. Pierre Pean now stepped forth, and volunteered to mount to the rescue of the unfortunate Chevalier but after doing his best for three-quarters of an hour, Pierre had to descend. His place was taken by Moreau, who, climbing higher up than Chevalier, slipped a rope round his body, and cutting that which held his foot, freed him from his fearful position in which he had remained for three hours. The people of Soudan must really be endowed with a remarkable amount of vitality to be able to tumble from such giddy heights and remain suspended, head downwards, for so many hours without suffering more than a temporary inconvenience.

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The sugar refineries of England are not paying, and their owners are talking of shutting up whilst yet solvent, because they cannot struggle against the competition of the bounty-made sugar of the Continent. They are free traders, of course.

### DRUNKENNESS AND BOTANY

If botanical discovery proceeds in the line it has recently taken, the "public-house question" will speedily be solved, without the aid of either the Permissive Bill or the Gothenburg system. Not long ago the papers were full of the virtues of the cocoa leaves, by chewing which the Peruvian Indians travel wonderful distances, and octogenarian Edinburgh professors climb mountains with the agility of lads of eighteen. All such after-dinner twaddle aside, there can be no doubt that the leaves of *Erythroxylon Coca* exercise a wonderful influence on the constitution, and may yet prove a useful addition to our *Materia Medica*. Now we have Baron von Mueller, Director of the Melbourne Botanic Garden, telling us of the marvelously stimulating powers of the leaves of the "pitburi," a plant found growing in desert scrubs from the Darling River and Barcoo to Western Australia. The botanical Baron is of opinion that it is derived from *Duboisia Hopwoodii*, discovered by him in 1861, and the leaves of which are chewed by the natives of Central Australia, in order to invigorate themselves during long journeys through the Desert. The blacks also use the "dubiosa" to supply Dutch courage in war. A large dose is certain to perfectly infuriate them. Next we have the *Sydney Herald* discovering that some dry leaves and stems said to come from far beyond the Barcoo country, and called "pitcherine," are used by the aborigines as we use tobacco, for both chewing and smoking. A small quantity, it is said, causes an agreeable exhilaration, but the prolonged use of the stimulating herb results in intense excitement. It is observed that the blacks, after chewing the leaves, plaster the plug formed by so doing behind the ears, believing that the effect is intensified thereby. By-and-bye we may perhaps see a "coca bar" established at the railway stations, and as assuredly the Peruvian plant produces less mischief than the London gin, as the least of two evils, the experiment might be worth trying. After this we might hear of a "Pitcherine Public House," or a "Pitburi Tavern," where the Australian papers were taken in, and to get drunk at which might in time be deemed a delicate mark of respect at the Antipodes by the returned Bill Sykeses and Abel Magwitches. The worst of it would be that in time "pitburi" would cease to stimulate, "coca" to strengthen, and even "pitcherine" to cause "intense excitement." Then we should have "hasheesh houses" and "opium taverns," at which not unnaturally a philanthropic legislature might be inclined to draw the line.

**Populations of Russia and Turkey.**—At the Statistical Society, Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S., recently read an elaborate paper on the populations of Russia and Turkey. The former of these empires has 84,584,482 inhabitants, the latter only 25,986,868, or, including Egypt, Tripoli, and Tunis, 43,408,000. The population of Roumania is 4,850,000, of Servia 1,352,500. The population of Russia increases at the rate of 1.1 per cent. per annum, the increase among the Jews being at least double what it is among the Christians. With respect to Turkey there exist no data for calculating the increase, though it is most probable that other dominant race does not increase at all, a fact accounted for by vicious practices prevailing among the women, and by the sacrifices demanded from it for the defence of the empire. Some curious facts were communicated with respect to the proportions between males and females. Throughout Asiatic Russia, and in a considerable portion of European Russia, the male sex preponderates. The same fact has been noted in Roumania, in Greece, and in other parts of Europe. The author thus summed up the result of his investigations: In the Russian empire there are 100 Russians to every 50 members of the nationalities, and 100 Christians to every 16 Mahomedans and Pagans. In Turkey, on the other hand, 100 Turks have opposed to them 197 members of other nations, and 100 Mahomedans, 47 Christians.

**A daily contemporary says:** "Mark L. McDonald is willing to accept the U. S. Senatorship." We don't think *accept* is the right word. "Buy" would be a better one. Well, it will be bought anyhow, and it might fall into the hands of a worse purchaser.



**MIND'S SEASONS.**

Whence comes the mantling green of summer woods,  
 To clothe the boughs that have been dead so long?  
 And whence the thought that breaks our silent moods,  
 And blossoms into song?  
 I stand as leafless as the blacken'd trunk,  
 I feel no stir of any inward breath;  
 Of what oblivious Lethe have I drunk,  
 To bring this barren death?  
 Has mind its seasons, like the circling earth?  
 Its sun that draws new being from the roots?  
 Its periods of long waiting? winter dearth?  
 Spring days? autumnal fruits?  
 O God of Spring, here like a winter oak  
 I reach to thee my bare, bleak, frozen arms,  
 And pray for leaves, pray for the quick'ning stroke,  
 Pray for the breath that warms.  
 And prayer is its own return, the fire  
 That floods the mountain tops with hope of day.  
 The getting of the good that we desire  
 Enables us to pray.

—Robert Leighton.

**USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.**

The trade of England does not appear to be in such a bad way after all. The Board of Trade returns just published show that the depression has touched bottom. The total of exports for May amount to £17,461,000, against £17,055,000 for the same month of last year, an improvement of two and a half per cent. The imports for May amount to the enormous total of £34,648,000, against £29,405,000 for the same period last year. It is curious that though England manufactures for all the world she buys twice as much as she sells. What have the balance of trade theorists to say to this?

English watch manufactures are taking a leaf out of an American book. They are going largely into watch-making by means of machinery constructed upon American principles. The *British Trade Journal* says: "John Bull is an individual who has peculiar prejudices with regard to the watch which he wears, and, in spite of the seeming advantage of cheapness possessed by the American article, he prefers the essentially English watch, with its weight, construction, and general appearance, to the cheaper and less elaborate production of the American factories. Machinery is now being rapidly applied to the manufacture of watches in this country; and as its employment becomes more extended and universal, we shall not only be able to hold our own in the race with America, but even with the present prohibitive import duty, enforced by the United States Government, we shall be able to meet the Americans in their own market, and to give a very good account of ourselves in the competition.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The belligerents are buying war materials very heavily from the United States. Full cargoes of shell, rifle cartridges, rifles and revolvers are on the road to Russian and Turkish ports, and it is stated that the former Government has contracted for the immediate shipment of 25,000 barrels of gunpowder, 2,000 tons of brass metal, 5,000,000 cartridges and 200,000 of Smith & Wesson's rifles. The Khedive has contracted with a Winchester firm for the supply of 25,000,000 cartridges. This is a change from that condition of things by which England supplied ammunition to all the world.

The hop crop in England is esteemed one of the most uncertain of contingencies. Thus, 46,000 acres, in 1852, yielded five times as large a crop as 54,000 acres did in 1854. The hop may be taken to be the emblem of fickleness. Every variation of the temperature, rise and fall of the barometer, and change of wind, as well as blight, mould, mildew, honeydew, moths, caterpillars, *et hoc genus homo*—affect it until the wonder is that we get a vegetable bitter for our beer at all.

**The Electrical Phenomena of the Torpedo.**--Marey has lately been engaged in studying the electrical discharges of the torpedo, with the aid of a very delicate electrometer and an inscribing apparatus. His experiments show that, on exciting a nerve of the animal's electrical apparatus, a flow of electricity follows in about one-eightieth of a second, lasting about one-fortieth of a second. The voluntary discharge of the torpedo consists of successive flows of currents, varying, according to temperature, from twenty to one hundred and forty shocks per second; the direction of the currents being from the back to the belly. As the currents continue to flow for a longer time than the intervals between the times of their commencement, it happened that several currents flow simultaneously, and thus the intensity of the discharge is increased by accumulation. The phenomena correspond closely to those of muscular work.

**That excellent authority, the Economist,** says that during the past two months there has been a distinct increase of business, and we are perhaps justified in drawing a more hopeful augury of the commercial future than could have been formed at the time of the outbreak of hostilities in the East. Transactions have swelled rather than diminished, and the practical effect in the sense of a hitherto localized war far away in the East, has, on the whole, been nugatory.

**Russia** has arranged with a Berlin syndicate to bring out another loan for two hundred millions of dollars. This is offered on the security of a revenue which last year, when peace prevailed, only exceeded the expenditure by six thousand dollars. At this early stage of the war, the Imperial expenditure is set down at five millions of dollars per week. The new loan is to be offered at 74 for five-per-cent bonds. Neither London nor Vienna is to be invited to subscribe.

**It appears** that at the close of last year the Danubian Steam Navigation Company possessed 196 steamers of an aggregate force of 17,490-horse power. The company's revenue for 1876 amounted, in round figures, to £1,230,000, and the year's profits were about £140,000. The operations of the company on the Lower Danube are for the time being stopped by the war, and its permanent prospects are by no means improved thereby.

**The Khedive's sugar estates,** which are on the line of railway running from Cairo to Assiout, extend over a country 100 miles in length, and from 12 to 16 miles in breadth. About three-fourths of the crop of '77 has been sold to the Rothschilds at the rate of \$5 50 per countar, delivered in Alexandria. There are 22 factories with machinery that has cost an average of \$650,000 per factory.

**An organized effort** to open up the interior of Africa to trade and commerce has originated in Belgium, and is being supported in England and elsewhere. Several routes are to be thoroughly explored, and steam vessels are to be introduced upon the great lakes. The fruits of exploration and enterprise in this direction promise to be nothing short of splendid.

**Users of steam power** in different parts of the world are drawing an increasing proportion of their requirements from British engineering shops. Thus we find from the Board of Trade Returns that the value of steam engines exported in the five months of the present year was £814,784 against £731,136 in the corresponding period of 1876.

**The growth** of cotton manufacturing enterprise in India continues as marked as ever, and must have a very appreciable influence on the exports of Manchester, whose agitation, says a British free trade journal, for the removal of the Indian import duties on cotton goods cannot be resisted much longer with any show of justice.

**The coal exports** of Great Britain for 1876 amounted to 16,265,839 tons against 15,544,919 tons for 1875. The producing power of the country has vastly increased of late years, for while in 1872 there were only 3,001 collieries, they had increased in 1875 to 4,445.

**Messrs. John Roach & Cramp,** of the Delaware, say that they can supply iron ships at one pound sterling per ton less than the English manufacturers. Why don't they do it? If they can they ought to be building the navies of all nations.

## VACCINATION IN CHINA.

The interesting statement is made that vaccination is largely practiced in China. We shall be glad to know whether the practice was prevalent among the Chinese at a period anterior to its application—which would be a fact of great historical importance—or whether it is only another illustration of the gradual course by which the ancient ignorance and prejudice of the celestial race are melting away before the civilization of Europe and America. We have certainly among the Chinese in California very few cases of small-pox; which encourages the belief that vaccination has been for a long time in vogue in China. In the literature of China, especially in the less thoroughly explored districts, it is quite possible that future students may yet discover fresh examples of the way in which this mysterious people have, centuries ago, anticipated the ideas and inventions of modern Europe; but their records are so vast and various that it is impossible that their riches should have been ransacked to their last depth. If, on the other hand, this step in advance merely signifies another abandonment of fanaticism, and a determination to employ the knowledge of Europe for the advantage of China, a prospect inconceivably splendid grows before the “Yellow Nation.” In comparison with Russia, with which, in point of territorial extent, it may be compared, though the calculation is a difficult one to make—every step in its progress reaches a richer result, because, although it contains its enormous barren tracts upon which nothing but snow is ever seen, those provinces of it which are fertile are fertile to a prodigious degree, and when the railway system, now actually introduced, is extended, infinite fruit may be reaped on every side; but even more abundant may be the result of introducing machinery in territories favorable to manufactures. More than one Manchester may be expected to arise in the heart of the Empire, and more than one Liverpool at the mouths of its mighty rivers, upon which, although they are crowded with commerce, movements are slow, and voyages are affairs of time.

A glass of sugar-and-water has long been the traditional sustenance of French orators while delivering their speeches in the Chamber. Of late years, however, some notable politicians have preferred a more exhilarating kind of refreshment. M. Pouyer-Quertier is, or was formerly, supplied with burgundy while addressing the representatives of the people; on one occasion he tossed off a bumper of champagne in sight of the Assembly previously to the utterance of an admirable speech on finance. In the course of his famous oration, recently, M. Gambetta is reported to have drunk eight glasses of black coffee. It is said that when he called for the third his friends presented him with a “mazagran,” as the French term a mixture of coffee and water, and that they considerably gave a decided preponderance to the pure element. It is further added that the ex-Dictator made a wry face as he swallowed the insipid mixture. What is certain is that M. Gambetta felt ill at the close of the proceedings, whether in consequence of having swallowed eight glasses of coffee and water, or by other causes, may be left to conjecture. Brillat-Savarin mentions the case of an acquaintance of his who suffered seriously from the immoderate use of coffee. He was almost bent double, and had been compelled to reduce himself to an allowance of five or six cups daily. What it is best to speak on, is a difficult question to resolve. The English orators of the classic period were rather of M. Pouyer-Quertier's than of M. Gambetta's way of thinking in this particular matter, and no doubt in many others. Pitt's port, which he frequently diluted with water, is historical. On a certain occasion it is recorded that Sheridan, being violently assailed by a member who spoke from the opposite side of the House, instead of, *more Gallico*, shaking his fist at the orator in question, abruptly rose and retired into the dinner-room. There he called for a bottle of madeira, emptied the whole of its contents into a slop-basin, and drank them without once pausing to take breath. He then returned to the House, and was soon on his legs demolishing the previous speaker. Never, as friend and foe alike declared, had his oratory been so impassioned or so splendid.

### TRAINING FOR THE P. R.

Close to a river that rolled in sublimity,  
 Dirty and deep and wide,  
 Nestled a hut in adjacent proximity,  
 Having a cove inside.  
 While it was running (the river was) silently,  
 Running with great success,  
 He was (the man was) a grumbling violently,  
 Owing to thirstiness.  
 There was a party from liquor restraining him,  
 Keeping him nice and light,  
 'Cos, you know, *he* was (the party was) training him,  
 Seeing he had to fight.  
 He that I spoke about's right ponderosity  
 Being some twenty stun,  
 He was (his pal was) with awful velocity,  
 Getting him down to one,  
 Running him out in his flannels and baking him,  
 Getting his weight away;  
 Wonderful proper and fit he was making him,  
 Tol de rol looral lay.  
 Often he'd stare at the river's limpidity  
 When he was crawling by;  
 Then he'd consider his throttle's avidity—  
 Then he'd (that man would) cry.  
 Then he would tell him and keep a repeating it  
 (Meaning his pal) with pride,  
 How he'd be shaking four-fifty and beating it,  
 Doing a score inside.  
 Breaking his heart for four-half and a lot on it,  
 Nearly insane he went,  
 Knowing his backers were staking a pot on it,  
 Being a large event.  
 When his account of his physical pain he un-  
 Bosomed they nearly laughed,  
 Though he'd have swallowed the Mediterranean  
 Off at a single draught.  
 Seeing his rations were strictly forbid to him  
 Every dreadful day,  
*He* would—that trainer would—coax him and kid to him,  
 Tol de rol looral lay.  
 Every day he got drier and drier  
 After his beastly run;  
 Oh, but his weight it was nice and superior,  
 Stopping at one stun one.  
 Daily his liquid allowance was shorter, but  
 Often his mate would spy  
 Him as I've named with his head in the water butt,  
 Trying to drink it dry.  
 Just as they'd got him so nice and respectable,  
 Puzzled they were to see  
 How that the stream was no longer detectable  
 Where it was used to be.  
 Fancy those backers while seeking a trace of it  
 Out in a lonely spot,  
 Finding that slogger a sitting in place of it,  
 Having imbibed the lot.  
 He, in his ponderous state of rotundity,  
 Couldn't be moved away.  
 Fancy his backers' griefs' profundity,  
 Tol de rol looral lay.

G. H. JESSOP.

**Silk culture** is beginning to take root in England. The mulberry is being extensively planted. Captain Mason sends to the *Times* an account of his operations in that direction by which he shows a clear profit of \$600 per acre.



[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter. ]

The daily papers are offering fabulous prizes of buggies, pianos and sewing machines to weak-minded individuals who will get them up clubs. How different is this course from ours. The *T. C.* would not offer a free pass to a Lunatic Asylum to anyone who furnished him a thousand subscribers. On the contrary, we are constantly requesting people *not* to subscribe for the *News Letter*; and we have already started one or two opposition weekly papers, simply to try and diminish our circulation, which is beyond all bounds. The fifth office boy, who has died from exhaustion within a month, produced by folding papers, was buried last Monday, and there are now two short-hand reporters constantly engaged in taking new subscribers' names over the counter. We shall positively receive no new names up to the first day of November next, but we have applied to the Board of Supervisors for permission to erect eleven thousand marble and gold stands in the city, where the people can read the *News Letter* free. Fifty of the new police will be on hand to attend and keep the crowd in order, and no one will be allowed to read for more than ten minutes at a time. Persons desirous of advertising in future will be charged ten dollars a line, and applicants must send in a certified check and a request for space three months in advance. Newsboys will fall into line about two miles and a half from our office at midnight on Friday, and will be served with their papers in order as they arrive. Our new twenty-eight cylinder press, of seven hundred and fifty horse power, only strikes off two million copies an hour. Finding this quite insufficient, we have ordered one double the size, which delivers eleven hundred sheets every revolution. But, for heaven's sake, don't send us any more names.

The editor of a new dramatic paper wails like a lost soul over the fact that some one-eyed manager declines to devote a week or two of the present dull season to reading a play, presumably by said editor, and which we are assured is a considerable improvement on *Macbeth* and those fussy old dramas. There is no doubt whatever that the great want of the age is some sort of a patent machine or apparatus by which plays could be read and returned to the writers at the rate of—say twenty-five a week. This arrangement could have an open spout, as it were, projecting into the street, so as to be available to amateur dramatists by night as well as by day. A manuscript, accompanied by say fifty cents worth of postage stamps, could be deposited and in a week proceed from the other end neatly directed and ready for the Post-office. This might be done by clockwork, or be run by a small boy, perhaps, and if it could be arranged somehow to sprinkle coffee over the sheets in a natural manner, and have "Liven this up a little" written on the margin opposite the death scenes, and "Little more pathos here" next to the comic dialogues, the whole thing would be perfect. Some innovation of this kind would relieve the present pressure on the Napa Insane Asylum very materially, and lessen the damage now done to the nets of the shrimp fisherman by constant entangling with long-haired corpses.

For dignified bosh, running seventeen ounces to the pound, commend us to the fulminations of the Committee of Safety. In a card, regarding so simple a matter as applications for appointment on the new temporary police force, Mr. Coleman simply and briefly remarks that this community is noted for "unprecedented readiness and universality of organization for duty in perilous emergencies, for manifestations of statesmanship in moderating the evils which under universal suffrage infest the Government of great cities." This being the gratifying state of things, resident mankind in general is implored and invoked by its altars and its fires not to indorse any bummers for appointment, or in the terse words of the Committee, each citizen is "to refuse his signature to every application where he does not know the person well; where he does not feel confident that the appointee will reflect credit upon his sponsors, and where he cannot, after due deliberation, certify that the applicant possesses, and will, in the public service, manifest unfaltering resolution, unimpeachable integrity and untiring perseverance." There are a few other Christian virtues unaccountably overlooked by Mr. Coleman, which is unfortunate, as the subscribers ought certainly to get them all for a hundred dollars a month.

It is not generally known that to be a first-class humorist a man must be especially careful as to his diet. Food which is suitable for a business man destroys the delicate brain tissues of a literary comedian. Max Adeler, for instance, subsists entirely on raw onions and codfish chips, while Eli Perkins eats nothing but the strongest Swiss cheese and red herrings; Bailey of the *Danbury News* drinks a quart of buttermilk four times a day, and breakfasts regularly off tripe and Tabasco sauce; Bierce's sole nourishment is high-proof vinegar and boiled oysters, while Mark Twain lived for a long time on jumping frogs; Artemas Ward used to brace up on stewed prunes and chowder; Derrick Dald chews gum; McEwen moves along on Irish stew and lead pencils, while the humorous men of the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Burlington Hawkeue* alternate between clams boiled in quinine and toast soaked in absinthe. None of these gentlemen, however, drink, and they have all made large fortunes principally in their minds. The proprietors of English comic papers are warned against feeding any of their employes on the above articles, as the effect on their readers of the avalanche of wit which would ensue might possibly result in their being indicted for murder.

The latest phase of ingenuity is an idea just adopted by a physician in this city, who, up to a few months ago, had scarcely any patients. He conceived the plan of sending out postal cards, giving a correct list of all the persons who had died under his treatment since he was admitted to practice. On the following day he was summoned to the bedside of four different mothers-in-law, all of whom he treated to the satisfaction of the respective sons-in-law. To-day he rides round in a carriage and pair, and employs three express wagons to haul medicine to his patients. Leaving out the large and liberal commission which he receives from the undertaker, the fees alone which he is paid by the relatives of the sick constitute a princely income. His consultation hours at home are from 9 to 10 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. His two anterooms are constantly filled, the one labeled "Expectant heirs" being even more popular than the other, which has "Dead men's shoes" painted on the door. Honesty has ever been the best policy, even among gentlemen who are licensed to kill; and in these dull times anything which makes trade is an unalloyed blessing.

The fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth clauses in the physician's certificate required for appointees on the police force read somewhat curiously. They run as follows: "He has the free use of all his limbs. His hearing is perfect, vision perfect, speech perfect. He has — tumors; his legs are — ulcerated; they are — extensively cicatrized; he has — cutaneous affection; he has received — contusion or wound of the head that may impair his faculties; he is — a drunkard; he is — subject to fits; he is — subject to convulsions; he has — infection," etc., etc. Of course it must be understood that the dashes or blanks are intended to be filled up with negatives; but it is not pleasant reading at the breakfast table, and even though the applicant may be free from "fits," the person perusing this skeleton document is liable to be taken with one long before he gets through.

Mr. George Wilson kindly sends us an item about a blacksmith which shows up the aforesaid smith in his blackest colors. We must decline to insert it. Some years ago the *Town Crier* wrote a paragraph about a forger of horseshoes which likened him to a first-class skunk, and intimated that he was unreliable on oath. That item accounts for the peculiar shape of our nose to this day, and the physician who set six of our ribs and glued on our left ear attributes our cure to perfect repose in bed for seven months and the constant use of crutches for a year. Items about blacksmiths are respectfully declined, and parties will in future please furnish an accurate description of any one whom they desire to malign, stating whether he is of a weakly, timid disposition, and whether he weighs over 120 pounds.

Three more Nathan murderers have turned up, and it is not a good month for them either. Some of our most noted countrymen are included in this interesting branch of the human family, the rapid growth and prosperity of which is in every way remarkable. A paper, exclusively devoted to their interests, is about being started, similar to the one representing the Charley Ross stealers, another flourishing sect with which they favorably compare.

**Two gentlemen** within a week have swum into eternity. There is no doubt that this is a very cleanly way of committing suicide, and proprietors of bathing-houses will do well in future to have an attorney constantly on hand to draw up wills and do any little final literary work which the gentlemen may require previous to drowning themselves. A lucrative business might also be done in selling anchors and cannon balls to parties anxious to immolate themselves on the altar of Neptune, and pawnbrokers, desirous of purchasing cheap clothing, would do well to look round the various establishments at North Beach, and wherever it was possible make a bargain with melancholy-looking gentlemen preparing for a swim.

Since the commencement of the Mint investigation all the young men are keeping memorandum books in cipher with a view to selling them by and by to their employers. They contain an accurate list of the number of drinks which the boss takes in a day, who he speaks to, and what he does generally. This is a move in the right direction. Heads of firms are not liberal in the matter of salaries just now, and it is high time that they should be under the strict surveillance of the gentlemen who honor them by working for them.

**Mr. Mestayer**, the celebrated actor, is remarkable for his sense of humor even under most aggravating and provoking circumstances. He was drinking some coffee in a hurry one morning this week, and, through the stupidity of the servant in making it, his mouth was filled full of the grounds which had been allowed to get into the cup. As he blew out the obnoxious grits on to his new Turkey carpet he smiled feebly and remarked to his China boy that his coffee strongly resembled the quality of mercy—it was not strained.

**Yesterday** an unknown man exchanged a ragged suit of clothes for a fine new bathing dress at the North Beach Baths, and swam out into the bay. He has not yet returned, as might be expected. This sort of piracy has gone on long enough, and hereafter each bather will have a strong cord attached to his left ankle, which will be promptly reeled in at the expiration of thirty minutes. Parties intending to swim round Goat Island please take notice.

**This from the Chronicle's "Personals":** "A gentleman of good address, but in depressed circumstances, would like to make the acquaintance of a lady of some means with a view of matrimony. Address I. M. Business." Before the entire wealth and beauty of the Coast hurls itself at this offer, we would warn our lady readers that the advertiser is probably that old pauper, Mike Reese, trying to cut down expenses, as usual.

**A gentleman**, now staying at the City Hospital, writes to express his emphatic opinion that if a human being, and a taxpayer too, is to be battered up into a lot with white clubs, just because he strikes a match on a Chinese washhouse, for the purpose of lighting his cigar; why then he doesn't care how soon the country is "involved in arnica." He doubtless means "anarchy," but gets in all the facts as it is.

**Every day some new** public man crops up who insists on endorsing Hayes. The *T. C.* begs to state that Mr. Hayes and himself are so alike that they are usually taken for twins, and persons desirous of "endorsing" for him will find blank notes on the office table from 10 to 4 daily. The amounts will be filled up with due regard to the endorser's standing in the community.

**George William Curtis** has just presented his native town with an enormous gilt weathercock. It is a vane thing for George to set himself up in this way.

**The Associated Hack-drivers** will shortly call a meeting to arrange measures for protection against the new law making stage robbery a felony.

**The "Chronicle"** had an editorial yesterday headed "Reckless Writing." They are perfectly qualified to do the subject justice.

**Mr. Lowrie**, a stock broker, called another of the tribe a liar and a thief the other day. This seems to be "the regular call."

**Captain Kentzell** has gone to Santa Cruz for a brief vacation. High tides may be expected all next week.

### VANITY.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,  
 And day and night are the same as one;  
 The year grows green and the year grows brown,  
 And what is it all when all is done?  
 Grains of somber or shining sand,  
 Sliding into or out of the hand.  
 And men go down in ships to the seas,  
 And a hundred ships are the same as one;  
 And backward and forward blows the breeze,  
 And what is it all when all is done?  
 A tide with never a shore in sight  
 Setting steadily on to the night.  
 The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,  
 And a hundred streams are the same as one;  
 And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,  
 And what is it all when all is done?  
 The net of the fisher the burden breaks,  
 And after the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

### WILL RUSSIA COLLAPSE?

Every day the papers are telling us that the Russian finances are in so horrible a condition that the war on her part must certainly come to an end for want of money. It is all moonshine. Can any of these gifted seers tell us of a war conducted by a great nation which was stopped for want of money. No such event is recorded in modern history. The talk now going on reminds us of the similar rubbish that was preached all over Europe when the North and South were fighting in America. It was conclusively proved by the newspapers, and by those knowing gentlemen the political economists, that the American Government *must* go under, because the people could not raise any more money at home, while abroad their credit was gone. Did it turn out as the prophets predicted? No; what happened was this—the English people were frightened out of buying Government bonds which paid 6 per cent. interest on the par of 100, and they fell to 30, and even then no one would buy them, except long-headed persons, like the late Mr. Peabody, who made the larger part of his fortune at that time. The "Dutchman" bought too; but the English investors were scared by the City-article writers, and by the wonderful 'S.' of Liverpool, and other inspired beings who knew all about the future. The bonds which went a-begging at 30 were eagerly sought for years afterward at 115; but less than ten years ago they could have been bought for 75. We do not say that Russian bonds will show the same recovery in the future; for between the 'recuperative' force of the Russians and the Americans there is a vast difference. What we want to make clear is, that it must not be supposed because a nation's credit is at a low ebb that her resources are exhausted, or that a war must come to an end because there are no longer ways and means of carrying it on. It may be necessary to make great sacrifices to get money, and to pay enormously for it; but it can always be had, at a price, by a nation like Russia. She is by no means reduced to her "last ditch" yet, and therefore the solemn talk in the papers about her exhaustion and speedy collapse must be dismissed, as worthy only of the new-fashioned writers, who think that "British interests" are good for nothing, except to be turned into a laughing stock.

An Exchange says that Dr. McAllister met with a painful accident lately. He was standing on a wash-stand, hanging pictures, when his feet slipped into the basin, which broke and let him down. The basin was broken, and the tendon Achilles, and tibial artery cut. The doctor had fully recovered at last accounts, and was a tendon on the injuries of the basin. If the basin refuses to pay for medical attendance, it is feared there is no ground to basin action on. Being cracked, it was irresponsible.



### THE TRUE COMMERCIAL MEANING OF THE WAR.

Russia never goes to war without a clear-cut object in view. What that object in the present instance is, only now begins to be discernable, and, strange to say, it is very different from that which is invariably attributed to her. It has been almost universally believed that her designs were upon Constantinople and the acquisition of European territory. But the solemn assurances of the Czar, no less than the plan of the present campaign, point almost unmistakably to the fact that Russia's present designs are in another and totally different direction. Territorial aggrandizement in Asia, with a view to great commercial ends, may be safely taken as Russia's real intent. Everything points in that direction. Her exertions in Europe seem to be devoted to no further end than to keep the Sultan's army employed there so as to prevent its attention being turned elsewhere. The Russians have only just now crossed the Danube, after several months of purposeless parade. They commenced the campaign in Asia with extraordinary energy, and have continued it with persistent courage and activity, and then, most important of all, they have carried on the march a *posse* of civil officers, so that as they invade vilayet after vilayet administrators may immediately commence the whole arrangement of Russian rule. This is "making themselves at home" with a vengeance especially surprising in a nation whose warriors are only fighting for an amelioration of the state of the Bulgarians. If the latter had been the object, why did not the Grand Duke Nicholas long ago enter Bulgaria and save its greatly tried people from further suffering? Simply because, as Lord Derby distinctly hinted, this is a war of hypocrisy, in which the dust of philanthropy is thrown in the grateful eyes of Gladstonian-minded persons everywhere. The main object of the war is to obtain for Russia the possession of the Trebizond and Batoum seaboard and as much territory south of this as she can possibly be permitted to claim. The reason is as follows: The trade which Russia has always carried on with Persia and other parts of Central Asia has always been of a very prosperous character. English merchants competed with Russians very closely in the regions north of the Hindoo Kush, but as Russia was determined eventually to be the master in these realms, and make her own commercial code, as she has done since, the success of British merchants in Turkistan troubled her little. All she cared for was to preserve in all its pristine remunerative state the trade with Persia. This used to be carried on in a very peculiar manner. The Russian Government laid down good caravan roads from Tiflis to Nijni-Novgorod, so as to induce merchants to come to the latter Great Fair and buy all their European goods there. Thus a town in Central Russia, where little trade was normally done, became the great commercial halting place between two important and prosperous continents. Persians themselves seldom went to Nijni-Novgorod or Moscow, but Tiflis Armenians, who bought their goods there and took them to Julfa, Tabreez and Ispahan. Toward the commencement of the present century, however, some English merchants, noticing the value of the Persian trade, established themselves at Bushire, in the Persian Gulf, and bringing European merchandise thither by sea, laid down a caravan road to Shiraz, where they successfully competed with the trade which the Tiflis merchants were doing in Northern Persia. The goods were cheaper and better, and very naturally so, considering that the sea voyage was accomplished in less time and is safer than the caravan journey. Besides this, goods arrived at Bushire once a month, and the Tiflis caravan only went its round once a year. Soon after this Tiflis trade gave up the ghost, and Englishmen waxed portly and rich in the flourishing seaport of Bushire. This state of things soon reached the ears of the Russian Minister, and in order to counteract the malevolent influence of Bushire, Redut Kaleh was opened in 1821 to general trade, it being anticipated that ships might run thence to Kertch, whence the merchants might travel to Nijni-Novgorod with the satisfaction of having made an easier journey. The results were unfortunate. The Tiflis traders, instead of going to the great Russian Fair, found it was hardly more distant to go to Leipzig and visit, in fact, the different seats of European industries. Consequently, to the surprise of the Russian Minister, the trade of Nijni-Novgorod continued to decline, notwithstanding the increased prosperity of Redut Kaleh. The fact soon became known and Redut Kaleh was in 1832 closed to import trade altogether,

and the Government attempted to improve the roads and the navigation of the Caspian Sea and the Volga, in order to compete with Bushire. These exertions might have had a successful issue, but unfortunately in 1823 some merchants had established themselves at Trebizond, on the southern shores of the Black Sea, and had gradually laid down a splendid caravan route from that seaport to Erzeroum and thence to Tabreez in Persia. So when Redut Kaleh was closed, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions, all the trade between Southern Persia and Europe continued to be done via Bushire, but the trade with Northern Persia flowed entirely into the Erzeroum and Trebizond channels. The Russo-Asiatic trade has never recovered this. With the introduction of railways great improvements have been effected in Asiatic Russia, and now, in consequence of the Caspian Sea and Volga swarming with efficient shipping, and the existence of an excellent railway between Poti, Tiflis and Baku, the Asiatic trade of Nijni-Novgorod has very much improved. But it has never yet recovered the blows which were dealt it in the establishment of Bushire and Trebizond. It will therefore be apparent to our readers that the object of the Russian Government in attempting the acquisition of the whole of Turkish Armenia is, besides the mere desire of aggrandizement, to be able to control the trade between Europe and Asia. This is to be avoided as much as possible, for the lessons of history must teach us that Russia does not know how to carry on a commercial policy of advantage to the world. We have already shown how she attempts to turn all trade into the roads which lead to Nijni-Novgorod. If, therefore, she were to obtain possession of the Trebizond village, yet, we may be sure that all the ports, like the Transcaucasian ports, would be closed to import trade. This of itself is a violent measure, altogether at variance with enlightenment and civilization.

#### THE DUTY OF SCRATCHING.

Every man who desires an honest and competent City Government is about to have a duty imposed upon him, the exact and precise performance of which may be described in the single word—SCRATCH. That single monosyllable covers a deal of ground. It embraces the whole duty of the voting man. It involves intelligent discrimination. Every office, from Mayor to Coroner, is about to be filled by our system of popular selection. Let us see well to it that after polling day there is a survival for public uses of only the fittest. There ought to be no political party considerations involved at all in the selection of the most faithful and capable men to perform administrative or judicial duties. The different tickets should be scrutinized by each voter without regard to the party from which they emanate, and the very best man proposed for each particular office should alone be voted for. Scratch out the name of every bad, doubtful or even unknown man, and substitute the candidate that best fulfills the essential conditions of known honesty and capability, without regard to political affiliations. That is the duty which every voter owes to the city and to himself. In that way, and in that alone, may we expect to obtain a creditable City Government. The voter should examine all tickets, and every name upon them, with as much impartiality as if he neither knew nor cared which organization put them forth. If the press would deal with them in precisely the same way, instead of taking a bad and an unpatriotic pride in pulling a particular ticket through, just to show their "influence," they would avoid the mortification of defeat, better perform their functions as journalists, set a more worthy example to individual citizens, and a thousand times more worthily promote the ends of good government. If any of them know any just cause or impediment why any nominee should not be elected let them say so without regard to the ticket on which he appears. On the other hand, if they know that a particular candidate is honest and capable, let them say so, no matter to what party he belongs. To secure the defeat of a bad man and the election of a good one, is the best kind of "influence." For ourselves that is the end we propose to achieve, using for that purpose the best lights that we possess. Every candidate's record must be carefully examined, with the honest intent of separating the sheep from the wolves. What we recommend we shall practice. We shall scratch.

## DR. GUARD AND CLEOPATRA.

[Suggest Wisdom and Folly.]

The clerical consignment of Picou's painting to—well, to malodorous Fleet street, before its christening, has awakened no little discussion in art circles, and among the *habitués* of our galleries. Sailors are so proverbially innocent of knowledge outside their own vocation, and off their home element, that, when brought into courts of law, the judge is supposed to stand toward them *in loco parentis*—and to this it may yet come with the clergy. If the mental capacity is the equivalent of a pint only, and you charge it with four gills of theology, all else must be feebly grasped. It is not unusual, however, to find much of esthetic culture enjoyed by wearers of cope and stole; especially with those who have enjoyed classical advantages, and whose liberal education, and love of letters has been honored with the Doctorate; yet upon occasion one may be found whose parchment does not admit the owner to the cold atmosphere of high art. Our reverend critic, however, is not entirely without historical warrant for his strictures, especially if we canvas the records of ignorance and mock-modesty for a past decade or two. One cannot remember without keen enjoyment, the refusal of Rev. Aminadab Sleek to take his unsophisticated daughter to the first Crystal Palace in New York until a compliant management had supplied the statuary with the fig leaves, neglected of the vulgar artists. Not to be invidious and omit the mention of a striking asinine example in later times, and nearer home, it is said the Dons of an Art Association even, might have been seen “dimly revealed in shadowy light,” with solemn step, marching in prudish procession, to emasculate certain figures, the gift of the naughty French. There is a current report, with what of truth we cannot affirm from personal observation, that a carefully preserved tray—full of unconsidered trifles—“odds and ends,” yet bears witness to the success of that crusade. In the history of civilization all these things have an office. Not content to leave this delicate question of propriety in art to a settlement at the hands of the metropolitan press and pulpit, the *Record-Union* stands forth as exponent for the virtuous country, and levels a long lance against the nude; fortifying its uncertain opinions by a quotation of meaningless mumblings ascribed, no doubt justly, to one Ruskin; a sort of self-confessed universal genius, the writer who made Turner, and who is himself on the art side of his literary labors, fairly entitled to rank with the man he made. In punishment of our sins Ruskin has greatness—has it by mischance—never having been either born to it, achieved it, or had it thrust upon him—but has it rather by an apathy that does not care to waste good breath in the denial of a bad claim. This man Ruskin, with endorsement of our moral press exponent, hints that piously-inclined souls may be injured by a certain popular picture of Uncle Tom with Eva reading the scriptures. The thoughtless artist gives the lass “a dainty foot, and well-made satin slipper.” Why, of course, that could not fail to cause injury; by all means paint her club-footed, and add the ampler protection of a goiterous enlargement of the neck, if by so doing one may haply hedge about some fragile saintship. Speaking of Ruskin on art always suggests to our mind that astute political economist, George Francis Train. And then comes in “C” or “G” (is it Conway or Guard) with a card in a morning contemporary, sustaining the Rev. lecturer by an authority no less than Moncure Conway; “all true art must be an exhibition of the faith that is”—deduction—“Antony and Cleopatra” is not an exhibition of any faith that is, or ever was, but of faithlessness rather; hence Picou's picture is not true to art—and hence and therefore, etc., etc.—Since when, with modesty we ask, did Conway set up for an art Solomon? In past times we knew something of him—not as a sun, or a planet even—but a comet rather—he was then, and still is, swinging around the theological circle—boxing the sacred compass—beginning, if we rightly remember, something near the point called Mariolatry, and on his flight resting briefly at Unitarianism. Whenever Moncure D. Conway has reached his own intellectual bearings, and settled with himself what his opinions are, will be time enough to install him as our art Solon. The question of propriety, or its converse, in art, must needs take a wide range; no arbitrary law can be safely laid down to cover every case. “Trifles light as air” sometimes totally change the sentiment of a picture. Take Correggio's “Magdalen”



for an example. The artist gives us a female figure in well rounded maturity—her feet are bare, and she lies prone, resting upon her elbows, her voluptuous breast (a marvel of the painter's art) fully exposed. Open before her, upon the ground, is a large volume—presumably a copy of the sacred writings—and on an incident so slight hinges the entire moral character of the picture. Remove the book, and substitute—well, say the manuscript of the gentleman's lecture; and reveal at the top of the page "fit only for a brothel, in fact, a floating brothel," and it would be safe to say, the average man unrefined by grace, would judge the "Magdalen" little better than a "light o' love." We offer the advice gratuitously to popular declaimers on art, that they first become purists in the use of the Queen's English—lest the criticism prove more vulgar than any possible suggestion of the picture criticised. There can be no doubt of the great excellence of Picou's masterpiece. Each visit, of many, deepens this first impression—its wonderful composition—harmony of color—its repose, producing upon a troubled spirit the effect of a fine symphony; and whenever we engage in stocks, or any business classed "extra hazardous," may some good providence bless us with such a sedative.

### DR. CORNELIUS HERZ.

This well-known physician, and most active member of our city's Board of Health, leaves on Monday for a short visit to Europe, with the double purpose in view of recruiting his health and of carrying out a scientific mission. We are glad to know that the worthy doctor will be away only a little over two months. It would be difficult to name another citizen who would be so certainly missed from so many important spheres of activity. A physician in large practice, an invaluable member of the Board of Health, an energetic and true Mason, in the highest sense of the word, a prominent member of the San Francisco Verein, and a safe and worthy counsellor to a host of private friends, who confide in his judgment, and admire his big-heartedness, Dr. Herz is a gentleman who, take him all in all, fills so large an area of private and public usefulness, that his absence, if prolonged, would be a source of wide-spread and general regret. As it is to be for so brief a period, his numerous friends will bear with it, conscious that what is their loss will be his gain. We only express that which we know is the public sentiment when we wish Dr. Herz a safe and altogether agreeable trip, and a speedy return to our city, in which he finds so much good work to do, and does it so well. Dr. Herz is not without fame whither he travels. A graduate of the College of the city of New York, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London, a member of the State and County Medical Society, and of our San Francisco Academy of Sciences, and an honored Physician of the French Army during the Franco-German war, he is equally well and favorably known in New York, London, and Paris.

**A Few Particulars about London.**—Do you know that London, taking a radius of 15 miles from Charing Cross, covers nearly 700 square miles? Within these limits its population exceeds 4,200,000 inhabitants. In London there is a birth every four minutes, and in every six minutes there is a death. If you could put all the streets in London into one straight line, the line would be 7,000 miles long, nearly 100 miles longer than from London to San Francisco. A marvelous city, then, is London in extent. What is it morally? Is it as virtuous as it is gigantic? As an average more than 73,000 persons are taken into custody by the police every year. More than one-third of all the crime committed in England is committed in London. Twenty-six thousand persons are annually brought before the London magistrates charged with being drunk and disorderly. Nor is this very extraordinary if we consider that if its beer shops and gin palaces were set one after another in a straight line they would reach from London to Oxford. London has more churches and chapels than any other city in the world, yet more than a million of its inhabitants never enter a place of worship. London is the richest city in the world, yet it has as many paupers as would occupy every house in Brighton.



## A MODEL NEWSPAPER.

The 'Frisco News Letter is well described by the brilliant rhymes in the *Gazette* of Washington, D. C.:

Now there be sheets that are merely weekly,  
 And there be sheets that are weakly daily,  
 And there be pious sheets, mumbling meekly,  
 And there be dragon sheets crabbed and scaly;  
 And there be sheets that review the city,  
 And there be sheets that belaud a section,  
 And there be sheets (the more's the pity)  
 That are born of a State election.  
 Religious, impious, gay, severe,  
 How many masks the rascals wear.

And there be pens that are bright and sparkling,  
 And there be pens that are light and skipping,  
 And there be pens that are dim and darking,  
 And there be pens that are sharp and nipping;  
 And there is ink that is clogged and sour,  
 And there is ink of a pleasant savor,  
 And there is ink that will run an hour,  
 And there is ink that flows on forever.  
 It halts, it runs, it lives, it fades—  
 Pen and ink have their divers forms and shades.

And there be brains that are given to dreaming,  
 And there be brains that are quick and knowing,  
 And there be brains that are cold and scheming,  
 And there be brains that are hot and glowing;  
 And there be hearts that flow forth in writing,  
 And there be hearts from the inkpot hidden,  
 And there be thoughts that all men delight in,  
 And there be thoughts to all men forbidden.  
 What I said before of the ink and pen  
 Applies to the hearts and minds of men.

Then what take for a newspaper model,  
 Not to be light as a drifting feather,  
 Nor heavy as lead, nor filled with twaddle,  
 Nor over-wise? Why, shake 'em together!  
 All the elements have some virtue;  
 A little gravity sets you thinking,  
 A touch of the cynic's pen won't hurt you,  
 A little fun keeps one's eyes from blinking.  
 Shake 'em together—lead and feather,  
 Thunder-storm and sunny weather.

Let us garner the pens for our use as we find them,  
 Be they sharp or blunt or pliant or brittle,  
 Not soften nor harden nor mold them nor grind them,  
 But draw from each kind, as we need it, a little;  
 Let us chirp and whistle, and growl and mutter,  
 Only sing all themes to a fitting measure,  
 That all may hark to the words we utter,  
 And each may find something to give him pleasure.  
 'Tis 'Frisco's harp of a thousand strings,  
 A *Letter* appealing to human things.

The "Marriage Knot" among the Burmese is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society they dissolve partnership in the following touching but conclusive manner: They respectively light a candle, and, shutting up their hut, sit down and wait quietly until one is burned out. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house (and forever), taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time: all else becomes the property of the other party.

## The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

[By a Truthful Penman.]

A good story in a small way is told by the Indian papers. A certain Dr. Sayers, an Army Chaplain, is the clergyman in charge of the spiritual interests of the soldiers in Fort St. George, Madras; and he likes to tell "his lads" occasionally a piece of his mind in the plainest terms from the pulpit. So he closed up a recent sermon of his with the following: "My brethren, this is a 'charty sermon' I'm preaching. I want rupees—mind you—I want rupees, and not dirty pieces of paper in the bag, having written on them, 'Sayers, old cock, how are you?' I won't have it, mind you, I won't. I've stood it long enough!"—The telegraph records the death of a prominent member of Disraeli's Cabinet, Right Hon. George Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty. He died in what is usually regarded as the prime of life, in his fifty-third year. He has been a member of all the Conservative ministries since 1866. Like his chief, Mr. Hunt pushed himself into the front ranks of his party by his ability. His father was a country clergyman of the Church of England. Mr. Hunt first entered Parliament in 1857, and he has ever since retained his seat. When Disraeli became Prime Minister in 1868, Mr. Hunt held the second responsible position in the government as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Failing health has for some time prevented him from being so prominent in politics as he was ten years ago. Under Disraeli's present administration he has held positions of a subordinate character. In 1870, Oxford University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.—We translate from a French journal (*La Liberté*) a curious and interesting letter from Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, now fifty-six years of age, written by her at Dresden, where she now lives, to a friend in Paris: "I want to speak to you of my baby. Well, I must tell you that God has given my dear husband and myself an adorable little girl, born on the 31st of March last. She is the perfect image of health and happiness. She laughs and crows in a way to delight all sympathetic hearts. We have given her a little Katharine among her other names, but we call her Jenny, I need not say in honor of whom. Our boy Walter will be four years old the 9th of August. He is an intelligent child—very intelligent, very religious, and when he has been naughty, it is touching to see the way he prays God to make him good again—poor little chicken. He adores me, obeys me, and I understand the child completely, for he is exactly like myself in nature, very impressionable, active, gay, high-tempered, affectionate, shy, good-natured, quick to learn, remembering all that he learns, preferring to the finest toys a horrible old doll, because it is one with which he has longest played, caring nothing about dress, but preferring to be loved rather than admired. Is he musical? Not the least in the world. That is my great despair. But he is religious, and I think he will be a Christian. As to the baby I cannot say as much. The little thing eats, drinks, laughs, mumbles over her shoes, and I have nothing to say against her character. My husband is now in England looking out for a residence, for we intend, on account of the children, to settle in that country.—JENNY LIND."—At the *fete* given at the Royal Botanical Gardens the other day, while strolling on the lawn, I noticed a well-known nobleman, who shall be nameless, committing a petty larceny. A lady dropped her lace handkerchief, and the gentleman who was behind her, minding a chair he had managed to secure, very quietly put the chair on the *mouchoir*. Then taking out his own handkerchief, he carefully wiped the bottom of his trousers, and dexterously snatched up the *fazzoletto*. Was this an instance of male kleptomania? By no means. My companion, who knew that gentleman's foible, remarked to me that, the lady being very charming, his lordship evidently annexed it with a view to paying her a visit on the following day to restore it.—A letter from Rome announces that Garibaldi has been extremely ill from an attack of *arthritis*. He was seized with a fit, and remained for some time quite stiff and cold like a corpse. When restored to consciousness he gaily remarked, "O, that's nothing; you may be sure I shall survive Pio Nono, and attend his funeral." A letter from Menotti Garibaldi says his father is much better.—An eminent German, of much official dignity, said the other night at the dinner table that Von Moltke

had predicted three months ago the exact spot at which the Russians would first cross the Danube. "And Von Moltke was right; which perhaps," he added, "is not so very wonderful in a man who can play five games of chess at a time, and win them too, I think, with his back to them."—It is said an officer, who for some time past has followed the calling of a hansom cab-driver, has recently been elected a member of one of the leading military clubs. If this be the case, it will be particularly convenient for the members. They may have the chance of finding their driver in the smoking room or reading room, and asking him if, when he has quite finished his cigar or concluded an article in the *Times*, he will be good enough to drive them as far as the Park. Of course all differences of opinion with regard to distance and all disputes about fares would naturally be settled by the club committee. This will make it particularly pleasant for all parties. Miss Neilson has returned home, after an eight months' tour through the east and western States of America, during which she gave one hundred and forty representations, and realized over £13,000. She played her usual round of characters, but her greatest success was achieved as Viola in "Twelfth Night," a part hitherto untied by her. Miss Neilson, who is looking as well as if her arduous exertion had been the merest pleasure-trip, leaves for Vichy at the end of this week, and returns to England to undertake some engagements in the principal provincial towns in the middle of September. She will play in London next spring, and probably in Paris during the Exhibition time. Some ridiculous greenroom gossip anent her marriage to a journalist in America is wholly without foundation.—A clever thing was said from a pretty mouth the other day. A ponderous steam-roller, about as heavy as a Woolwich infant, crashed through the cellar of a house in Chelsea. A wondering crowd were unable to suggest what the unfortunate owner of the tenement should do under the circumstances. Said a young girl: "He ought to put a notice up at once: 'If this article is not removed by the owners within twenty-four hours, it will be sold to defray expenses!'"

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**Mr. Gladstone's Ir-Resolutions.**—The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a good hit on the night when he said, a parodist of Wordsworth referring to these five resolutions, has said:

"The first that died was number three,  
Then followed four and five;  
And naught but their vacuity  
Have kept the two alive. (Laughter.)  
How many are there then, I said,  
If only two survive?  
The statesman merely shook his head,  
And answered, we are five."

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**There ought to be,** and no doubt will be, a charming day's recreation to be had to-day upon the bay. The Yacht Club will be in high feather, and several admirable races will be run, for which valuable prizes are offered. We should be glad to see sculling races gotten up, and hundreds of our young men engaged in them. The other day, at Sydney, 120,000 persons witnessed with enthusiasm two youths, colonial born, scull for the championship of the world, one of them having previously wrested that distinction from the English champion. Why cannot we popularize so admirable an institution as rowing upon our bay? It is a splendid, manly exercise that would give better health, spirits and life to the young men who would engage it.

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**Fashionable Entertainments for the Week,** a la "Punch"—"Going to the Throat and Ear Ball, Lady Mary?" "No—we are engaged to the Incurable Idiots." "Then perhaps I may meet you at the Epileptic Dance on Saturday?" "Oh, yes—we are sure to be there. The Epileptic stewards are so delightful!"

## A LOST RING.

I can't drive him from me,  
He's a pleasant *bon homme*;  
He has traveled in various climes;  
He is easy, well bred,  
And just as well read,  
But he stutters a little, at times.  
He is rosy and sleek,  
Is gentle and meek,  
A spoon and a carver can handle,  
And through hearty feeding,  
And *Chronicle* reading,  
Has acquired a taste for scandal.

I sought him one night,  
By his fireside bright,  
He was reading in quite a rage,  
And lifting his eyes,  
He spake in this wise,  
With his fingers upon the page:

"I knew they would do it!  
I told you I knew it  
A full month ago, by—jing!  
As sure as this ring's here,  
On my little finger,  
There's a *f-f-federal* ring!

The *Chronicle* boys  
Are making a noise,  
And P-Pinney and Fixley they'll bring—  
By such mentors admonished,  
If Sherman is honest,  
He'll *inv-v-vestigate* this thing."

I met him again,  
And questioned him then,  
Just to open the conversation:  
"Have they got 'em well roasted—  
No doubt you are posted.  
How goeth the investigation?"

He started, aghast,  
And the *Chronicle's* last  
In the embers before him he crammed,  
And then remarked, turning  
From where it lay burning,  
"Inv-v-vestigation be *d-d-d*!"

"The Commissioners thrive,  
Or at least they're alive,  
R-r-rooms at the Palace Hotel—  
They have one defendant,  
The Mint Superintendent,  
And all the accusers are—well,

Among 'em to tell on,  
There's a thief and a felon,  
And one the 'P-President's friend."  
They've had shovellers and sawyers,  
And experts and lawyers,  
And witnesses there without end."

He took off his glasses—  
"The *d-d-darned* asses,  
They've all of 'em had a full swing!  
I have read till it tires,  
How they've proved themselves liars,  
But *wh-wh-where's* the federal ring?"

## SILLY AND UNTRUE.

It is not often you can get an intelligent man to say that he would exclude Chinese laborers from this country, and when he does it is most difficult to get him to formulate his precise reasons. The editor of the *Post*, however, this week commits himself to a statement more circumstantial than any we have hitherto met with. We wish Chinese opponents generally would follow the example, for there would then be some hope of an intelligent discussion of the whole question. When the Congressional Commission was here, the evidence was all, or nearly all, on one side, and that was not the popular one. If there be good and substantial reasons why any honest, industrious, law-abiding man should be excluded from this home of all nations, whether he be African, Asiatic, Irish, German or Italian, we should like extremely to know what they are. To our judgment, if any such reasons exist, they are like that knowledge which passeth all understanding. In the absence of tenable objections, it is something to get even untenable ones. These the *Post's* editor gives us. His "main objections," he declares, against the Chinese are: (1) That they remain aliens, assuming none of the responsibilities of resident citizenship; (2) that while enjoying the protection of our laws, they live a people apart, governed by their own laws and customs; (3) that their domestic habits are disgusting, and they violate every sanitary law of settled purpose, thus creating and spreading epidemics, and largely increasing the death rate and adding to the cost of the city government; (4) they furnish a very large addition to the dangerous criminal classes." Now, let us take each of these objections and see how silly and untrue they are. The first objection exhibits an ignorance not creditable to an editor, who does not appear to know that the law compels a Chinaman to remain an "alien," giving him no opportunity to assume the "responsibilities of resident citizenship." When, by an alleged oversight, Congress omitted certain words from the law, and thus seemed to open the door to Chinese naturalization, that body, following the lead of Senator Sargent, rushed pell-mell to close it again, and did not get over its scare until that door was locked, barred and bolted. How ridiculously unfair then to make it a charge that the Chinaman remains precisely that which the law intends he shall remain! Then it is claimed that they live a



people apart, obeying their own laws and customs. In the name of all that is good how would this sapient editor have them live? They are glad to reside in our families, whenever as servants, they get the chance, and remarkably well they usually behave in that position, as is evidenced by the confidence with which our best citizens permit them to come in and out among their wives, daughters and families without injury and without loss. That there is a quarter of the city in which Chinamen most do congregate is true. It is an advantage that it should be so, it is agreeable to our citizens, and is customary with foreign nationalities in large cities. Even Americans in Paris have their only colony. Then it is said that their habits are so disgusting as to violate every sanitary law and result in epidemics and a largely increased death rate. Of this there is not one scintilla of proof. On the contrary, the evidence is entirely the other way. As cooks and domestic servants our people have a large experience of them, and, instead of being disgusting, they are remarkable for their personal cleanliness. There has been no disease or epidemic peculiar to Chinatown, and the death rate there is no higher than in other portions of the city. It is not even proven that the smallpox, which the Editor doubtless refers to, came to us by way of China, for more cases are known to have come by way of the railroad than ever entered seawards. Besides, what are our quarantine laws for but to prevent the importation of this disease, which Europeans are just as liable to bring in as are Chinamen? If Chinatown is not in a better sanitary condition whose fault is that? That is rather a complaint the Chinese may prefer against us, instead of our making it against them. They pay their taxes and get nothing—not even police protection—in return. So far from unduly adding to the cost of the city Government, they are as large taxpayers, all profit and no loss. They pay their money, but it would puzzle even the Editor of the *Post* to tell what they get in return for it. Lastly, it is urged that they add largely to the dangerous criminal classes. Where, we ask, is the evidence of that? John Chinaman is noted for his sobriety, industry and peaceableness. He does not riot, is not an incendiary, seldom commits acts of violence, and never does upon white people. He does not supply more than his quota to the State Prison, and those that do reach there go up frequently for petty offenses, for which they receive at least a full punishment. The Chinaman has no friends, no sympathizing jurors give him the benefit of the doubt, but unsympathizing ones, we fear, too often convict him upon general principles. So much for the *Post's* objections. If any more intelligent objector exists, let him arise and speak, for his cause has sore need of him.

#### RESUME THE PROSECUTIONS.

The quacks are rampant. They are advertising boldly, and practising their shameless calling upon every street, in defiance of the plain intent and meaning of the law. This need not, and ought not to be permitted. Some time ago the regular medical society instituted a prosecution. A test case was submitted, but the selection was made with great lack of discretion, for although it was a miserable, beggarly case enough, it yet provided excuses and pretenses not to be found in many others that might have been chosen. The result was not a success, but it was not one of those failures through inadequacy of the law, which alone would have justified the prosecutors in abandoning all further efforts. We have no hesitation in saying that a second attempt made with forethought, and pursued with discretion and energy, would result in obtaining a conviction, and in immensely checking the whole of this wicked, dangerous and altogether monstrous evil. Resume the duty of prosecuting by all means! If this is not done, a suspicion will arise that there is a secret sympathy with the rascally quacks in hitherto unsuspected quarters.

A new kind of fluid enamel is now coming into common use which keeps all kinds of metal, gildings, leather, wood, hardware, ironmongery, etc., bright.

### CATERING FOR PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

He who provides amusement for the people has a great mission. Emperors and kings in times past, aye, and even in times present, have thought it a right royal occupation. There is not much danger of that monarch's crown who can keep his people amused. But to enter upon the task of keeping them so is to set out upon a journey of which he must never weary, and which he must travel faster and faster each succeeding day. The demand for the thing, when once excited, is insatiable. It grows upon what it feeds. The most savage bull must be kept for the last encounter, and to-morrow's fight must be more exciting than to-day's, and so on until the resources of even a Roman Emperor are exhausted. What was still is. The amusement-loving people of to-day may be more intelligent, but they are just as imperious in their demands that the excitement of each succeeding hour shall exceed that of the previous one. Conquer for them the whole world of talent, and lay it at their feet, and they will weep tears of anguish because there are not still more wonderful worlds to conquer. If we are to believe certain not very reliable critics, this is just about the unreasonable condition of mind reached by the theater-goers of San Francisco. We don't believe them. We credit our people with more intelligence. We know that they have good reason to appreciate our leading theater, and even to be proud of it, and we believe they are. We know something of theaters elsewhere, and we say it, without fear of contradiction, that the California is a credit to the city, and will bear favorable comparison in respect of its management, its character, and its general enterprise, with any theater in New York, London or Paris. Its surroundings are above reproach, the plays it presents are invariably most excellently mounted, its highly and regularly paid stock company, take it all in all, is unsurpassed, the excellence of our climate renders possible, and the demand of our people renders necessary, the continuance of amusements the whole year round. Whilst this is so the talent of the world has been laid under contribution, until it is difficult to name a star of any prominence who has not made his bow to a San Francisco audience, this, too, though the Pacific coast is costly to reach, has only one city when it is reached, and never gives any actor, however great his powers, a longer run than a few weeks. If there be another theater anywhere of which all these things in the same measure are true, we do not know its name. We believe it will be a sorry day for the amusement-loving public, as well as for the profession, when the time comes, if it ever does, when the California Theater and its management succumb. John McCullough deserves well of this people, and we are persuaded they think so. They understand the trying obligations imposed upon a man who would successfully cater for public amusement, and they believe he has filled the bill about as well as it can be filled, and their respect and esteem for him is not in the least lessened by the fact that he loves his profession well enough to seek to personally adorn it, in which endeavor they credit him with no mean share of success.

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The Springfield Republican says: Mr. Bret Harte amuses himself in a Washington paper by prophesying the approaching extinction of the American critic. He points out that the reading public don't care a rap for the critic, but go on buying their books just as they please. Also that even distinguished literary men can't impose their favorites on the aforesaid public. Also that the ineffectiveness of criticism is proved by the facts that English critics praise Walt Whitman, and most of the American critics don't; that Poe, whom the English critics laud, was himself an unfair critic of Longfellow, whom also the British extol; and that Joaquin Miller wasn't discovered to be a poet until he'd published in England. In fine, "as a prophet the critic is a failure; as a legislator his laws are *ex post facto* and unnecessary; as a judge his decisions are reversed by another judge who may be as ignorant and prejudiced as himself." We are afraid that Mr. Harte's personal experiences may have borne this fruit, and yet are not his successful writings those which the critics justly praised, and have not the public neglected those others which the critics justly damned?

**HEAVEN - SENT.**

A helpless thing it seemed as there it lay,  
 Cradled in down ; and weary closed its eyes  
 In baby sleep, or through the long, long day  
 Babbled its senseless thought and mild surprise  
 At all the wonders of life's early dawn:  
 So weak, so powerless, the child new-born.

And yet those baby hands had quelled a strife ;  
 Had drawn two sundered hearts to love again:  
 Had made a truer husband, truer wife ;  
 Wrought perfect peacefulness from perfect pain,  
 And taught two souls no other power could move  
 To know a purer and a holier love.

*San Francisco, August 1st, 1877.*

—*Harry J. Dam.*

**IMPORTANT CONSOLIDATION.**

The amalgamation of the two mammoth stocks of J. J. O'Brien & Co., of the "Arcade," Market street, and Broadway, Oakland, will temporarily make a perfect revolution in the dry goods trade. The Arcade is being enlarged to twice its present size, and the immense addition is expected to be finished by the 1st of September next. The concentration of the Oakland business with the San Francisco firm has been rendered necessary, on account of the magnitude of the operations contemplated by the house. J. J. O'Brien & Co. are importing such an immense stock from Europe that they have determined on closing out both the Oakland and the city stock at once, in order to make room for the goods now being forwarded by their buyers in Europe. On the first of September this new stock of novelties from London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, and the chief capitals of Europe, will be exhibited to the public; but in the meantime the entire goods of the house, consisting of Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Domestic Goods, Hosiery, and fancy goods of all kinds will be offered at clearance prices. The firm announce that they will stop at nothing to clear out the entire stock, and they point with pride to their actions in the past as a guarantee that this terrific sacrifice is a genuine one, solely caused by the new era to be inaugurated next month. The sale has now commenced, and the "Arcade" is offering every kind of dry goods at prices which are fabulously low. The great depression in business generally makes the present a particularly suitable time to lower prices for the benefit of a public suffering from hard times. The action of J. J. O'Brien & Co. will be universally appreciated, and many a housekeeper will gratefully remember this mammoth Consolidation Sale. From morning till evening the store is crowded by purchasers, anxious to avail themselves of the advantages offered. The "Arcade" pays no attention to present prices of goods in this city. They have leveled down the prices of all classes of goods alike, being determined to effectually clear away all their old stock during the present month. The addition to the present store is to be ready, by contract, on the first of next month. The space necessary for the placing of the new importations must be cleared during the present month, and the crowds of visitors who appreciate the policy of the "Arcade" render it probable that the immense sale will be a success, in the point of making room, even if the old stock goes for half its value. Announcements such as this, from irresponsible houses, are naturally looked on with suspicion by the public at large, but the "Arcade" can fearlessly ask its myriad of patrons whether it has ever broken faith with them heretofore, and the reputation of J. J. O'Brien & Co. is quite sufficient guarantee that the goods offered are of the first quality, even though the prices are ridiculously low.

Mr. A. A. Selover, having thrown Jay Gould down an area way, for the trifling offense of swindling in stocks, our brokers show a disposition to walk home in the middle of the street, although the majority of them are in arrears already.

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

[COMMUNICATED.]

During the furious crusade against Senator Sargent, Superintendent La Grange, Gorham, Carr, and "The Federal Ring," that has been raging for some months, how many people have paused to ask themselves, who were the real authors and instigators of the war, and what was the secret interest in behalf of which it had been waged. Of course, every man in San Francisco, who is not an idiot, understands that the De Youngs do not make a fight of this sort on their own hook, or "at their own charges." No one suspects them of acting the part of pure philanthropists, or public benefactors, and when they pose as tribunes of the people, not even the freshest greenhorn is deceived. The fact is, the attack upon Sargent was arranged and concerted nearly a year ago, between the *Chronicle* and the Chute and Gannon Ring. Its purpose was to clear the Senatorial field for Estee, and the munitions of war were supplied by certain powerful interests, which regard Estee as a more manageable man than Sargent, whose firmness, spirit and personal integrity have never been honestly questioned. The campaign was carefully planned, and as it was found impossible to bring any charge against the Senator affecting his personal character, the programme adopted was to assail his political friends and associates, and hold him responsible for every charge that could be trumped up against them, or any Federal officer appointed through his influence. This embraced the onslaught upon La Grange, and the mint investigation, the sensational hullabaloo about the Desert Land Law, and Carr's land grab, together with a general system of newspaper bushwhacking against the Federal office holders, who were friends of Sargent. Circumstances have favored the conspirators. Sargent's attempt to indict the De Youngs in every county of the State, though perfectly legal, and fully justified by the malicious and abominable slanders published against him, lost him the sympathy of the press. The charges against the Republican Senator, appearing in a nominally Republican paper, though, in fact, its proprietors do not care a dime for any party, or any political principles—were, of course, copied by the Democratic press, and partially credited by that large class who are inclined, in advance, to believe all accusations made against public men. Accordingly, there can be no doubt that the conspiracy has been in a measure successful. Sargent has been damaged notwithstanding the fact that no charge has been established against him. Hundreds of careless readers think that something has been proved against La Grange, though an examination of the evidence shows that not a single charge has been sustained, and that the majority of the adverse witnesses were personal enemies of the Superintendent—men who had been discharged from the Mint, or who had sought positions in it without success, or who had plotted to supersede the accused.

The malice of Pinney, Parkinson, Harmstead, Cochrane and others was not even thinly disguised. Schonberg, manifestly, all but perjured himself. Every man who understands the weight and value of evidence will agree that the prosecution in this case has utterly broken down, and yet so much noise has been made over the matter, the charges have been so persistently reiterated, and the testimony so garbled and distorted that hundreds of fair-minded, well-meaning people in the community regard the Mint Superintendent as a guilty man. Should the conspiracy for the political destruction of Sargent finally succeed, the disagreeable fact will be established that no public man, however pure and patriotic, is safe against the machinations of a rascally ring which conspires to effect his ruin, and can secure the aid of an unscrupulous newspaper in the enterprise. More anon.

LUNAR CAUSTIC.

**A Woman Decapitated** -- A very extraordinary accident occurred in England on June 3d. Henry Croft and his wife, of Lancaster, were traveling to Market Harborough in the Scotch train. As the train was passing Crewe, about six o'clock, a sudden crash took place, and a long rod of iron, which was being carried in the opposite direction by a luggage train, completely decapitated Mrs. Croft and swept the greatest part of the carriage away. Her husband, sitting next to her, escaped unhurt, and their son, sitting opposite his mother, was not touched.



### THE WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

If we are to believe the somewhat meagre dispatches that have reached us, the tide of victory seems for the moment to be with the Turks. Last week the advanced guard of the Russian army had passed the Balkans, Tirnova on the north of that range and Eski Sagara on its south, were in the hands of the invader, there was consternation at Constantinople, and it was fully expected that Sofia on the one hand and Adrianople on the other would be next besieged and taken. To-day's news reverse all this: Eski Sagara is retaken, Plevna, only about thirty miles from the Danube, is again in possession of the Turks, the lines of communication between the river and the Russian advance are cut, Suleiman Pasha has marched from Montenegro to attack General Gourko, and thus the army that threatened the capital is itself cut off from its supplies and attacked in front and rear. The ruse of the Turkish commander appears to have succeeded. There was a mere show of resistance to the passage of the Danube, and the Cossacks were allowed to enter Roumelia and occupy Tirnova, but the country was wasted before them, and their lines were fearfully extended. Added to this, Rustchuk, Silistria, Schumla and Varna, all strongly fortified, were in their rear. Rustchuk, which has withstood the shells of Giugevo from the opposite shore and the land attack on the southern bank, Silistria, which is as strong as it is beautiful, Schumla, named *Gazi* or the Triumphant, for it is a maiden city, having never been conquered, and Varna, which draws its supplies as well as its protection from the Black Sea, all these had to be held in check or taken possession of before any army could be secure that had passed the Balkans. The Russians fell into the ambush, and now unless an overwhelming force comes to recapture Plevna and relieve Tirnova, the force under the Grand Duke Nicolas stands a very good chance of being cut off from the main army. It looks somewhat ominous that the Russian Commander-in-Chief has urged the Roumanian contingent to cross the Danube and take the offensive. It is equally of ill omen that Austria has notified that principality that if she does so she must take the responsibility of such action. The troops from Great Britain are under orders for India, but with instructions to rendezvous at Malta. If Turkish success continues, or even if Russia remains without gaining any decided advantage, there is no chance of the war being finished this year. The Winter sets in very early in the interior of Turkey, and no army could subsist in a country stripped bare of everything and without railroads, and during the wet season without any roads or means of communication on a large scale whatever. The Russian army will have to retire across the Danube, and the whole campaign will be wasted. It is to be hoped that in case of a lull peace counsels will prevail.

She had often noticed him looking in at the window of her little dry goods store, but it was a long time before he mustered up courage to come in. At last one day he put his head in at the door and, blushing up to his eyes, stammered out, "How m-m-much is that stuff round your neck worth by the yard?" "If you allude to my ruffling, it is worth seventy-five cents," she replied. "May I feel it and see if it is soft, supposing I take a yard?" he blurted out. A responsive nod encouraged him, and he came right up to the counter and timidly reached out his hand to the fair young throat. "I knew your neck didn't measure more than fourteen inches," he whined, "but I'm willing to pay five dollars for that 'ere little frill; I can see it's dirty, and it won't wash—but what's that to a heart that's bleeding?" His agony touched that tender breast, and there was almost a tear in her eye as she took off the tiny, wavy frill, scooped in his five-dollar piece, gazed sorrowfully into his face and murmured: "Go, young gentleman, go! My old man's waiting inside for his dinner, and my three big brothers are looking at you from the back room." A sickly looking youth might have been seen trying to beat Goldsmith Maid's time down the street, just then, but he traveled too fast for the bystanders to discern whether the motto on that dirty piece of ruffling was "Excelsior" or not.

**The Grapes and Grapevines of California**, published by E. Bosqui, will be issued in Nos. monthly in a few weeks.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GAS MEN, OR THE ELECTRIC CANDLE.

[A VISION OF THE VERY NEAR FUTURE.]

The gas men came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And their pockets were heavy with silver and gold;  
But the light of their gas was as poor as could be,  
So we wont mention starlight on deep Galilee.  
Like the sharper who smiles when his victim is green,  
That fat corporation have always been seen;  
Like the sharper who sulks when his victim has flown,  
That fat corporation quite gloomy has grown.  
For the Candle Electric is with us at last,  
And the gas jet is now but a thing of the past,  
And the blood of the fat corporation runs chill,  
As it knows it has sent in its very last bill.  
Each shareholder now has his mouth gaping wide,  
And he couldn't swear all that he'd like if he tried;  
And the foam on his *Cliquot* grows flat in the glass  
As he huskily whispers, "Has *this* come to pass?"  
And there lie the gaspipes, distorted and bent—  
All rusty, with weeds growing out of each rent,  
And the hands of the meter mark cube-feet no more,  
And no "fixtures" vex householders' souls as before.  
And the knights of the ash-heap are loud in their wail,  
And would like to assault us—but who'd be their bail?  
For the wealth that the gas men delighted to handle  
Has melted like snow in the light of a candle.

BYRON.

## BEWARE OF THE WIRE PULLERS!

Is it true that we are this time to have exceptionally pure men nominated by the respective conventions? We sincerely hope so. Certainly the pretenses are being vaunted loud enough. From every newspaper, and almost from every mouth, pronounced utterances declare that excellent candidates are to be put up all round. It is known that the public mind is in no temper to brook bad or doubtful nominations. That is very certain. Unquestionable honesty and integrity are the needs of the hour. For these there is an undoubted demand. Hence the necessity of appearing, at least, to satisfy it. But what are the evidences that, in truth and in fact, and beyond cavil or dispute, it *will* be supplied? We wish we could say the matter was surrounded by no cloud or doubt. We see too many ward politicians and low political bummers around the nominating conventions, and in evident sympathy and concert with the delegates to be altogether sure of good results. New names may be brought to the fore, but the wires that pull them seem to be in process of being laid by the same old hands that we have been accustomed to discern in such matters. We hope we may prove to be mistaken. A note of warning at this time can do no harm; and if it should be in any degree useful in guarding nominating delegates against the button-holing and wily machinations of the schemers that lay in wait for them at every point, the object of this article will be served. We know that the earnest desire of the independent voters of both parties is that unexceptionable candidates shall be put up. Let us hope they will not be disappointed.

A new and light theatrical paper is the latest addition to our city papers. It is called the *Footlight*, and announces its devotion to drama, music and the fine arts. Its typographical appearance is very pretty, and it is full of good reading matter in addition to the regular programmes of the first-class theaters. The proprietors are Messrs. Stuart & Oatman, and the credit of the printing is due to Crane & Ravely, 518 Clay street.

**TAKE SPECIAL HEED OF THE NEW SUPERVISORS.**

The Board of Supervisors of this great city is an administrative, legislative, and money-controlling body, whose power is equal to that of not a few State legislatures. Its power for good is great. Its capacity for mischief, who shall estimate it? It may tax at its pleasure, frame city ordinances at its will, alter grades so as to virtually confiscate our property, give us streets that are a menace to life and limb, and sell out our interests in a future water supply, so that every drink we take, and every bath we enjoy, shall be an unnecessary drain upon our pockets. It may continue the holes, ruts, and mantraps that are to be found upon a thousand streets and by-ways, which are a disgrace to our city. It may go on rattling our bones over these wretched cobble stones, until weary, we are glad to have them rattled "anywhere—anywhere, out of the world." It may pollute the very atmosphere we breathe by building sewers that choke up, and by opening manholes for the escape of the poison. It may let loose an epidemic upon us that shall cheat us of our wives, and our little ones, and cause even us strong men to be gathered to our fathers, where, however, we may be neither taxed nor cursed by Supervisors no more forever. The Supervisor should be conspicuously honest, for the very obvious reason that he is in a place where stealing is made easy. He should be more—he should be capable, beyond question, for the very excellent reason that he is in a position in which ignorance and incapacity may do incalculable mischief. He is called a city father, but is not infrequently a city fiend. The model supervisor should be the father of a family, so that he may realize the gravity of responsibility. He should be a man of pecuniary competency, so as to be above need, and beyond temptation. He should possess character and experience, so that he may have the requisite knowledge to perform his multifarious duties wisely and well, and secure the moral backing of his fellow citizens to sustain him in the right. Let the conventions give us the best men they can find, and then let each voter select from all the tickets the best twelve men that are presented. Honest and capable Supervisors means an honest and capable City Government.

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**QUICK TIME AROUND THE WORLD.**

The Omaha, Nebraska, "Republican" prints a letter from Dr. F. S. De Hass, American Consul at Jerusalem, in which he gives an account of a tour he has lately made around the world in 68 days of actual traveling time. The letter is dated at Jerusalem, May 10, 1877. The outline of the journey we quote, greatly condensed, is the following: Having safely returned to my post, I take pleasure in furnishing your readers, agreeably to promise, with a brief notice of my quick and successful tour around the world. Not counting the time I lay over at different points, as these breaks in the journey could all have been avoided, I made the entire circuit of the globe in exactly 68 days, and but for heavy weather on the Pacific would have made it in 62 days. The journey from Alexandria, Egypt, via Brindisi and Paris to London, and from thence to New York and San Francisco, was accomplished in 20 days, and were just the same number of days going from San Francisco to Yokohama, Japan. Crossing over from here to Canton, China, took six days. A sail of 10 days over the China Sea and through the Strait of Malacca, touching at several points we have not time to notice, brought us to Ceylon, off the southern coast of Hindustan, and one of the richest of the East India Islands. Thence we sailed directly to Suez, in Egypt, which took 12 days, from thence, in a few hours, by rail to Alexandria, our starting point, making the entire distance of 25,000 miles—16,000 by water and 9,000 on land—in 68 days, without any accident or detention of any kind.

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The most heartless newspaper proprietor in the world lives at Pittsburgh. He recently sent the bereaved parents of a young subscriber who was killed in the riots a bill for the amount owing by the deceased to his journal. He also offered to send the paper for three months longer free to the young man's new address, if the parents would forward it.

### HOW TO STOP THE WORST OF GAMBLING.

Long ago the "News Letter" suggested a very simple method by which to stop the worst of all gambling, or, at any rate, if not to stop it altogether, to certainly put a very serious check upon it. Our plan was to compel the brokers to give the number of the certificate of stock purchased for and on account of his customer. We were not aware at the time that precisely the same idea had occurred to high authorities elsewhere. From a report of evidence taken before a Committee of the British House of Commons, it appears that many of the members favored the plan, which, of course, was strenuously opposed by the Stock Exchange interest. This very opposition is evidence that the persons most likely to be effected, see that the result would not be favorable to stock gambling. If the broker supplies the number of the certificates purchased, then his customers know his own property, and can identify it, so that it must not only exist, but it cannot thereafter, *without fraud*, be sold, loaned, hypothecated, or otherwise dealt with contrary to the owner's rights. The plan is simple, and we believe would prove effective. Once adopted, it would do much to steady the stock market, and to save our citizens from the worst of the methods by which they are periodically swindled. Aspiring legislators would do well to take a note of this suggestion, and give it the force of law at the first opportunity.

### FROM PALACE TO PALACE.

The first thing that the refreshed tourist says to the waiter at breakfast, after a night's rest at host Leland's, is, "I've seen your Palace Hotel, and now I want to see Colonel Andrews' Diamond Palace," and then he strolls down Montgomery street until he reaches the blaze of sapphires and diamonds under the Russ House, which tells him that he is at last looking at the establishment about which he has heard so much. Colonel Andrews' latest specialty is some marvelous mosaic cabinet work. Made into brooches with moss agate centerpieces, they are not only the newest and latest fashion in jewelry, but also the most exquisitely tasteful ornaments ever offered to the public. We have practically tested the prices of the Diamond Palace, and find them to be from 50 to 75 per cent. less than those of any other jewelry establishment in the city.

**A Ruffled Yankee.** There is a story of a "personally," but apparently not admirably conducted tour of the circular kind. A party of tourists was one night doubled up in the few rooms at command, and had to chum together as best they might. An Evangelical parson and an anything but Evangelical Yankee were thus bedded in the same room. On the following morning the Yankee jumped out of bed, and immediately began to dance about and to curse and swear in the most horrible manner. The parson put his head out from beneath the clothes and rebuked him, saying, "Think, my friend, if you begin the day in this manner, how are you likely to end it?" "Wall," said the Yankee, "I guess if you'd jumped out of bed on to the business end of a tin tack you wouldn't begin the day with the Lord's Prayer."

**Now comes evidence** of the effect of the so-called Hawaiian reciprocity treaty. The *Bulletin*, after showing that our customs revenue for the first five months of the present year is \$710,000 less than for a similar period last year, says: "An explanation is found in the removal of duties this year from Hawaiian imports." Precisely! That is just what the *News Letter* predicted. Sugar costs the consumer just as much as before the treaty—that is to say, he pays the duty, but, instead of going into the Treasury, it goes into the pockets of a few planters. Our exports to the Islands remain much about the same as they were before the word "reciprocity" jingled so sweetly in our ears.



### OUR SERIO-COMIC WAR MAP.

As many people are utterly ignorant of the meaning of the word Octopus, and imagine that it is a new kind of bird, it is only fair to our readers to explain that the animal in question, which occupies so prominent a position in our humorous map, issued to-day, is really nothing more than a cross between a hippopotamus and a jelly-fish. The best encyclopædias published can give no better or more accurate description, although one of these admirable works hints that an octopus, in the opinion of scientists, was specially created to eat the last man. The cosmopolitan population of San Francisco will find itself accurately portrayed in our illustration. The Englishman will grasp his umbrella more firmly as he gazes on the attitude of John Bull, and the Scotchman will immediately commence to polish his claymore, inspired by the pugnacious attitude of his beloved country. Our German brethren will be encouraged to again commit to memory the soul-inspiring words of "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," as their attention is drawn to the firm and defiant attitude of their canonical Emperor, while the Belgian will chuckle at the thought that his father-land is colored yellow and filled up with money-bags. Norway and Sweden look peaceful enough, suggesting by their verdancy that they are ready at any moment to supply timber for an unlimited quantity of ships, and the free-thinking Italian will chuckle at the representation of his fair Italy making a puppet of the religion he has discarded. Spain looks tranquil, after years of disturbance and turmoil, while Turkey is not only entangled by two of the Octopus' feelers, but looks additionally grim at the attitude of the Grecian crab, which is holding on to its revolver hand. Persia seems to find the arm of the Octopus unpleasantly tight round her throat, while Poland has evidently long ago given up the ghost, and is about to be transferred to the Russian stomach. Hungary looks desperate, but somewhat lean. He would love to feed on the spare victuals for which the Octopus has no use; but Austria, who has grown fat since the days of 49 and the venesection of Magenta, is arresting his movements with an arm which, if not loving, is at least corpulent. Ireland, in the garb of a monk and a strong penchant for Home Rule, fat and well-fed since the abolition of many of her grievances, seems perfectly prepared to follow her neighbors in any movement they may inaugurate. France, with McMahon at the wheel, is putting the mitrail-leuse in order, while Switzerland, unconscious of the general row, is as peaceful in her chalets as ever. Candia, Sicily and Sardinia all suggest holy lethargy, abundance of wine, and perfect indifference. Portugal, with its ruby grapes is prepared to act as bottle-holder, or to give any parties a drink who may pass her shores on the way to the seat of war. The imaginative mind will find a hundred other little allegories in our Serio-Comic War Map—all of which we leave to their ingenuity, fancy, and intelligence to decipher.

### OBSCENE ADVERTISING.

An advertising medico has been convicted of misdemeanor under the law against obscenity, for having published and distributed a circular in which he undertakes to "treat" certain diseases. That is all right, but prosecution ought not to stop there. Why strain at a gnat while a whole camel is swallowed? Why punish this man whilst several of our dailies are sending throughout the families of our city advertisements identical with the circular which has been declared a violation of the law? We have long protested against such advertising. We do not believe it is legitimate business, and have always ourselves refused it. It is a foul blot upon otherwise respectable journals. The thing has been carried to such extremes as to be disgusting, and now that the law has been successfully put in motion, we call upon the police authorities to see that the greater evil is effectively dealt with. Circulars are put into the hands of men on the streets, but family papers carry the poison into the minds of youths and maidens everywhere.

A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* says: "Neil M'Callum, Belle-noch, Crinan Canal, died early in this month at the great age of 108 years. He was a shepherd on Poltalloch estate."

### RUSSOPHILISM.

It is amusing to look back through the files of the press of this city, and, for the matter of that, it has been the same throughout the United States, to see how persistently every slight success of the Russians has been magnified and exaggerated, while victory and deeds of valor on the part of the Turks remain unnoticed, or reported in such a way as to make little of their success. Our contemporaries have exhausted their feeble knowledge of military positions and tactics to imagine success where none existed. The overthrow of badly planned operations in Armenia, and disastrous retreat of the Russians in that quarter, we were told would be retrieved in Bulgaria, where the Muscov would exact a terrible revenge. Scarcely had the Russians crossed the Danube than it was held as a foregone conclusion that their march to Adrianople was a *fait accompli*; the strong places north of the Balkans presented no obstacles to the rush of Cossacks. The reconnoissance of a Russian corps across the Balkans was to lead to the immediate capture of Adrianople and herald the triumphant march of Russian hosts into the city of Stamboul. The Turk was demoralized, he would not fight, he could never stand before the trained hosts of the Czar, the numbers and superior discipline of whom would overwhelm the miserable Turks! Our contemporaries were in ecstasies of delight over the prospect—nothing could withstand the advance of those legions. Now that we read the dispatches concerning the glorious victories gained by Ottoman prowess in Bulgaria, and the severe defeats they have inflicted upon the flower of the Czar's army, but slighting notice is given to these great achievements which have aroused the excitement and admiration of all impartial persons. It is further notable how the frightful cruelties committed by Russian soldiers have been ignored or denied, while every solitary case of Turkish atrocity is raked up, commented upon and magnified. However numerous and horrible may be the deeds of the Turks, we can hardly doubt that they have been fully equaled, if not exceeded, by Russian barbarities, formerly in Poland, and now in the shelling for nearly a week of the town and hospitals of Rustchuk; the foul slaughter of unarmed villagers, gouging out their eyes and filling the sockets with bread; the massacre at Batak; the flogging women to death with the knout in Armenia, and other horrible cruelties enacted by these Champions of the Cross. The "Sick Man" appears to have more life in him than his great bearish enemy dreamed of, and he may yet find to his cost that the old spirit of Mahommed, surnamed the Conqueror, and of his successors, Selim I. and Solymán the Magnificent, has not yet expired.

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**Magazines.**—"The Sanitarian," besides other articles of interest, contains some valuable notes on Education, by Professor McSherry, of the University of Maryland. He dwells on our crowded and ill-ventilated school-rooms, and long hours of study. A young lady was suffering with her eyes. The question was asked, "How does she use them?" The answer developed that she is in the school from 8½ A. M. to 2½ P. M., with a short recess; after dinner she studies for several hours and then takes a walk. After tea she writes her exercises until ten o'clock, when she goes to bed. She is working rather harder than usual, as she is getting up her examination. She eats almost nothing at her meals. This being interpreted, means that the young lady, to keep well with her classes and teachers, is ruining her eyes and her stomach. The doctor sees the sequel; she, of course, does not; her family does not; society does not. Beauty, says the professor, requires intelligence of expression, sustained by vigor of health. A woman ought to have the development necessary to beauty of contour before marriage, and to other purposes after matrimony. The drudgery of schools is very apt to impair the girl's rights and interests in these matters, as well as the rights and interests of her future companion.

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**The latest novelty** in the London Park seems to be a small Egyptian boy, very picturesquely dressed, and with bare brown legs, who walks behind a gentleman and lady as a page, and to whom the lady hands her parasol when not requiring it.

**THE BETTER LAND.**

There's a land beyond Death's river,	Where there is no pang of sorrow,
Where the Pilgrim is a guest ;	No more sighing and regret ;
Where the wicked trouble never,	Where the day will have no morrow,
" And the weary are at rest."	For its sun will never set.
Where the sky is never clouded	Where the buds are ever blowing,
By a single shade of night,	Where no withered leaf is seen ;
And the blossoms never shrouded	Where the streams are ever flowing,
In the sombre veil of blight.	Where the fields are ever green.

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**AT IT AGAIN.**

Why will the *Alta* puff and blow and lie about that very transparent Samoan annexation story? We showed last week how necessarily untrue the whole thing was. The *Alta* comes to the subject again, this time editorially, and says that "Mr. Griffith (U. S. Consul) is heard from again, figuring as officiating in a grand ceremony, hoisting the flag, and, according to report, virtually annexing the islands to the United States." That report is from a copy of the *Fiji Times*, dated in May last, at which time Mr. Griffith was in this city and a constant visitor to the *Alta* office, and therefore, as it well knows, could not have been at Samoa engaged in any such undesirable proceeding as that attributed to him. The *Alta* speaks of the islands possessing an important trade and a population of 200,000. Their only export is copra, which is hardly saleable anywhere out of Hamburg, and in 1870, when tribal wars had not done their worst, the population of the whole group was but 33,000. Comment is needless.

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One of the gentlemen provided by the S. C. with horses to get away from the hoodlums with writes to indignantly inquire why the regularly organized militia was carefully locked up in the several armories while the ordinary citizens did all the work. At the risk of betraying the confidence of the Commanding General, we would hint that this arrangement was simply to prevent the said militia from being inconvenienced by the possible circulation of brickbats as it were. Even the massive dignity of Colonel Wason would hardly survive the concussion consequent upon one end of an arc described by a vigorous brick connecting with the pit of his martial stomach. A very little reflection will show our correspondent the advisability of incontinently joining the Hibernia Guard or something in time to subscribe for those sets of silver now being "worked up" for the powers that be.

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**Cleopatra's Needle.**--This obelisk, of Syenitic granite, sixty-eight and one-half feet long, six feet eleven inches wide on each side of the base, tapering to four feet nine inches near the summit, is 3,300 years old, and was set up by Sesostris in front of the temple at Heliopolis. It was brought to Alexandria by Cleopatra about the year 40, and has been there, standing or lying, upward of 1,800 years. It is of rose-colored stone, and is covered with hieroglyphics. It was presented many years ago by the Pasha of Egypt to the Prince Regent of England, and the British Government accepted the gift, but have never been able to get it transported to London. At length Dr. Erasmus Wilson, a distinguished surgeon of that metropolis, and known as the author of books on skin diseases, concluded to pay the expenses himself of transporting the greath monolith, and bargained with a Mr. Dixon to bring it to England and erect it on the Thames Embankment for £10,000.

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**It is idle to deny** that Europe appears to be specially cursed just now. Not only is the greater part of her territory shaken by war, and the soil torn up with bullets, instead of being upturned by the plow, but as a crowning drop to their brimming cup of sorrow, Woodhull and Claflin are on their way there.

### WELCOME ! BONIFACES !

We learn from some of the Eastern papers that Mr. Warren Leland, "mine host" of the Palace Hotel, organized an excursion of hotel keepers to come out as his guests to San Francisco next Fall. The party will consist of about a hundred of the most prominent hotel proprietors in the United States, and they are expected to visit this coast about November or December next. No set of men could be found in the world who would so thoroughly enjoy the trip, and certainly no men are more competent to speak of the beauties of our country on their return. After exploring the glories of the Yosemite, the Big Trees, the Geysers, Cape Horn, Lake Tahoe and the Nevada mines, the greatest attraction to them will be the Palace Hotel. Although all of the brotherhood, and, indeed, all reading people, are familiar with the description and plans of the Palace Hotel, yet they can never realize fully its size, grandeur and completeness until they have seen it and gone all through it. One of the most attractive features to the party of visitors will be the tropical plants growing in the main court. One of the large banana trees is now in bloom, and by the time the excursionists arrive they will probably be able to enjoy some fresh bananas grown in the Palace court. No better season could be selected for their visit. In contrast with the ice and snow of the East they will see everything here clad in green and luxuriate in the delicious weather of our California Winter. The stupendousness of Mr. Leland's project in bringing a party of a hundred gentlemen three thousand miles on a pleasure trip will astonish some of the old fogies across the water, but this is a day of big doings, and nothing is impossible to the energy and executive ability of Mr. Warren Leland. His guests will probably look back on this trip as the most enjoyable of their lives, and for years to come speak with unqualified admiration of our country, our resources and our climate, and last, but not least, of the lavish entertainment of their friend and host.

**An Ounce of Prevention.**—It is a well known fact that half the sickness in this city is attributable to slight causes, which may easily be rectified by simple remedies at the commencement. Our climate is a peculiar one, and the system needs keeping in order. Excesses of any kind breed germs of disease, and the body once out of sorts is prone to further disorder. The opinion of the best physicians in California is that Citrate of Magnesia is the most useful rectifier of the system known to science, but the difficulty is to get it pure. Slaven's Citrate of Magnesia has the reputation deservedly of being the best preparation of the kind. It is prepared and sold by H. B. Slaven, of the Baldwin Pharmacy, on Market and Powell streets, and no family should ever be without it. An ounce of prevention is better than pounds of cure; and this Citrate of Magnesia will often arrest the most dangerous diseases, if used in time. On the first suspicion of sickness, a feeling of heaviness and drowsiness, or when a mild and pleasant aperient is necessary, Mr. Slaven's preparation should at once be obtained. It is not disagreeable to the taste and mild though thorough in its effects.

**A Want Long Felt.**—The establishment of the Collateral Loan and Savings Bank, located on the corner of Post and Kearny streets, is a matter of congratulation to all right thinking business men. Founded on the best possible basis and the most secure principles, it transacts exactly that class of business which is most useful to the community and beneficial to individuals. It is thoroughly and permanently established, and has no connection with any other institution of a similar name, or any agency in the city. Since May 16, 1876, it has paid twelve consecutive monthly dividends of two per cent. each on the subscribed shares, and the balance of the unsold capital is being rapidly taken up at \$20 a share. The Bank loans money on collateral securities, such as bonds, stocks, diamonds, warehouse receipts, etc., at rates varying from 1½ to 4 per cent. per month. Its officers are men all well known to the community, and the success of the institution is now assured beyond a doubt.



### REMARKABLE QUICK TRAVEL.

Our friend and subscriber, Mr. A. Koneke, of the firm of A. Koneke & Co., of this city, has lately returned from a business trip to the Gulf of California, visiting several Mexican ports and cities, and coming back by way of Arizona, overland. This journey is probably unprecedented since the opening of the Yuma Railroad, which caused the Colorado Steamship Company to withdraw their steamer from the Colorado route, going only as far as Guaymas. The following items may perhaps be of interest to our readers: The gentleman left this city by steamer *Constitution* on the 15th of June; arrived at Mazatlan June 23d; left the latter port per steamer *Newbern* June 27th for La Paz, Lower California; thence for Guaymas June 28th; remained there four days, took the stage from Guaymas to Hermosillo, where he arrived July 6th, leaving July 9th (again by stage) for Yuma, stopping at the town of Altar (Sonora) and Tucson (Arizona), and arrived on the 17th of July at Yuma, after eleven days of stage travel over rough roads, through a desert country, the thermometer ranging from 105 to 140 degrees. From Yuma to San Francisco per rail the trip was a luxury compared with the hardships of stage travel. Our traveler returned here on the 20th of July, having been absent only 35 days in all, and accomplishing probably the shortest voyage of the kind on record.

### NEW BOOKS AT BANCROFT'S.

**Afterglow.** Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

This last volume of the "No Name Series" is decidedly the best, so far. The story is well constructed, the style free and attractive, the characters skillfully drawn, the plot full of incident, and the interest in it maintained until the very last. We prophecy that it will be the most popular of this most attractive series.

**FIRST LOVE IS BEST.** By Gail Hamilton. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

A story of to-day, whose graceful style, vivacious conversations and sympathetic characters, will make it popular with all readers of modern fiction.

**WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?** By Gail Hamilton. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

**As an Example** of the wisdom of our *Patres Conscripti*, the subjoined facts are worthy of perusal. Two men were lately arrested for distributing incendiary pamphlets, on Kearny street, threatening vengeance to all who employed Chinese labor. The Ordinances of the Supervisors were carefully searched, with a view of fastening some crime on the accused, but the nearest that they could come to it was a charge "of using vulgar language." The men were, of course, discharged, but the pamphlets will be tried by jury next week. It is the opinion of the prosecuting attorney that if a man stole a mule the only section under which he could be punished is the one provided for the cleansing of the sewers. Supervisor's law is very much like a Barbary Coast cocktail—badly mixed.

**Marvelous Escape.** -- A girl named Ellen Webster had a remarkable escape from death the other day at the Camden Town station of the North London Railway. The girl was standing on the platform, when a man, who was running along in order to secure a seat in an approaching train, violently pushed her and threw her into the middle of the four-foot way. The officials on the platform called out to her not to move, and the girl, acting on their advice, lay flat in the center of the way, and the train passed over her without injuring her in the least. She was picked up in an unconscious condition, but a medical examination showed that, beyond some slight injuries to the head by falling on the line, she had escaped unhurt.

**When a dog barks at night in Japan**, the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed. The dog gets off easier, being simply killed.

### LEAVING THE OLD HOUSE

There's sunshine on the meadows,  
 And sunshine on the road,  
 And through the brightness toils my horse  
 Beneath a weary load:  
 And as I stand beside my gate, with hand before my eyes,  
 I hear the children laugh to see the household gods I prize.

There was a time when this old home  
 Was full of mirth and glee,  
 But one by one the household went  
 And left it all to me—  
 A quiet house of vacant rooms, each made a sacred place  
 By echo of a missing voice, or dream of vanished face.

Ah, how I used to pause before  
 The mirror on the stair,  
 And shake my long, bright ringlets out  
 And fancy I was fair!  
 I took that quaint old mirror down, and packed it up last night,  
 And never stopped to trick my hair—for what is left is white.

In later years I used to sit  
 And watch the long green lane,  
 For one who came in those old times,  
 But cannot come again;  
 And, somehow still at eventide my chair is turned that way;  
 I sit and work where once I watched—I sat so yesterday.

My new house is a pleasant place,  
 But yet it grieves me now;  
 Its small completeness seems to say  
 My world is narrow now;  
 'Tis far too small for any one with festivals to keep,  
 But for my funeral large enough, but few will come to weep.

Good-bye, old house—a long good-bye!  
 My hand is on your gate;  
 Though tears are gathering in my eyes,  
 I must not longer wait.  
 Good-bye, old house! and, after all, the love which makes you dear  
 Awaits me in the heavenly home which I am drawing near.

### AMERICAN TRADE PROSPECTS IN AUSTRALIA.

Writing from Sydney, a correspondent of the *Times* expresses an opinion that the prospect of increased trade between America and Australia is a promising one. "Our appearance at Philadelphia," he writes, has drawn the attention of American manufacturers to us in a most marked manner and unexpected degree. A country that, like New South Wales, is rolling in wealth must be a country that is able to buy, and a country that is able to buy is exactly the country that American manufacturers have been anxiously looking out for. Our representatives at Philadelphia have come back strongly impressed with the fact that there are many things the Americans can supply us with to advantage. Our Government has an offer from Messrs. Baldwin & Co. to furnish a locomotive engine for about £1,000 less than the cost of an English engine, and to leave the payment open until the engine has been thoroughly proved and approved. A Pullman's sleeping car and an ordinary passenger car have already been ordered, and American wheels, axles, rails, and brakes are strongly pressed on our acceptance. As our Government engineers are all of the English school, American novelties will have a hard battle to fight to win official acceptance, but the demand for economy in railway construction and working is so great that people and Parliament will press on the Minister for Public Works a fair trial for any American novelties that may seem to be suited to our wants. The English manufacturers, therefore, who have hitherto supplied us, must look to their laurels."

## AUGUSTINE TO AUGUSTA.

The celebration of the marriage of Baron Günzburg with Mdle. Goldsmith, was the occasion of a great fête at the Synagogue of the Rue de la Victoire. Since the marriage of Mdle. de Rothschild last year, such a display of stylish carriages and rich dresses has not been seen in the quarter. The bride, who looked beautiful, was dressed in simple but very elegant style; she wore rich white faille, directoire shape, with long full train; her blonde hair, à la grecque, slightly fringed on the forehead, with orange flowers, and long tulle veil covering the head and dress. The mamma had a rich faille and brocaded light mauve toilette, the skirt faille, ornamented at the bottom with six-inch pleats, above which came draped brocade, same color, with white figured pattern; the polonaise formed court-train, trimmed with scallops of lace, and surmounted by a scarf of point lace: the bonnet of point lace, and mauve feathers. There were many white dresses, and I regret to say I found that tight-fitting costumes are still fashionable; the bodices were almost all either slightly open en cœur, or cut square, with lace or pleats of crêpe lisse as interior borders. The sisters of the bride were dressed in white damasked silk, with white satin vertugadins or farthingales; these were bias shaped, and covered with white tulle, forming puffs. There was a handsome dress in marine blue, and Bordeaux, the skirt in Bordeaux red, covered with blue fringed ruches, like feathers; the train blue, with Bordeaux fringed ruches; bonnet of Bordeaux feathers, and bunch of cherries. No scarfs, casaque, or mantles were seen, but plenty of little carricks in white lace. I must say that I did not admire the liveries of the three most brilliant carriages; just figure to yourself fat coachmen and valets, all green, in different shades, their coats being grass green, their culottes apple green, and their stockings cabbage green; they looked like immense parrots.

The newest bonnet I saw was a Lancet basket, trimmed with wild oats. The dressmakers are composing for the country a great many dresses such as I described in my last under the name of Pompadour—some call them *Bergeres Watteau*, or costumes glaneuses; this style of dress is really very becoming, and agreeable to wear, as it is not long, and does not require close-fitting skirts.

I saw a pretty glaneuse dress intended for your very charming Princess of Wales; it is in écar, or unbleached linen, colored batiste, with pleats at the bottom of the skirt, the tunic drawn up at one side, like the corner of an apron, and bordered with a broad band of coquelicot, or red-colored faille, and écar-colored lace; the bodice à la Paysanne, with casques open in front, over a gauze-pleated chemisette, traversed with four écar ribbons, with coquelicot edges, which ribbons form bows on one side of the bodice.

Dark-colored batiste is much seen; the chief shades are prune, myrtle, marine blue, carmelite, brown, and steel-gray. The Duchess de Mouchy wore a myrtle-green open-worked striped batiste at the review last Sunday week. The skirt was of the same colored silk; the polonaise had a band of Old Venice lace, forming plastron. The finest batiste is called *Batiste Abbesse*.

One of the last new collars is called the *Pierrot*. This is very much the fashion. It is Valenciennes, plaited in ruches round the neck, with a ribbon passed through the entredeux to fasten with a bow. Cuffs of the same style, made very broad, are worn with all kinds of dresses, but particularly with the batiste costumes. Red ribbon is often used for white dresses.

Fashionable morning-dresses are made very much in foulard, trimmed with Malines or Valenciennes, the back made in the *Abbe galant* style, with Watteau bow traversing to hold up the folds. If flounces are made, they have entre-deux of lace lined with the stuff of the dress. Batiste and bareges are also much in request for morning costumes.

—Augustine in "Truth."

Some of the hotels have bills of fare with the fly-leaf covered with cards of various business houses. Recently when a waiter appeared with "What will you have, sir?" he leisurely remarked, "You may fetch me a new set of teeth in gutta percha; an improved sewing machine, with lock-stitch; a box of pills, and a pair of calf-skin boots."

## The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

[By a Truthful Penman.]

A propos of journalistic cribbing, this once occurred to me. I was the correspondent of a daily paper during a war on the continent. One day there was a little fighting going on at the outposts, and I walked to where it was taking place, with a correspondent of the *Times*. By the roadside we came across a soldier, both of whose legs were shattered. For some reason best known to themselves, the men who were carrying him to the rear, had set him down, and there he was lying, with his head on the knees of a girl, who was crying bitterly. We stopped, and rendered what aid we could, but he soon expired; so, as we could be of no further use, we left the girl crying and moaning over the corpse, and pushed on to the front. Said my companion: "Shall you give a description of what we have seen?" "Probably," I replied. "Don't you think that it belongs to me?" he asked. "It was on my side of the road." "Well, no," I answered, "we both saw it, and it belongs to both of us." "But if we both describe it, one of our letters may, perhaps, be published the day after the other, and the newspaper, which publishes the last of our letters, will be supposed to have stolen it from the other paper." I admitted the difficulty, and proposed to toss for the "incident." My companion agreed, won the toss, and a very interesting description of what we had seen formed a portion of his next letter to the *Times*, while I, of course, did not refer to it. Supposing, however, we had not tossed for it, and what we thought might occur had occurred, what glorious opportunity Mr. Lucy would have had in his London letter to the provincial newspapers, to denounce, on the clearest evidence, the monstrous instance of one journal "cribbing" copy from another. When I think of the pleasure of which we deprived him, I really feel as if we had positively robbed him of something that belonged to him.—*Truth*.—The peaceful inhabitants of the neighborhood of Woolwich were startled out of their first sleep the other night by the noise of firing, a salute of twenty-one guns having been fired when the Prince of Wales left the mess of the Royal Artillery, where he had been dining. This was the third royal salute fired that evening—the first on his arrival, about nine; the second when his health was drunk, about ten; and the third on his departure. Yet there is a well-known rule that no salutes are to be fired after sunset.—It was a pleasant sight to see the Queen talking to Mr. Bright on a recent occasion at Marlborough House, and to watch the lion-like mane of the member for Birmingham floating in the wind while he discoursed most musically; but we wonder what the junior members of the Radical party would have thought of the humanizing effects of Court favor? What, for instance, had he been present, would have been the feelings of that friend of the workingman who was aggrieved, once upon a time, because he was asked to dine at the Marlborough Club instead of at Marlborough House?—For literary brilliance and cleverness of dialogue, Mr. Charles Reade's new novel is equal to anything he has ever written; its descriptions of feminine character are admirably happy; its plot is wildly impossible; its moral enforced in Mr. Reade's usual sledge-hammer fashion. "A Woman Hater" would have made the reputation of any writer unknown before; it may not increase, but it will add fresh luster to, the reputation of Mr. Reade.—The Colorado beetle has a name. We have learned to know him by his name and his habits pretty well, though we have not seen him yet, and do not want to see him. There was a great noise about him this week. He was found crawling up the rigging of a steamer in Ireland—the right land for his particular food. His arrival was brought before Parliament, when it turned out that the beetle was not himself at all, but some other insect which a British Cabinet Minister declines to recognize as worthy of particularization. Enough; the insect that caused so much alarm is not the Colorado beetle, but a fellow half as big again. However, he will certainly go some day to England, we are told; and when he goes, farewell to potatoes. A lady has the conscience to calmly advertise for the loan for a few days of one of these little pests, promising that it shall be duly returned. This is taken from the *Liverpool Daily Post*. It is to be hoped that no one will gratify the lady in her modest request:

Will any one kindly lend a Lady a Live Colorado Beetle for a few days?



Great care shall be taken of it. Payment if desired.—Address K. L., office of this paper.

If Government does not step in and destroy any interesting little Colorado specimens thus found going on loan about the country it will be unworthy of the confidence of the British public.——A tourist writes that, when passing near Lausanne, lately, he noticed a flag waving on the top of the Castle of Vovon, and thereupon asked a fellow-traveler if that was the residence of the Comte de Chambord. "No," was the answer; "that castle is a prison, and the white flag is hoisted to signify that there are no prisoners there, which is of rare occurrence; just as in England, when there happens to be no cases to try, the judge is presented with a pair of white gloves."——Practical jokes are always in bad taste. I think it well to say a word of warning about one which has lately been revived in high quarters. A lady well known in society, and whose receptions have been among the most crowded this season, received a card of invitation from a countess, with whom she was hardly, if at all, acquainted. Thinking there might be some mistake, but not liking to appear indifferent to the unexpected courtesy, the lady attended the reception, but prudently took with her the card of invitation. She was graciously received; but thinking she perceived some expression of surprise, she inquired of her hostess if there had been no mistake. Explanations followed, the card was produced, and it appeared that no invitation had been sent her by Lady —, and that an impudent joke had been perpetrated. This is apparently not the only instance of such ill-mannered behavior; and in some cases, where an explanation has not been at once made, much greater annoyance has resulted. I advise those who receive unexpected cards to be on their guard. But cannot such things be stopped? In the present case Lady L——'s name had been forged, and the author of the joke might find himself (for I will not believe the culprit to be a woman) unpleasantly situated if brought up at Bow-street. There is a rumor that suspicion attaches to a man well known in society, and that there is some hope of tracing out the truth. If this is accomplished, he should be properly exposed and punished. Not sanguinary by nature, I ask pointedly, Are there no such things as horsewhips?—*Truth.*——The *New York World* has had the good fortune to find some new letters and journals of the poet Keats. They were in the hands of his brother's family, who lived at Louisville, Kentucky; and there is a good deal in them which future editors of Keats will have to read with care. In one of his letters, the poet expresses his opinion that "Paradise Lost," though a great work, is a "corruption of our language. It should be kept, as it is unique, a curiosity—a beautiful and grand curiosity, the most remarkable production of the world; a Northern dialect accommodating itself to Greek and Latin inversions and intonations." These contributions to the memorials of Keats have been appropriately given to his admirers by a journal which has for years exercised great literary influence throughout the United States.——William Duncan, a discharged convict, writing to Mr. Guildford Onslow about Castro, says, *inter alia*: 'He wanted a pair of spectacles to see to do his work, and they would not give them to him before the 18th June.' If Duncan's other statements are not more trustworthy than his he is not a credible witness. On the 16th May, I, the present writer, saw the "Claimant" working in a pair of spectacles at Dartmoor Prison.

**A South Carolina resident** came down one of the mountains one day lately, and asked of the first man he met: "What's the news from the war?" "Oh, it's booming right along," said the stranger. "Richmond keeps holding her own, then?" queried the mountain man. "Richmond!" yelled the stranger, "there isn't any war in Richmond—it's on the Danube and around Batoum and Erzeroum, and pointing on toward Constantinople." "Oh, yaas," observed the mountain man, hesitatingly, "it's drifted round to them 'ere places, has it?" And as he passed on round a cliff the amazed stranger heard that mountaineer uttering to himself, "I haint read the papers much lately, that's so, and I reckon I'm gettin' a little behind in the news."

**Vanity** is a strong drink that makes all the virtues stagger.

## GETTING TO THE POINT.

[ FIRST ATTEMPT.]

Miss Leslie, I've bought the nicest little cottage  
 The snuggest nook, just big enough for two;  
 But ere I fit it up I'd like to ask you  
 If you—if you—  
 I mean if you would paper pink or blue.

[ SECOND ATTEMPT.]

I really think I'm getting rather ancient—  
 Was twenty-eight upon the first of May—  
 So I've resolved—that is—if you will help me,  
 To find—to find—  
 Something to keep my hair from turning gray.

[ THIRD ATTEMPT.]

What would you say if I—if I should tell you  
 That there is no one half so dear to me  
 In all the wide, wide world, or e'en in heaven,  
 As is—as is—  
 In these hot days, as is first-class iced tea.

[ LAST ATTEMPT.]

About this oak and vine affair, I'm thinking  
 I'd really like the vine—no oak to act,  
 Provided some sweet girl, or you for instance,  
 Would act—would act—  
 (She) The vine? (He) That's it!  
 (She) I'd try. (He) In fact? (She) In fact.  
 —Scribner's for August.

## WHAT A SQUIRREL WILL DO.

Patrick Sexton, a farmer who leases one of Captain Moss' farms, one and a half miles east of Atlanta, in this county, yesterday, brought to this office a package of wheat which he had taken from the pouch of a squirrel killed by his dogs. The quantity was astonishing. There were 783 grains, weighing three-quarters of an ounce. The grains were not all plump and full sized, as in that proportion it would require 1,051 of them to make an ounce, whereas an ounce of average plump wheat contains only from 925 to 950 grains. We could scarcely have believed that a squirrel had the capacity for carrying off so much grain, but Mr. Sexton states that there were two witnesses to the removal of the grain from the cheeks of the dead squirrel, who with himself will make affidavits to the facts. At this rate it would not take long for an industrious family of squirrels to eat up a grain crop. Estimating a squirrel will fill his pouch, take it to his hole and empty in every five minutes, taking three-fourths of an ounce at each load, he would get away with eight pounds in a day of twelve hours, and a colony of 100 of them would, inside of three weeks, steal nearly six tons, worth at present prices \$270. As there is scarcely a farm in the county that has not at least from one to five hundred squirrels, it can be readily seen how much destruction these pests are capable of doing. In this county alone the squirrels must be enumerated by the million, each one capable of doing at least one dollar's worth of damage in a season. The necessity for a united, relentless and systematic war upon these destructive little animals is apparent, and should demand the serious attention of the farmers. But unless all farmers poison their squirrels it is almost useless for one to do it. They breed as rapidly as fleas, and an industrious pair will soon populate a whole county.—*Stockton Independent*, July 31st.

"Will the counsel for the plaintiff please speak more distinctly?" remarked a judge recently in Dublin, leaning forward, and placing his hand to his ear. "Can't, your honor," was the reply; "like all my well-bred brethren of the bar, I've got a code in my head."

## [ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter. ]

Very few persons are aware how cheaply immortality may be gained and how easily their names may be handed down to posterity as distinguished savans. All that is necessary to be done is first to join the Academy of Sciences, and then go into the country for a week and catch snails and lizards. Supposing the newly elected member to be a Mr. Brown, Jones or Robinson, he transmits to the Society a large bedbug (minus three legs which he has pulled off), and at the next meeting the beast is exhibited and christened *Hemipteron Brownii*; or he shoots a big crane, cuts off half its beak and dyes it red, and in solemn conclave the bird is immediately named *Grus Robinsonae* or *Smifensia*. None of the members ever find it out, and the contribution is duly labeled and laid away. If Mayor Bryant were to purchase a few boned smelts in the market and present them, they would be at once dried and ticketed *Osmerus Bryantius non ossificatus* (caught in the Sierras), and it is a well-known fact that Harry Edwards is perpetually dousing butterflies in aniline dyes so that they may have *Edwardii* tacked on to them. There are now so many *lepidoptera* and *coleoptera* with this termination that the Society is getting shy of receiving his contributions. We once flattened out a tenpenny nail ourselves, and it may be seen to-day in a large glass case, described as "an Aztec arrowhead from Arizona." The Society, however, declined to receive a broken beer glass which we recently tried to palm off on them as "part of a Roman drinking vessel found at Pompeii." On beer glasses the Academy of Sciences is *not* to be deceived; otherwise its credulity is mastodontic and its faith perfectly ichthyosauric.

The emblematic tombstone is the latest fashionable mania in England. The sarcophagus of a noble sportsman has just been erected, covered with woodcock, pheasants, pointer dogs, and breech-loading shot guns. Of course, before this fashion is fairly under way abroad, it will burst into full flower in this country. Before we are a generation older, for instance, George Francis Train will, it is hoped, be reposing under a monument of solid brass, decorated with medallions of the American mule; Sergeant Bates will be held down by a gigantic granite brogan, half life size; Jim Keene's last resting place will be surmounted by an imitation stump filled with *Yellow Jackets*; Pinney will turn up his toes under a thick growth of Mint and stink-weed; Governor Irwin will be wedged under that venerable hat; Oscar Lewis will sleep the sleep of the honest barkeep, beneath a fifteen foot decanter erected by the brokers; Dr. Aborn will occupy a central position in a catacomb devoted to his handiwork; General McComb will be pinned down by the largest sized rifle cannon; Sharon will be tucked away under the Palace, and its basement, if necessary, filled with pig iron; Flood and O'Brien will be deposited on the lowest level of the Con. Va., within five minutes walk of their future residence; Captain Kentzell will be buried in the bay at high tide, and eventually accrue to the city as tide lands; Major Leland will find an imperishable indicator in one of his own steaks; the mantel of Forrest will be set on end over McCullough; Tilden will slumber beneath a colossal Forget-me-Not; while an empty skull will receive the tears of the admirers of the only original *Town Crier*.

A child without legs has just been born in the southern part of the State, and will naturally enjoy an easy life while being lugged around by its disgusted relatives. This is all very well, as far as it goes, but why doesn't some one invent a way to be born without brains? The possession of brains is the greatest curse that could afflict a person in San Francisco. To have brains means to work like a dog for a dog's pay for the densest collection of fatwits ever permitted to aggravate intellect with the parrot voice of idiocy. Without brains one can do and be a vast number of agreeable things—be a stockbroker, for instance, and make prosperous failures; be a Supervisor and save five thousand dollars a month out of a hundred; a politician—and grab lands; own hotels, run banks, publish newspapers, and jointly and severally enjoy all the advantages of life. To have brains is to be shunned as a rather dangerous person, who knows an inconvenient amount of things other people don't. Stupidity is "good form," is "highly respectable," and the surest requisites for success in this life and bailiwick have been narrowed down to the soul of a clam and the intellectual elevation of a tadpole in the mud.

In the midst of the terrible loss sustained by the Palace Hotel in the death of two of its most prompt paying boarders, it is well for us to pause and ask ourselves whether this habit of shooting our fellow men after breakfast has any solid advantages. To feel playful and in high spirits after one's morning cocktail is natural enough, but that is no real reason why we should make an "inner" or two on the acquaintances we happen to meet going down town in the morning. Many of our most prominent citizens will disagree with us in this, we know, but it is useless to disguise that the business outlook is no better, and why we should wipe out any man who has a cent in his pocket or expects remittances from the East it is hard to say. What we really need is an ironclad broker's car on Montgomery street, and the Safety Committee should see to it at once.

A small boy stole \$96 from a Mr. Richards, living on Natoma street. The boy had spent \$30 of the money, and had hidden the rest in a barn on Bryant street. Some other boys found the money and had spent most of it when they were pounced upon by the police. The sum of \$37 50 was recovered. It is rather disheartening when we reflect upon the poor business tact and stupidity of this boy, brought right up in this community, and within reach of the benign influence of California street. If this misguided youth ever expects to be a successful and respected defaulter, he must change his course at once. The idea of using only \$37 50 out of \$96 is preposterous in the first place, and instead of trusting the balance in reach of other thieves, he should have kept it as a reserve fund to compromise on. A boy of this description would hardly grow up to be a professional bankrupt of any merit. For shame, sonny!

The littleness of Mr. Fleet F. Strothers greatness was made painfully apparent by the recent Democratic Convention. His very supporters apologized for his inordinate self-esteem and chirped out some chopped syllables about "the errors of the head and not of the heart." His case should be a warning to those who come after him not to try and foist their ignominious *pronomina* upon the corners of our streets. However, if he has lost his office and can no more strut upon the mimic stage of the supervisors' theater, at least he will have the satisfaction of hereafter being able to meander up and down Fleet street, and tell the unwary stranger the history of its name.

The T. C. would like to know how many of the occupants of the hundred and odd carriages which followed a relative of one of our heaviest millionaires to the grave this week ever knew the deceased, or if they knew him, mourned his loss. He would also like to know whether the endless procession was paying its respects to the memory of the dead or investing five dollars in a hack out of regard for the bullion of the surviving brother-in-law. But he probably never will. Fortunately the connections of our Cræsus and Midases rarely die. When they do, it is impossible to hire a vehicle for love or money.

"Any party having the sum of five or six thousand dollars, that can invest it, and wait patiently for one year for it, can make twelve times the amount so invested. Full particulars by addressing—" The above ingenious advertisement, from a daily paper, will strike the philosophical reader as a choice specimen of amiable and unfaltering cheek. The uncomplaining faith that could confidently wait a year for the outcome of the six thousand dollars would remove mountains upon mountains, and ought certainly be capable of acquiring "twelve times the amount," if at only a dollar a day.

A gang of burglars broke into three of our leading wholesale houses this week. Beyond littering the floor with the goods they did no damage and took nothing away. The Thieves' Union of this city is about to petition the Legislature of California to compel the wholesale houses to keep goods in future which respectable safe-breakers can utilize. The gang in question left the city next day in disgust and positively refuses to patronize the metropolis of the West again until the above law is passed.

"Mr. Gumbo, what was the greatest duel ever fought in the United States?" "Dunno; wasn't it Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton?" Pompey (scratching his head hesitatingly)—"Well, p'raps—that May-Bennett."



The attempt last Sunday to fire the Branch Jail was not a success, and it is to be regretted, as the prison was full of hoodlum rioters. Cremation is every day getting more and more popular, and the charred remains of some of our worst characters would for once be useful as a fertilizer to make vegetables grow. The person who gave the alarm and prevented the incineration of the inmates should be held up to the index finger of perpetual scorn.

The latest insult to heathen mythology has just been offered by a poetic family residing on Van Ness avenue. They have two cats, mother and daughter, both remarkable for the quantity and quality of their fleas and their tendency to rove. The mother is christened "Vesta," after the goddess of the hearth, because she constantly stays out all night. The daughter is called "Hebe," on account of her youth and her fondness for sleeping in the coal-hole.

The gentleman who answers the myriad questions asked in "Letters from the People" for a morning contemporary is very facetious over a letter from a traveling Englishman, who points out that our State motto should be written "Heureka" instead of "Eureka." The Englishman might perhaps address the editor in question as Mr. Igginis, and he would be wrong, but in saying Heureka he is perfectly right.

A recent issue of that chaste diurnal splurge of ink known as the *Morning Call* contains a very appetizing article on "Subcutaneous Injection for Tumors." The *T. C.* desires to add his diminutive alleluia to the universal hosannas of a public constantly shouting for joy at the existence of that paper. It is elegant reading for the breakfast table, and no family should be without it.

Since Governor Robinson, of New York, pardoned young Walworth, the parricide, it is to be noticed that the attitude of parents towards their children is far more respectful. This is as it should be. At the same time sons should bear in mind that as long as the old man apologizes fully on every occasion they should not be too hasty in hauling out their deringers.

A thrilling article in an evening paper is devoted to the important news that a pistol cartridge lying on the street was exploded by a carriage wheel passing over it. It concluded with the interesting information that "the bullet was about the size of sixty to the pound." If it had been seventy what would not have befallen us? These be parlous times.

Grant's march through Italy is a perfect ovation. As a maccaronist he gives great satisfaction, and no beggar ever solicits alms from him without being rewarded by the gift of a counterfeit greenback. The only mistake he has made yet is calling the Pope "Old Pi." to his face; but His Holiness pardoned the freedom very good-naturedly.

The real test of the value of an article—a satirical article—lies in the opinion regarding its merits expressed by a rival "snapper up of unconsidered trifles." If he skims through the latest product of your "alleged brain" and alludes to it as feeble hogwash, go to bed happily, and be sure that for once you have written a good thing!

It is an old adage that "Truth is to be found in the bottom of a well." They have just discovered a cistern in San Antonio, Texas, with fifteen or twenty dead bodies at the bottom of it. San Antonians with sensitive noses think a much better proverb than the foregoing is to "let well alone."

Thomas McKinney committed suicide by cutting his throat yesterday at No. 1001 Battery street. Heartless as it may seem, it doesn't McKinney difference in the general appearance of the community, and there has been up to date no special run on crape.

Pixley declares his unalterable determination to jump down La Grange's throat—

The latter, then, the Upas fruit will twin,  
All fair without, all worse than foul within.

Bishop T. M. D. Ward, of the African M. E. Church, was the recipient of a testimonial benefit last evening.—*Daily paper.* Negro entertainments when good never fail to draw.

Nothing is more beautiful and innocent than a fifteen-year-old girl on the sea-shore trying to pick up gravel with her toes.

## A NUISANCE.

Seraphina loves me dearly,  
I love Seraphina, too,  
Oh, her form's divine (or nearly)—  
That's of course 'twixt me and you.  
Lots of blisses Fate has sent us,  
And we'd really not complain,  
But for one who *will* torment us—  
Seraphina's sister Jane!

Small is Seraphina's sister,  
Six years old, or thereabouts,  
But, by jingo, she's a "twister,"  
Full of noise and tiny shouts.  
Often when I'd gently whisper,  
Seraphina's kiss to gain,  
In runs that intruding lisper,  
Seraphina's sister Jane!

When we in the garden wander,  
Just to view the plants you know,  
As our words are getting fonder,  
And my loved one listens;—lo!  
In she rushes, hair a-tangle,  
Like a doll that's gone insane;  
Then I feel I'd like to strangle  
Seraphina's sister Jane!

When I next behold her figure  
At her I will make a spring,  
And I'll say, "When you get bigger  
You won't like this sort of thing!  
Courting has a brief existence,—  
Don't you interrupt again. [tance,  
When I'm here, just keep your dis-  
Seraphina's sister Jane!"

—London Fun.

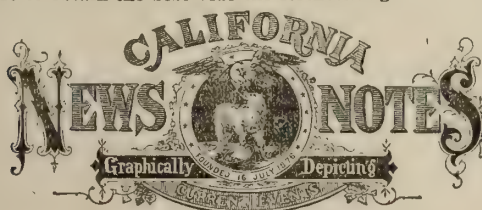
## SHODDY.

[For the San Francisco News Letter.]

The great question of the day is where to get things good—where, indeed, to get the very best. People are continually addressing one another anxiously, and saying: "Where do you get the best legal advice, the best medical advice, the best tea, your wine, your tobacco, your furniture, your gloves, your bonnets, your socks, your umbrellas?" As though every street is not crowded with shops, every newspaper crammed with advertisements, and traders only too anxious to open accounts and deliver parcels. Still the fact remains that *materfamilias* is never so happy as when she can obtain the direction of a new shop, where she can get what she admired so much last week at a friend's house; and gentlemen are the same about their cigars or their tailors. What is the meaning of this distrust in the public mind? Is it not the terrible prevalence of shoddiness in the commercial world that provokes this uneasy desire for change on the part of the customer? Sometimes the buyer gets an article that not only looks well but lasts well, and then how proud he is of his good luck! How pleased he is to glorify the article to his admiring and half incredulous friends! But what is the more common case? A hat lasts three months at the utmost. Time was when a good hat lasted a year. That was the time, we suppose, when all hatters were mad. What with bad felt and new shapes hatters now ought never to be anything but the sanest in the community. Boots, again, are liable to the vice of shoddiness. Where do you get your boots? is a query of every-day occurrence, prompted, no doubt, by misfits, bad leather, and a tendency to run down at the heels. Shoddiness is the vice of the age—a vice that betokens the degeneracy as well as the increasing dishonesty of the times. It is a shortsighted policy, moreover, for the tradesman who has a good name and a fair reputation will always advance steadily to prosperity. The shoddy man makes his money by fits and starts, by bankrupt stocks, or Brummagem wares, and though attractive enough to a certain class who love the cheap and nasty, he can never hope for the patronage which lasts a lifetime. But of all the shoddy preparations which provoke the greatest indignation in our own California climate, the umbrella is, perhaps, the shoddiest. A companion which ought to last till it is stolen, and which, therefore, *pro bono publico* and for the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers, ought to be unrivaled for strength, symmetry and endurance, has degenerated into a mere flimsy pretense, the sport of the elements and the ridicule of the holder. Why umbrellas are ever stolen nowadays is a matter of surprise to us. Doubtless dishonesty brings its own reward. But enough of such articles. *Ab uno disce omnes*. Let us come to food and drink and see what terrible dangers shoddiness affords to other coats besides those on our back. What about the silent spirit, and the champagne concocted of a delicate preparation of paraffin, fusel oil, and other luxuries from the light-hearted druggist? What about the coffee and the chicory, the tea and the hawthorn? The Havana box full of Chinese cigars? All shoddy. The maternal milk suffers terribly from one of our most admirable institutions, the Spring Valley waterworks. Fines are of no avail. *Agua pura* is cheap, and there are doubtless many earnest traders whose one deep sorrow is that the Spring Valley can never be adulterated and sold at a profit. Cheer up ye votaries of the great god Shoddy; the time may come when the pump will dispense riches to many. But even at night, when shoddy shops are shut, and we sit down in the calm seclusion of our study to enjoy half an hour with the best authors, we are rudely awakened to a sense of the unworthiness of our fellow man. The gaspipes give one of their longest gulps, and the light dwindles to the luminosity of a Child's patent night-lamp, the Electric Candle not being yet in action. Presently there is heard a sound as of a small hurricane, and the air rushes up to the burner with a rapidity worthy of a puffing-hole, and presently there is total darkness. Then

we sit still and indulge in railings and revelings of shoddy gas, and wonder why as steadily as the bills go up the lights go down. It is a matter of national regret that we are so infected with this terrible disease. Steam has produced the best and the worst materials and articles, and the worst have the superiority in number. A house can be stocked with shoddy at half the price of sterling goods. The consequences are that there is double the amount of worthlessness in the market. Take, for instance, the porcelain trade, and compare the productions now with those of twenty-five years ago. A ton of trash is sold for a pound of good taste. Good things are made only for the great and wealthy, the multitude, nay, the substantial, well-to-do class, earning their money hardly but willing to spend it handsomely, must put up with the shoddy. Art itself is declining into the same groove, and is becoming a mere vehicle for paltry knick-knacks, giving false, meretricious ideas of the beautiful. The wants of the nation seem to be growing steadily every year, and the supply more than keeps pace with the demand. But it is a supply of Dead Sea apples, pretty enough to look at, but dust and ashes within. The commodities, like the race-horses of the time, are all speed and no staying power. They shine resplendent to-day and are eclipsed in utter shabbiness and decay to-morrow. You offer a better price for a better article. The price is accepted; the article is trumpeted as the very best of its kind. So it is, perhaps, but it is of the same kind as the rest; and that is bad, perishable, fugacious. The sheet anchor, however, of shoddy is cheapness, and, as an antidote to that delusive attraction, we conclude with a piece of advice, old but useful—*cujus non opus est, asse carem est.*

Where to obtain the best vide the forthcoming



A traveler in Siberia last winter writes as follows: Our dinner party in the evening—and it was really a dinner party—was extremely merry. Each one laid his stores under contribution. Some brought out frozen bread, others frozen caviarre, others frozen preserves, others again sausages, which could not be bent even if put across the knee and pulled with the strength of both arms. Can you imagine, without laughing, the appearance of seven half-famished people sitting at a table with thirty different dishes before them, and unable to touch one except at the risk of breaking their teeth? Nothing could be done except to wait patiently for the various dishes to be thawed, by sitting on them. At the close of the dinner we ate excellent fruit, which had been kept frozen. Throughout Siberia, as soon as very cold weather sets in, all fruits are placed out of doors with a northern exposure, that the sun may never touch them. They are frozen through and through, and retain their flavor as completely as if they had just been plucked from the tree. This is mere travelers gossip, but a practical application might be derived by establishing ice safes for fruit, game, etc., where those delicious results which can only be indifferently obtained by bottling, by sugar, etc., may be assured.

—Court Journal.

**The Ruby Mining Suit.**—A correspondent, taking exception to the *Bulletin's* very proper editorial comments upon the decision in this case, justifies the law that "as no alien could obtain a United State's patent to a mining claim, no citizen could acquire it for him," but altogether fails to justify the morality or good faith of a citizen, who uses the alien's money to obtain the patent, and then for his personal gain takes advantage of his own wrong to stick to that which he illegally acquired for another. No wonder that he fails to justify that, for it is simply unjustifiable. If the law permits so palpable a wrong, then foreign capital will seek other fields for safe, honest, and law-protected employment.

### ASKING FOR PROTECTION TO INDUSTRY EVERYWHERE.

Nowhere do the votaries of free trade appear at this moment to be in the ascendant. There is a general cry along the whole line for protection to industry. The telegraph reports meetings in Canada, to petition the Legislature to protect home manufactures against importations from the old country. The cable, too, tells of indignant protests on the part of German iron founders, and others, against any further steps toward free trade on the part of their Government. Our latest exchanges report that "a very numerous and influential deputation of members of the Chambers of Commerce in the northern departments of France, waited upon the Duc de Broglie to express the apprehension felt by the linen, cotton, coal, and metal trades, lest any modification of existing treaties should further interfere with their industries." To which the Minister replied, that "the interests of French commerce would be carefully considered, and earnestly protected by the Government." Then come British colonists in the West Indies, and petition the House of Commons to be protected against the bounty-fed sugar of the continent, without which relief they declare their industry is in danger of being annihilated. Last, but not least, we hear from the manufacturers of Manchester. Some time ago, the Indian Government was in dire need of increasing its revenue. To accomplish this a duty of ten per cent. upon certain imports was levied. It turned out that this acted as so certain a protection to the home manufacture of cotton as to greatly interfere with Manchester's cherished trade. Hence that chosen home of free trade is in arms, begging the Indian Minister to abolish the duty, although it was levied for strictly revenue purposes. The truth is, we suspect, that there is no exact principle equally applicable everywhere and at all times. The country that is overflowing with cheap productions advocates free trade because she needs outlets, whilst the country that is seeking under difficulties to establish industries needs protection against the strangling effects of undue importations from abroad. We predict that the United States, having well nigh outlived those early stages when protection is absolutely necessary, will one day become the most earnest advocate of free trade, because of the necessity that will arise for foreign markets. We should not be surprised when that day comes to see England reimposing duties to protect certain of her exceptional industries whose home market will be endangered. There is no universally applicable rule for these things. Expediency and the necessities of the times and countries must determine policies.

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The United Service Gazette says: "Considering the efforts now being made by the Americans in the same direction, it is gratifying to find that the hope of our own countrymen reaching the North Pole is anything but dead throughout the country, thanks to the persistent though unostentatious efforts of that old Arctic officer, Commander Cheyne, R. N., who has succeeded in inaugurating branch Committees in about twenty of the towns of England and Ireland, the members of which comprise some of the leading commercial men of their several districts. Promises of support have been freely offered, but Commander Cheyne has wisely declined to receive subscriptions until an influential central Committee has been formed—a work he is now engaged upon. If tenacity of purpose will lead to success, Commander Cheyne will achieve it. If the Government is satisfied with the efforts already made to reach the Pole the country certainly is not, and private enterprise will yet, it is to be hoped, allow of a race being run with America, and won, so that instead of the stars and stripes the union jack shall yet be the first to wave over the North Pole."

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Good-looking young man, who has called at the house on business: "I regret, miss, that your father is not at home. I had an important proposal to make to him." Young lady of the house, demurely: "Well, perhaps you could make your proposal to me; I am disengaged at present." Good-looking young man excuses himself and retires in confusion.



## AMONG THE SAINTS AT EXETER HALL--A FAREWELL LETTER FROM LONDON.

My Dear N. L.:--They are finished, the May and June meetings of the representatives of the churches, the summer gatherings for mutual encouragement and information of all the adherents of the gospel in these kingdoms. As a matter of course I have seen all that was seeable, heard all that was hearable, and been everywhere possible. London has just been evacuated of the crowd by which it was invaded, a crowd that no man could number, from every church and sect and persuasion and conventicle and chapel, a crowd of the redeemed who have washed their white chokers and boiled their shirts in the blood of the Lamb, and carried in their right hands umbrellas, and run during the day to museums and picture galleries, and mustered in the evening in their thousands in the great hall of the Strand, there to hear to what extent heavenly things were lively, and at what altitude exactly hung the sacred goose.

Let us follow them a little. It is eight in the evening. We are in the vestibule of Exeter Hall. We witness the gathering of the clans of the Church, mustered by the signal of the sanguinary cross. They come, not with kilt and claymore, not with the scream of the pibroch. Without, indeed, roars the eternal diapason of London traffic, and at the door cabbies are cooing like turtle doves over insufficient fares, and bulldozing simple country parsons out of three times the legal amount. But within there is peace. The temple of Jesus is open; the temple of Janus is closed. The priests and augurs meet, and naturally they smile--that smile older than Rome and twice described by Cicero. They meet, well-gloved curates from St. Georges and Kensington, and broad hot-handed sun-burnt pastors from Penzance and John O'Groats, and from the backwoods of Ireland. There is the Wesleyan with his broad-brimmed stove-pipe hat, long buttoned-up coat and flapping trowsers. There is the Baptist in a black coat without buttons, fastened with hooks and eyes, and crowned with a soft hat. There is the Episcopalian (Evangelical), never perfectly at his ease in this religious republic, with the air proper to a person come down in the world, but who will never allow you to forget that he has seen better days. And there is the Presbyterian, with the stern strong features and projecting ears of the Calvinist *par excellence*, the fighting Puritan whom no man can love or despise. Here, too, come the missionaries, young and old, bronzed by the sun of the tropics, blanched by the snow of the poles--the forlorn hope, *les enfans perdus* of the gospel army. *Chapeaux bas!* way for heroes! be their flag, be their cause what it may.

The Hall holds 9,000. Away in the foreground, over the prairie of heads, rises the agent of the Tract Society to give an account of his stewardship. The Society has two aims: to scatter religious publications over all the world, and to gather money into its treasury. In both aims it has been very successful. In its strong box it has at this moment, all expenses paid, the sum of £100,000 sterling, or \$500,000 gold. It supports a multitude of poor, good-for-nothing-else devils, authors who have failed, broken-kneed clerical hacks and indigent ladies, by giving them work in writing or translating tracts, little stories and essays of a few hundred lines, harmless, colorless, sleep-producing articles, showing how Sabbath-breaking leads to murder and sermon-hearing to riches and honor; also inflammatory appeals with extraordinary titles, of which the following are really examples: "*Pearl Buttons for the White Robes of the Redeemed*," "*Drops of Milk for Babes of Grace*," "*Pills to Purge Sinners*." The number of pages of this kind of literature printed by the Society during the past year runs up to 662,557,500, and the number of publications distributed gratis in Great Britain alone, for the same period, is 2,660,000. Abroad the scale of work done has been hardly less magnificent. The Rev. Mr. Wright declares that the Russians, wherever they penetrate in Asia Minor, will find traces of the seed of the word there sown by him. Paranthetically, we may be permitted to breathe our regrets that the Rev. missionary had not also sown a few bushels of moral tracts among the Turks stationed in Bulgaria; if the Tract Society has got any "*Pills*" that will "*purge*" a Bashi-Bazouk, a box of them should be sent to the seat of war right away.

Apropos of tract and bible distribution, I cannot but recall an incident related by Mr. Kinglake, who, when getting up his famous book on the

Crimean War, had occasion to take in provisions at Aleppo, the very port to which the witch in *Macbeth* promised to sail "in a sieve without a sail." Mr. Kinglake required some more substantial equipment, however, and he informs us that all his stores, victuals, fruits, etc., came to him parceled up neatly in leaves of the bible and in tracts. Even the very honey, brought from the farthest desert, was preserved from the heat and dusty layers of the publications of the Tract Society; the breadsowed upon the waters had, indeed, returned after many days! Again, Mr. George Burrows, author of the *Bible in Spain*, tells us frankly that after a journey through the heart of the Peninsula, in which he distributed several cases of bibles, he could not, on his return by the same route, find a single copy of the sacred word. In vain he inquired what had become of them. He had given up the search in despair, when one day, having occasion to visit a certain place of public resort, he found a single scrap which happened to bear the well-known stamp, "*Bible Society of London*." Mr. George Burrows is not enthusiastic any more on the spread of the gospel in the sunny South.

Yet, though no doubt three-fourths of the funds of the society goes simply to supply the sinners of the universe with paper for packing and domestic purposes, etc., yet no doubt good is done. Under a cloud of tracts the agents and missionaries of the association penetrate everywhere. They learn more or less of the languages and manners of their foreign hosts, and they leave behind them, in the most barbarous corners of creation, some souvenir of civilization, were it only a worn-out shirt or a bit of soap. Manchester supports the missionaries with its coin, for do not these missionaries preach against nakedness as well as against sin? and a sinner brought to feel his nakedness is the kind of convert that just suits the cotton-spinners of England.

Pass now to the sub-society for the reformation of thieves. Here its spokesman press its claims on the world of Exeter Hall—yes, on all the world of England. There exists off Fleet street, in the very heart of hearts of the city of London, a haunt of robbers and harlots, known, hated—ay, and feared—by the police; a lane where two broad-shouldered men can hardly pass each other; where the air is fetid and stagnant; where speech is a jargon of thieves' slang and the English language a foreign tongue; where the inhabitants present hardly the rudiments of the features of the human race—faces flat, eyes oblique and downcast, the manners and the sudden crafty movements of wild beasts. This is Field Lane. Very well; in the middle of Field Lane there is a den more infectious than all the Barbary Coast and Dupont street rolled into one, a den called the Thieves' Kitchen. Here gather not petty pilferers and vagabonds, but the veterans and field-marshal and decorated heroes of the great army of scoundrels and ruffians encamped in London. It was not believed that a single man of honest appearance, an unarmed man, could show himself here and live. Yet into this "Kitchen" a devout young English lord has penetrated. He made his way, he says, by prayer. Outsiders say he made his way by his pluck and his fiddle. For he is a perfect violinist, and he plays to these roughs till the tears roll down their brute-like faces. They call him "Fiddler Joe." Woe to the man in Field Lane—woe to the woman—who should lay a hand on "Fiddler Joe." He is even allowed to sermonize a little, after he has stirred, like another Orpheus, the brute-souls about him. Occasionally, rarely, rarely, alas!—he is able to save or mend the life of some poor devil sick of his evil ways. It is a singular and horrible fact, almost incredible, that out of the hundreds of ruffians with whom "Fiddler Joe" has come in intimate contact, not one knew how to read or write, not one knew any useful trade. These miserable animals can no more be honest than could so many wolves or jackals. Society—that is to say, you and I and our neighbors—have allowed this! Ah, God! we cannot laugh at "Fiddler Joe."

And I turn homewards from Exeter Hall in little humor for jesting, even at the fools who are not heroes. But have patience. Next week I shall be in Paris. "Give me a fulcrum for my lever and I will move the world," cried Archimedes. My dear *N. L.*, you and your subscribers are the universe; I am Archimedes; my pen is my lever; Paris is the fulcrum. Prepare, then, at once to be stirred up as with a pole, *bien longuement, bien piquante. Au revoir.*

Job's boils always kept him in hot water.

**SO IS THE STORY TOLD.**

A fair head meekly bowed,  
A shy glance coming after,  
Voices not overloud,  
And low, sweet laughter;  
So is the story told  
Up in the cottage old,  
Under the smoky rafter.

A fair maid flushing red  
With an unknown feeling,  
And shamed to bow her head  
For all her lover's kneeling;  
So is the story told  
Down mid the white and gold  
Under the painted ceiling.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

**NEEDED AMENDMENTS OF THE LAW.**

Many of our laws governing large material interests of real, active, every day concernment are in a defective, if not altogether chaotic, condition. There need be no wonder that this is so. Our law-making machine is about as inapt and useless, if not dangerous, an instrument as could well be devised. No thoughtful man at all conversant with the material of which our State Legislature is usually composed, needs to be told that our laws are a jumble of weak, ill-considered, and even of corrupt devices. Just such results, and no other, could be expected from the class of ill-advised Legislators that every two years crowd Sacramento. Law making is a science, the study of which is almost the highest the human mind can be engaged in. The statesmanship that shapes right measures to secure right ends comes not by intuition. It is undoubtedly a reflection upon the whole body politic that too little attention is given to needed reforms of the law. State Legislators are elected to support one or other of the political parties by voting for this or that candidate for the U. S. Senatorship, but not one word is said of their designs upon the laws under which we live. These things are managed differently elsewhere. Measures seldom pass a British or Colonial Legislature that are not first well discussed by the press and people generally. Every amendment is proposed in Committee of the whole House; the debates are reported in the press, and eagerly read by the people, so that it may be said the whole nation is in committee upon the measure. When it has passed this ordeal, the people understand what has become law, and why it has become so, and are prepared to respect it accordingly. How very different here! We remember one of our Legislatures—the one that gave us the Second-street cut—passing two hundred and seventy bills into laws during the last twenty-four hours of its legal existence, which astounding feat was accomplished by the simple process of merely reading their titles. Verily, that was legislation with a vengeance! Almost every member had two or three little bills of his own, usually of a very objectionable character. It was quite as much as he could do to look after his own little bantlings, without inquiring too particularly about his neighbors; hence the necessity which arose for the members to unite to pass each other's bills without debate, and without even inquiry. They simply went it blind. Most of the proposals were bad ones, conceived in corruption, and passed for the purpose of serving individual interests. No wonder that such a process has cumbered the statute book with laws that either need to be radically amended or altogether wiped out. As we are just about to elect a Legislature, which is to assemble for business in December next, this is an eminently proper time to call attention to needed amendments of the law, with a view to their being discussed, understood, and approved, prior to receiving Legislative sanction. Why will not the daily press give to an inquiry of this kind some of the space that it now so unprofitably devotes to personal wrangles? Surely such an investigation is in the precise and exact line of its duty. Let us cultivate something like a common understanding of what work we have for Legislators to do, and then if they don't do it, we shall know whom to blame, and why to blame them. For ourselves, we shall from time to time, between this and the end of the next session, call attention, in our own emphatic way, to not a few desirable amendments of, and additions to, our present laws. If our contemporaries will do likewise, a general discussion along the whole line will follow, which cannot but result in great good. Whether they do or not, the *News Letter* will follow out the course it now indicates, and will take care to make itself felt.

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**"THE SATISFACTION DUE TO A GENTLEMAN."**

Hanks, the murderer, cheated the law, but saved the county a large expense. Whilst his hanging would have been a salutary lesson to the too many men in our midst who would shoot upon the slightest provocation or upon no provocation at all, it is the next best thing that he should, by a more direct road, have reached about the same end. A speedy death to his body was eminently fitting, whilst as speedy a death to his bad memory would be equally proper if it were not that its temporary preservation may be made to serve the interests of the living. Let us make that use of it, and then dismiss it as the otherwise worthless thing it is. How vile was the wretched education of which this man was the victim! In him the proud haughtiness of the human heart was elevated to a pinnacle that only betokened just such an ignominious fall as came to it. Proud as Lucifer, it was his wont to extort a deference that he was not himself in the habit of according to others. Accidentally jostled in the hotel elevator, an apology was at once tendered him. It was not deferential enough to suit his foolish pride, and he, who was ever ready to resent even an imaginary insult, put upon the other a real insult that he would not himself have brooked for a single instant. He slapped the apologizing gentleman's face. By that act he chose his own weapons, and brought upon himself the punishment which followed. He was beaten at his own game of fisticuffs. His proud, imperious disposition, educated in the belief that a blow was a stain that could only be wiped out in blood, fretted and fumed until the occasion arrived that gave him the opportunity to slay his victim. What a terrible awakening! That moment which brought him the desired satisfaction caused the scales to fall from his eyes, and he stood revealed even to himself as a dastardly murderer. No wonder that ere another morning's sun he was a ghastly suicide. Pity that the reflection with which he reproached himself during those few hours in jail could not be printed for the benefit of the hot bloods of his own ilk that remain behind! He doubtless reflected, what a well-balanced mind would earlier have taught him, that there was no insult where none was intended, and that even if there was, one wrong cannot be cured by another and greater one. Deeds of violence are in very truth terribly mistaken evidences of the character properly clothed with the title of gentleman. This Hanks evidently realized at last. He saw that he was but a murderer, and with the truest logic of his life, hastened to meet a murderer's doom. If there had been half as much good sense in his previous acts as there was in his last, that last one had been unnecessary. Hereafter let men eager for this kind of "satisfaction" remember that it is only to be found where Hanks found it—in death.

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**A letter from Yokohama** in the *Cologne Gazette* says that the Mint at Osaka, which was opened under the direction of an Englishman some years ago, is now in full working; 100,000 copper coins are turned out monthly, and the number of gold and silver coins which are eventually to be brought into circulation is 50,000,000 of the former and 3,000,000 of the latter. The receipts of the Post Office for the past year amounted to \$595,000. About 30,000,000 letters, newspapers and parcels were transmitted by the post, and 114 letters only were lost. The exports during the second half of the year amounted to \$20,000,000; the imports to \$14,000,000. Of the former \$15,000,000 represent the value of silk, silkworms' eggs and cocoons. The Customs revenue for Yokohama alone amounted to \$1,534,200. The rice harvest being abundant, the Government permitted its exportation, chiefly to Corea, where a famine was threatened in consequence of the long continuance of dry weather. A monthly line of steamers has been established between Yokohama and Fusan, in Corea.

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**The Post** still hammers away at the Chinese, but it is dumb in regard to the very complete answers given in last week's *News Letter* to its "main objections to the Chinese." If it desires to receive credit for a just and truthful discussion of a question of large public concernment, it will not evade or avoid an issue when fairly joined.



### AN ALARMING DEATH RATE.

A document has been presented to our citizens this week that is of very earnest moment. It is the half yearly report of the Health Officer of San Francisco. The one fact in it which so terribly concerns us all is that the death rate of our city has increased from its normal condition some twenty-five per cent. That is a simple statement, but appallingly significant. It means that there is a festering nuisance under our feet, which *must* be attended to, or a decimating epidemic will sooner or later be the result. It is no secret that the sewers in all that dead level portion of the city extending from Montgomery street to the water front are in a woeful condition. They are choked up to an extent that renders them a fertile source of disease and death. The sewage from the upper portion of the city runs into these low lying receptacles and remains, adding to the already too great accumulation of filth. This undoubtedly is the cause, of which the high death rate is the effect. Experts say, and we believe with truth, that all, or nearly all, the sewers in the part of the city alluded to are defective, and will have to be rebuilt. The cross sewers are lower than the main ones, and there is nowhere a sufficient fall toward the bay. If this be so, as we believe it is, then the sooner the difficulty is faced the better. Better any expenditure of money than an expenditure of life. Besides, where is this thing to stop. The experience of all cities similarly situated is that if the evil be not removed it will one day break out into alarming proportions. There is the case of Buenos Ayres before our eyes. It was because of defective drainage that an epidemic overtook that otherwise healthy city and decimated its population. We live daily, hourly, in danger of a like fate, because we have under our feet a precisely similar aggravating cause. It is surely not one moment too soon to take the alarm when undoubted figures tell us that great mischief is already being done. If not for our own sakes, then for the sake of our innocent little ones this alarming evil should be taken hold of with a firm hand. Death is stalking upon our streets. Who will join hands to arrest its progress? More water to flush the sewers, and sewers built so as to be capable of being flushed, are San Francisco's greatest need. Our whole city Government is now under review, with the purpose of its renewal. Candidates for Supervisorships should be invited to earnestly discuss the serious death rate of our city. No subject more certainly pertains to the office they are seeking to fill. Citizens, one and all, should take this matter into serious consideration.

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The talk about the American telephones seems to have rather tardily awoken Mr. Cromwell F. Varley to his own just claim of the honor of the invention for England. That eminent electrician, whose name every one will remember in connection with the laying of the first successful Atlantic cable, possesses so many patents on the subject of electricity that until reminded of it by the reports from America, he seems to have overlooked the fact that seven years ago he had registered one for this very object. His patent is dated April 8, 1870, and includes all the principles which have been claimed for the American invention. That the invention should have been so long dormant is certainly very curious, but such is the actual fact. Perhaps the inventor himself did not at first realize the great practical value of it, and this has been known to occur in other cases. However, Mr Varley's telephone will certainly be the first publicly shown in this country, the arrangements having been completed for its exhibition at the Queen's Theater.

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"Pa," said one particularly bright damsel in Lexington avenue, one morning, as she looked up suddenly from her piano, as if a happy thought had struck her; "Pa, I think I'll get married this afternoon!" Horrified, the parent staggered to the door to call the household. "Calm yourself," she said, yawning, "I'm in my right mind. I must either get married or go on the stage. I've played all of Chopin's waltzes. I'm tired with fooling with the whale at the aquarium. There are only two things left to choose from, matrimony or mimicry."—*Spirit of the Times*.

### THE LATE FIRE.

We reprint with great pleasure portions of the able account of Wednesday's fire, issued in an extra by that excellent insurance journal, *The Coast Review*. We regret that our space will not allow of its being given in *extenso*:

Since the so-called Brannan street fire in August, 1876, which destroyed property to the amount of about \$700,000, there has not been a more extensive conflagration in San Francisco than that which occurred last evening, about 8 o'clock, in the lower part of the city. The area of the district which was ravaged by this disaster is bounded by Drumm, Merchant, Washington and East streets. The particular point at which the fire originated cannot be precisely determined, but it is supposed that it began between the old market building, which extended from Washington to Merchant streets along Drumm and the wood and coal yard of Kolber Bros., which was situated about the middle of the block. It was in the rear of the stable of McKenna & Greany, adjoining the coal yard, that the fire was first discovered. A corner grocery and saloon formed part of the old market building, and next to it, in the order here set down, was a blacksmith and wheelright shop, and the stable before mentioned. The upper part of the market building was used as a box factory and for the shop of a harness-maker. Those parts of Merchant street, East street and Washington street which were destroyed were occupied by a coal yard, saloons, boarding-houses, coopers' shops, a sail loft, soap factory and stables, and, except the old market building, all these buildings were small and constructed of wood. There were only four brick buildings in the whole of the burnt district. Three of those are badly damaged. Before the alarm was sounded the fire had got considerable headway, and a light westerly breeze that was blowing at the time gave additional fury to the flames. The Department behaved with their usual promptitude, but before the engines could arrive on the ground the fire had extended over the whole of the block.

The ferry landing was in imminent danger, and the Washington Street Wharf was discovered to be on fire; but the incipient blaze was soon extinguished by the hose companies. A little after 9 P. M., the flames seem to have been concentrated on the South side. There was a stiff wind blowing at this time. At 10 P. M. the flames were being speedily subdued, and at midnight they had exhausted their force, after having destroyed four blocks in this thickly populated portion of the city. The total loss is \$250,000. The total insurance amounts to \$114,950. There will be a considerable salvage on the brick buildings, but the frame portion of the burnt district, with its contents, will prove undoubtedly a total loss.

The loss to the companies will probably exceed the figures given below, as there are many small damages on the south side of Clay street and the east side of Drumm, which are not included in our list.

The following are the insurances in the burnt district:

California, S. F., \$2,000; Commercial, S. F., \$1,600; Lamar, N. Y., \$1,000; French Corporation, Paris, \$2,000; Lycoming, Pa., \$1,125; Home Mutual, S. F., \$7,050; Union, S. F., \$3,000; London Assurance Corp., London, \$4,000; Hamburg-Bremen, \$6,000; Fireman's Fund, \$2,000; Hoffmann, N. Y., \$1,000; Fairfield, Conn., \$1,000; Commercial Union, London, \$500; Berlin-Cologne, Berlin, \$1,200; Svea, Gothenburg, \$1,000; Underwriters Agency, N. Y., \$4,160; Manhattan, N. Y., \$300; British America, Toronto, \$2,000; Northern, N. Y., \$2,000; Jefferson, St. Louis, \$1,500; Citizens', New Jersey, \$1,800; Traders', Chicago, \$750; State Investment, S. F., \$12,000; Etna, Hartford, \$5,000; New Zealand, Auckland, \$7,000; California Farmers', S. F., \$6,275; Royal Canadian, Montreal, \$4,000; New Orleans, N. O., \$3,100; Union, F. & M., Texas, \$4,850; St. Paul, Minn., \$2,500; Home, Columbus, \$2,500; Peoples', N. J., \$3,200; Atlas, Hartford, \$1,000; Trade, N. J., \$1,000; Revere, Boston, \$1,000; Citizens', St. Louis, \$1,000; Transatlantic, Hamburg, \$13,600.

Of the above amounts, about \$30,000 was on the brick portion, of which the Transatlantic had \$8,000 and the Etna \$5,000.

The members of the Orleans family are said to be very prudent in money matters, not to say "near."

## A FENIAN SOLILOQUY.

Dear News Letter:--I know you are fair to all the boys, whether they come from the "Giants' Causeway" or *Salisbury Plains*, and so I send you a song which I am sure you'll print for "auld acquaintance."

Yours sincerely,

PADDY, A GENUINE FENIAN.

"I say we're bowed beneath the yoke  
Which free Columbia proudly broke  
(It was an Irish patriot spoke  
In bitter indignation).

It's shameful there, in Dublin castle,  
To see the lords and dukes hold wassail,  
Faith, Ireland's bending, all too facile,  
To English domination.

I'm not a Communist, you see,  
As Monsieur Rochfort used to be,  
And all I want is Ireland free,  
And that I'll have, be Japers.

I'd like to pull the castle down,  
Kick Keogh out of his ermine gown,  
And give the Queen a dressing down,  
In several leading papers.

All's one for me, I am a Mick,  
Ready all England's force to lick,  
If but the boys would gather thick,  
To break her cursed dominion;  
But, as I can't do much alone,  
Except to spit against the throne,  
I'll say, when work is to be done,  
Just call upon

Why, see, we aren't free at all;  
We pay rent for our holdings small  
To Mr. Nobby, at his hall,

Where he lives like a hermit.  
Or never comes at all--all's one,  
We've got to pay the rent or run;  
Why, we can't even have a gun  
Without a special permit.

I tell you what it is, my boys,  
You Irish lads this land employs,  
At Pittsburgh you made quite a noise,  
And raised a decent riot;  
And don't it strike you now as odd,  
That when you see the dear old sod,  
Rented and racked and underdred,  
You keep so 'tarnal quiet.

A FENIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 10th, 1877.

## THE "SILVER KING NORTH."

This is the name of a new mine in Pioneer District, Pinal county, Arizona, which probably will surpass any hitherto discovered in its unparalleled richness. Arizona is the new El Dorado. All the material industries of the Pacific coast look to it as the source from which they expect to derive large remuneration in the very near future. The mineral wealth of the country, known as it has been for years, is now about being brought into legitimate prominence by the rapidly advancing railway communication daily being pushed forward by the enterprising managers of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The newspapers of the day teem with accounts of valuable and astonishing locations and discoveries of immense mineral deposits in and all over the territory, but none of these have achieved such a prominence as that of the "Silver King" mine, which has in a comparatively short time developed a wealth almost unheard of heretofore in mining annals. The examination of the ground of this company and its underground workings has positively demonstrated the fact that the true fissure vein from which they derive their immensely valuable deposits runs in a N. E. and S. W. direction; that they have a vein 40 feet wide, at a depth of 240 feet, which yields wonderfully valuable ore. The officers are: W. E. Hale, President; J. H. Sayre, Secretary; Camilo Martin, Treasurer, and J. W. Gains, Superintendent. The Trustees are James Walsh, Leon Weill, Camilo Martin, W. E. Hale and H. L. Coye. The capital stock is \$10,000,000, divided into 100,000 shares of \$100.

According to the "Temps" the military authorities of France have decided upon issuing an order sanctioning the wearing of spectacles by the officers and men of the French army. In Germany spectacles have long been worn by both officers and men in the ranks. It is recognized as essential that an officer should be able to see his men, and that these latter should be able to clearly distinguish the target at which they have to fire.

They tell us that the good die young, and yet insurance statistics make it out that clergymen live to an average of 65 years.

[COMMUNICATED.]

**THE REGIME OF THE REGENERATORS.**

If the *Chronicle* wins its libel suits, and proves all it has charged against Sargent, Page, Carr, Gorham, La Grange & Co., those immoral and corrupt personages will disappear from politics, and a nobler and purer regime will be inaugurated under the *Chronicle* auspices. Sargent, who for twenty years has managed, notwithstanding his innate rascality, to pass for the ablest and most useful Senator who ever represented California at Washington, having been exposed and destroyed, ought to be replaced by Bill Higgins, or perhaps by one of the De Youngs, Gannon might go to the Lower House in place of Page, and Dick Chute might possibly be induced to assume the Superintendency of the Mint, unless Pixley, who has publicly vouched for his own unquestioned integrity, and proclaimed himself "a gentleman from the bottom up," should prefer stepping into La Grange's shoes instead of (to use his own elegant language) "jumping down your throat and kicking you all to pieces, you big duffer." Those who cleanse the Augean stables ought certainly to have some influence in the selection of the hostler and his assistants under the new regime, and therefore Higgins, Gannon, the De Youngs, Pixley & Co., after purifying our politics and exposing the "corrupt Federal Ring," may equitably claim the right to carry on the process of regeneration and reform by appointing themselves and their friends. This would, of course, usher in the political millenium. Though no one charges Sargent, Page or La Grange with personal dishonesty, they are loudly accused of indiscretion and errors of judgment that a being endowed with infallible insight might have avoided. Sargent recommended men for office who afterwards turned out not to be as good as they might be—men who failed to come up to the lofty ideal standard of Pixley, De Young, Chute, Gannon & Co. La Grange hadn't perspicacity enough to perceive at first glance that Pinney was a slippery rascal, and so placed himself in a position to be victimized and injured by him. These are errors which Senators and Mint Superintendents ought not to commit, and which the Chute-Gannon crowd, being better versed in rascality, and therefore better judges of rogues, would be in no danger of committing. As soon as the Placerville libel suit is over and Sargent's villainy is established beyond peradventure, it should be settled which of the "regenerators" is to succeed him. It should be the purest and best of the reforming band, one whose name is without a stain, whose career is without a blot, a man as superior in elevation of character as in public services to Sargent. He should be an unblemished patriot, a public-spirited citizen, and "a gentleman from the bottom up." But as all the regenerators answer to this description, the choice will be embarrassing. With Higgins, Chute, Gannon, Pixley and the De Youngs to choose from, the judgment is bewildered.

LUNAR CAUSTIC.

**Prof. Tyndall on Spontaneous Generation.**—I hardly think it necessary to summarize what has here been brought before you. In fact the whole discourse is but a summing-up of eight months of incessant labor. From the beginning to the end of the inquiry there is not, as you have seen, a shadow of evidence in favor of the doctrine of spontaneous generation. There is, on the contrary, an overwhelming evidence against it; but do not carry away the notion sometimes erroneously ascribed to me, that I deem spontaneous generation impossible, or that I wish to limit the power of matter in relation to life. My views on this subject ought to be well known. But possibility is one thing and proof is another, and when in our day I seek for experimental evidence of the transformation of the non-living into the living, I am led inexorably to the conclusion that no such evidence exists, and that in the lowest as in the highest of organized creatures, the method of nature is that life shall be the issue of antecedent life.—*London Times*.

"Paragrammakleptists" is the little title by which literary thieves will in future be known. The expression is almost synonymous with the word "journalist."



### ASHBURY OR BRYANT--BRYANT OR ASHBURY-- WHICH ?

It is comforting to know that whichever of the two candidates for the position of Chief Magistrate of this great city be elected, an honest, capable and well-tried gentleman will fill the position with credit to himself and advantage to the city. Our citizens generally will be ready to exclaim "How happy we could be with either were t'other dear charmer away!" But he is not away. He is here at the head of his ticket. There is no getting rid of him if we would, and for the next three weeks he is bound to remain and be discussed for all that is in him and for a great deal that is not. The campaign will be an earnest one, but with such excellent candidates, ought to be conducted not only with an absence of objectionable personalities, but with the presence of great good humor. The gentlemen have almost identical views of city government, and are about equally experienced in the management of city affairs. Ashbury is the oldest and the most cautious. He is gifted in a singular degree with the ability to steer clear of difficulties. He would pilot past Scylla with the twist of the wrist, and escape Charybdis with a smile child-like and bland. An equable temper, a good digestion, and a capacity to make things pleasant are admirable possessions for a public man. These Monroe Ashbury commands beyond the average of his fellows. Mayor Bryant, on the other hand, is bold and aggressive. Whilst he is cautious enough not to make an unnecessary issue, he is positive enough to meet and determine one when it fairly arises. Ashbury would steer round a difficulty, and smilingly pass on his way, content that some future traveler should remove the obstruction. Bryant would rather prefer to assail it and clear it away, if possible. It is in this direction the chief difference between the two candidates lies. Voters will probably select the one whose characteristic in this respect most nearly approaches their own individual idiosyncracies. If the ladies had votes, which thanks be to Heaven they have not, there is another difference between the candidates which would not be without its influence. Bryant is able to extend hospitalities in a manner worthy the Mayor of a great city, he being the head of a household, a husband and a father. Mr. Ashbury entertains in a condition of single blessedness. It is some evidence that there is little to choose between the two when we can think of no more substantial difference.

**The Colorado Beetle.** -- Considerable anxiety prevails lest the Colorado beetle, which has effected so much mischief in the potatoe fields of America and Canada, should find its way into England. It has already made its appearance in Germany, and a specimen has recently been discovered on a quay at Dublin. Models of the insect, from its larva state of three days, to the other stages of fourteen and twenty-one days, when its transformation commences into the chrysalis, have been made by order of the German Government, and are obtainable in this country. The eggs of the beetle are somewhat similar to grains of sago seed, and are invariably deposited on the under side of the potatoe leaf, and it is there that the female beetle will be found at work. She is estimated to lay from 700 to 1,200 eggs, so that 100 Colorado female beetles would produce 70,000 to 120,000; the second generation arrives in about fifty days, so that supposing the eggs to be laid in May, there would be produced in July from 24,000,000 to 72,000,000.

**A few mornings ago**, at West End Park, London, as the groom was harnessing Strader's Hambletonian for his morning work, Mr. McKimmin walked up to the side of the stallion, and placing his left hand on the end of the shaft, with his right passed the girth underneath, to the groom on the opposite. As soon as the horse felt the pressure of the strap, he viciously turned his head, and seized McKimmin by the arm near the wrist, burying his teeth in the flesh to the bone. McKimmin pounded him over the head with his fist, but the vicious brute held on with the tenacity of a bull dog, and it was only after he was struck violently on the head with a rake, by one of the attendants, that he loosened his hold.

### THE INGREDIENTS OF OUR POLITICAL POT.

First, there's the candidate, free with his cash,  
 Anxious, of course, but affecting a dash  
 Of indifference; he is the victim, you know,  
 Of the gentlemen we have to notice below.  
 Then comes the candidate's deputy; he  
 Greases palms for his master, and like him is free  
 With a drink or a slap on the back, where he thinks  
 That a vote can be captured by "naming the drinks."  
 Next, is the "drummer," so ruddy of nose,  
 Exuding bad gin from his scalp to his toes.  
 He "works on commission"—a nip is his fee,  
 So he's always as drunk as a drunkard can be.  
 And then there's the orator, windy and flat,  
 Who talks about "eagles," and "freedom," and that;  
 While he spouts in the "bar" 'tis instructive to hear  
 How the gift of the gab is developed by beer.  
 Next we've the citizen, proud of his vote,  
 Who has learned each political ticket by rote;  
 "An faix," to the drummer say he, "thin be Jasus,  
 I'll do it for two an' a half if he plases."  
 He "does it"—the candidate's duly elected;  
 By him the good deputy is not neglected;  
 The orator, drummer and voter hob-nob—  
 "An' it's free an' enloightened we are thin, be Gob!"

### "MEN WE KNOW."

#### Charles Hubert.

The twenty-second day of the month of January of the year 1835 first introduced Mr. Hubert to the light of day in the city of Hamburg. As all the world knows, this is one of the three free cities of Germany, and is situate at the mouth of the Alster, on the north bank of the Elbe. Mr. Hubert was educated in his native town, attending school up to his sixteenth year, when, after completing his studies, he commenced a commercial career, applying himself to learning the dry goods trade. He remained seven years in this business, when he left Hamburg to make a trip to Rio Janeiro in one of his father's vessels. Arrived there, he took a position as bookkeeper in a ship chandler's store, which he held up to 1860. Leaving Rio Janeiro, he sailed for San Francisco, where he arrived in February, 1861. Here he engaged in business with Arnold Lindau, trading in ship's groceries, until the excitement in Salmon river attracted his attention, and he started off there. The long wet Winter of 1861-2 was most disastrous to his speculations, and he came down here again in June, 1862, in a condition usually known as "broke." At this juncture he accepted a position as bookkeeper with Captain Heustis in the ship chandler's business, staying there until June, 1863, when he returned to Germany consequent upon the death of his father. Remaining in Hamburg until the beginning of 1864, Mr. Hubert returned to this city, to occupy a position with Enquist & Schulte, ship chandlers. In 1865 he bought out the firm, and took charge of the business himself, which he has conducted successfully now for over twelve years. In 1873 he obtained the Democratic nomination for City and County Treasurer of San Francisco, to which post he was not only duly elected, but was honored with a repetition of the compliment in 1875. His career has been noteworthy for the satisfaction which it has afforded to citizens of all classes of politics, and he has fulfilled the duties of his office with ability and perfect integrity. Mr. Hubert's father was a sea captain for thirty-six years, and afterwards a ship owner. His term of office expires in December next, but he has already been renominated by the Tax-payers' Convention.

Suppose we send Potiphar's wife out to Idaho to catch chief Joseph.

### HOW CAME IT ABOUT?

To what occult influence does Mr. Jerome Spaulding owe his nomination to the position of County Clerk by the Taxpayers' Committee? Why was the thing done? What claims had Mr. Spaulding upon this particular office, and what experience had he to fit him for the discharge of its onerous and difficult duties? If the committee did not know that he not only possessed no claims and no sufficient experience, but that he had at least a doubtful record, then they of all men are the most unfit for the very delicate and important duties they have assumed. The whole city was ashamed of that corruption in the educational department, with which Mr. Spaulding's name was unpleasantly mixed up. Yet here comes an emaculate committee, constituted for the express purpose of giving us nominees above fear, and above reproach, who at an early stage of their career are found presenting a name that in no respect comes up to the standard they themselves profess to maintain. That this name must be incontinently dropped is certain. The whole press has so declared, and the whole people agree with the press. This is a humiliating position for the committee to be placed in at this time, and is one that it is difficult to imagine a discreet, effective, and well-intentioned body placing itself in. This conspicuous mistake, that no well-informed man ought to have made, will certainly have the effect of throwing doubt upon the *bona fides* of the committee's labors, indicating, as it does, that they are not above suspicion. This is a misfortune which will render it very specially necessary that the committee shall be exceptionally careful in all its future moves. If it survives this error it may not so easily surmount another. So much is expected from it, that it is peculiarly disappointing to find it making a nomination that cannot be accounted for upon any principles of prudence or common sense.

### COLONEL MENDELL'S REPORT.

The Engineer of the Water Commissioners has presented his report, which is far too lengthy to be discussed this week. It will be sufficient to draw attention to the conclusions, in which the public are most deeply interested. Col. Mendell has presented a comparative estimate of the cost of delivering 1,000 gallons of water from four of the cheapest sources of supply, viz: 1st, The San Joaquin River by the Shore Route; 2d, The San Joaquin River by Livermore Pass; 3d, The Blue Lakes; 4th, Spring Valley. The daily cost of the present supply of ten million gallons will be \$3,115 for the first, \$2,844 for the second, \$3,024 for the third, and \$2,060 for the last. By taking Spring Valley water the public will thus save \$1,000 a day over Blue Lakes or the San Joaquin scheme. Should the daily consumption be doubled, the Spring Valley will still be much the cheapest, and if trebled there will be a difference in favor of Spring Valley as compared with Blue Lakes of \$1,875 per day. The capitalization of this saving would more than buy up Spring Valley in ten years. The daily cost of the water is shown in the following table, the conclusion from which is obvious:

Daily Consumption.	San Joaquin Shore Route.	San Joaquin, Livermore Pass.	Blue Lakes.	Spring Valley.
Ten millions....	\$3,115	\$2,844	\$3,024	\$2,060
Twenty millions..	3,340	3,466	3,024	2,700
Thirty millions..	3,678	(not estimated.)	4,725	2,850

Mr. Jerome Spaulding is out in a card saying that the charges against him in connection with the educational department were not proven. Nobody said they were—such charges seldom are. It is enough that Mr. Spaulding was unpleasantly mixed with matters that were not calculated to add to his popularity or to make him a strong candidate before the people. Moreover, what positive quality has Mr. Spaulding to entitle him to the position of County Clerk?

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**An interesting law suit** has just been decided at Penn Yan, New York. It seems that the Fourth of July was celebrated there by a mock battle, in which a surrender of Hessians to Washington was the chief feature. The Father of his Country, whose name was Azariah Boody, became very much incensed at the refusal of the Hessian commander, a Mr. Dennis McDuffey, to lay down his arms at the proper moment. The General was so aggravated at this violation of Abbott's History of the Revolution, which he carried under his arm for reference, that he hit the obstreperous Hessian over the head with a tent peg. The latter warrior, who was full of patriotism and beer, further violated historical accuracy by at once inaugurating a free fight on the spot. To the horror of the other Continentals he battered the hero of Yorktown on the ear with a bung-starter, and generally scooped him around in the mud by the seat of his revolutionary breeches. While this disgraceful scene was in progress the rest of the hireling Germans from Dublin dispersed our disgusted forefathers with bricks and other articles contraband of war. The suit was to decide whether one party should be imprisoned for assault and battery or the other shot for high treason. As it was, the Magistrate fined the Savior of his Country ten dollars and costs, which outrageous decision will doubtless be enforced unless the authorities at the Capital take some prompt and decisive action in regard to reinforcements. It is high time to discover whether our patriot sires have died in vain, or what.

**Appointing Those Policemen.**—The Executive Committee of the Safety Organization have it in their power to do a good work in selecting from among the large number of applicants one hundred and fifty policemen, who shall be a credit to the city. Under no obligations to party, or to individuals, they come to their task perfectly untrammelled by any other consideration but that of the public good. If they give us a body of men as they have the opportunity to do, who shall bear more than favorable comparison with the present officers, they will do much to forever annihilate political influences in the appointment of policemen. The Committee have not hitherto failed in the performance of any of their many important duties, and we believe they will not in this one.

**The gallant one hundred** who sprang so nobly into the jaws of death during the late riot have organized permanently under the leadership of that great soldier and good citizen, General Cobb. They will form a social and military club, stir the exhilarating cocktail with their bloody batons, and play pedro with the largest sized cartridges for counters. They will also have an armory in which they can lock themselves in just like regular soldiers do when there's a riot, and their appearance in public will be in future confined to Fourth of July celebrations and anniversary banquets.

**A few days since** a tigress was dispatched by goods train from Euston, consigned to Liverpool, but on reaching Rugby the guard discovered that the beast had escaped from its truck. The stationmaster obtained the assistance of a firing party from the barracks. Proceeding down the line on a pilot engine, the soldiers discovered the fugitive in a field, and she was speedily dispatched. While at large it had managed to kill and partly devour a couple of sheep.

**The whaleboat "New Bedford,"** which made the daring voyage across the Atlantic, arrived at Mount's bay, Cornwall, a few days since, the Captain and wife landing at Penzance. They encountered three gales, lost some of their clothing, and were obliged to lie-to fifteen days. Capt. Crapo's left hand is nearly useless through constant steering. He and his wife proceeded to London in the *New Bedford*.

**It is said** that the body of a boy recently drowned in the Monongahela at Pittsburgh was discovered by throwing one of his shirts into the water, which floated about a while and finally settled to the bottom beside the body. His mother also claims to have known of his drowning before any one informed her, from seeing his body at the bottom of a tub while doing the family washing.

**P. T. Barnum says:** "I am forty-six, and my wife is the same. That is, I am sixty-six, and she is twenty-six; but as she says I am the younger of the two, we have agreed to average it and call it forty-six apiece."



**Kennedy**, a Cambridge fire-bug, was pardoned from the State Prison a few days since, after serving some ten years of a life sentence, and, after putting on citizen's clothes, asked to be allowed to take with him a pet rat, which has been his companion during many years of his confinement. The rat, however, did not recognize him in his new dress, and ran from him. An officer suggested to him to put on his prison jacket and see what the effect would be. Kennedy did so, and the rat quickly ran into his arms.

**The Australians** are breeding extensively to imported Arabs, and regard the cross as a decided improvement on the English thoroughbreds carried to that country. They impart compact, symmetrical, well proportioned form, as well as excellent limbs, and roarers are not to be found among them.—*Wilks' Spirit of the Times*.

**A woman** was struck by a Shore Line passenger train near New London, and knocked head-first into a ditch, but when the train hands hurried back to pick up the dead body, they found the woman holding her disarranged bustle with one hand and quietly continuing her berry-picking with the other.

**Wild rumors** of a sea-serpent off Nahant have found space in the Boston papers of late; and at last the monsters has been caught after dragging the boat that attacked it many miles, and it proves to be a huge horse-mackerel weighing some 1,500 pounds.

**A child in Jefferson County, Tenn.**, was charmed by a black snake, which she fed for some days. The father, finding it coiled up in her lap, killed it, whereupon she went into spasms, refuses to eat, and is not expected to live.

**Every one** who is desirous of advertising his or her particular business nowadays immediately rushes frantically into print with a solemn asseveration that they do not employ Chinese labor. We are in receipt of affidavits from Mrs. McGuffey, the celebrated washerwoman on Nob Hill, and Mr. Patsey O'Callaghan, who keeps a fruit-stand on Leidesdorff street, in which they both solemnly deny the foul imputation that they give employment to one hundred and fifty Mongolians.

**On the 14th ult.**, Mr. Isaac Dahlman, of this city, shipped to his London agent, Mr. D. A. Cremer, fifteen head of horses for the English market; on the 21st ult., by the steamer *Queen*, of the same line, twelve more were forwarded. Mr. Dahlman has now shipped about one hundred and forty head, and is fairly launched in an extensive business.—*New York Spirit of the Times*.

**A Mormon trigamist**, who couldn't persuade a widow to become his fourth wife, sent his No. 2 to plead for him. The widow, with some surprise, asked the woman if she really wanted her to accept. "Well," said the second wife, "I don't wish Mr. — to take any more wives, but I do so hate and detest his No. 3 that I would do anything to plague her, and so I want you to come."

**Jay Gould** says that the events in Maryland and Pennsylvania are the beginning of a "great social revolution, which cannot be arrested until it has led to the destruction of the republican form of government in this country and the establishment of a monarchy." He said that he "would gladly give \$1,000,000 to see General Grant in the White House to-day."

**A person** who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger." No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger so long as the doctor continued his visits."

**Tom Paine's farm**, consisting of about 150 acres of elevated, picturesque land, which was presented by the State of New York in recognition of his patriotic services during the Revolutionary war, is the subject of litigation in a New York court.

**For three whole days** in one week, lately, there was not a single birth in Naples, out of a population of 500,000 souls. This would not be tolerated in England.

**Birth.**—**NAUNTON.**—In this city, August 4th, to the wife of Captain George Naunton, twins—son and daughter.

### GUARANTEES OF A GOOD TICKET.

Messrs. Casserly and McCoppin did a brave thing, and a good thing, the other night, at the Democratic nominating convention. They spoke right out in meeting, and spoke with a force that accomplished a most desirable result. They told their party that it had made a nomination for Supervisor not fit to be made, which must be taken back, or it would be defeated, as it deserved to be. It *was* taken back, and a better one substituted. The bold language employed was refreshing; it was more, it was brave and patriotic. It was brave, because, as public men themselves, Messrs. Casserly and McCoppin may some day be made to feel the anger of the men against whom their stern and honest language was directed. It was patriotic, because it exhibited a firm determination to place the interests of the city higher than the demands of mere party allegiance. It was refreshing, because in strange contrast with the time-serving and subservience of party-men generally. These bold utterances, and their result, ought to win considerable support to the Democratic ticket. It is much to know that the nominees have been selected in so unexceptionable a spirit. The business has been conducted in the face of all men, and we know how and why the different candidates have been placed upon the ticket. Publicity, and open speaking, are excellent in such matters. Taking the whole people into confidence is eminently proper in regard to matters that so intimately concern them, and when it is done with the perfect unreserve that is apparent in this case, the evidence is good that the public interests alone have been consulted. This sound old-fashioned method of nominating public officers in open day, before the eyes of all men, merits, and will doubtless win, a large share of approval.

### BOB ROGERS FOR SHERIFF.

The Convention of Forty-eight have made no better nor more popular nomination than that of Robert C. Rogers for Sheriff. The nomination has the cordial indorsement of the Bar of San Francisco, and of the Judges of our Courts. The Sheriff is the executive officer of the law. He is entrusted with important functions, the efficient and honorable execution of which is necessary to the administration of justice. He is the executive officer of the judiciary, and unless he is a man of integrity and honor, the practical operation of the jury system may be made the means of the perpetration of injustice. It is important that this executive officer should have a reasonable knowledge of the law. Rogers is a lawyer by training and profession. It is important that he should be a man of integrity, of executive ability, and of high personal honor. Robert C. Rogers meets all these requirements. One of yesterday's daily papers says that a charge has been brought against him in connection with his official conduct as Public Administrator, some eighteen years ago. It is tardy accusation, and a foolish one. It is raked up too late by the jealousy or malice of defeated rivals. By the unanimous testimony of the Bar, San Francisco has never had an abler, a more honest, or a more efficient Public Administrator than Robert C. Rogers. The Convention should regard with grave suspicion, at this time of day, any attempts to injure this candidate by vague accusations relating to his administration of an office which he held a generation ago—accusations never breathed before, and which will be news to the Bar and Bench, and business public of San Francisco.

Since the recent developments about the amount of gold-dust collected from the roofs of Mints in various parts of the United States, speculative individuals have devoted considerable attention to the matter. A lady who lives next door to our local coining institution on Fifth street gave the privilege to scrape the summit of her dwelling to an enterprising pawnbroker, last Wednesday, for eighty-seven dollars and sixty-five cents. A careful assay of the whole returned four hundred and fifty-three ounces of soot, a well preserved skeleton of a domestic cat, and a handle of a water-pitcher, as good as new. Enterprise always pays in the long run, and it is a source of sincere pleasure to be able to record its march.

### ART JOTTINGS.

Of course no one expected a catalogue of pictures hung at the Pavilion Art Gallery at this early date. When it does come out, it will contain about 500 names, more or less. The show is divided this year, the main gallery being occupied by a dealer from the East, and the second one by the local artists, but so far the only one worthy the name who has contributed to the display is Mr. Thomas Hill. To be sure there are examples from other artists there, several of Keith's, one by Nahl, and perhaps there will be others, but they are not sent in by the artists who painted them, but by the owners, and this is a free country. Once become the owner of a painting, and the privilege belongs to the purchaser to exhibit it where and how he will. Of course everybody will wonder how it comes about that Mr. Hill is the only artist here who has enterprise enough to come forward with so large a display—twenty-five pictures, more or less—while his fellows of the brush are not represented at all. We noticed just one picture in this gallery; it was not hung yet, and, when it is, we would suggest that it be placed over the center, or in some prominent position, where it can be utilized to serve as a title page to the local art display. The picture referred to is an attempt to portray a stroke of lightning; to be sure, the lightning looks as if cut out of a piece of boiled tripe, but then, with a sign underneath it, painted in good, plain English—*Struck by Lightning*—and the additional one, "this refers to this (local) collection," the situation can be taken in at a glance by the aesthetic crowd who usually visit the Art Gallery at the Pavilion. We do hope that by next issue the catalogue will be ready with foot-notes, etc., etc., as usual.

### THE GRAIN PRODUCING CENTERS.

Whilst the price of wheat for some time to come is likely to be above the average, and so in some measure compensate our farmers for short crops, it is certain that selling rates will not reach the high figures predicted at the beginning of the present war. Those who regarded the ports of the Black Sea as the granaries of the world, and argued that, therefore, wheat would become scarce, are proving to have been sadly mistaken in their calculations. It is true that for a brief period wheat went up to an abnormal price; but as this was due rather to the operations of riggers than to an absolute scarcity of grain, it was not long before the riggers found that they had burnt their fingers. The *European Mail* says that "Cablegrams, attracted by the high rates ruling, came in from all parts of the world offering consignments very much below the exorbitant figures which the riggers had established, and it was then ascertained that large supplies were available at Chicago, San Francisco, Valparaiso, Egypt and South Australia, and that the closing of the Black Sea ports need not cause any very great alarm so far as our food supply is concerned." It appears that South Australia, which has not hitherto exported largely, will this year have a surplus of 250,000 tons. From all of which we judge that whilst good prices may be maintained, absolutely high ones will not.

### NEW STIMULANTS

The scientific journals are full of the virtues of the coca leaves, by chewing which the Peruvian natives travel wonderful distances, and experimenting octogenarian Professors climb mountains with the agility of lads of eighteen. There would appear to be no doubt that the leaves of *Erythroxylon Coca* exercise a wonderful influence on the constitution, and may prove a practically useful addition to our materia medica. Now comes the Government Botanist at Melbourne, Dr. Von Mueller, and tells us of a plant to be found in Central Australia, which the natives use to invigorate themselves upon long journeys, and which is said to possess marvelously stimulating properties. It is called "Pitbury." Possibly one of these days we shall have saloons at which a "coca smash" or a "pitbury julep" will be all the rage. Meanwhile can any of our chemists, or physicians, tell us anything about the much vaunted virtues of the coca leaf? Is the thing a safe stimulant, or is it like Chloral Hydrate, an insidious poison, against which it is necessary to warn the public?

### A RUSSIAN WAR SONG.

We're coming, Alexander, at least a million more,  
 From Kanivshaeja's bay, and Olskalagouba's shore;  
 From Karakouska's frozen wild, from Tynskaia's plain,  
 We're marching, Alexander, with all our might and main.

From Gatmouskino's forests, from Tchernorbesko's vale,  
 From Wassigoubka's blooming fields, from Thuyskia's dale.  
 From Kakamajora's village, from Meidoucharki's isle,  
 We're coming, Alexander, the weary rank and file.

From pollysyllabic villages we're marching gaily down,  
 And we're going to rot in Turkey to gild anew your crown;  
 We're on to Adrianople, and fair Stamboul we seek,  
 And we're headed by some General whose name no tongue can speak.

From provinces and districts, whose names before the eye,  
 Look like an algebraic problem all tumbled into "pie"—  
 The "arolows," and "offskies," "effs," and "offs," and "vitches,"  
 For Holy Church and pious Czar will die in Turkish ditches!

—Court Circular.

**Quicksilver** has attracted more than usual attention during the week with some few sales at 60c. The steamship City of Tokio, hence for Hongkong on the 8th inst., carried 2119 flasks. The bulk of this was secured prior to the rise at 43@45c, otherwise the shipment would not have been as large. Last week we reported the Hongkong price at 89¢ per picul. Since then the price, as we learn by cable, has been reduced to 85¢ per bottle. The London price is also said to have declined. Our spot market appears to be unsettled; at this writing it can be bought at 57½c. and we think for prompt nett cash 55c. would bring small holders to terms. During the week the Combination so called (leading producers) have had repeated meetings with a view to a concert of action to limit their production, and to fix the price at 60@65c. and to keep it there for a fixed period, but thus far nothing has been settled or agreed upon. The interests are too many and varied. Some few large producers can sell at 45@50c., and realize a large profit. Others with Cinnibar ore of less richness, cannot produce it for less than 60c., consequently there is much difficulty in reconciling conflicting interests.

**When a woman wants to kill a tramp**, she is always careful to take the brickbat that keeps the kitchen door open, or some other old thing that is of no particular value or consequence; but when she gets mad at the man of the house, she is just as liable to throw the best china sugar-bowl or the nickel-plated cake-basket as not. Very few people have had an opportunity of throwing Wellington coal at either tramps or their husbands lately, because there was a protracted strike at the colliery. Berryman & Doyle, however, announce that they can now again supply the genuine Wellington coal, which is the purest and best coal in the market, as the strike is ended. Berryman & Doyle, agents, and at all respectable dealers. Address Bulkhead, between Pacific and Jackson streets.

**A Scotch minister** reports the following conversation he had with a young Highland gentleman, whom he found alone in a cottage. Minister: "Where is your father an' mother, my boy?" Boy: "They're no in; what do ye want wi' them, mun?" Minister: "Since they are not in, I'll speer you some questions. Can you read ony?" Boy: "Ay can I; can you, mun?" Minister: "Can you pray ony?" Boy: "Ay can I; can you, mun?" Minister: "Can you say a grace when you tak' you meat?" Boy: "Ay can I; can ye do that, mun?" Minister: "Ay, I do. But let me hear you say a grace?" Boy: "Gie me the meat, then, for I ne'er say grace but when I hae meat to tak'."



## RUSSIAN PROSPECTS.

The friends of Russia, who boast of her power and ability to overthrow the Turks in Europe and to invade their provinces in Asia Minor, point to the enormous size of the Russian army, and the means available for filling vacancies in the thinned ranks. Any new supplies, however, would consist of mere peasants levied for immediate use, utterly unacquainted with arms of precision and ignorant of discipline; these would melt away like snow in the climate of Bulgaria. Soldiers are not made in a day, and we opine that Russians are no exception to this rule. The army of Russia is estimated at over a million of men, but it must be remembered that a very large portion of this force has to be retained for the defense of her own territory. Finland, the Baltic Provinces, Cronstadt, St. Petersburg, Poland, the southern ports of the Black Sea, the Caucasian Provinces, Siberia, and the lately acquired Asiatic possessions, demand an enormous force for their defense; at least half a million of men are absorbed in these sporadic detachments, which are practically cut off from communication with each other. The effective force which Russia has been able to bring into the field for the invasion of Turkey, both in Europe and Asia, can hardly exceed 600,000 men, and these have been brought to the scene of operations over immense distances, bad roads and uninhabited plains, accompanied by almost incalculable trains of provisions necessary for both man and beast. We will not speak of the system of forced conscription by which this army is recruited and held to service; it is sufficient to say that the means employed are not calculated to make willing soldiers. However, having safely conducted the armed hosts to the scene of action, the distance from the base of supplies greatly increases the risk and expenses of maintaining the army in fighting condition. It is the reverse with Turkey; she fights on her own ground, and with water carriage for all her wants.

In all Russia's campaigns, whether with Turkey, Poland, Hungary, or in the Caucasus, it is a historical fact that she has always lost more men by disease than at the hands of the enemy. From Von Moltke's history of the war of 1828-29, we learn that in the two years 136,000 men crossed the Danube. In ten months, from May, 1828, to February, 1829, there were 210,108 cases of sickness, of which total 134,882 were severe cases in the hospitals. In July, 1829, more than half the army were in hospitals. Von Moltke computes the total loss of the Russian army by disease in 1829 at not less than 60,000, and he adds that not more than 10,000 or 15,000 recrossed the Pruth, and that in the second campaign the army was almost annihilated. Fever and pestilence has ever been the real enemy with which Russia has had to contend in the valley of the Lower Danube, as well as south of the Balkans. The losses incurred from similar causes were as great during the campaigns of 1853-4, and there is no reason to suppose that the present war will, in these respects, have a different result from those cited.

Added to these doubtful prospects of success for the Russian arms, is the low point of credit which their inconvertible currency has reached, as recently quoted on the London Stock Exchange, where it is now practically without buyers. Dealers in foreign securities have not forgotten the dishonest transaction formerly resorted to by Russia for restoring her depreciated paper currency. The silver rouble represents a value in British money of 38 to 40 pence; previous to 1840, so excessive had become the issue of rouble-notes, that their exchangeable value sank to 10½ pence; these notes were declared inconvertible, the holder having no right to demand payment except at the will of the government, and no interest was paid thereon. In January, 1840, an Imperial manifesto took effect decreeing the issue of new rouble-notes convertible into silver at 38 pence, and exchangeable for three and a half of the old. Thus Russia's war debt was liquidated by a payment of 28 per cent. of the total amount. Since that time the paper currency of Russia has been on a satisfactory footing. An issue of inconvertible notes has again been made to meet the war expenditure, and however peace may be achieved, we may expect a repetition of the decree of 1840; in any event the believer in Muscovite solvency may imagine what the value of the rouble-note will be if winter finds the army with a precarious footing north of the Balkans, or, as is not improbable, driven to shelter on the left bank of the Danube, and that part which is in Armenia behind the Russian Caucasus, while the burden of an increasing debt will add to the workings of revolutionary societies.

### A RUSSO-TURKO SITUATION.

Since Osman Pasha's victories on the Plevna-Lovatz line, culminating in the signal defeat of General Krudener's army, no important battle has been fought in Bulgaria. The effect of the Turkish successes has been to change the Russian commander's plan of the campaign, and must defer any attempt to pass the Balkans until next year. The Russian commander played for a high stake and lost. Apparently mindful of the terrible losses the Czar's armies suffered in all former wars with Turkey, not only in the efforts to capture the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, but also from disease during a lengthened stay in Bulgaria, the Russian Generalissimo essayed the hazardous enterprise of a dash across the Balkans. Hardly had he succeeded in obtaining a footing on the right bank of the Danube than he commenced pressing forward his divisions with reckless speed and without waiting to secure the communications of his army. No strong position was constructed to fall back upon in case of a reverse—only a single weak bridge across the river at Semnitsa, over which everything in the way of supplies had to be carried, and in the event of serious defeat, insufficient for a rapid retreat. He has reaped the consequences of two unpardonable errors, spreading his army and undervaluing his enemy. During the remainder of this year, or rather during the next two months, the Russians must confine their operations chiefly to securing their line of communications on the Danube; more than this they can hardly hope to effect. What should have been done at first must now be done ere it be too late and Winter finds them unprotected in an enemy's country. No active operations can be carried on during the Winter months beyond preparing for next year's siege of the fortresses north of the Balkans; two, at least, of these will have to be captured or destroyed. The Grand Duke must by this time be aware of the madness of any attempt to force the Balkans while four great fortresses on his left and one, at least, on his right, are in possession of his enemy. The least of these will require a long siege. Meanwhile Turkish bullets and Bulgarian fevers will make large gaps in the Russian army. The sickly season has set in, and already we hear of the men stricken down with fever and cholera, and that "the air is thick and heavy with emanations from filth and rotting offal."

There are rumors that the checkmate to all the Russian combinations has so disgusted Gortschakoff that he has tendered his resignation. Then, again, that General Ignatieff has fallen into disgrace. There are symptoms of uneasiness in Russian Poland, and difficulties seem to attend the mobilization of the Landwehr. The cost of maintaining the Russian army in the field has been estimated to average at least two and a half million dollars a day. We are told that Russia can still bring large bodies of men into the field, but this means additional expenditure. The men may be forthcoming, but where is the money to be found to move and equip them? How can Russia, with customs and export duties bringing in about fifteen million dollars per month, meet this extra expense? How many campaigns can she survive? How much longer will her unconvertible paper money float, and the people bear the burden patiently? Is it any wonder that the Czar is depressed, and that Gortschakoff wants to resign? Supposing that in a second campaign her military successes be overwhelming, do not the Czar and Gortschakoff know that when the time to make peace comes, they will be called upon by England, Austria and Germany to forego the fruits of victory?

Until another great battle is fought we need not expect any reliable dispatches from the seat of war. Such as have lately been coming to hand consist of confusing accounts of outpost skirmishes, and chiefly of charges and counter-charges of horrible atrocities being committed by both combatants. As a matter of course, numerous and bitter are the recriminations made by the Porte against Russia. Whatever atrocities are now being perpetrated by Ottoman soldiers, it would seem that they are confined to the killing of wounded Russians, or of Bulgarians who have been acting as spies, or rendering other active service to the invaders, who, since their reverses, have basely left them to their fate. For the murder of unarmed Mussulmans and helpless women and children, the Russians can plead no excuse. They profess to advance in the cause of Christianity and humanity, and their evil deeds will tell with a hundred-

fold greater force against them. When the Czar issued his declaration of war he might, like ancient Pistol, have exclaimed—

"As I suck blood, I will some mercy show."

However, he announced himself as the protector of the Christians and the champion of humanity. He was horrified at the Bulgarian atrocities, and his armies received the order to advance into Turkey, for the express purpose of putting a stop to the odious crimes committed by Bashi Bazouks. During the heat of action, and while the passions are excited, it is impossible to restrain the excesses of soldiers of even the best regulated armies; but there is overwhelming evidence that Russian officers, when entreated by aged men, women and children for protection, have deliberately handed them over to be outraged and massacred by their men. It is to be hoped that all such acts of cold-blooded murder and outrage will be severely punished by the Russian authorities. Very certain is it that the Powers of Europe will demand a strict account for the deeds that are now being practiced, and the time will come when Russia, as well as Turkey, must answer for her crimes.

### LAKE ON PINNEY.

**Lake.**—We propose to show that these defendants come here proposing to destroy the character of a Senator in Congress and a Representative in Congress by the testimony of one utterly unworthy of credence, and whose testimony would not hang a dog. [Outburst of applause from the audience, which the Court checks.] Lake approves of the Judge's censure, says he does not wish to be interrupted by applause, and adds he expects to say many good things during the progress of the trial. He says Pinney is so covered with infamy that it would require a new resurrection to make him entitled to credence. Authorities allow the asking of questions concerning witnesses' characters. He proposes to show that seventy certificates, false and forged, if they are subjects of forgery, forged by Pinney—for they were made up, and it does not make any difference, even if they were only instruments for obtaining money under false pretences, whether they were forgeries or not.

#### PINNEY TOOK THOSE FORGED CERTIFICATES,

amounting to half a million dollars, and used the pay office for that purpose; that he got Spalding's signature certifying that certain persons were entitled to sums of money on account of the purchase of goods, and that the money would be payable, when it reached the Sub-Treasury, to the persons named in the certificates. Several of these persons, he knew, had never had dealings with that office. He did that for a series of months—nay, years. I believe that he had taken these false documents certifying to falsehood, but which bore the genuine signature of Spalding, and with them obtained, from time to time, from the banks in San Francisco a half million of dollars, and that in 1875 the circle so narrowed around him, things got so desperate, that exposure stared him in the face. He fled the country. He wandered from the country two years, and coming back here, arranged with the banks not to prosecute him on condition that he would enter into a bargain with them to undertake to make a third person liable for these debts. I have stated that there are no adjudged cases reported, either in England or the United States, holding that a witness may not be questioned on cross-examination for the purpose of discrediting his testimony concerning all the acts of infamy with which he may have been connected, although such matters may be collateral to the issues. This statement requires qualification. In the celebrated cases known in history as the Popish plot treason trials, in which the infamous and notorious witness Titus Oates, was accepted by the Judge, equally infamous, as an informer and witness, the Judges would not only not permit him to be cross-examined for the purpose of showing his infamy, but, with a full knowledge of his depravity, would not permit his testimony to be criticised or questioned, but directed the juries that they must accept his statements as true, and render verdicts accordingly. The infamy of the witness in history has been recognized by law writers as only equaled by that of the Judges. [A profound sensation.]

### SONORA AND CALIFORNIA.

As considerable attention has been drawn of late to the northern States of Mexico, and more particularly to the State of Sonora, consequent on the railroad concession granted to an old Californian, Colonel David Fergusson, which renders the construction of the road easy from a financial point of view, we regret to learn the probability of this enterprise being controlled by Boston capital, when for many reasons it should be held here. The development of the mining interests in Southern Arizona can be more easily and economically accomplished by means of the proposed Sonora Railroad than by the extension of the Southern Pacific, and Sonora itself presents for Californian money and energy a great prospective field. The interests of the two States can, if taken up promptly by California, be made mutual, or if fostered by capital unfriendly to us, inimical. Sonora's vast mineral resources are acknowledged. Its grazing capacity is enormous, and surpasses Australia in the quality of grass. Water is easily acquired by ordinary and Artesian wells, while the salubrity of the climate, and other innumerable natural advantages, make Sonora superior to any other country in the world. The soil in the Sonora, San Miguel, Yaki and Mayo valleys is most fertile, clean and easily managed, and there you find, growing close to each other in abundance and perfection, cereals, cotton, tobacco and sugar. The grama grass, a perennial root which never fails even in the driest seasons, renders mortality in cattle from drought unknown in Sonora. Even in the driest plains in Sonora, apparently devoid of water, it is found within a few feet of the surface. Californians have in every way a greater interest in the development and progress of Sonora than any other State or country, and by taking the initiative, it could secure an influence and preponderance in it that in a few years would make the two peoples a homogeneous one, with the same sentiments, sympathies and interests which are stronger bonds of union than mere nationality. Highway robbery and brigandage are not plants of Sonora growth. The people are much superior to those in the other States of Mexico. They labor under want of education and isolation from the rest of the world. The want of navigable rivers, which assists so powerfully elsewhere in the development of a country, is adverse to Sonora, but the construction of railways, which, owing to the level nature of the country, can be accomplished at less cost than in any other portion of the Pacific Coast, will overcome this want, and it is by means of this lever that Californians should secure control over that State.

Colonel Fergusson's project is more ambitious than were the former railroad schemes through Sonora, being intended to proceed by the north of Sonora and Chihuahua to El Paso, which can be easily accomplished without engineering difficulty whatever by favorable passes south of the border line, and there connecting with roads to St. Louis or Galveston. The Denver and Rio Grande, Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the Texas Pacific, are working towards El Paso, and the completion of connection with any one of these three roads will place the Sonora and Chihuahua road in direct competition for through traffic with the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads, with the advantage in its favor of inexpensive construction, easy grades and one-third less distance.

Guaymas as a harbor has no equal for safety and convenience on the Pacific Coast, with the exception of Esquimalt and Acapulco, and is immeasurably superior to San Diego, and it is possible when in the nature of things the northern part of Mexico becomes a part of our Republic, San Francisco may find no mean rival in this old Mexican port. Forewarned is forearmed, and if we Californians cannot prevent the progress of Sonora, let us gain some advantages thereby.

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The committee sent to California from Hartford in the Spring to select a site for a colony have chosen San Bernardino, near a New Haven colony, 500 miles south of San Francisco and 40 miles from the coast, where land with water privileges may be had for \$40 an acre or less. Some 10 families are already engaged to go in the Fall, and the prospect is that a considerable colony will be formed.



## IPSISSIMA VERBA.

One Spender, London correspondent of a batch of provincial papers, in a recent letter alludes to the suspension of the series of articles on official liquidation, which was commenced in the *World*, and in his genial way—he is eminently a Christian man, always advocating religion and total abstinence—broadly hints that we have been paid for silence. This is not the case, my Christian friend. From the official liquidators we have received nothing, save in one instance a notice of action for libel, which we are going to fight in the Autumn. That out of the way, we propose to take up other cases. But the investigation of the proceedings of official liquidation occupies much time and involves an enormous amount of research. Spender probably cannot understand this; his work must come easy to him, for in the same column as the attack on the *World* I find a deliberate theft from an article, "Professor Tyndall at Home," published in this journal more than two months ago. The theft is so barefaced that I give parallel passages:

*World*, May 16th.

"With a loving and reverent hand he has marked every article used by Faraday. A tiny brass plate tells that this ample armchair once held the philosopher who first magnetized a ray of light and discovered magneto-electricity. Faraday, however, was no friend to armchairs—at least for working in—much preferring an upright desk and a singularly uncomfortable high stool. In a corner—behind a bust of Thomas Carlyle, presented by him to his "ever-helpful" friend—hangs the famous barometer used during his Alpine tour by the handsome Cornish philosopher."

*Western Morning News*, July 20th.

"Visitors to the Royal Institution who have been privileged to enter the rooms occupied by Professor Tyndall will be interested in seeing that the Professor has preserved with reverent care every article used by his great predecessor, Michael Faraday. Usually Faraday worked on a high stool at an upright desk; but there was an armchair in which he occasionally rested and thought out his researches. It was probably in this armchair that he discovered magneto-electricity, and a small brass plate tells that the chair once held the philosopher who first magnetized a ray of light. The bust of Thomas Carlyle, given to Faraday by the philosopher of Chelsea, is still to be seen, and behind it is the famous barometer used during his Alpine tour by Sir Humphrey Davy."

These be *ipsissima verba* with a vengeance, and Spender evidently makes up his budget in a very inexpensive manner.—*London World*.

But what would our friends of the *World* say if they knew that there is in this city a weekly sheet which appropriates the *World's* best articles *bodily*, and without even taking the trouble to disguise the theft by altering the text, as witness a letter, signed "Maf," in last week's issue of said pirate, which being complacently dated from Paris, and of course well written, doubtless deluded several worthy citizens into the belief that said pirate had a very clever correspondent in the French capital, especially, as in the case of a less attractive borrowed article, said pirate gave full credit, and thereby vindicated its honesty. There is also, as every one knows, a "daily" here which makes use of the *World's* editorials by merely changing the heading. This we can understand, but should have thought that kind of trick would be *infra dig*, as far as the heavy man of the weekly is concerned. But, no, "all the *World's* mine oyster," says he, "which I will plunder with my scissors."

From a Pamphlet containing many valuable facts and extracts, just published by Nisbet & Co. ("The Pathway to Rome," by W. Martin Brown), I find that another guild has been recently established in the west of London, bearing the somewhat saccharine title of the "Society of the Love of Jesus." It consists, it seems, of the vicar and female members only; and the latter, by the rules of the society, must all be between the ages of sixteen and thirty. I congratulate the vicar sincerely on his excellent judgment in making this limitation of age. The souls of old maids are unquestionably far less interesting for purposes of spiritual association than those of young ladies "between the ages of sixteen and thirty." How naughty, but how nice, to be the only man amid a bevy of ladies, between the ages of sixteen and thirty, in a Love Society, and to know, that all on reaching the latter age, except myself, are to be excluded.—*Truth*.

## The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

(By a Truthful Penman.)

It is, to say the least, amusing to read the opinions of the rigid Church organs with reference to the Holy Cross Society and its belongings. The *Church Times*, a Ritualistic paper, speaking of the action of the bishops in the matter, says it is gratifying to know that at last "the powers of hell have done their worst"; and, further on, it observes, "we are bound to say, that the manner in which the Devil is conducting the assault give (sic) us, after all, but a poor opinion of his craft." On the other hand, the indignation of the *Rock*, the Evangelical organ, manifests itself in curious forms. One correspondent hopes that the Archbishop of Canterbury took care to exclude the members of the S. H. C. from his recent garden party; whilst another suggests, that they should be drummed out of the Church to the tune of the Rogue's March! But, perhaps, the most curious incident connected with the scandal, is the fact that a memorial, signed by "wives and mothers" who go to confession, is being got up for presentation to the Queen. Why "wives and mothers?" Does it mean that there are some of the mothers who are not wives? *Proh pudor!—Truth.*

—A correspondent writes to the *Hampshire Telegraph* and *Sussex Chronicle* to explain what a friend of his did, when he discovered that his wife was in the habit of revealing to a neighboring clergyman her secrets in the alcove. "Jack seized the reverend man by the collar, turned him round, and applied the foot of Protestant indignation to that part of priestly presumption which is displayed to the faithful in the Eucharistic position." The argument seems to have proved successful, for Jack's wife was no longer persecuted by the "neighboring clergyman." I would suggest to those, who, like Jack, have wives who are gained over by the members of the Holy Cross, to test the efficacy of his *argumentum ad hominem*.—In discussing "Greenwich Dinners" a few weeks since, a writer in *Truth* alluded to Mr. Thackeray's partiality for beans and bacon. "Not only did he delight in this excellent combination, but he was equally enamored of all the other plain dishes, which one never, under any circumstances, sees, except by chance. One winter afternoon, about half-past four of the clock, a friend of the great novelest, entering the coffee-room of the Athenæum, was surprised to find him dining by himself at an obscure table, evidently anxious to shun observation. On inquiry, Mr. Thackeray confessed that he had been engaged out to a dinner-party at half-past seven, but seeing *tripe and onions* on the menu, he was unable to resist the temptation, and had sent an excuse to his intended hosts, on the ground, that he had "suddenly met an old friend, and was unable to leave him." This reminds one of Lord Galveston inviting Pelham "to meet a haunch of venison."—The *American Register*, an excellent journal published in Paris for the American colony in that capital, has been obliged, by French law, to publish a letter from "John E. d'Oyley," denying the truth of certain statements respecting him, which appeared in this journal, and which were copied into the *American Register*. This John E. d'Oyley is a relative of the well-known and respected American dentist, Mr. Evans, who has for a long time resided in Paris, and who has been much annoyed by the man. D'Oyley recently obtained the title of Marquis from the Pope, and, it would appear from the *American Register*, that he sometimes calls himself Dr. John Evans, sometimes Baron John d'Oyley, sometimes Dr. d'Oyley Evans, sometimes the Marquis d'Oyley, sometimes Baron Jean d'Oyley de Paris, et du Chateau d'Ouille, Comte du Saint Empire Romain. Surely the public should take in hand this oily practitioner.—*Truth.*—Mr. Arthur Sketchley has pestered the public for many years with books entitled "Mrs. Brown." He has lately started a "journal." I was not aware of this until a copy of its last number was forwarded to me, in which the old woman denounces me for venturing to expose Monsieur Pomar. This youth, observes Mrs. Baown, is both a Papal and Spanish duke as well. As a matter of fact, Pomar paid something under £3,000 for the ducal title to his holiness the Pope, and is no more a Spanish duke than the American dentist, who recently purchased from His Holiness the title of marquis, is an American marquis. If Mrs. Brown will deposit £3,000 in my hands, and become a Catholic, I will engage to procure her a ducal title from the same mint, but then Duchess Brown

will not be an English, but a Papal Duchess.—*Truth*.—In this season of camp-meetings at Round Lake, Ocean Grove, Chautauqua, Thousand Islands, etc., this anecdote, narrated by the Independent from a western paper, is suggestive reading: A powerful preacher was preaching a sermon on the "Judgment Day." With his vivid descriptions of "the opening of the books," "the setting of the thrones," the doom of eternity, and the rapture of the saved, he wrought powerfully on the audience, who were oblivious to everything but the sermon. When he had concluded, and the people were busy, "in sight of the judgment fires, with the problem of their souls," another preacher rose, in a grave and weighty manner, and everybody felt something very important was coming. This was the speech: "A brother had requested him to say to the audience that, since he had come to the ground, he had lost a bay colt, about 15 hands high, blazed face, with burs in his mane and tail. If any one knew anything of the stray colt, he would report at the preachers' tent." It spoiled all the other worldliness that had been gathered for that day.—Bud Dodington was one day walking down Bond street, London, when a borrowing acquaintance rushed from the opposite side of the way, and expressed great delight at meeting him, "for," said he, "I am wonderfully in want of a guinea." Dodington winced, and taking out his purse showed that he had no more than half a guinea. "A thousand thanks!" exclaimed the persecutor, half forcing the coin from beneath the owner's fingers, "that will do very well for the present." When they had parted, the impudent borrower turned back to Dodington, saying, "By the bye, when will you pay me that half guinea?" "Pay you! what do you mean?" "Why, I intended to borrow a guinea of you, and have got half; but I am not in any hurry for the other. Name your time, only pray keep it."—The New York *Commercial* does not like Chicago literature, and gives a native the following paragraph gratis. "Who's that man?" asked the Czar of his aide, the other day, pointing to a chap with a chunk of hard tack in one hand and a note book in the other, who was hanging around headquarters, eyeing him rather closely. "That," said the aide—"that's an American newspaper correspondent from Chicago." "Shoot him at sunset," replied his Imperial Majesty, retiring within his tent.

#### PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.—QUEEN'S SPEECH.

London, August 14th. -- Parliament was prorogued this afternoon till October 30th. Following is the Queen's speech:

*My Lords and Gentlemen:* I am happy to be able to release you from your attendance upon Parliament. My relations with all foreign Powers continue friendly. The exertions which, since the commencement of the disturbances in Eastern Europe I have not ceased to make for the maintenance of the general peace, unfortunately have not been successful. On the outbreak of war between Russia and the Ottoman Empire, I declared my intention of preserving an attitude of neutrality as long as the interests of the country remained unaffected. The extent and nature of those interests were further defined in a communication which I caused to be addressed to the Government of Russia, which elicited a reply indicating a friendly disposition on the part of that State. I shall not fail to use my best efforts when a suitable opportunity occurs for a restoration of peace on terms compatible with the honor of the belligerents and with the general safety and welfare of other nations. If in the course of the contest the rights of my Empire should be assailed or endangered, I should confidently rely on your help to vindicate and maintain them.

The speech then referred to the famine in India, and the Queen promises that no exertion shall be spared to mitigate this calamity.

**The Lodging-House Cat Superseded.**—Lodger: "Now, look here, Mrs. Crumple, I've missed a pound of tea, a pot of jam, and half a bottle of brandy. Now don't say it's the cat!" Mrs. Crumple: "Me, sir! I should be the last to accuse anybody—leastways unless it were the Colouardo Beadle."

## ARIZONA THE COMING EL DORADO.

Notwithstanding the very great depression everywhere observable in mining enterprises, the energy of the American pioneer constantly is reaching forth, to find underground even more valuable deposits that have as yet been uncovered. In the days of '48 and '49, gold was found, and the tide of immigration to this far western country set in with an impetus that had never been imagined prior to that time. Ten years later the Comstock lode was discovered, and the developments there made have added tens of millions of money to the world's Treasury. Other mining localities have been found, and a large amount of money has been fruitlessly disbursed, seeking for still other bonanzas of the precious metals. The great depth to which it is necessary to sink the shafts in the mines of Nevada has caused in the minds of capitalists a certain amount of well founded distrust, upon the principal that they are paying too many assessments for distant and *depressing* prospects. This feeling has caused in the Stock Market the very weak and depressed appearance observable to the most disinterested spectator. This depression increases rather than diminishes as the time rolls on, and, with the exception of the Bonanza mines, and a few others, Nevada enterprises appear to be dull and retrogressive.

Again the hardy pioneer comes to the rescue of the speculative, money-wanting public. This time he reaches off to the south, and finds in Arizona the realization of his most sanguine dreams. As if to aid him in his beneficial endeavors, the managers of the Southern Pacific Railroads have united, by bands of steel, the Arizona country to California, and now, instead of weary trappings over plains and mountains, the greater part of the prospector's journey can be made in a Palace Car, surrounded by all the luxuries of an advanced enlightenment. Let us see what he finds in the country of the Apache and the Aztec. Old ruins, and all traces of a past civilization, he hurries past in his haste to get to the mountains. He hears strange stories of gold and silver being brought into the Indian reservations, in a pure state, by the natives, and sees the specimens with his own eyes. By the innate force of his character, he goes forth to find for himself, shoulders his blankets, and faces the danger that he laughs at of Indians and beasts of prey, and returns after a season successful, happy and wealthy, beyond his most sanguine anticipations. He has found all, and more, than he ever believed to have an existence. The mines of Nevada, that heretofore held high positions in his theories of metalurgy, have dwindled into insignificance when thought of in comparison with what he has seen. He comes back to California and tells his story; it is not an idle tale. The people believe it, for he brings with him ore of such marvelous richness that his word is established by the evidence of Mother Earth herself. Already have his endeavors borne successful fruit. The faces of the hardy prospectors are turning toward Yuma, Florence, Prescott, and Tucson. Capitalists are investing their treasures. Machine shops are manufacturing mills and concentrators for the territory, and the daily trains over the Southern Pacific Railroad go fully freighted and with plenty of passengers. We gladly welcome Arizona to the charmed circle of the treasure-producing States. In the very near future we shall, without any question, see the "Kings of Arizona," the "Peck," the "Stone-wall," "McCraken," Silver Belle," and many more valuable properties take their places as among the good securities of our city. The *News Letter* again says: WELCOME ARIZONA.

The quantity of coal raised from the mines of the United Kingdom reached one hundred million tons in a year for the first time in 1866. In 1876 it amounted to 134,125,166 tons — namely, 115,324,359 324,359 tons in England and Wales, 18,665,612 tons in Scotland, and 125,195 tons in Ireland. Durham, our greatest coalfield, keeps its lead, its year's product now approaching 26,000,000 tons. Wales, with Monmouthshire, shows a great recovery, and produced above 19,000,000 tons in 1876. Nottinghamshire and Cumberland also present a substantial increase. Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire show a considerable falling off, as compared with the preceding year; and there is a noticeable decline also in Derbyshire, Northumberland, and Leicestershire.



WHEN WOULD I DIE?

[BY T. S. CLEARY.]

When would I die?

Is it when beams of light  
Clothe the rejoicing world, and glorious day  
Makes e'en the darkness of the grave seem bright,  
And drapes refulgent Nature in its ray,  
When the rich earth and undulating sea  
Hymn forth in harmony their Maker's praise?  
At such a time Death's shadow cannot be  
More than the curtain of a summer haze.

But no, oh no!

Life's wick'ry fills the sea, the earth, the air—  
'Twere hard indeed to quit a world so fair;  
I could not go.

When would I die?

Is it when night winds moan,  
And at my window patters the cold rain;  
When all are lost in sleep, and I alone  
Keep watch, with heavy heart and weary brain?  
Now is the hour when half the world's a grave,  
And half humanity seems wrapt in death.  
Why not return to Heaven the life it gave,  
And sigh in silence here my latest breath?

But no, oh no!

No friend is near; my heart knows too much ill;  
The grave to-night is lone, and wet, and chill—  
I could not go.

When would I die?

Is it when early life  
Is one bright promise, and the hopeful heart  
Knows not the bitterness of constant strife,  
Pleasure's satiety, or sorrows smart,  
Were it not better, while the soul is fair,  
And bears the impress of its native sky,  
To leave this world with all its cank'ring care,  
Bid earth farewell, and from its mis'ries fly?

But no, oh no!

Hope onward points, a little while I'd stay;  
'Tis morning yet; I'd see the coming day—  
'Tis soon to go.

When would I die?

Is it when hoary age  
Sighs o'er the past, and to the years behind  
The heart looks backward; when the final page  
In life's strange book is written out and signed?  
Surely the time has come; the sands are sped;  
But one short moment at the most remains.  
My fitting place is now among the dead;  
Adieu to life, and all that it contains!

Yet no, ah no!

Grant, grant ere I the stern behest obey,  
A little pausing-time—one hour's delay,  
Before I go.

When would I die?

'Tis not in light nor gloom;  
Not in the sunshine, and not in the rain;  
Not in the early flush of youth's first bloom,  
Nor yet in age; 'mid pleasures, nor in pain;  
But when the moment comes that by my side  
Thou, gentle Nazarene, shalt waiting stand  
My falt'ring steps through Death's dark vale to guide,  
And stretchest to my sinking soul Thy hand—

When it is so,

In the night's silence or day's busy hum,  
In youth or fainting age—Lord, bid me come,  
And I will go.

[ From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

Rose Eytinge, the popular actress, has persistently refused to have her photograph taken. The result is that she has had her life made a burden to her by the persecutions of the photograph gallery agents. If she takes a drive she invariably finds one on the seat with the driver, who discovers his true character when the vehicle is a mile or so out of town, and then proceeds to calmly bore the fair *artiste* into madness. If she takes a bath even, some fiend, smelling of sulphuric acid and collodion, steps out from behind the towel rack and begins the usual oration about "four fours," "three quarter profiles," "half life," and the rest of it. Her good looking agent has been chiefly occupied in throwing photograph runners from the fifth story gallery of the Palace into the court beneath. The other day, however, in an unguarded moment, Miss Eytinge let it be known that she proposed taking a swim at North Beach. When she left the hotel an express wagon with a camera in it followed the star's carriage like a sleuth hound—whatever that is. The next day she received a polite note enclosing the proof of a negative taken as she emerged from the briny dip. It represented a generously displayed figure attired in a moist corn colored jacket three sizes too small, which, ended in a decidedly wet looking pair of flannel breeches originally constructed for Michael Reese. The nose was a bright blue, apparently. The teeth seemed to be chattering vigorously, while the symmetrical toes of the *tragedienne* were dug into the sand in a manner highly suggestive of cramp clic. The note pleasantly intimated that unless Miss Eytinge reported for a legitimate sitting by noon next day, ten thousand copies like the one furnished would immediately be struck off. The miserable actress at once capitulated, as the store windows will show.

The whale at Long Bridge has caused quite an excitement in at least one family in this village. It appears that Mr. Slummer went in bathing as usual last Monday, and disported himself with great agility in the vicinity of the dead mammal. It was the first chance he had ever had to swim round a real whale and make faces at it, and he availed himself of it. He noticed that the water was unusually calm round the monster, and it also occurred to him that the odor varied somewhat from the contents of Mrs. Slummer's perfume toilet bottles. On emerging from the bay he found that the water ran off him as though he were a duck, and he discovered, for the first time, that he was coated with a very fine article of superior whale oil. The glossy appearance of his hair, on arriving home, caused considerable surprise in the domestic circle, though Mrs. Slummer was rude enough to ask him if he had anything dead in his pockets. It was not until after his youngest child had fainted four times and the rest of the family were seized with every symptom of seasickness, that Mr. Slummer suspected anything was wrong, and by that time the Health Officer was hammering at the front door with a warrant for Mr. S.'s arrest on a charge of unlawfully harboring corpses. After being fumigated with creosote, having his head shaved, and being scraped with a mop dipped in boiling vinegar, nearly all the unpleasant effects of Mr. Slummer's bath disappeared; but the passer-by will still notice a slight odor of decayed fish anywhere within a block of that gentleman's palatial residence.

\$4 85 for matches is an item we are sorry to see charged to the expense account of the Executive Committee of the straight-out Democrats. It is a sad commentary on the degeneracy of the Democratic party that its leaders are no longer competent to steal their own matches. The counter of every hotel in the city and every respectable bar is provided with a box full of matches, and the politician, stock-broker, or other robber who cannot fumble a batch of them into his vest pocket, while the barkeeper is making change, is unworthy the name of Democrat. For the benefit of boys and other amateurs, we would state that the Lick House is a good place to steal matches; so is the Palace. That person must possess a very low order of intellect who cannot stow away at least half a box of matches while admiring Schmidt's pin, or asking Main who does up his shirts, and the party whose agitation compels him to scrape off in his pocket the entire lot just purloined is still groping, so to speak, in the darkness of a past generation.

**Professor Howlett** says that the South Sea Islanders are sadly wanting in personal dignity. This realises our worst fears, and something ought to be done about it, and at once. We don't know the exact value of personal dignity per pound in the South Seas, but it will readily occur to our export merchants that there is plenty of superfluous dignity in this locality that might just as well be utilized for shipment as not. There is General McComb, and the manager of the Baldwin Hotel, and the new nominees, and Pioneer Duncan, and Philip Roach, and some other distinguished citizens. These gentlemen don't need really their dignity—that is not all of it; and if it could be, as it were, drawn off and canned in one pound cans, and they neatly put up in say ten pound boxes, a trade could be at once started with the South Sea Islands that would relieve the present stagnation in business, and otherwise unspeakably benefit this community.

**It will generally be noticed** that the upper ten thousand in this city have entirely discarded the use of jewelry and silk dresses. Since conjurers have taken to giving away gold watches, bracelets, rings and suits of clothes, it is impossible to tell a gentleman or a lady when you meet them by their dress. Our washerwoman called this week for our usual soiled linen clad in a black gros-grain silk, a new velvet hat and three yards of gold chain attached to a stem-winding chronometer. She explained that she had been to see a wizard the previous evening and drawn a few little prizes. The line must be drawn somewhere, and in future the aristocracy will wear plain calico dresses trimmed with serge, and a railroad conductor's silver watch, of the new soup-plate pattern, suspended from the waist by a leather strap. This is as it should be.

**There is some hope** that the poor journalist may get his many wrongs righted at last, inasmuch as two or three newspaper men are on various municipal tickets, and aspiring to civic honors. Should they be elected, the *T. C.* confidently expects to get at least six of his sisters positions as school teachers, besides obtaining employment for some of his enemies in the Mint. The day perhaps is not far distant when the despised scribbler will rest his boiled brain, and be wafted on the wings of dishonesty into the heaven of office. With a Mayor and twelve Supervisors chosen from the staff of the daily press, and ourselves installed as County Treasurer, what a pleasant place San Francisco would be to live in. The wretched foreman up stairs would shriek in vain for copy, and the hungry compositors would drown themselves in despair, for the first act of the new Board would be entitled "The Abolition of Newspapers," and it would be passed.

**The nomination of Sam Wetherill** for Justice of the Peace is a piece of justice which every good citizen and negro minstrel will rejoice at. The Court we are informed, will be conducted in an entirely novel principle. The Judge will open the days proceedings by asking the clerk, why a whale is like a water lily, or some other original, respectable conundrum, which will be followed by an opening chorus, with the bailiff on the bones, and his honor on the tamborine. Counsels arguments will be accompanied by an obligato on a banjo, and the jury box will be known in the future as the Family Circle. Fines will be deposited in an immense wallet, wrapped with eight yards of red tape, and the story of "Brown's Mule," will be told regularly during recess, which will begin at "an inch ob twelve," by his honor's tin watch.

**The number of beggars** who solicit alms at this office has decreased lately, owing to the adoption of a very simple device. Every newspaper receives a large amount of spurious half and quarter dollars during the year, which can be distributed with excellent effect. Nine beggars out of ten have not eaten anything for three days, and on being presented with a bad coin immediately rush off to get something to eat at a beer shop. They get their whisky, and before they can leave with the change are handed over by an indignant publican to a stalwart policeman (anxious to swell his record) on a charge of passing counterfeit coin. It is curious to notice how hungry that man will get after he comes out of jail again before he endeavors to enlist our sympathies in behalf of the vacuum in his abdominal region.

California is doubtless the king-pin of the world in everything relating to strict etiquette and a knowledge of polite observances, which perhaps accounts for a recent notice in our city papers that Mrs. — (deceased), was the mother of Mrs. Captain —, Mrs. Doctor —, and Mrs. Colonel —. In another part of the same paper an announcement appears to the effect that Mrs. Bishop Wiley is staying at the Commercial hotel. And yet we wonder why the outside world occasionally smiles at us!

Mr. Nelson Decker appeared this week at the California as an honest newspaper-man. There was nothing strange in that, but the eccentric young actor dressed the part with a new pair of black pants. As the recording angel stands on the battlements of eternity, and scrutinizes with his awful eye the myriads of mortality, we will bet four schooners of beer to a cigarette he can't lay his hand on a single newspaper-man with a pair of new pants on—honest newspaper-men especially.

A benefactor of his race in Macon, Georgia, has just been convicted of chaining his wife's mother in an outhouse for eight or nine years, or some such trifle as that. The unfortunate gentleman's name is Beasley, and we can assure Mr. B. that although he may temporarily be compelled to bow to the prejudices of hollow conventionalities, the time will surely come when his fellow countrymen will rise up and call him blessed, and his portrait will appear in all the flash papers.

"It is not generally known," said a medical student to a friend as they were discussing a free lunch of boiled beef and carrots in a Clay street saloon, "that the use of carrots will produce a beautiful complexion quicker than all the cosmetics and washes ever invented." Two minutes afterward he passed his plate with a request for some more, but the dish was empty. A colored gentleman from South Carolina had overheard his remark and cleared out the entire supply.

The young men living on Van Ness avenue are hard at work getting up an Alpine Club. The object is to cross the street. Rope ladders and all other contrivances known to mountain climbers, have been purchased, and the Superintendent of Streets will be invited to accompany the first expedition. Climbing the Yosemite has ceased to offer attractions to the intrepid mountaineer, whence the origin of the present association.

The free advertisements of a daily morning paper have been largely devoted to agonizing appeals from "Tom" to have "Carrie" meet him "at the same place," and solemn assertions that if Patrick will return to his bed and board all will be forgiven. The bunch of keys of no value to any one but the owner is expected along shortly.

President Hayes was most cordially welcomed yesterday in Vermont. The general sentiment of that region would appear to have been expressed by a person who rushed up to the President's carriage, shook hands with him, and said, "I like you personally, Mr. President, but darn your policy."

A colored man has just been burnt to death by Vigilantes at Hamburg, and his cries were heard two miles off. There was considerable warm feeling displayed on the occasion. After the flames had consumed his hair there was a good deal of cry, but very little wool.

"A clergyman in Kentucky is accused of being publicly seen tying a tin can to a dog's tail." Well, what of it? Some people are unreasonable enough to expect that because a man is a minister, he ought to tie silver goblets to dog's tails.

A man in Florida, with eighteen children, recently saved his youngest when on the point of being carried off by an alligator. The neighbors are getting up a service of plate for his self-denial, and are all ready to bail him out when Bergh arrives.

Major Leland proposes to sue the boarder who threw one of Pinney's witnesses from the sixth floor of the Palace into the courtyard, the other day. The man struck on his cheek, and the damage to the marble flooring is very heavy.

A number of our wealthy citizens have subscribed to detain the Australian steamer, until it is definitely ascertained whether Mr. Louis Aibischer is really to take the California again for a week, or not.

We are authorized to deny the report that the spirit of Shakespeare has requested Mr. Clay Green to adapt *Hamlet*.



## IN A ROSE GARDEN.

He came when the grass was greenest,  
 When the buds were bursting to bloom,  
 When the spring sun shone serenest,  
 On winter's garlanded tomb.

We stood by a cluster of blossom,  
 As a summer day drew to its close,  
 He plucked, and placed in my bosom  
 His token—a love-red rose.

He left me, and sailed o'er the waters  
 To a flowery and fragrant isle,  
 Whose roses blow redder, whose daughters  
 Are born with a sunnier smile.

And my heart has known its passion,  
 Has wrestled and wrought in vain,  
 Has learned the world-wide fashion  
 Of parting, forgetting, and pain.

And passing summers harden  
 The pathway I have to tread;  
 But sometimes I walk in the garden  
 When the sun is bright o'erhead;

And I pluck me a rosy blossom,  
 Its perfume soothes my pain,  
 And I dream I wear in my bosom  
 His love-red rose again.

—H. L. N., in *St. James's Magazine*.

The London "Daily Telegraph," of July 23d, contains the following:

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 21st.—The Sublime Porte has addressed the following telegram to its representatives abroad:

*Constantinople, July 21st.*

We consider it our duty to bring to your knowledge the exact text of a report drawn up and signed at Shumla by representatives of foreign newspapers, the names of which are: Manchester Guardian, Koelnische Zeitung, Standard, Franfurter Zeitung, Journal des Debats, Morning Post, Republique Française, Pesther Lloyd, Wiener Tagblatt, Illustrated London News, Neue Freie Presse, Times, Morning Advertiser, New York Herald, Scotsman, Egypterseezy, Graphic, Wiener Vorstadt Zeitung, The Daily Telegraph, and Manchester Examiner:

"The undersigned representatives of the foreign press assembled at Shumla consider themselves bound to sum up collectively and support with their signatures the recitals they have separately addressed to their newspapers on the acts of inhumanity committed against the inoffensive Mussulman population in Bulgaria.

"They declare having seen with their own eyes and interrogated both at Rasgrad and Shumla children, women, and old men who had been wounded with lance and sabre cuts, without mentioning the wounds by firearms, which might be attributed to the chances of legitimate warfare. These victims give horrible accounts of the treatment to which the Russian troops, and sometimes the Bulgarians, subject the fugitive Mussulmans. According to their statements the Mussulman population of several villages have been all massacred either upon the roads or in the villages which had been given up to pillage. Every day more wounded arrive. The undersigned declare that women and children are the most numerous victims, and that their wounds are made by thrusts from the lance.

"Shumla, July 10."

(Here follow the signatures.)

This document acquires great significance and value from the quality and character of those who have signed it, and whose veracity cannot be placed in doubt. This ought to set all doubts of Russophiles at rest, unless, like the worthy Thomas, they still want to put their fingers in the holes made by Russian lances before they will believe.

### THE TWELFTH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

In spite of hard times, railway and other riots, the Fair opens under better auspices and with a finer display of exhibits than on any previous year. As a whole, the Fair of 1877 is an improvement upon its first year's exhibition. The attendance is better, and there is far greater interest in the various departments than heretofore. Compared with Eastern exhibitions of a similar character, it is undoubtedly more than the equal. Although held in the Atlantic coast town, it is a fair, well-attended and the exhibits are of a high order of merit. While in California we saw very much to commend, and located in the numerous houses for a good display. Under the famous Exposition of the American Institute in New York, the San Francisco Mechanics Institute contains specimens of labor in the field of industry. Other all-around work, particularly in natural degree, but otherwise the goods are almost entirely Californian. A number of exhibits have been selected from the Continental Exposition, and they are of the best. The same thing after night is now a very brilliant one. The show is all around, the flowers are more numerous, and the arrangement is better than ever. Handel's Band gives us the best music we have ever enjoyed, and the treatment of the visitors are good and helpful in the extreme. Among the points of interest which should not be lost sight of by the transient visitor is the

#### EXHIBIT OF THE LITHO COLLECTION

of I. W. Taber & Co. Much as photography has advanced and accustomed as we are to rare and excellent work in this line, this display is one of something new and common on the Pacific Coast. The most attractive of the collection is a colored portrait of Mrs. A. J. Holmes, a colored crayon, and the exquisite pictures of Hawaiian celebrities, notably Prince Kamehameha, the late King Kalanikouhi, and the Hon. C. K. Robinson, former Governor of the Territory. The picture of Mrs. Holmes is on a canvas 4x60, and exquisitely framed in a heavy California carved gilt frame, twelve inches deep. The pose, expression and attitude of the subject are perfect, and together with the artistic treatment of the work is superb. Mrs. Holmes is represented as full of grace, and of an extraordinary beauty, and the picture and subject of the portrait are so admirably and so artistically rendered as to present the most perfect example of the art of photography yet on exhibit anywhere of the Pacific coast. The Hawaiian Prince is in full uniform, and also a colored crayon. The richness of the colors and the exquisite, hand treatment of the subject elicits the warmest approval of visitors, artistic and otherwise. It is evidence of the high reputation of the artist, and a new and noble of expression, being lost in the portrayal. A portrait of Mr. A. J. Holmes is as deserving of admiration as that of his wife, and there are many others equally noteworthy. The colored crayon and photographic work is very worthy of inspection. They are literally triumphs of the photographer's art, and inconceivably soft, beautiful and delicate. Mr. T. H. Boyd is associated with I. W. Taber & Co. Half an hour with this beautiful collection will amply repay the visitor to inspect the many other beautiful works on view at the exhibit, No. 26 Montgomery street.

#### A GIVE OF MANY THINGS.

The display of the San Francisco Cable Company is an interesting event in their monthly exhibition of first year. The works of T. H. & Co. are situated at Fruit Vale, where they have one of the finest rope walks in the United States. They manufacture everything, from the finest office twine up to the largest cable used in a full-rigged ship. Bales of manila, sisal, and rope are artistically arranged, and a person can walk around the exhibit with the whole process, from the preparation of raw fiber up to the finished and perfected rope. This is particularly a new industry, important both to our citizens, and the fact is that they are successfully carried out.

#### THE BOYD SAW MANUFACTURING CO.

Please on view a most interesting exhibit of their work. This is a very important industry, and one in our midst and giving employment to a large number of workmen. They make every kind of saw, especially the circular, the most necessary for cutting the large forest trees of California. There are circular saws, cross cut saws, chain saws, hand saws,

scroll saws, and, indeed, every kind known to the nineteenth century—from 80 inches in diameter to the smallest conceivable tool for fine work. The display is a great credit to our home manufactures. The offices of the Company are at 17 and 19 Fremont street.

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At an early hour the other day, a steam fire-engine commenced to throw volumes of water upon the *facade* of the building, in which a branch of the Bank of England carries on its business in Burlington street. The noise woke up all the inhabitants of the neighborhood. Bachelors, in a state of undress, issued from the Albany. Medical men emerged from their doors in Savile-row. Heads appeared at every window, and husbands bore down their wives in their arms. Jeameeses rushed up areas in pleasing demi-toilettes, and from garrets, maids dismally howled. Some house was supposed to be on fire, but no one knew which, when, at last, it was discovered that the *facade* of the branch bank was being washed down, because some alterations had recently been effected in the building. This may have been an exceedingly good joke, but I want to know, who is responsible for it? Is it the directors of the Bank of England, or is it Messrs. Cubitt, who were charged with carrying out the alterations? This system of frightening people out of their sleep, if not out of their wits, by washing down a house with a steam fire-engine, in the middle of the night, ought to be put down by the police. The engine in question belonged to Messrs. Merryweather, the well-known fire-engine makers, for, I need hardly say, that Captain Shaw would not have allowed any of his engines to be used for such a purpose.—*Truth*.

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### THE NUCLEUS HOTEL.

The best and most comfortable family hotel in San Francisco is undoubtedly the Nucleus. Every one is familiar with its majestic proportions, which form so handsome a feature of the corner of Third and Market streets. The name of Mrs. E. R. Worth, the proprietress, is a sufficient guarantee that the accommodations cannot be surpassed. The particular specialty of the Nucleus is, that, while the charges are *very moderate* and the table not to be surpassed, the guests are all of one class and move in the best society. The social advantages of this House are superior to any other establishment in San Francisco. An elevator is always at the disposal of guests night and day, and the house is replete with all modern improvements. The Nucleus "hops" bid fair to be the parties of the city, and to eclipse all other social gatherings of a similar nature.

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### GIFT GAMBLING.

There can be no room for doubt regarding the humbug of the prize entertainments, now all the rage in this city. The poor duped public of course bites readily, and leaves the hall under the impression that the entire "envelope business" is perfectly genuine. The smaller gifts are mostly trash, and not worth carrying away, and it is a curious fact that a gentleman never wins a lady's gift, or a lady a gentleman's, no matter how many "envelopes" they may have bought, or what numbers they may hold. The enterprising managers also have a knack of keeping the lucky (?) winners waiting for two hours, and of making them come on the stage to receive their presents. In fact, the "gift" business is a dead open and shut arrangement, and the sooner such exhibitors are suppressed by law the better. There is no proof that any particular number gets any particular prize, and the audience is absolutely without any guarantee as to the *modus operandi* of the distribution.

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A phrenologist says the principal bump on George Washington's head is adhesiveness. He alludes to George's head on a postage stamp.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

[BY BROOKFIELD.]

His stock of cash was falling fast  
As for the food that he had passed  
The Russ, a man of stout and busy,  
Vowed he would house him, warm and nice,  
In Constantinople.

His baggage, too, was quite beneath  
Of what he had a store of things to eat;  
His heart was like a piece of string—  
He strove to make the thing last long,  
Being bound for Constantinople.

In Shipka Pass he saw the light  
Of Turkish bayonets deadly bright,  
Behind a mountain range and shadow,  
So that he had no chance to fight;  
Save "through the Pass" for Constantinople.

"Try not the Pass," all reason said,  
"My health is none the better made;  
Your better stay here, this time,  
But loud the pudding-head replied:  
"Right through for Constantinople."

There in Bulgaria's marshy soil,  
Still worse off than before, he lay,  
And from Stamboul, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star:  
"Wait a bit for Constantinople."

"O stay," Bulgaria said, "and rest,  
At least until the winter is pressed."  
Then came the word from his heavy eye,  
But still he would not wait a night,  
"To go to take for Constantinople."

"Beware the three-tailed Pasha's grasp,  
Is there the Sun Moon and star past;  
There was the word, and he must go; he;  
What did the hardy Russ reply?  
"Here I go for Constantinople."

A day or two, and Plevna-ward  
A devil of a row was heard,  
Which was the cause, we understand,  
Of an enormous blood-bath.

For when he got to Constantinople,  
That Russian on the battle-ground,  
Found he had won the prize he had,  
And somehow, though so "warm and nice,"  
He hadn't gobbled in a trice  
Constantinople.

## THE SILVER KING NORTH MINING CO. OF ARIZONA.

In the issue of the *New Letter* just week, we called the attention of our readers to the location of the mining property. We then proposed to introduce the matter into the public mind, and to give to those parties who were interested in new mining properties an opportunity to see and with view to this country of rapidly increasing interest. The "Silver King" Mine was discovered in 1874 by a party returning from the Gold Canyon Mine situated in what is now known as the "Gila" District. Through the assistance of a prospector on a burro, a part of the ore was picked up by him, and, after assay, was found to be very valuable in silver. The prospector, however, for the bottom of the Stoneman grant, where the mine was located, had the claims of the mine and the land together U. S. troops were engaged in the capture of silver in large quantities in and about the vicinity. Since the discovery of the mine it has rapidly appreciated in value, and at the present writing it produces \$200 per day with five stamps and one Prospector. They have at the disposal of the mine, an extensive concentration of the ore, and a large amount of the waste, giving rise to loss. The owners of the mine have shipped during a number of years, and at this city, and the property is at present being sold. As the territory of Nevada miners that the mine is a true mining property, the mine is at the center of the state and country rock should be the first of the interest of the extensive and great has extensive been found to be just as the central one of the territory. The ground of the "Silver King Mine" is situated in a similar position, on the very edge of the Colorado River to the south. There is not a doubt that from the mine, the ore is being and found of ore and the mining of the shaft, the ore is being found from the mine, and the Silver King Mine is a large and valuable mine of ore, and is covered before attaining a depth of 300 feet. The work is contracted for under the immediate supervision of J. W. G. S. Esq., of the Nevada City, California, of the Hajazet Mine, on the Comstock, and well and favorably known by all Arizonians, in some of the property of the territory. That the development of this valuable property will be rapidly pushed forward to completion cannot be doubted. The names of the gentlemen associated with the Company, as Trustees, are a sufficient guarantee that its affairs will be economically and judiciously managed. A limited number of the shares will be allotted at the office of J. H. Sayre, No. 330 Pine street, during the ensuing week, at which place parties wishing to subscribe will be furnished with the prospectus of the Company, and all other necessary information.

**Boiling water** for visitors, that is to say Boarders, at Hampstead, is charged ninepence per head; but I see that intemperate Boarders, who try to visit the decks of the numerous Persian irons *Hampstead*, can have their boiling water gratis, for, by an ingenious Christian-like invention of modern warfare, there are branches and hose connected with her boilers, ready to deluge and parboil every enemy who comes.—*London Truth*.



## AN UNPRECEDENTED TRIAL.

[COMMUNICATED.]

The libel case which has been going on at Placerville for the last ten or fifteen days, is in some respects the most remarkable that has ever been tried in the United States. A paper notorious for its reckless attacks upon private character, commenced several months ago a ferocious crusade against a United States Senator, a gentleman who has been for twenty-five years in public life, who has rendered distinguished public services, and against whom, up to the time of the inauguration of this newspaper warfare, there had never been a charge effecting his personal integrity and high character as a man and a citizen. The way in which this crusade was begun and has been prosecuted, clearly indicated a set purpose and secret motive. The attack was too sudden and unprovoked, was too persistently followed up, was too malignant in its spirit, and too systematic in its method to have originated in any ordinary motive. It was plain to all sagacious observers that behind the paper which was made use of, there lurked some concealed interest, some hidden power which inspired the attack, furnished the sinews of war, and prescribed the plan of the campaign. The scheme was evidently carefully digested, and long premeditated. It was bold to the point of reckless hardihood, and none but a mind of uncommon audacity could have conceived it with any confidence of success. To attack a United States Senator, respected throughout the country, and with a record so stainless as that of Aaron A. Sargent, and to attempt to secure his political destruction without having any better proof against him than the bad character of some men whom he had recommended for office, and the sins of persons of more or less prominence in his own party with whom he had had political associations, would seem at first blush a desperate undertaking. Yet this is what the secret enemies of the Senator attempted. While using a man covered with infamy as their chief witness, they actually charged Sargent with the responsibility for his sins. They went through all the Federal offices of this coast, and wherever they could find or forge a charge against an officer of high or low degree, they cried with ineffable impudence and sickening hypocrisy, "Here is corruption in office! Sargent, as Senator, has the patronage for this coast, and Sargent is responsible." Superintendent La Grange is assailed in order that Sargent may be held responsible, Collector Shannon is hauled over the coals for an imaginary fault, and then Sargent is denounced for not having brought charges against him and demanded an "investigation." If an Inspector in the Custom House or a clerk in the Mint is suspected of an irregularity, the United States Senator is saddled with the odium. On such grounds as these the organ of the conspirators brought the most shameful charges against the Senator, in the coarsest and most insolent language. It spoke of him in terms fit to characterize a vulgar thief, and poured forth against him torrents of low billingsgate. The injured party was at length forced to institute a prosecution for libel, and the defendant loudly reiterated the truth of all his vile charges, declaring his intention to *prove them* in justification of the alleged libel. Among the charges were assertions that the Senator was connected with Pinney in criminal acts, and in inducing him to run away; that he was an accomplice in frauds against the Government and a sharer in their profits, together with others, implying acts of crime punishable by law. But when it came to the trial, the insolent calumniator made no attempt to prove any of these things. He fell back upon evidence showing nothing but matter for criticizing the Senator's political course. He undertook to review the history of the Republican party in California for the last ten years. He gathered in his drag-net Mare Island, the Mint, the Custom House, the Postoffice. He assailed La Grange, Shannon, Commander Glass, Carr, Gorham, Cicott, Babcox, and a hundred others, and making one great bundle of all their real or alleged iniquities, cast the whole upon the shoulders of the Senator, and claims that this is a justification for denouncing him as the accomplice of Pinney and the instigator of his flight. Never in the history of Courts in civilized countries was there a libel so abominable, met with a plea so audacious, and followed up by a defense so insulting to justice and common sense.

**MISTAKEN KINDNESS.**

Under a spreading thistle leaf,  
 A grass-bird built her nest;  
 And there her little brood she fed,  
 And warmed them with her breast.  
 And in and out she softly flew,  
 With scarcely room to pass,  
 So close the prickly covert drooped  
 It's curtain to the grass.  
 A gentle heart in passing near,  
 The leafy shelter spied;  
 And with a loving, kind intent,  
 Turned the sharp leaf aside.

It really seemed too rough a thing  
 To shadow such a nest; [fledged wing,  
 The pricks might wound some un-  
 Or pierce some tender breast.  
 Alas! the wisdom so unwise,  
 That knew not what it did! [skies,  
 The friendly leaves from dripping  
 The open nest had hid.  
 And now the cold rain fell anew  
 The roofless nest around;  
 The covert from the storm was gone,  
 The little brood were drowned.

So may our sharp defences be  
 A proof 'gainst grief and care;  
 A shelter from a fiercer storm,  
 Or a more fatal snare.

**NEEDED AMENDMENTS OF THE LAW--No. 1.**

Last week we pointed out a good and useful work that the entire press of the city might be usefully employed in furthering. We are about to elect State Legislators. In December the Legislature will meet, and the members elect will proceed, as is their custom, to enact such laws as meets their individual fancies. Each member will have one or more whims that he is bent upon placing upon the statute book, and there will be an union of all the whimsical ones, that being the only method by which, as experience teaches, the whole can be "put through." Measures of real public utility, being every man's business in general, will be no Legislator's business in particular, and will, as they invariably do, stand but a poor show amidst the more absorbing interests of private pelf. All this can and ought to be altered. Let a healthy active public opinion be created as to what is wanted. Let Legislators be informed of what they are expected to do, and then let us see that they do it. Making laws to regulate our material interests is too serious a business to be left to chance. No better work could possibly be accomplished by the press than this. A rivalry in procuring the passage of needed amendments of the law would be an honorable and useful one, strictly within the true field of journalistic enterprise. At present certain papers glory in their success in having elected a particular candidate or ticket. With that their vauntings cease. Not one word is said of the good or evil results that have flowed to the public from such an election. They cease their labors at the point where they ought more properly to begin. Candidates are but the means to an end. Legislators are, or rather ought to be, the instruments to secure useful, needed, and well-considered enactments. This they will never be so long as they go to Sacramento uninstructed and uncontrolled by a wise and enlightened public opinion. When the people have come to no definite conclusion as to what their wants are, it is not to be expected that their representatives will be any more certain about them. Here then is a splendid field for journalistic enterprise. Which of our dailies will begin the task and earn for itself the honorable distinction of doing the most to bring about good and useful amendments of the law? The *News Letter* proposes to give its mite to this good work, and begins to-day by its first suggestion, which it will hereafter follow up in greater detail. First then, let us have a thorough overhauling of the laws in regard to mining incorporations. The capital involved in these undertakings is so large, the number of people concerned is so great, present evils are so manifold, the business of mining is so intimately bound up with the present and future development of the resources of the Pacific coast, and recent experiences point so distinctly to needed legislation, that the present cannot but be taken to be a propitious time for bringing the whole subject under Legislative review. It must be confessed that the whole business has grown into a huge gamble—a gigantic swindle, that illegitimizes an otherwise legitimate industry, makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, and demoralizes the whole community. It

may not be possible to altogether redeem mining speculation and place it upon a plane of undoubted morality. But unquestionably much, very much, can be done to improve it, with great advantage to our citizens generally. If it must in a measure continue a gamble, we can at least provide that the deal shall be conducted with an approach to fairness. As it is at present conducted the faro bank, loaded dice, and even the strap game, are as nothing to it in point of infamy. The most transparent, and fortunately, the most certainly curable of present evils, is the helpless position which a buyer occupies toward his broker. The customer pays his money and does not take his choice. If he did, he would certainly have his stock bought and withdrawn from the market. He pays his money, but his broker virtually does what he pleases with it. He may buy the particular stock ordered, or he may not. He may use the money to bear the market to obtain stock to short with, or to make good his losses to his fellow-brokers, and if he altogether fails, what redress has the customer? At present substantially none. To pursue the ramifications of this phase of stock dealing, by which the buyer's shares are borrowed and loaned, shorted and hypothecated, sold and resold, without his knowledge or consent, would be an almost endless task. It is a gigantic evil. It is the fruitful cause of surprises, deterioration in prices, panics and widespread ruin. Every buyer by his purchase ought by so much to lessen the supply. His shares have rightly no place in the market. The keeping of them there by the broker is a fraud in fact, and ought to be one in law, and it is. Unfortunately, it is an act that, as the business is now conducted, cannot be traced, and so the wrong-doer cannot be punished. The cure is simple. Compel the broker to give his customer, within a reasonable time after purchase, the number of the certificate or certificates. The customer would then acquire a property right that could be identified and traced if loaned, hypothecated or otherwise feloniously dealt with. The effect would be remarkable. Shares could not then be sold over and over again. The market would be steadied. The greatest element of fraud would be annihilated, and the honest buyer would be guaranteed a protection that is not now vouchsafed to him. Many needed reforms of our mining incorporation laws remain to be pointed out. Indeed, their number and their importance grow up upon us as we write. Enough for this week. The subject is interesting and will bear further treatment.

### BRINGING THE LAWYERS TO TIME.

Judge Morrison has made a good move, if only he has firmness enough to adhere to it. He has announced to attorneys that the calendar of his Court will be called regularly at the appointed times, and that the cases must be proceeded with in the order of their being called. No pretenses or excuses whatever should intervene to prevent a case that is not ready from being placed at the foot of the calendar. That is the rule in English Courts, and results in law cases being disposed of with a certainty and dispatch that are entirely unknown in the Courts of this city. Attorneys here really seem to make a game of shuttlecock and battledoor of their cases, their clients, their witnesses and of the Courts. The law reporters of the daily press are very familiar with constantly occurring instances where important causes are continued upon the excuse that "counsel is engaged in another Court," whereas in truth, and in fact, counsel is at the time conspicuously exhibiting himself around a saloon or on the streets. The unnecessary delays that occur in connection with legal proceedings in our Courts are a scandal and a shame, and people do say that if our Judges were in all cases as independent of the influences lawyers exercise at elections, these delays would not occur.

Bristol, which some time ago commenced an importation of dead meat from America, has now begun to import live stock also. The steamer *Acade* has brought 300 sheep from New York, which arrived in excellent condition; but in consequence of there being no separate and distinct place at Bristol for the reception of foreign stock, the whole cargo had to be slaughtered either on board or along side of the steamer.

### WHO IS TO BE MAYOR?

The contest for the Mayoralty is to be a keen one between candidates of exceptional excellence. Last week we struck the keynote of the campaign. We hit upon the essential difference between the contestants, and we shall be greatly mistaken if the points we raised do not exercise a controlling influence upon the result. Both gentlemen have experience in official positions, both are capable of filling the office with credit to themselves and with advantage to the city; but, for all that, there is a very wide and marked difference between the two men. As we pointed out last week, Mayor Bryant is bold and aggressive. Whilst he is cautious enough not to make an unnecessary issue, he is positive enough to meet and determine one when it fairly arises. Ashbury would steer round a difficulty and smilingly pass on his way, content that some future traveler on that road should remove the obstruction. Bryant would rather prefer to assail and clear it away at once, if possible. That this is a correct characterization of the two men, we could conclusively prove by numerous illustrations drawn from their records. It is a broad and important distinction. Large issues are on the tapis, which it is essential should be encountered with courage. The man who is most likely to do so should undoubtedly be esteemed "the man for Galway." A correspondent writes that he has gone "carefully through the votes of Supervisors for one-half year, the whole being too lengthy for examination, and he finds that Ashbury excused himself from voting no less than fifty-eight times, or oftener than twice every evening." That illustrates the precise avoidance of difficulties which we have pointed out. It is an easy way of becoming popular. The man who refrains from trampling upon a tender corn by being excused from voting, brings down no private vengeance upon the one hand, and escapes the censure of having voted against public interests on the other. It is an easy way of traveling the thorny path of public life. By that method no positive, active opponents are created, and nominations are sometimes obtained from all parties. He who practices it is everybody's friend, and when an exceedingly available candidate is required to defeat a popular nominee, who is in somebody's road, he is just the man needed to serve the purpose. That Mayor Bryant has filled his one term with great advantage to the city is admitted on all hands. He vetoed swindling contracts and bad proposals of all kinds. He kept in check a most objectionable Board of Supervisors. With courage, ability and success, he fought the water monopoly, and on several trying occasions he was found just the bold, aggressive man that was wanted. It is a rule, more honored in the observance than in the breach, that a good officer deserves the indorsement of a second term. Mayor Bryant is entitled to a reelection. It would be an act of base ingratitude on the part of the taxpayers generally, whom he has served so faithfully, not to give it to him. Monroe Ashbury can be Mayor of San Francisco, if he wants to; but ought not to be this time.

**Monroe Ashbury** the Tax-payers' candidate for Mayor, is too well known among residents of a few years' standing to need a single word of introduction to them from the press. During the past two or three years, however, there have been large accessions of voters to the rolls, and as Mr. Ashbury retired during that time from public life, it may not be amiss to say a few words about him for the benefit of the new voters. Mr. Ashbury has filled many important public trusts, and has always filled them with marked acceptability to our citizens generally. Indeed, it would be, we think, quite impossible to name another man who has occupied such conspicuous positions with so complete an escape from adverse criticism. He retired from the position of Supervisor with so much popularity that he was nominated by all parties for Auditor, and received the exceptional compliment of a unanimous vote from the people at large. His ability is above the average, his experience is large and varied, his address is dignified, as becomes the chief magistrate of the city, and, above all, his personal integrity is beyond suspicion. His great popularity led to his being selected as the only citizen sufficiently available to make a run against so strong a candidate as Mayor Bryant.



## YOU LOVE TOBACCO BETTER.

[*Respectfully Dedicated to that Popular Publication of Liverpool, entitled "Cope's Tobacco Plant."*]

"I love you, Dick," she said, but then—  
Her voice began to falter—

"I could not take your hand and name  
Before the marriage altar.

My heart will ache, and it may break ;  
Would that I did not love you,  
For manhood in its highest type  
Seems often far above you.

Women will think men less than men,  
When selfish habits bind them  
In slavery that looks weak at best,  
And should be cast behind them.

You say you love me, but you know  
You love tobacco better ;  
And if I wed, the man must be  
Man to the very letter.

You love a sip of wine and beer,  
And sometimes something stronger,  
And make excuses for it all,  
But cannot do it longer.

Manhood and principle are weak,

And evil habits bind you ;  
The path ahead will darker be  
Than that which lies behind you.

I could not share it with you, Dick ;  
I could not make you better,  
And wedded bands would only be  
A cruel, galling fetter.

But you have wooed and won a heart,  
And asked it for your keeping,  
When you would only cause it pain,  
And bitter woe and weeping."

She turned away with weary steps,  
Her sad eyes brimming over,  
And heeded not the birds or flowers,  
Or fields of nodding clover.

But soon she took life's burden up,  
Brave in its every duty,  
Till life was made a noble thing,  
Of sweetness and of beauty.

—Anna Linden.

## AUGUSTINE TO AUGUSTA.

When a fashionable actress leaves Paris for an engagement at the sea-side, it is the custom now for her milliner to hold an exhibition of the toilettes the celebrated artiste intends wearing, on and off the stage, and as Mdle. Van Dyck is to be the star at the Theater of the Casino at Vilers this season, and as she is the happy possessor of a very graceful figure, which enables her to wear with elegance the present style of fourreaux, and princesse dressing, I was glad to go and see the show.

The first dress was a walking costume of Neigeuse, buttoned en biais, or at the side, Hussar fashion, with skirt of maroon brown faille ; the next was a very becoming pink striped batiste, made apron-shape in front and coat-shape behind, trimmed with white lace placed crossways to the stripes ; and then there was a white Pompadour costume, which she will wear in the comedy of "Je dine chez ma mère." I have forgotten, however, to mention a princesse dress in écaru-colored batiste, with blue border buttoned en biais, with a broad plaited flounce at the bottom of the skirt, the bodice square at the neck, with turn-down lappet collar of blue and écaru, the pocket and cuffs the same ; lappet ornament of écaru and blue, the draped folds of the dress held together by bows of blue ribbon, and all the borders, collar, and cuffs, covered with guipure lace.

There was a grand gathering of elegant ladies at the Château de Mouchy during the Beauvais races ; indeed, notwithstanding the cloudy state of politics, I have had the good fortune to have been at several country parties ; but I will only tell you to-day of one or two of the dresses, beginning with my own. It is a long Princesse shape, in white mousseline crêpe lisse over a pale pink faille transparent. The mousseline is trimmed with white Russian lace, and bows of pink ribbon. The corsage is low, the mousseline just slightly open at the neck, edged with two-inch full frill of lace. The sleeves come just below the elbow, with the lace like the collar, and bows of pink. It is the fashion to have the bows of ribbon of a different tint or shade to the dress ; for instance, on dark dresses the bows are of the same color, but several shades lighter ; on light dresses they must be much darker in shade. Sometimes I have observed different colors are worn. I saw a very new stylish dress of pale blue, with cherry-colored ribbons. One dress I admired, was a vert mousse, or yellowish-green foulard ; the bottom of the skirt had the usual high pleated flounce ; polonaise without sleeves, half-low, opening at the breast, of same foulard, but a lighter shade ; all round the polonaise there was a border of faille, en biais, same color, with a slight edge of mandarine ; bows of ribbon, same shade as the dress.

A great many scarfs are worn, and small carricks and pelerines called Clarisse Harlowe, just covering the shoulders. Some of the toilettes were quite overcharged with fringes, and what we call houppes, and pompons

like the lamass of a Spanish mule on a fête day; but that which looks well on a jennet does not, in my opinion, become a lady.

The newest fan is called the medicis; it is black ebony and black silk, with painted bouquets of flowers, and a little oval looking-glass. The prettiest mantelet I saw was a maroon brown silk stripe gauze, worn over a polonoise of chamois color, and skirt of maroon. The scarfs were generally of lace or mousseline, tight to the neck in front, crossed over the chest, and fixed behind with a bow of ribbon. Pelerines were either of the same stuff as the dress, or in gauze, lace, and other half transparent materials, and very often with stripes as a pattern.

—AUGUSTINE, in *Truth*.

### CROOKEDNESS ALL ROUND.

We don't take much stock in the *Chronicle* libel suits. We are not of that excitable part of the public which gets carried away by outside appearances, and likes to see men hurt, no matter how unfairly, nor by whom, nor for what purposes. We know that if the hands that pull the puppets could be discerned by the people generally, it would be seen that the "ins," who are so greatly abused, are purity itself compared with the "outs," whose only object is to get in for the spoils sake. The game, as it is put up, is, we are fully persuaded, an ignoble one. Only fools who know no better will dance to such music. Yet that need not prevent thoughtful men from improving such lessons as the trial affords. It must be confessed that that little episode about the *Jamestown's* importations is brimful of suggestions. In the first place, Commander Glass thinks it the right thing to do to import brandies, gin and cigars, as "grateful presents to the Supervisors who gave him his office," and endeavors to bring them into port in a manner that, to say the least, showed a lofty contempt for Customs officers, and an intention of escaping the obligation of paying duty to them. The man who thinks such presents proper, suffers from a moral obliquity that unfits him for the business of imparting exact, straight and clear moral sightedness to youths who have already a tendency to squint. He ought to have been dismissed forthwith, and even at this late day, consideration for the interests of the training ship require that the chief exemplar should be a man with higher moral instincts. Then, for an officer of a man-of-war to say that he was ignorant of the obligation to pay duties upon such articles as spirits and cigars was to take refuge in an impossibility, and to set himself down as the baldest and silliest of falsifiers. He is no longer entitled to confidence in the peculiar position he holds, and should be given an opportunity to seek another without delay. Evading Customs laws is a grave wrong against the whole body politic. It ought to be made odious, which it cannot be if officers in high command set an evil example with impunity. Telling so silly a lie that the worst of his boys should be ashamed of it, argues a moral laxity totally incompatible with the position of a Head Training Master. Then Collector Shannon cuts up badly. With a full knowledge that the greatest of crimes against his office—smuggling—had been attempted, he, the head of his department, sought to cover up the wrong by the invention of a falsehood, and by causing it to be entered as the truth. The readiness by which that peculiar excuse was invented and instantly used, argues an aptitude in covering up Customs offences that is only too suggestive. Then, when it came to his knowledge that the wrong had leaked out, he, with happy cunning, reported the transaction to his superior, but shorn of every feature that constituted its grave ugliness. He told not that the articles had been attempted to be smuggled, had been seized, and were legally forfeited. Neither, of course, did he tell of his own misadventure in failing by a false entry to cover up the tracks. He appears to have submitted a question, the answer to which was inevitable, but the submission of which was sufficient to save his own bacon. It was about like this: "Here are some goods which the parties mistakenly supposed were not dutiable. What shall I do with them?" Answer—"Collect the duty," of course. That was cunning, but it was low cunning, not to be expected from an officer at the head of the customs when dealing with a vital point of his own administration. Collector Shannon committed three acts, any one of which ought to have procured

his dismissal: (1.) He aided and abetted smuggling. (2.) He suggested a false entry and caused it to be made. (3.) He, in reporting the matter, after it had leaked out, to his superior, abstained from explaining how palpable the attempt to smuggle was, and how he had himself attempted, though vainly, to cover it up. Those facts being maintained by evidence at the trial, Collector Shannon should be speedily informed of the name of his successor. It is not to the purpose that, "The articles were intended for city officials." Public functionaries should of all men be taught that they have no privilege to evade laws. Mr. Shannon, though well known to be very poor when he entered the Customs House, is now reported to be rich: he can therefore well afford to step down and out. He should. A still more sorry feature of the case remains. Senator Sargent appeared upon the scene at or about a time at which Shannon was evidently anxious concerning his written order to make that singular entry representing dutiable goods per *Jamestown* as "Personal effects per *City of New York*." The Senator went to the officer who had that written order and obtained it. Why? Why should a United States Senator obtain and remove a gravely implicating record of a department? There is only one conceivable purpose for which there could possibly be any excuse for its going into his keeping, namely, to procure the dismissal of Shannon. That person has not been dismissed, but remains by the personal favor of Senator Sargent. For what purpose then did the latter obtain that document, and what use did he make of it when he got it? The thoughtful reader will see that those queries involve considerations as important to Senator Sargent as even the verdict of a Placerville jury.

#### FREE SELECTION AFTER SURVEY.

The *Bulletin* may be credited with the excellent suggestion that at the forthcoming city election candidates should do a little more of their own electioneering than has hitherto been the custom. There are many admirable points in the English system that might well be adopted here. Why should not aspirants for public office, meet the voters face to face in public meetings, give some taste of their quality, exhibit their weak points, as well as their strong ones, demonstrate their qualifications for public business and submit to proper inquiries as to their views on public questions. It is only incompetent men who need dread such an ordeal, and it is just because such men would be sure to be found out, with an effectiveness that they cannot be in any other way, that the system commends itself to thinking men. The writer remembers meeting a man, shortly after the last election, whom he had voted for but did not know personally. The fellow's abominable ignorance and unfitness for the position to which he had been elected, so instantly betrayed themselves, as to disgust us with the practice of voting for men whom one has no previous opportunity to see or hear. The fellow had passed through the contest almost uncriticised by the press. Five minutes exhibition before a public meeting would have effectually served to relegate him to the retirement from which he ought never to have emerged. Another advantage of meeting the candidates in public is that public questions get ventilated, appreciated, and understood by the people at large. An opportunity is afforded to pledge candidates to a certain course upon large questions of public concernment, such as, for instance, our future water supply. Taking candidates whom we don't know upon trust, at the recommendation of other people, with whose motives and intentions we are possibly equally unacquainted, is very much like that greatly contemned and unbusiness like procedure, "buying a pig in a poke." Why should not the candidates for Supervisors come out before the whole public, and tell us their views as to how the city ought to be governed? There are quite a number of problems that would be all the better for a thorough ventilation in public, and we believe that the candidate who would thus discuss them thoroughly and well, would be compensated by a rousing majority, no matter on what ticket his name might happen to be. We believe our people would take kindly to this system of electioneering.

# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

Compiled from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hope, McKillop & Co.,  
317 California Street, San Francisco.

Wednesday, July 11th.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
W A Bray to Geo Edwards.....	Nw cor 25th and Nor, 80x114.....	\$ 5
C Collins to D C Quinlan.....	E Steiner, 77:6 s Pine, 25x91:3.....	1,375
Honora Walsh to E Dalton.....	N Wash n, 68:9 e Broderick, e 68:9, 68:9 e Broderick, 100 b Washn, 27:6x68:9.....	1
F O Berge to Astrid Berge.....	Ne Green and Calhoun, 68:9x45:10.....	Gift
R B Lovjoy to Aaron Rieser.....	P N blk 101.....	500
Jno Everding to same.....	P N blk 131.....	1
Jno Murphy to P Murphy.....	N Pt Lobos av, 130 e 23d av, 50x100.....	1,200
Jno Hannon to same.....	W 22d av, 100 n Pt Lobos av, 25x120.....	250
Same to Jno Murphy.....	W 22d av, 125 n Pt Lobos av, 50x120.....	700
A G Black to R McKee.....	N Page, 165 w Gough, 27:6x120.....	900
R Connolly to Elizabeth Leonard.....	N 21st, 105 w Sanchez, 50x114.....	325
J R Hamilton to T C Grant.....	W Buchanan, 102 s Jackson, s 125:6x80: also, prop' in a Amada Co, to secure faithful performance of duties as agent of Commercial Union Assurance Co..	.....

Thursday, July 12th.

E M Block to S Glazier.....	Blk 56, University Mound Survey.....	\$7,000
E C Harrison to R Amsburg.....	Sundry lots in different tracts.....	50
O S Carville to S Blake.....	Lots 1, 4 to 7, 12 to 18, blk 3, Junction II.....	10
M O'Connor to H S Dorland.....	Nw Mission and Brook, w 163, etc.....	2,000
Edw A Colson to Tobena Colson.....	E Penn'a av, 105 n Solano, 25x100.....	Gift
Geo F Sharp to R G Sneath.....	Ne B'dway and Fillmore, 68:9x137:5.....	20
D G Shattuck to Jesse D Carr.....	N B blk 15.....	5
J D Carr to Fanny Lear.....	Same.....	1,000
A Birrell to Hannah Birrell.....	Sw Jackson and Mason, 45x57:6.....	Gift
W B Cummings to P Trainor.....	E Paris, 300 n China av, 25x100.....	160
E M Hall to Geo Grayson.....	S Pacific, 151 e Webster, 30x117.....	5
F Boisson to V Birabent.....	N Filbert, 29 e Scotland pl, 28:6x57:6.....	4,700

Friday, July 13th.

Jno S Waters to C P Robinson.....	Se Grove and Van Ness, 120x100.....	\$ 5
Thos Higgins to Ellen Higgins.....	S Union, 60 e Kearny, 21 x69.....	Gift
Jane Aitkin to O S Carvill.....	Lots 13 to 16, blk 1, 8 to 11, blk 3, J II'd.....	10
A Laumeister to T L Skinner.....	W 23d av, 100 n Post, 50x120.....	200
Jno P Molt to Matilda Molt.....	N Haight, 137:6 w Laguna, 68:9x137:6.....	Gift
F C Havens to Wm Ralph.....	Se Cal and Broderick, 27:6x110.....	1
Pat'k Rigney to L Garassino.....	W Sanchez, 105 s 14th, 25x105.....	800
J C Weir to Jane Burkhead.....	Ne Pine and Laguna, 22:11x91:8.....	6,000
Same to H B Underhill, Jr.....	N Pine, 68:9 e Laguna, 22:11x91:8.....	6,150
Same to J W Rourke.....	N Pine, 81:8 e Laguna, 22:11x137:6.....	6,500
Same to W H Birch.....	E Laguna, 114:7 n Pine, 22:11x91:8.....	5,240
S and L Socy to D E Friele.....	W Jones, 82:6 n Jackson, 30x87:6.....	4,500
Alfred Clarke to G Demartini.....	Lots 4 to 10, blk 22, West End 1.....	3,900
Jno Grant to A J Pope.....	Sw Larkin and Bay, 275x137:6.....	6,500

Saturday, July 14th.

H Eastwood to Maurice Kinney.....	N 26th, 254 w Dolores, 26x114.....	\$1,925
R Kirkham to Wm C Wood.....	W cor S Park av and 2d st, nw 47, etc.....	9,000
Jno D Hooker to Chas E Foye.....	S Fulton, 55 e Fillmore, 82:6x137:6.....	9,000
D E Martin to Geo McWilliams.....	W Valencia, 50 n 22d, n 64, etc; also, w Church, 130 s 22d, 130x250.....	10,500
Colin M Smith to Marc Moritz.....	Se Capp and 23d, 40x222.....	.....
Leopold Lasar to A Weil.....	Und x lots 1 to 5, blk 18, Fairmount.....	5
J S Alemany to Mary Murphy.....	N St Roses, 50 w Wood, 50x100.....	675
Jno Shirley to Walter Greber.....	N Vandewater, 114:7 e Maxon, 22:21x60.....	600
Calvin Nutting to W P Nutting.....	S Union, 100 e Laguna, 25x137:6.....	2,000
Rose Dillon to L Cunningham.....	Lots 8, 9 and 13, Precita Valley.....	1,000
Anna Penny to Sarah D Hussey.....	Ne Hampton pl, 172:6 se Folsom, 20:6x55.....	3,000
Colin M Smith to Wm Heyden.....	S Clipper, 240 e Sanchez, 26:8x114.....	500



## Monday, July 16th.

David L Barton to E J Baldwin	N Elliot Park, 418 w Steiner, 22x70	\$ 5
Donald L Swett to Lorenzo Swett	S Clay, 80 w Taylor, s 60, w 28, etc	500
Jno G Ayres to M M Ayres	S Sutter, 57:6 w Jones, w 80, etc	1
S M Folger to Nellie Douthitt	N 25th, 330 w Sanchez, w 25x230, subject to mortgage	Gift
A B McCreery to Gideon M Berry	N Tyler, 137:6 e Broderick, 68:9x137:6	4,000
A Heeser to Wm Heeser	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ 50 v 4, North Beach blk 15	1,000
Henry C Moore to T Sullivan	N Fell, 192:6 w Franklin, 55x120	10,300
Henry K Ames to Sam'l Gill	Lot 3, blk 13, Market St H'd	500
Wm T Sayward to C Collins	Nw Pacific and Larkin, n 67:8, etc	11,000
Jno M Moore to Jas Regan	Se Herman and Valencia, s 550, etc	3,750
Wm Smith to Peter Wagner	S Lombard, 247:6 w Fillmore, 27:6x120	1,600
R K Rogers to Jno Von Glahn	Sw 14th and Noe, 96x25	1,550
Thos Boyne to Thos O'Brien	N 26th, 100 e Church, 50x114	800
August Schen to Fred'k Schen	Lots 34 and 37, West End H'd	700
J F Smith to Eliz'th S Smith	Ung $\frac{1}{2}$ acre Ripley Tract	Gift
Eliz'th S Smith to J M Linehan	Same	500
Wm Hale to Leon J Hirth	S Post, 102:11 e Laguna, 25-10x120	5
Wm O Reynolds to A E Reynolds	E Larkin, 118:6 n Union, n 45, etc; also, lot 11, blk G, R R H'd No 2	Gift
J J McFadden to O F Willey	Lot 25, blk 504, H P, to secure money due	5
Geo Milne to Rich'd Flaherty	W Pierce, 95 s Turk, 25x110	4,150
C F Webster to Geo S Graham	Lots 23 and 24, blk 4, Fairmount Hd Ex	600

## Tuesday, July 17th.

M Cronan to Cath Cronan	Lots 288, 290, 292, 244, Gift Map 1	\$ 1
Jno Killpack to Sam'l Lingard	E Castro, 18:1 n 19th, 37x125	2
A W Jackson to A J Pope	W Shotwell, 170 n 23d, 60x122:6	7,500
E B Holmes to Marg't A Hyde	W Fillmore, 68:9 s Fulton, 68:9x137:6	8,000
Jno J Dougart to L Jovovich	N Bush, 137:6 w Pierce, 27:6x137:6	2,000
Jno Skac to Jno Dolbeer	E Jones, 150 s Chestnut, 25x137:6	1,750
Geo McWilliams to P Williams	N 29th, 105 w Sanchez, 25x114	250
A Weill to F C Klebaner	S Clipper, 280 w Dolores, 26x114	500
S Mosgrove to R McElroy	S 19th, 205 w Church, 50x114	2,000
Anna P Classen to Jane Finney	W Mason, 68:9 n Green, 34:4x137:6	...
E H Wade to same	Same	...
R Travis to Ellen Burroughs	Lots 59 and 40, blk 18, City Land As'n	25
Jas L Taylor to B Franklin	Ne Boyce and Pt Lobos av, 53x100	12

## Wednesday, July 18th.

Angelo Beretta to Jno McNulty	Nw Steiner and Sac'to, 31:9x103	\$6,300
Thos H Porter to S McHenry	S 14th, 226 w Noe, 26x115	1,050
H Chick to M B Kellogg	E Larkin, 68:8 s Wash'n, 68:9x137:6	75
J Fitzpatrick to Alfred Clarke	Lot 5, blk 26, West End Map 1	425
L E Chicard to Mary E Pache	Lot 8, blk 109, University H'd; also, lot 1, blk 3, Market St H'd	300
Capital Sav Bank to Jno Maddon	E Harrison, 182 s 20th, 52x100	2,000
Paul Bunker to Lucy Bunker	W Devisadero, 82:7 $\frac{1}{2}$ n Cal'a, 50x110	Gift
Fred'k Maxey to Ellen Maxey	W Chattanooga, 156 s 22d, 26x125	Gift
Jos Brook to H P Coon	Sw Page and Franklin, w 94, s 89:8 $\frac{3}{4}$ to Market, ne 115, n 12:1 $\frac{1}{2}$	6,000
Louis Levy to Flora Mendell	Nw Hunt, 160 ne 3d, 20x55	Gift
Morris Levy to Louis Levy	Same	1,200
H L Hardwick to C L Dingley	Und 3-10 e Howard, 95 s 22d, 60x122:6	1,200
B M Hardwick to same	Und 1-10 same	400
T B Hardwick to same	Same	400
E P Hardwick to same	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ same	2,000
Geo McWilliams to Peter Dean	W Valencia, 50 n 22d, n 64, etc; also, w Church, 130 s 22d, 13x250	11,400

## Thursday, July 19th.

Jacob Romberg to Sam'l Lewis	Nw Mission, 56 ne 2d, 58x100, 46-100	25,000
C Waldeier to H Gallick	Nw Folsom, 105 ne 7th, 55x80	90
Geo Kennedy to Marie Small	N Clay, 197 w Devisadero, 28x127:6	4,786
Wm Hollis to J W Egan	S Tyler, 27:6 w Scott, 27:6x110	4,852
Geo Torrence to Wm Hollis	50-vara lots 2 and 5, W A 236	5
Jas Hansen to Frank McGlynn	Com 82:6 s Green and 172 e Dupont, e 21 x s 55	1,025
A T Green to Jason Springer	E Diamond, 100 s 10th, 35x67	700
Emile Garnier to H Pradel	S Sac'to, 309:2 w Dupont, 28:4x68:9	17,000
Gustave Mahe to A Esperance	Lot 8, blk 101, University Mound	1,000
P F Anson to W H Tobey	E Sharp Pl, 112:6 s Union, 25x56, subject to mortgage	1,400
Wm Cosbie to Geo E Ohmeis	W Treat av, 136 n 24th, 26x100	2,200

## Friday, July 20th.

Thos R Hayes to E M Cottrell.....	Se Fair Oaks and 22d, e 117:6x61.....	\$1,000
John M Good to Nathl Holland.....	S Vallejo, 48:9 e Mason, e 68:9x137:6; also, interest in estate of Eliz Webster	800
Nathl Holland to Jno H Reed.....	Same.....	5
Masonic S & L Bk to E Miller, jr.....	Lots 1, 2, 5, 6, blk 271, W A.....	
Wm Wolf to G Berger.....	E Hyde, 87:8 n McAllister, 25x87:6.....	9,000
H Schmiedell to P Lowenthal.....	N Sutter, 68:9 e Octavia, 68:9x120.....	9,200
B Sargent to J Brandenstein.....	Lots 53 and 55, City Hall lots.....	31,000
Mich'l Byrne to Jno Battles, jr.....	Lot 18, blk 364, Great Park H'd.....	250
Donald Beadle to W Chamberlin.....	Lot 15, blk 4, West End Map 1.....	1
C F Chadbourne to N G Kittle.....	Lots 41 to 44, blk 21, Fairmount; also, lots 21 and 22, blk 262, O L; also, lots 10 and 11, blk 3, Flint Tract H'd.....	2,000
D Marcnel to B McQuillan.....	Por of lot 7, blk 14, Fairmount.....	7
Same to same.....	Por of lot 6, same.....	7
Francis McAleer to F Funcke.....	Lots 11 to 14, 35 to 38, blk 93, O'Neil and Haley Tract.....	3,000
J E Fo, e to W L Hutchinson.....	Lots 8 and 1, in blk 23, City Land Ac'n.....	90
Jno Morton to R P De Noon.....	Lots 40 to 42, 49 to 54, 58 to 60, 60½, 61, 61½, 62 to 72, Cobb Tract.....	3,000
City and Co S F to Mary Maloney.....	Nw Hampshire and 24th, 104x25.....	

## Saturday, July 21st.

W P Clark to Mary F Clark.....	Portion of lot 3, blk 82, Cent'l Park Hd.; also, lot 12, blk 493, Bay View Hd.....	Gift
Sam'l Crim to Edw Schlueter.....	W Howard, 40 n 21st, n 55 w 120, s 95, e 25, n 40, e 95 to com.....	\$ 5
C F Webster to Same.....	W Howard, 40 n 21st, n 55x95.....	5,000
Levia Pierce to Same.....	N 21st, 95 w Howard, w 25x95.....	1,300
H M Newhall to Rich Robinson.....	Nw Sac'to and Prosp't pl, w 56x57:6.....	12,000
Geo W Lincoln to Kate Lincoln.....	S Clay, 231:7½ w Larkin, w 30x127:8½.....	Gift
W J Hoeking to Blind Spring Mill.....	Mining Claims, and Water right.....	10
P E Dalton to Mary Eisner.....	E Howard, 219:7½ n 14th, n 27x90.....	6,700
Matthew Bridge to Caleb Cousins.....	W Larkin, 62:6 s Jackson, s 25x87:6.....	5,000
F B Wilde to Wm E Henderson.....	S Pt Lobos av, 71 w Parker av, w 50x100.....	1,400
J B Lewis to Wm Simon.....	Se Union and Hyde, e 272x137:6.....	5
Alfred Rix to John Cochran.....	S Pine, 157:6 e Powell, e 20x88:9.....	6,000
Chas Berlin to Bridget Burns.....	S 28th, 151:8 e Sanchez, e 51:4x114.....	1,350

## Monday, July 23d.

Russel K Rogers to Con Lynch.....	N 15th, e Castro, n 115, e 30, s 20:6, e 60:3; sw 90, s 23:6, w 30 to com.....	\$ 850
Sames Conway to Mary Conway.....	N Glover, 183:6 w Jones, w 23x60; also, lot 27, blk 210, University Hd.....	Gift
Andrew Kohler to Adam Bootz.....	Lot 18, West End Hd.....	350
John O Kane to Phil Schluechterer.....	Sw Scott and Page, w 137:6x137:6.....	7,000
Geo Edwards to Richard Otto.....	W Sanchez, 70 s Army, 22x80.....	1,400
Geo McWilliams to Bridget Cahill.....	Ne Noe and 28th, 80x101:6.....	975
Bridget Cahill to Ellen Thomas.....	Same.....	Gift
Mary Dunlap to P W Dunlap.....	W Sanchez, 146 s 21st, 25x105.....	Gift
P Marsicano to City and Co S F.....	Nw Dupont and Geary, 50x30.....	41,857
P de Ridder to Peter H Meyn.....	S 29th, 130 e Church, s 114, etc.....	2,150
G W Dent to Claus Spreckels.....	Sandry lots in different parts of city.....	7,000
J Brandenstein to E Hochstadter.....	City Hall lot 55.....	5
Same to H Schmiedell.....	City Hall lot 53.....	5

## Tuesday, July 24th.

Lloyd Tevis to Cal Sugar Refinery.....	W 8th and Townsend, sw 102:2½, w cor 423:7, ne 424:4, thence 275:1 to com.....	15,000
Abbie B Fisher to Maurice Blake.....	N Eddy, 171:10½, e Gough, e 34:4x120.....	5
Jas R Maine to J D Blanchard.....	Ne Jackson and Webster, w 275x137:6.....	500
Jas Mee to Bernard Grave.....	S Filbert, 137:6 w Jones, w 34:6x137:6.....	2,000
Geo Kennedy to Thos O'Neill.....	W Devisadero, 50 s Washington, s 50x120.....	7,750
Juan M Lucio to Patk Reilly.....	Ne Decatur, 130 se Bryant, se 25x50.....	500
Jas Townsend to Mark McDonald.....	N McAllister, 137:6 w Larkin, w 47:6x 127:6; Und ½ nw McAllister and Larkin.....	26,000
A Crawford to Martha Crawford.....	Tw 18th and Sanchez, w 105x266.....	
Wm Hollis to G P Ayers.....	S Tyler, 55 w Scott, w 27:6x110.....	
Jas A Brown to Alex B Brown.....	S Sacramento, 162:6 w Mason, w 50x75.....	8,000
Alex B Brown to Julia F Brown.....	Same.....	9,000
Henry Bauer to Eliza F Bauer.....	S Cal'a, 177:0 w Larkin, w 28:4½x50.....	Gift
Mary F Clark to Jane E Leland.....	W Bryant, 140 s 25th, s 47:6x100.....	5,000
Clinton Gurnee to Jas F Haycock.....	Nw B'way and Buchanan, n 137:6x137:6.....	8,500

## Wednesday, July 25th.

Thos Seaborn to Wm Heney.....	N Br'dway, 1170:6 w Larkin, w 93x137:6	\$ 4,000
Wm Hale to Chas Gottschalk.....	N Post, 125 w Laguna, w 25x123	5
S F Sinclair to Henry Gibbons, Jr	Part lot 12, blk 233, S F Hd and R R As. com ne 12th av, 275 se G st, se 25x100.	500
John Pfor to Aug Gunter.....	Nw Fillmore and Kate, n 24x81:3	1,750
C A Eastman to Danl Swett.....	Ne Leav'n'th and Lomb'd, e 10 in x137:7	17
Same.....	Same.....	18
D Swett to Emeline Matthewson..	Same.....	1
L P White to Ferd Gee.....	N Ellis, 164:9 e Van Ness, e 55x120.....	12,500
N N McQuade to C O'Connor.....	W Jones, 100 n Bush, n 37:6x137:6.....	7,500
Wm Hollis to P D Code.....	W Valencia, 88 n 21st, n 40x110.....	10,680
Danl McMullen to Jas Halloran...	Ne 24th and Harrison, e 50x104.....	5,3 3
R F Ryan to Wm Hale.....	Lots 129 and 130, Gift Map 1.....	.....
Thos McCraith to Mrs C Buckley	W Battery, 50 n Green, n 25x120.....	.....
C Buckley to Volney Ellis.....	Same.....	.....

## Thursday, July 26th.

Wm Hollis to D Ballard.....	Sw Tyler and Scott, w 27:6x110.....	\$ 7,247
Sim Silverberg to Sim Bachman..	Ne Ellis and Octavia, e 192:6x120.....	5
Louis Sloss to Mrs F Koch.....	Lot 25, blk 93, O'Neill and Huley Tct...	2,525
Jas McCabe to C P Robinson.....	E Howard, 75 s 15th, s 35x95.....	1
C T Palmer to J Wigmore.....	Nw Cal'a and Laguna, w 137:6x137:6.....	1
Geo Kennedy to Martha Bucknell.	W Devis'ero, 27:10½ n Clay, n 25x120.....	5,700
J Brandenstein to L Lloyd.....	W A blk #10; also ne Masonic av and McAll'ster; also und ½ lot 5 Noe G Hd	1
Noble Miller to Wm N Miller.....	Lots 12, 15, 10, blk 20 Univ Mound Surv	100
Wm Hollis to B E Magill.....	W Jones, 93:9 n Sac'to, n 20x127:6.....	5,400
D Ballard to Sarah J Ballard.....	Sw Tyler and Scott, w 27:6x110.....	Gift
J S Alemany to Jos Henderson.....	Sw Pt Lobos av and Parker av, w 70:9, se 121:6, se 83:11 n 192:6 to com.....	3,000
J Henderson to G W Frank.....	W Parker av, 100 s Pt Lobos, w 48, se 83:11 n 192:6 to com.....	1,000
G W Frank to J Henderson.....	S Pt Lobos, 71 w Parker av, s 100, e 25, nw 104, w 2 inches to com.....	500
Geo Wright to A A Cohen.....	Se Pine and Monroe, s 92x80.....	100
A A Cohen to Saml M Wilson.....	Same.....	100
D Beadle to Chas Allenberg.....	W A blk 610, and 50 v 1, 2, 2, in blk 649..	25,850

## Friday, July 27th.

Dora Leisen to Louisa Briody....	S Lombard, 51:6 e Hyde, e 22x137:6.....	Gift
Louisa Briody to Dora Leisen.....	S Lombard, 114:6 e Hyde, e 22x137:6.....	Gift
Dora Leisen & L Briody to Henry Wegener.....	S Lombard, 73:6 e Hyde, e 42x137:6.....	\$ 1
W Wegener to Henry Wegener....	S Lombard, 73:6 e Hyde, e 21x157:6.....	1
H Wegener to Wm Wegener.....	S Lombard, 94:6 e Hyde, e 21x137:6.....	1
Al Venino to J J Wentworth.....	Nw Rhode Island and 24th, n 133:4x100.	5,000
N & H Ohlandt to Anton Kreig...	W Potrero av, 150 n 25th 50x100.....	2,400
J Schwetzer to John E Ortman....	E Fillmore, 27:4 s Clay, s 25x90.....	2,025
L L Robinson to John G Jenkins.	50 v 5, blk 801; 50 v 3, blk 804; 50 v 1, blk 813; 50 v 3, blk 833; W A; also, N Clay, 367:5 e 1st av, w 357:5, n 257.....	25,000
Anno E Dubois to Lot D Slocum.	S Sutter, 137:6 e Hyde, e 60x137:6.....	1
Savings & Lu Soc to Jas P Nolan	S 29th, 80 e Noe, e 25x114.....	350
Chas Mayne to Sam Kragen.....	W Dolores, 51:6 n Valley, n 100x100.....	2,500

## Saturday, July 28th.

John Grant to D Marziola and wf.	S Park Lane, n 212, sw 2d, sw 22x98½..	\$8,230
R G Ogilvie to Geo Kennedy.....	S Cal'a, 25 e Devisadero, e 27:6x10.....	4,000
Land Purch Assn to Susan B Cox.	E Stevenson, 285 n 20th, n 25x80.....	1,150
Wm Holden to Wm Lewiston.....	E Idaho, 150 n Fresno, n 100x200.....	20
Robt Chapman to And Spaulding.	Lot 30, blk 641, Pt Lobos av Hd.....	400
F L Pucke to Sarah Christian.....	Lot 13, blk 13, City Land Assn.....	90
Richd Christian to And Spaulding	Same.....	Gift
Geo Edwards to Janz E Greer.....	Sw M and Sanchez, s 111x101:9.....	1,600
Maurice Dore to Geo K Fitch.....	Sw Bush and Powell, w 52:6x112:6.....	25,000
Ann Dwyer to Ch H Wetherbee.....	Leasehold interests, se Mission, 35 ne 9th, Ne 30x80.....	1,612
S Simmons to L McCartney.....	50 v 3— W A 231.....	128
Carl Rahsskopf to Max Schmidt..	Und ½ n Sacramento, 187:9 e Pierce, e 25x128.....	5
D Van Voorhies to Chas G Ewing.	Se Silver, 275 sw 2nd, sw 39:6x75.....	3,000
Chas H Richards to Ann Smart....	S Clipper, 240 w Noe, w 40x114.....	1,200

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NOTE.—September 16 and 30, and December 16 and 30 coming on Sunday, the Panama Steamers for those dates will sail September 15 and 29, and December 15 and 29.

NOTE.—May 20, June 10, September 30 and December 30 coming on Sunday, the Victoria and Puget Sound Steamers will sail May 19, June 9, September 29 and December 29.

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SAN FRANCISCO, January 1, 1877.



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**Principal Office, 406 California Street, San Francisco.**  
Cash Assets, January 1, 1877, \$595,291; Liabilities, \$5,952; Surplus for Policy Holders, \$589,339. J. F. Houghton, President; Geo. H. Howard, Vice-President; Charles R. Story, Secretary. R. H. MAGILL, H. H. BIGELOW, General Agents.  
**DIRECTORS.**—San Francisco—Geo. H. Howard, John H. Redington, J. F. Houghton, R. B. Gray, Robert Watt, John Currey, L. L. Baker, W. F. Whittier, C. C. Burr, E. M. Root, W. H. White, J. L. N. Shepard, W. M. Greenwood, George S. Mann, Cyrus Wilson, W. T. Garratt, C. Waterhouse, A. P. Hotaling, A. Block, A. K. P. Harmon, G. S. Johnson, W. O. Wilson, A. W. Bowman, H. L. Dodge, Charles R. Story. Alameda County Branch—V. D. Moody, Chauncy Taylor, A. C. Henry, Robert S. Farrelly, Joseph B. Marlin, W. B. Hardy, T. B. Simpson. San Diego—A. H. Wilcox. Sacramento—Mark Hopkins, D. W. Earl, Julius Wetzlar, James Carolan. San Jose—T. Ellard Beans, B. D. Murphy, A. Pfister, J. H. Dibble, J. S. Carter, Jackson Lewis, Jacob Rich, John Auzeais, John Balbach. Stockton—H. H. Hewlett, Chas. Belding, J. D. Peters, A. W. Simpson, H. M. Fanning. Marysville—D. E. Knight. Grass Valley—Wm. Watt, T. W. Sigourney. Portland, Oregon—W. S. Ladd, C. H. Lewis, P. Wasserman, B. Goldsmith, D. Macleay. Virginia City, Nevada—John Gillig, Isaac L. Requa. March 17.

### THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$5,000,000.

**D. O. MILLS.....President. | WM. ALVORD...Vice-Pres't.**

**THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.**

AGENTS:

New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatman's Saving Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan, India and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal Mining Districts and Interior Towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokchama. Nov. 4.

### LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (LIMITED).

**Capital, \$5,000,000, of which \$3,000,000 is fully paid up as**  
present capital. Reserve Fund, \$450,000. San Francisco Office, 424 California street; London Office, 22 Old Broad street. President, M. S. LATHAM; Manager, JAMES M. STREETEN; Assistant Manager, CAMILO MARTIN. London Bankers, Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank; New York, Drexel, Morgan & Co.; Boston, Third National Bank. This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities and all parts of the world. July 21.

### THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED).

**422 California street, San Francisco....London Office, 3**  
Angel Court; New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street. Authorized Capital Stock, \$6,000,000. Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED. F. LOW,  
IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

Oct 4.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR BANK SHARES.

**The Collateral Loan and Savings Bank, located northeast** corner of Post and Kearny streets, San Francisco, and organized under the laws of the State of California May 16, 1876. Owing to the constantly increasing business of the institution, and the demand for loans upon collateral securities, it was resolved at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Bank, held July 11, 1877, that the balance of the unsold capital stock, amounting to 5,000 shares, belonging to and held by the corporation, be offered for subscriptions at \$20 per share, U. S. gold coin. This Bank is thoroughly and permanently established, and has no connection with any other institution in San Francisco of any similar name, and has been in successful operation since May 16, 1876, and has since that time declared and paid twelve consecutive monthly dividends of two per cent. per month each on the subscribed shares, and which will be continued monthly in the future. Parties wishing to subscribe for stock can obtain Prospectus showing the operation of the Bank for the past year, copy of the By-Laws, and any further information, by applying at the Collateral Loan and Savings Bank, northeast corner Post and Kearny streets.

San Francisco, Cal.

F. S. CARTER, Secretary.  
July 14.

**COLLATERAL LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK, CORNER POST AND KEARNY STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO.**

**Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of California.**

President.....J. S. SPEAR, JR. | Secretary.....F. S. CARTER.  
Vice-President....ROBT STEVENSON. | Appraiser.....GEO. O. ECKER.

**This Bank is prepared to loan money upon collateral securities,** such as Bonds, Stocks, Savings Bank Books, Diamonds, Warehouse Receipts, etc., at from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 per cent. per month. The Bank will also receive Term Deposits, and allow the following rates of interest: Term Deposits of six months, 1 per cent. per month; Twelve months,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per month.

November 4.

F. S. CARTER, Secretary.

**PIONEER LAND AND LOAN BANK OF SAVINGS AND DEPOSIT.**

**Southeast corner California and Montgomery streets, Safe** Deposit Block. Incorporated 1869. Guarantee Fund, \$200,000. Dividend No. 111 payable on Sept. 5th. Ordinary deposits receive  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Term deposits receive 10 per cent. This incorporation is in its ninth year, and refers to over 6,500 depositors for its successful and economical management.

H. KOFAHL, Cashier.

THOS. GRAY, President. J. C. DUNCAN, Secretary.

27th.

**THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.**

**Capital, \$5,000,000.—Alvinza Hayward, President; R. G. Sneath, Vice-President; H. F. Hastings, Cashier and Secretary.** Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers on all principal Cities. Collections made and a general Banking business transacted.

August 22.

**FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.**

**411 Bush street, above Kearny, G. Mahe, Director. Loans** made on real estate and other collateral securities at current rates of interest.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

**Masonic Savings and Loan Bank, No. 6 Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco.**—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this Bank, held July 20, 1877, a Dividend was declared at the rate of eight and one-fourth ( $8\frac{1}{4}$ ) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and seven (7) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, for the semi-annual term ending July 21, 1877, payable on and after July 25, 1877, free of Federal Taxes. [July 28.] H. T. GRAVES, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 13.**

**Collateral Loan and Savings Bank, corner of Post and** Kearny streets, San Francisco. Dividend No. 13. The usual monthly dividend of 2 per cent. is declared payable August 6th, 1877, to stockholders of record July 27th, 1877; also an extra dividend of 5 per cent., for the past six months, is declared payable July 6th, 1877, to stockholders of record July 27, 1877.

July 28.

F. S. CARTER, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

**The French Savings and Loan Society has declared, for the** half year ending June 30, 1877, a dividend of eight and one-half ( $8\frac{1}{2}$ ) per cent. per annum, free of Federal Tax, payable on and after July 18th, 1877. By order

July 21.

GUSTAVE MAHE, Director.

C. H. HOPKINS, S. F. Stock Exchange.]

[E. C. MACFARLANE.

**HOPKINS & MACFARLANE,**

**Commission Stock Brokers. Office: 312 Pine street. Lib-**eral advances made on active accounts.

August 11.



**A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.,**

**S**outheast corner of California and Battery streets, invite the attention of their customers and others to their large assortment of the Best and Finest Brands of CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO, HAVANA CIGARS and CIGARITOS. Consignments of Choicest Brands of Cigars received by every Steamer.

[Oct. 18.]

A. S. ROSENBAUM &amp; CO.

**STEELE'S SQUIRREL POISON.**

[Patented October 19th, 1875.]

**S**ure death to Squirrels, Rats, Gophers, etc. For sale by all Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers. Price, \$1 per box. Made by JAMES G. STEELE & CO., San Francisco, Cal. Liberal discount to the Trade. Aug. 21.

**BAGS, TENTS AND HOSE,**

NEVILLE &amp; CO.,

**113 Clay and 114 Commercial Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

[May 24.]

W. MORRIS.

JOS. SCHWAB.

J. F. KENNEDY.

**MORRIS, SCHWAB & CO.,**

**I**mporters and Dealers in Moldings, Frames, Engravings, Chromos, Lithographs, Decalcomanie, Wax and Artists' Materials, 21 Post street, nearly opposite Masonic Temple, San Francisco. Feb. 4.

**H. H. MOORE,**

**D**ealer in Books for Libraries.--A large assortment of fine and rare books just received, and for sale at 609 Montgomery street, near Merchants, San Francisco. Oct. 24.

**THOMAS DAY,**

**I**mporther of every variety of Gas Fixtures, Crystal, Gilt, Steel and Bronze, and a full assortment of Marble and Bronze Clocks and fine Bronzes; also a full line of Plumbers' Goods. 122 and 124 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Jan. 27.

**NOBLE & GALLAGHER,**

**I**mporters and Dealers in Painters' Materials, House, Sign and Fresco Painters, Plain and Decorative Paper-Hangers and Glaziers, No. 438 Jackson street, between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco. Ceilings and Walls Kalsomined and Colored. Jobbing promptly attended to. May 13.

**STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD.**

**A**dvanices Made on Mining Stocks. Accounts Solicited and Orders by Mail or Telegraph Promptly Executed on Commission, at San Francisco Stock Board, by the COLLATERAL LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK, corner Post and Kearny streets, San Francisco. June 30.

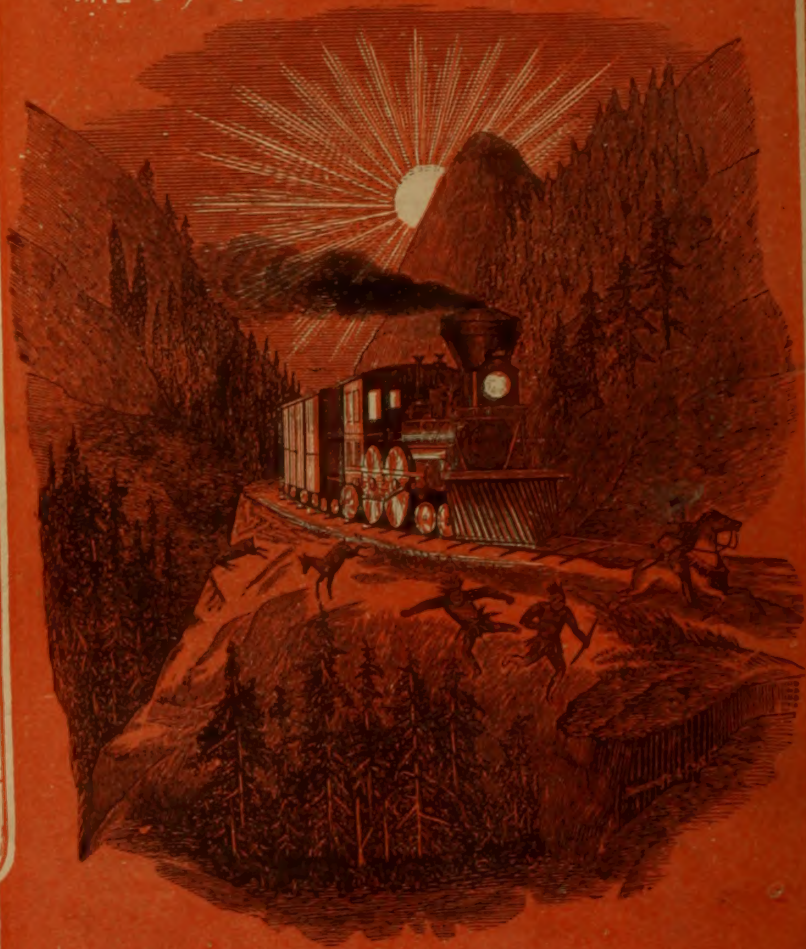




GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.

"WESTWARD  
THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"



"The New World shall redress the wrongs of the Old."—Canning.